

hello tutorial



WRITTEN BY TUKKILISA

Hello Tutorial • liskook.

C A K E

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Summary + Sneak Peek

Jeon Jungkook is quiet, cold and hot. The most hot bad boy you would ever find and that's probably why girls are always drooling over him... but, **does he care? No.**

Why?

Jeon Jungkook is whipped. That's the big thing about him. Under those tattoos and the intimidating vibes, **he is head over heels for a girl... that doesn't even know who he is, because she doesn't remember him.**

He doesn't know her name, he just knows she is hilarious when she is drunk and is the sweetest girl ever, he also knows she works in a ice cream shop, that she is beautiful and has the most beautiful smile ever; he can hear bells every time he sees her pass even when he doesn't realize it.

He doesn't dare to go to the ice cream shop and face her, less to talk to her first, omg, no, never.

But suddenly, in a weird way and for some reason, life puts the girl in front of him. From just watching her from afar and crossing paths with her in the bus stop, one day she is in his parlor and the next day she is in his class and suddenly she is everywhere he goes... Is life trying to say something? Because if the goal is getting the girl, it seems as impossible as being the biggest kpop idol.

Why?

Because Jeon Jungkook is. fucking. shy. He stutters, he says weird things, he always mess up when she is close.

Who would expect it? The girls after him that swear to God he is bad but hotter than hell, probably wouldn't.

So, *is he going to man up and get the girl?*

[a/n: idk what short summaries are istg]

+

"Hey," her sweet voice made him jump as if she just showed at his side shooting a gun.

He looked at her with wide doe eyes, trying to formulate a word, a sound, SOMETHING. But he was so damn shocked and suddenly nervous, his hands started to shake and his heart started to race.

"Can I sit here?" she asked, pointing to the chair next to him.

What? Why? Did she want to sit next to him? Why? There were more guys, more handsome and nice, guys that wouldn't stutter like

him, you know, NORMAL guys. So why did she want to be there with him? Why was she smiling to him?

Oh God, her smile was so beautiful.

But she was waiting for an answer while he was thinking and making all awkward.

Fuck, he was blushing now for sure.

"Uh, yes," he managed to answer with a tiny voice that thanks God it didn't go out trembling.

He wanted to slap himself.

Where was his voice? Why was he being so weird? Shit, shit, shit, he had to man up for once, oh my God, he was being embarrassing and he was probably sweating at this point.

God.

He had to be normal.

He had to control his nerves and be normal.

He had to be nice to her.

Maybe he would get a chance like that.

Maybe he would get the girl.

"Thank you," she said cheerfully, taking seat beside him.

"Your problem!"

Wait.

What?

She gave him a confused glance.

Maybe he would get the girl in his other life because in this one he was a fucking idiot.

if you want to read comment and vote💕

lol it sounds like a threat but I still will publish and write the next chapters even if it doesn't get feedback.

a/n: I realized this thing is named wrong and I dont have any idea about how to rename it so if you have some idea you're free to suggest. I promise to give you credits for saving my life.

-C A K E💕

Author's Note

i know it's late to do this and I know most of you are not reading bc you all run away of this things very fast lmfao. but I'd love your attention on this.

so hi💖

so, here I am with another liskook story. lol I say it as if I've written a lot of them before.

anyway, this is a au I want to write since long ago because I got inspiration from some songs, an amazing jk one shot (chasing butterflies, in tumblr by ddaenggtan), jk with tattoos edits and my own awkward experience of having a crush. hope you enjoy it, it's short (for now), totally different of Sure Thing (*if you haven't read it yet you should, check it on my profile *wink wink**), and sweet; I'm letting go my fluffy, social anxious and embarrassing side here. and actually this is so kdrama material, I mean I didn't watch too many kdramas but I can't help but imagine the kdrama fluff yellow vibes while writing so yeah.

as an introduction of this fanfic I want to say that this is my way to show how awkward and weird it could feel having a crush and how two people could be completely clueless about the feelings of the other, leading them to a lot of misunderstandings but funny situations. I hope you can give this a choice and enjoy it💖

READ THIS

• **THIS IS A SLOW BURN.** probably you will get frustrated but you're warned. they won't kiss in the third chapter as in my other fanfics, sorry not sorry.

• **if you don't like it, ignore it.** I just do this for fun, MY FUN, so I don't need you here doing some disgusting comment because you don't have anything better to do. go get a life, read a book, do a sport, go outside and make friends, idk.

• **this is a slow burn.**

• **English IS NOT my first language,** so sorry for my shitty English, I hope you can ignore it and enjoy the story.

• **this is a cliché but without a toxic male role** bc I hate toxic people. so don't expect jk being an asshole having a relationship with tzuyu while he play with lisa because is not gonna happen. yeah guys I'm boring but healthy. and actually **jk here is a idiot, emo weebo nerd so don't expect him to be the coolest bad guy.**

the summary in the beginning is a whole lie once you start to read.

- **I don't have anything against any idol doing a bad role here.**

- **THIS IS ALL FICTION**, don't forget it.

- **no matter if you see some hints of other ships, THIS IS LISKOOK.**

- **THIS IS A SLOW BURN.**

- I'm a hard stan, I love sex, so **there are going to be suggestive themes and smut**. you still can avoid it if you don't like it (the story IS NOT ABOUT SEX) because I'll put △□ to mark the beginning and the end of it. and please, don't comment things like "???" or "what?" in the suggestive parts because it's honestly annoying. I already said there are going to be these type of things and i don't personally see idols as pure souls, they are human beings after all.

- probably you will notice that jk with tattoos is mentioned as a problem in society and it's because having tattoos in SK is mostly disapproved by people. so he is not exaggerating while saying people prejudice him a lot for his looks.

- **I'm writing this without plans.** it just what's come to my mind in the moment, as usual actually, you should already know it if you read sure thing, which you should if you haven't read it yet (*I'm still giving promo to myself lol*). so, sorry if you find some confusing things, you would help a lot telling me about it if you notice it.

- ok I know I just said that I'm writing without thinking but it's bullshit bc I never write without thinking so **pay attention the details**, usually they mean something. if I don't forget them ofc lol.

- **finally, hope you enjoy it and leave comments and votes, specially comments, I live for comments**♥♥♥

Introducing HT

(a/n: too late to do this but lol, who cares. I WAS FEELING AESTHETIC. hope you like it. i did my best🙌👀🖤)

J E O N J U N G K O O K

22 | ARTS MAJOR | TATTOO ARTIST | BUFF HOT BAD BOY (ON THE OUTSIDE) | SHY AWKWARD BABY | HIS EARS TURN RED DON'T TEASE HIM

L A L I S A M A N O B A N

23 | PHOTOGRAPHY MAJOR | ICE CREAM GIRL | HOT BOMBSHELL | CONFIDENT QUEEN | DONT FIGHT HER WHEN SHES DRUNK

P A R K C H A E Y O U N G

23 | ARTS MAJOR | SOFTIE (KINDA) | SHE CAN RAWR | DON'T TOUCH HER THINGS PLEASE

P A R K J I M I N

25 | ARCHITECTURE MAJOR | HOT NERD | FUCKBOY | DON'T PLAY WITH HIM HE WILL MAKE YOUR PANTIES FALL

B A M B A M

23 | FILMS MAJOR | A BADDIE | HOT FUCKER | HE'S DONE WITH DUMBfUCKS | YOUR LORD AND SAVIOR THANKS

+

H E L L O T U T O R I A L

BUT WHEN I STAND IN FRONT OF YOU, WHY DO I JUST SMILE LIKE A FOOL?

I JUST NEED TO ACT LIKE I ALWAYS DO
LIKE NOW, SO NATURAL

HELLO, HELLO

I KNOW HOW TO BE COOL AND SAY HELLO

BUT WHEN I SEE YOU...

N E R V O U S

I GET A LITTLE BIT NERVOUS AROUND YOU,

I GET A LITTLE BIT STRESSED OUT WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU,

I GET A LITTLE EXCITED, WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU.

I TALK A LITTLE TOO MUCH AROUND YOU.

I GET A LITTLE SELF-CONSCIOUS, WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU

B L A N K E T K I C K

BUT AFTERWARDS, I KEEP MAKING A WAVE OF BLANKETS ON TOP OF MY OCEAN BED.

I JUMP AROUND LIKE A CRAZY GUY, WINNING OVER MY EMBARRASSED FEELINGS WITH SOME UFC MOVES

A D O R E U

HOW CAN YOU DAZZLE SO MUCH?

YOU'RE SO PRETTY IT'S SELFISH BUT YOUR PERSONALITY IS SO HUMBLE.

THIS IS NOT THE PLACE TO JOKE AROUND, I'M ANNOUNCING THE FACT ABOUT YOUR CHARMS.

IS IT BECAUSE I LIKE HOW YOU SMILE AT ME?

C R E E P

YOU FLOAT LIKE A FEATHER

IN A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

I WISH I WAS SPECIAL

YOU'RE SO FUCKIN' SPECIAL

BUT I'M A CREEP, I'M A WEIRDO

Y E L L O W H E A R T S

SHE PUT MY NAME WITH YELLOW HEARTS

I SAID SHE WAS A WORK OF ART

SHE PUT YELLOW HEARTS AROUND MY NAME

I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL JUST THE SAME

TO YOU, WHAT DO THEY REALLY MEAN

HAVE YOU ONLY BEEN PLAYING GAMES

I T ' S Y O U

'CAUSE YOU'RE THE RIGHT TIME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

YOU'RE THE SUNLIGHT, KEEPS MY HEART GOING

OH, I KNOW WHEN I'M WITH YOU, I CAN'T KEEP MYSELF FROM FALLING RIGHT TIME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

IT'S YOU

D A Y L I G H T

I DON'T WANNA LOOK AT ANYTHING ELSE NOW THAT I SAW YOU. I DON'T WANNA THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE NOW THAT I THOUGHT OF YOU

I'VE BEEN SLEEPIN' SO LONG IN A TWENTY-YEAR DARK NIGHT AND NOW I SEE DAYLIGHT, I ONLY SEE DAYLIGHT.

I ONCE BELIEVED LOVE WOULD BE BLACK AND WHITE BUT IT'S GOLDEN

M I K R O K O S M O S

PERHAPS THE REASON THIS NIGHT LOOKS SO BEAUTIFUL IS NOT BECAUSE OF THESE STARS OR LIGHTS, BUT US

Prologue

a/n: it's better if you use the white mode of lecture.

a/n: bitch here made a banner wow

*a/n: **ENGLISH IS NOT MY FIRST LANGUAGE** BTW. and yes I yell it bc usually people don't pay attention unless you use capital letters.*

hello sir~

can I ask for a tattoo? 🐼 🐼

oh god I'm stupid

ofc I can

you're a tattoo artist☐

what would I ask for to you?

a cake?

snsnsnsds

sorry

tell me

my friend wants one

she designed it

so I want to ask you

if it's possible to you to do it

i mean you should right?

you're an artist

but as it is an original design

I don't know if you make those

I don't know how this works

I've never had a tattoo

but could you? ••

you talk too much right?

I have to see the design first to know

yes

I'm sorry 🐼

but could you?

she wants it but she is such a coward☐

so I'm doing the business myself

so she just has to go to you

and get her damn tattoo

why do you say she is a coward?

she is scared of the permanent thing

but I see how she sees her drawing

she wants it
and she is whining about it since a month
A WHOLE MONTH
so I said you know what?
I'll do it myself
the appointment I mean
I don't see myself doing tattoos
 why?
because tattoo artist
are badasses?
 no
because I can't draw shit
 that's a good reason
 jdjaisudu
ikr
so
could you do the tattoo?
 you haven't sent me the drawing
 oh right!
I forgot
lol
here
 that's pretty good
 I know!
she is so talented
 I can give your friend a date
for friday?
i think friday
yep
friday
at 4pm
I'll have time to do a sketch
she wants colours on it?
 oh shit
idk
hold a sec
she said no
 good
what's her name?
 chaeyoung
i trust you to do your best
I mean I saw your art
in your account
you are the best

so you don't want a tattoo too?
hell no
I'm scared of pain
and needles
and bees have
lil needles in their butts
so I'm scared of bees too
not even a small tattoo?
nope
but if I ever want one
i would go to you
I'll be waiting
keep waiting 🙄
anyway
thank you ☐
you are so nice
you are too
even when you
talk too much
scratch that
you are not nice
I'm just telling the truth
I never said I didn't like it
oh
are you flirting with me?
no
because I don't know
your face
you have to see my face
to know if you like me?
ofc I'm that superficial
and isn't this
a business account?
it is
but I'm not that professional
superficial girl
you are lucky youre good at
your job unprofessional guy
I am
so
I'll wait for you and your friend
who said I'm going with her?
I don't know
maybe she is such a coward

and needs you there
actually she is going to need you
the tattoo will hurt
a lot

oh shit
my baby would cry
so I'll cry
I hope you have tissues
just for the cry babies
perfect
exactly what we are
get some extra soft, pls
thank you
what's your name btw?

Jungkook
oh
idk why I was expecting
your name was something
like g-tattoo
nah
my mom wouldn't let
my dad to name me like that
kkkk

true
sorry i have to go
I'm at work
sure

don't get fired
gonna try hehe
thank you jungkook

Jungkook chuckled. What a girl. But she got him curious. Who was she?

He wasn't the type of person who gets that interested on someone to search them in social media, he would do it before with certain girl though but she was another story, however... he had this girl's Instagram at hand.

It wouldn't hurt anyone.

He tapped the little circle of her photo and then went to her profile.

So there it was lalalalisa_m.

(a/n: look at my poor attempts of edition. you can see why I would never be able to make an edit)

Her name was Lisa, she was from Seoul (or was living in Seoul?), she had light or chestnut hair, and she had a kitten. Internet makes

things so easy nowadays.

The yellow filter in all her photos was making all look so aesthetic and warm.

He was about to slide his finger and look more photos but the door being opened startled him. He felt like a kid being caught doing something bad, which was stupid because he was just looking at a girl's Instagram.

"I'm going, Kook-What are you doing?" the devilishly smile on the older girl's lips at seeing how he was pressing protectively his phone against his chest reminded him why he was feeling like a kid being caught. Jisoo was going to tease to death him if she found out he was doing something like stalking some girl. He had experience in being teased with girls (just one) and hated it. "Seeing porn at work? That's bad" she pointed him with her accusing index finger and a scolding cute expression.

"What? No, of course not, Noona,"

"You know that that sentence just makes you look more suspicious, right?"

Jungkook rolled his eyes and went back to the messages to show her. "I was just getting a new client, see?" he wasn't lying though.

"Oh? Nice," Jisoo turned quickly into her work role, without checking because she trusted her dongsaeng (he wasn't like Jimin, who was always flirting through Instagram).

She was in charge of doing that in the tattoo parlor as the cashier and actually the woman in charge of the two tattoo artists' life from there, Jimin and Jungkook. "When is it? I'll register it before I go or we both will forget" she got back to her counter with him following her steps, it was made of glass, shelves with cremes and products inside, and always full of neon notes and pens in the upper surface.

"Friday, at 4pm. I'm free since the guy canceled" he peeked over her shoulder. Her beret was a obstacle to see even for him who was a whole head taller.

She recorded it on the calendar of the laptop and then wrote it in a post-it, which she brought to the whiteboard in his studio and stuck it there. She was very efficient. "Don't go home too late, yeah?" she patted his chest lovingly.

Jungkook nodded obediently, following her to the door, he was always like a puppy around Jisoo. "Send me a text when you get home"

"Same to you. And don't forget you have class tomorrow"

She was such a mum. Jungkook nodded again with an amused smile. "Something more? Bring a jacket or brush your teeth?"

"I don't think I have to remind you that but yeah, bring a jacket and brush your teeth" she shrugged unbothered while taking her

bag and crossing it over her chest.

Jungkook chuckled. "Take care"

Jisoo went home and he closed the parlor, going back to his study to work with the sketch he left abandoned for replying to the Instagram message.

He wanted to take another look at that girl's Instagram but then he shook his head, it wasn't that important. She was just another girl, she wouldn't be different from the rest of the girls with their typical *"I like you but we can't be serious, how would I explain my parents you're not a gang member?"* story for sure. And he was done with girls anyway.

So he just entered the chat one more time to get the design and closed the app, forgetting about that girl and his curiosity.

But, while drawing, for some reason he remembered a special night from some months ago in winter and he smiled foolishly...

I literally had to force myself to publish this damn thing for once. I hate it and it's kinda boring but I guess it's acceptable because it's the beginning? idk. maybe that's just me saying excuses.

and if you already think jungkook is DENSE you don't have idea of how much he can be after this. just wait for it.

btw I don't know how you make a date with a tattoo artist, but most of them have their direct contact on ig so I guess it works like that. idk. remember this is fiction.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

Chapter 1

a/n: I'm nervous

DECEMBER, FOUR MONTHS AGO

(a/n: in the story, I know December was seven months ago I'm an idiot, not a dumbass)

"But where is he, Jungkook?"

Jungkook smoked his cigarette, having in his mind her sad eyes full of tears, with puffy cheeks and tight lips in order to contain her sobs.

He had not known what to say, he didn't know where Mingyu was and his heart ached to know that even in that situation, where she was abandoned and alone by Mingyu, she still preferred him, she still loved him... and Jungkook was just the guy she would never see as more than a friend.

Now, at the lonely bus stop at two in the morning, Jungkook was alone and sad.

His icy fingers held a cigarette that was the only warm highlight in the cold night, and the wind blew the ashes away as soon as they fell, also cooling his pale face even more and causing the tip of his nose to turn red.

Jungkook had left the hospital four hours ago, leaving Tzuyu, the girl he was in love with, sleeping so peacefully that it was impossible to believe that she just had the worst day of her life. She looked like an angel and although Jungkook knew that she was bad for him and that her actions were honestly shitty, he still believed that she was one. She was just... lost.

Her sister had looked at him with pity, Jungkook had felt embarrassed to be so intense but his concern for her mattered more than his dignity, and Jennie knew it.

"I'd love she love a guy like you, Jungkook," Jennie had told him, patting his shoulder gently.

Tzuyu didn't love him because he was a boy like him actually.

Mingyu was perfect, handsome and rich, the kind of guy who was popular, the kind of guy a girl would introduce to her parents. Even when he cheated on his girlfriend and played with her and Tzuyu as if they were dolls, it didn't matter because Mingyu was a good boy and both girls loved him so much, Tzuyu did specially.

And Jungkook was just the tattooed guy, who smoked from time

to time, loved to go out with his friends and get drunk (maybe flirt and get a one night stand because that was easy for him when he was drunk) and who people were kinda scared to. The ladies were hilarious when they moved their children away as if Jungkook were going to bite them but that kind of situation wasn't so funny for him since Tzuyu had said to him "you and I wouldn't work, we are from different worlds and we would never be happy together. People would talk too much". Yes, they would talk about him and they would judge her, they would make the life of a girl like Tzuyu a calvary and her mother, an elegant and respected woman, would hate him.

And yet, when Tzuyu had broken his heart for Mingyu, even though she had hurt him many times, Jungkook still loved her... She was his best friend above all, that could also work as an excuse to explain why even though they were in bad terms he had run to the hospital to be with her and had comforted her in his arms while she was crying her heart out for a man who was such a coward to face her and the situation they were into.

In short, it had been a big fucking day to be Jeon Jungkook but he was used to being a loser after all.

The people who had grown up with him would discuss his opinion of himself, even the wall where his mother had all the trophies that he had won during his childhood would say "shut up idiot."

But think about this, what's the point of winning an important drawing contest at the age of twelve if you were bullied throughout high school for being a "weeb"? What was the point of winning taekwondo championships if the only time he had kicked his bully's ass he had ended up suspended? What was the point of creating one of the most famous mangas if he couldn't say it without feeling embarrassed? What was the point of being a master in art if he was always failing exams for not being able to study well? What was the point of winning an international tattoo contest at twenty, which was really important, if the girl he loved said he was just an "artist" when she introduced him to people?

Jungkook was a social loser, if that existed.

And he felt even more like a loser because he was crying alone in a bus station. I mean, who the hell does that? It was ridiculous and embarrassing but Jungkook couldn't stop crying and he definitely wanted to stop, he really wanted to. But his heart was coming out in the form of water through his eyes like a motherfucking fountain.

"Aish, such a loser," he sighed and ran his hand down his damp cheeks, trying to wipe the tears, after throwing away the last part of his cigarette.

He took a deep breath and pressed his lips, looking at a fixed point. He had to stop. Crying didn't solve anything. She still didn't love him. But the thought that she didn't love him and the last confirmation that, again, she didn't love him a few hours ago in the hospital, it made him want to cry more.

Dammit.

"Last Christmaaaaaaas, I gav u ma haaaaarrrrt..."

Jungkook got startled by that chant that sounded pretty macabre at that time of night and at a lonely bus stop in the middle of the center of Seoul. He was pretty used to going back home at this hour but never before he heard a person singing their heart out like that.

He looked where the voice came from and he found a girl who was staggering towards the stop, giggling, she was drunk and small bells rang with each step she took. But what caught Jungkook's attention were her clothes.

"Baaaat, de very nek day u geivv iit awaaaay, oh dammit..."

(a/n: I'm literally listening to last christmas (ariana grande version) while writing this and you don't have idea how much it fits. and yes I'm listening to last christmas in fucking july)

Yes, Christmas was only a week away, all the streets were decorated, Christmas trees were everywhere and Jungkook was so done with Christmas songs that he was mumbling All I Want For Christmas Is You all the time and even doing high notes like the fucking Mariah Carey when he was distracted at doing something. I mean, it wasn't annoying for himself but it was for the people living with him.

But still, he didn't understand why the hell that girl was wearing a red velvet dress with the edges of the neckline and skirt with white furr and a Christmas hat with a bell on the fluffy white tip, like a Santa girl.

"Whooooo," she stumbled over something, maybe with her own feet, but she grabbed hold of the bus stop wall and burst into laughter. "HAHAHAHA," she even let out loud squeaky noises.

She hummed Last Christmas as if nothing was happening even though she could barely stand and hold the wall, with the other arm up to create balance, moving towards the seat.

"Woop woop, aish what is the floor so uneven? Ugh, capitalism is unbelievable," she babbled nonsense, pressing her face to the cold bus stop wall.

Jungkook simply stared at her (not her face because it was hidden by the tip of her hat), blinking confused, because although he had dealt with his drunken hyungs, they had never been like her, much less caused him as much anxiety as she was causing him at that moment.

She seemed about to stumble and fall!

Jungkook wasn't Superman but he wanted to save her.

I'm sorry, bad joke.

But she managed to sit up and he sighed unconsciously, relieved that the stranger didn't stab her face on the floor. He leaned forward and noticed that she was fine.

She had buried her face in her hands, elbows resting on her legs, and was still humming and laughing softly. Rare and somewhat scary, but mostly for him because he had read a manga days before about a sect of pretty girls which were descendants of sirens, half incubus maybe, and used to play the Damsel in Distress role to get men to help them and then suck their souls during sex.

He knew it wasn't real you know, but he chuckled softly because damn that would be cool to see but not to experience.

Anyway, he went back to real world, she probably was just a normal drunk girl.

Jungkook sniffled and returned to his own. Now it would be much more embarrassing to cry like a baby, because there was another person now even though she seemed as lost in her own world as he was, but she was certainly happier than him with her little red dress and Christmas songs.

Where the hell was she coming from?

But the most important thing was: could she know how to get home? It was dangerous to walk alone so late and even more so in that drunk state.

He had a moment's hesitation, wondering if he should ask her if she had someone to call and ask them to come for her, but it vanished when he remembered all those times he had wanted to help someone and had ended up exploding in his face, due to his appearance.

Gosh, it had been so embarrassing. His social anxiety was having a party in all those times.

Jungkook was sure that being green and saying "I come to conquer your world foolish humans" would be more accepted than being a guy with tattoos in Seoul.

Ugh, society was crap. So Christmas-dress-girl could cope alone, Jungkook wouldn't get involved.

And he was very determined to do so, until he felt a body sticking to his like a tick and arms curled into his, while a head rested on his shoulder.

A strong smell of alcohol mixed with a sweet perfume that seemed to be vanilla came to his sensitized nose, surrounding him whole.

He froze.

What the hell?

"Heeeey~" the girl, Christmas-dress-girl (it's not like there was another there, Jungkook), hummed with a strange accent and words dragged because of the alcohol going through her veins. "I hope you don't mind me leaning on your shoulder, I'm cold"

And she nuzzled his arm with her face like a cat.

What?

"I hope you're not a rapist because this will end very badly, HAHA," she said very loud and patted his thigh, making him jump, startled.

A what?

Him?

She had just smack his thigh?

Jungkook didn't want to feel attacked, you know, but if she had smack a few inches higher, she would have reached his parts and that officially would have been personal.

But he did feel invaded, he wasn't even used to being touched by his friends (except for Jimin Hyung, that guy was like a human koala) and now he wasn't just being embraced by a strange but also smacked. That was definitely invasion of private property.

And he had been watching the girl in disbelief because that definitely was weird, who approaches an stranger and smack his legs? That was fucking dangerous.

"Don't you know that you shouldn't talk with strangers? Specially with guys like me," he said, half laughing at the usual situation he used to went through with a lot of people.

"You're just a warm human for me," she mumbled, putting a smile on his lips. The first one in a while.

That was really... nice.

He had not been able to see her face or anything particular, he could only see the hat from his perspective. But he did realize after a while that obviously she was fucking cold, SHE WAS WEARING A DAMN SHORT DRESS IN DECEMBER.

The long black boots covered up to her knees but her clear thighs were at the mercy of the wind. She was only wearing a leather jacket, it was nothing compared to the long black padded jacket that Jungkook was wearing over a gray sweatshirt.

And while he was seriously judging her wardrobe decisions like his grandma would do because for her he never was dressed well enough against the cold, the girl raised her face and showed him a lazy smile.

And she was still humming. *"I'll giv it to someon ssspesial..."* she sang, moving her head like a seagull.

Jungkook softly gasped, because of her face not her terrible song

of course.

It was like those scenes he had seen so much, as if suddenly the world was dyed in a pink and white filter, blurring the surroundings, and cherry blossom petals flew around.

Well, not so romantic because they were still in a bus stop with white, LED lights and the breeze was away from being romantic and pink, it was very cold.

But it was the first time in a long time that his heart skipped a beat for another girl than Tzuyu.

He wasn't the type of guy that used to notice girls because of their looks but... she had something.

This girl was beautiful, but that kind of girl who was amazingly beautiful, almost as if she was photoshopped.

She had very big brown eyes, surrounded by long black eyelashes, a straight, slightly upturned nose, and full, plump, pink lips he couldn't help but look twice. Her cheeks looked so creamy and soft that he wanted to touch them. She looked like a doll with her long light blonde hair and bangs covering her forehead. It was as if God designed her himself, putting in her face all the beautiful characteristics he could find.

"Oh, wow, hey hottie," she said arching an eyebrow, checking him out as he was doing, and Jungkook got nervous. First, because he felt exposed, and second, because oh my God, she just called him hottie?

"She is drunk, in her eyes you are Gong Yoo", his mind reminded him.

(a/n: as if this bitch couldn't look like gong yoo)

Jungkook cleared his throat and looked away nervously.

This was strange and awkward.

A drunk girl was touching him, she was very beautiful indeed, and he didn't know what to do. He sounded virginal, which he wasn't even if his friends loved to call him virgin, and he felt like a fourteen-year-old boy.

"Hmmm," he searched for what to say.

Apparently he was now forced to help her, or at least wait for the bus with her stuck to him like a limpet.

"Hey, don't cry," she grabbed his face with her icy hands and moved it until both were inches away.

Jungkook swallowed in fright at the sudden movement and looked at her with big doe eyes.

What the hell was happening?

She frowned cutely and one of her thumbs ran down his cheek, wiping an old tear, he felt chills down his spine like it had just been a magic touch. "Why are you crying? Don't cry, hottie," she made a

cute pout, her voice becoming soft by word.

Jungkook blinked, still shocked by the closeness and all that sudden sweetness. "Hmm, I'm not crying?" he wasn't at that time at least.

"But your little nose is red," she pointed out and she poked it gently.

Jungkook followed her finger with his eyes and he forgot he would look stupid doing it, but she laughed.

"Haha, you're so cute, Hottie," she poked his nose again and hugged his arm again, in the original position.

Jungkook didn't understand anything.

But she was cute and honestly hilarious, he showed a closed smile and bit his lower lip, holding a back a chuckle.

"Tell me why you're crying," she asked and her hand went directly to his thigh... caressing. For his own sanity, he put her hand back to her lap.

"I'm not crying," he repeated, in favor of his dignity. She could be drunk and be the person there dressed in a ridiculous Christmas dress and singing Christmas songs but Jungkook was the one there crying.

Embarrassment counter: Jungkook 8, her 3.

"I don't know who she is but fuck her!" she exclaimed out of nowhere and looked at him animated. "You should give your heart to someone special this year, homeboy," she poked his arm.

Jungkook blinked without knowing what to say. How did she know there was a "she"? But it felt nice to hear her say that.

"Aw, you're smiling," she pointed and laughed. "You're cute when you smile hehe, I hope you're not a rapist because I'm afraid I've fallen in love with you," she fluttered her long eyelashes, though she looked silly because of her drunken state, glazed eyes and dragged words.

Jungkook lowered his head, laughing quietly. His cheeks burned, he was flattered even though it was silly because for sure she had her eyes affected due to alcohol.

"Oh, a butterfly!" She pointed to his right hand, which was next to the other in the middle of his legs as he fiddled with his fingers. She leaned down and touched his skin. "What is her name?"

What did she say? *What is her name?*

His tattoo? What was the name of his tattoo? What?

"Uh?"

"I never saw anyone take their pet butterfly out for a walk," she commented, running her finger along his hand as if she was caressing the butterfly.

Wait, she thought that...

Jungkook snorted.

"Hey, baby, what's your name?" She spoke to it as if it were a baby... to his hand. "What is her name?" she asked him again, looking at him with curious eyes. "No, wait, sorry. Is it a boy or a girl?"

Jungkook cleared his throat to control his laughter. "A girl, her name is... JiEun"

As his favorite singer, IU.

"Like IU?"

Oh, she knew IU.

"Aw, you're pretty like IU," she told the butterfly. "I've never caressed a butterfly before, they're cold"

If she intended to touch a butterfly as she was touching his hand, pressing her her finger against it so roughly, it was better that she never touch one.

"She's cold," Jungkook told her. "I think I should put her in my pocket, don't you think?"

"Of course, she will die of cold!" she was really concerned.

"Exactly," he nodded and dramatically put his hand in his pocket, in front of her attentive eyes. "Now she's better"

She smiled sweetly and looked away as if thinking, Jungkook observed her side profile. She was beautiful from every angle, even her nose was perfect which was something really weird to find in a regular person, he was the proof. He wanted to draw her, his fingers itched with desire to take a pencil and try to capture her beauty on paper, drawing every little detail.

He was honestly amazed by her and amused too, she was... particular.

"Once I wanted to adopt an ant, but she bit me," she commented sadly and leaned her forehead against his arm. "Shit, ants are evil, I should have known," she said with resentment. "Don't trust ants, Hottie, they are super duper hyper liars. You would think, oh they're pretty and curious, cute with their little insect antennae; they're super hardworking and good friends, you know, they seems good guys but then PAM, you have an itchy bite in your finger. So, bad, ugh, I hate ants"

Jungkook knew she was babbling exclusively about the insects but he couldn't help but think that some people were exactly like that. Tzuyu was an ant.

And then he frowned because "What the fuck, Jungkook?", he mumbled to himself. Why was he paying attention to a drunk girl and giving real meaning to her dumb worlds?

"Oh! That's my bus!" Santa girl said trying to straighten up but she lost balance and Jungkook had to hold her arm. Gosh, she had

such a pretty face but she was risking it every second.

"Oopsie," she laughed as if she were texting kkkkk and covered her mouth, looking like a little girl in trouble.

Jungkook pressed his lips together to keep from laughing, feeling a strange explosion of feelings in his stomach. "I'll help you up," he said to focus on the real problem.

He tried to get up but she moved faster. "Will you charge me? Yay!" she sat on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck, as if he were the damn Santa Claus from the mall.

Jungkook gasped and looked at her with wide eyes that almost fell, he couldn't believe that something like this was happening but it was and his ears burned.

She smiled at him very happy, showing all her teeth and making her big eyes small, accentuating her long eyelashes and chubby cheeks.

"I, uh ..."

"Aw, Hottie you're really hot," she buried her face in his neck and snuggled up there, her hat tickling his nose.

Rare.

Strange.

Horrible.

What was he supposed to do in such a situation? Specially with the crazy butterflies in his stomach.

Why was he so nervous?

Jungkook wasn't good at these things, I mean he wasn't good at solving situations quickly and less at solving situations with girls.

Fuck, he should have drunk something after leaving the hospital as he had wanted (but avoided), sure he would know what to do with alcohol in his veins.

The bus passed quickly in front of his eyes and he remembered what he was supposed to do.

"Oh, no, no, no," he muttered alarmed, but it wasn't like he had mental superpowers to stop it, the bus kept going without anyone stopping it. "Shit!" he exclaimed, forgetting for a few seconds that he had a girl in his lap.

It lasted nothing though because she exclaimed again: "Oh, that's my bus!". She straightened and pointed to the next bus that was coming.

Jungkook looked at her with a frown. That bus went to a totally different place than the previous one.

She tried to stand again to make signs for it to stop but Jungkook took her arm and returned her to her previous position, but he used more force than expected (or she was more lightweight than he expected) so she crashed into his chest, resting her weak hands

against his chest and leaving her face inches from his.

Jungkook almost choked.

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.

The smile faded slowly from her lips as she watched him, her mouth parted and it looked so good, Jungkook couldn't help looking at those plump lips and imagining their taste for a few seconds, and she didn't make it easy at looking surprised but not displeased, she even looked breathless. His heart beat clearly in his chest and he realized he was out of air too.

And another bus escaped in front of them, bringing a great current of icy wind that woke Jungkook up from his daydream.

This was very bad.

She was drunk (which was impossible to forget because she stunk of alcohol), she didn't know what she was doing, she didn't even know what her bus was for God's sake!

God, he was acting like a pervert and taking advantage of that girl.

Disgusting.

Jungkook cleared his throat, feeling rather uncomfortable, and lowered her from his lap onto the seat again. "You-you-remember where you live, right?" he asked, scratching the back of his neck.

Her face lit up again, another huge smile on her intoxicated face. "Sure! Daechi!"

Oh, she was from Gangnam.

(a/n: im not good at reading maps but I think daechi is inside of Gangnam but don't trust me)

A current of bitterness and disappointment ran through his body... *She was one of those rich girls.*

And he felt silly for not realizing it before. He had been staring at her so much and he had never realized those details that showed her obvious social status. She had a thin gold chain with a small gold J, it should be her initial, and small star earrings in her ears, the small stones that sparkled in the center of them were diamonds, and in her hands were the rest of the hints. She was wearing a gold ring in the shape of a nail and a Cartier white gold band ring with diamonds, he knew that because Tzuyu had the same but in regular gold.

She was really rich... like Tzuyu, sure with the same thoughts ...

"*You're just a warm human for me,*" her words came back to his mind and Jungkook looked at her doubtfully...

Was she being honest when she said that? Because she looked like so. Actually, she looked really pure, even at smelling like pure alcohol.

"If you keep looking at me like that I'll kiss you," she winked and

sent a kiss like a perverted older man.

Jungkook cleared his throat, flustered again and looked away.

Why was he comparing her with Tzuyu? Why was he so obsessed? It was obvious she was different.

He scolded himself because he was being like most of people, judging someone because of one detail and stereotyping her.

He shook his head, clearing his mind, and smiled at her softly, she smiled back instantly, like she was used to be happy and smile to anybody, or maybe it was just the alcohol.

"Let's wait for your bus, okay?" he offered.

"Baby, with you I would wait the return of my grandma from death," she winked again and blew another kiss.

Dammit, why was that drunk girl making him so flustered with her weird ass pick up lines?

Taking her home once they took the correct bus was like being a hamster in a labyrinth.

She was confusing streets all the time and making him take her to all the wrong places, and yes, he was piggybacking her because the girl couldn't walk anymore. At least he gave her his padded jacket in the bus when she began to tremble because her dress was very short and he wouldn't be comfortable carrying her if she was going to show her ass to the world. He wasn't against it, you know, but it would be better if she showed her ass without alcohol in her body.

He was fucking tired after twenty minutes of walking and she was already asleep on his back (after babbling nonsense for a long long loong time, not that he complained because she was really funny), so that leaded him to take her phone, which ended up being so difficult, his arms weren't long enough to sneak into her jacket and he almost fell but he could after some minutes.

Jungkook felt like a whole stalker because checking someone's phone without their permission was completely wrong, BUT HE NEEDED ANSWERS!

He could unlock it with her fingerprint, he said sorry to her sleeping form and held back a laugh at seeing her homescreen, it was literally a Santa Claus.

Her address! Right!

She had it there, gladly, so he walked to there. It wasn't far away, just a few blocks.

She lived in a big building, very modern and expensive. Jungkook opened the door with the keys (with a cute flower keychain) she had in her jacket and greeted the guard naturally as if he wasn't a stranger with a drunk girl on his back.

He tried to keep going naturally, with fast as fuck steps but, "Hey,

hey, young man,"

Jungkook stopped, pressing his eyes shut. Dammit.

He turned around and showed the most innocent smile ever. "Yes?"

The old man, probably around his forty, looking at him up and down and arched a brow. "You don't live here"

No shit, Sherlock.

"No, Sir," Jungkook agreed. "But my friend here does, she is kinda... sleepy"

The man stared at him seriously. Tense. Jungkook gulped nervously, shit, this was definitely a bad moment to be judged for looking like a punk.

"You have ten minutes to leave her in her home, in you don't come back, I'll go up to get you and kick your ass. I have side keys. Have I been clear?"

Wow, rude.

Jungkook nodded quickly.

In the elevator, he spaced out, looking blankly at the amount of buttons there.

"Hmmm," he poked her arm, around his neck, softly. "Hey, excuse me," he then poked her cheek.

"Hmmm? No, mum, I don't want American breakfast today," she mumbled.

"Hey, wake uuup, I'm not your mom"

That managed to wake her up, she didn't open her eyes but frowned. "Then, who are you?" and then she opened one eye and leaned away to get a better lock, she almost made him fall.

"Hey, hey, be careful"

"Oh, hottie, hi~"

Jungkook smiled. "Which one is your floor, doll?" the petname slipped from his tongue naturally, so naturally he didn't even notice it.

"Five"

He pressed the said button.

"Of it is the sixth?"

Shit, not again.

He managed to get the correct floor from her and then the number of her home, gladly she didn't confuse her door number as much as the floor and the street. He hoped she never get lost because she would be COMPLETELY lost.

Her apartment was pretty big but warm. The decoration resemble one of the typical aesthetics from beauty vloggers, the walls were white, the floor was of wooden and the couch was grey, with grey, white and baby pink cushions, one of them was fluffy, and a small,

white coffee table there with some papers and books. There were big a lot of white and black pictures on the wall behind the sofa, of different things, and that caught his attention for a seconds till she mumbled a part of Last Christmas again and he had to hush her. In general, it was pretty aesthetic and girly.

And apparently the girl on his back was a little bit messy, she had clothes left in the most random places.

Jungkook brought her to the only room open and it ended up being her room, or he hoped so. He wouldn't dare to open the other door, maybe another person was there and he would end up with his ass kicked out.

He helped her to get in the queen size bed with grey sheets and Disney plushies all around. The room was so different from the rest of the house that he thought that if it was hers, it matched her well, she looked like the type of girl that enjoys Disney movies.

She showed him an sleepy smile, with her eyes half closed, once he settled her in the right side of the bed, he got sure she was in a position she could throw up if she needed to without having to do a great effort.

"Guys like you deserve all the love in the world, Hottie," she mumbled happily and then she fell completely asleep, with a small smile on her pretty lips.

Jungkook left her building smiling like a fool, his tears and sadness long forgotten.

I have this already written since long ago and well why would I keep it for myself more time lol. actually I was keeping it to edit it and make it more funny but it was being so forced and ugly so decided to keep it like this. if you laugh, amazing, if you don't, it's okay, I understand bc I'm not funny lmfao.

if you like it comment and vote💜 so this is the beginning, hope you like it bc well I like it but I'm not so sure about it. let me know what you think, y'all already know how much I love to read you💜

-CAKE

Chapter 2

"I still think this is a bad idea."

Lalisa Manoban rolled her eyes, it was the seventh time that Park Chaeyoung, her best friend, repeated the same phrase in the last 40 minutes since they had left home.

But that wasn't keeping her from advancing through the concurrent Hongdae to one of the most tattoo parlors. She was a ball of nerves, like a pink shaking chihuahua, and Lisa couldn't understand why. After all, the idea of the tattoo came from Chaeyoung, she had told her a month ago that she had the perfect design, that she wanted it on her forearm and she had approved Lisa to search for the parlor and arrange a date for it; but as soon as they got on the bus, Chaeyoung began panicking.

"I mean, it will last all my life and what happens if I don't like it in a month and want to take it off? What would I do? I can't tear my skin off. But it's so beautiful and I want to do it but I'm scared and what if the tattoo ends up being ugly, that will be much worse"

The blonde doubted that would happen, the parlor was pretty popular in Hongdae because of its amazing ink art and many awards from international contests, also had excellent photos of tattoos on the Instagram accounts of the artists and direct recommendations from Lisa's tattooed friends, she did her homework very well you could see; Lalisa was in love with the artistic wolf tattoo her friend Bambam had on the bicep and was curious to meet the artist, which name was Jungkook. She imagined him all in leather, talking with grunts and with a beard like those of a Viking. A typical tough gang guy from the movies.

Any girl would be afraid of them, specially one like her (from her mother perspective), but Lisa knew very well that the appearance of a person doesn't have anything to do with the real person, from experiences of life. And that Jungkook guy sounded so nice through Instagram.

(a/n: how convenient)

Chaeyoung continued talking at her side, not realizing that the blonde was ignoring her as usual, until they reached the door of the store. It had a glass door with the the face of a creepy rabbit painted, as if it was a mask, with large and dark round eyes giving a psycho and empty look.

Oh great! JK was a viking gang rabbit!

Lisa giggled at her own dumb thought.

It was the logo of the store, which name was KILLER but in the R there were ears with red spots that she now figured out that it were drops of blood.

Killer Rabbit? Killer Bunny?

However, inside it was really aesthetically pleasing. The walls were dark grey with white lights everywhere making it look really well illuminated, to the right was a big leather sofa that looked so comfortable and a glass coffee table, next to it a water dispenser, and in the wall behind was a big ass mural, like a collage in black and white of different outlined draws but they were so well drawn that you could see they belonged from a real artist.

"They like to add something new everytime they get inspired," said a husky voice from behind the girls.

Lisa turned around and found a pretty girl behind a counter and a LED killer rabbit in the wall behind (the same logo from the door). She was beautiful, a classic Korean beauty; she would work very well to show how the high Korean Beauty standard was in a real, natural woman. Long black hair, clear skin and a pretty small dolllike mouth.

"Annyeong! Nyeongan!" she greeted them animatedly, showing them a nice smile that reached her bright eyes.

Lisa felt so gay.

"Annyeong," they said in chorus and got closer.

"Wanna a tattoo? A piercing?"

Chaeyoung blinked hesitantly and opened her mouth but Lisa stepped forward, sensing that her bestfriend could pull back at any moment and she wouldn't let Chaeyoung to leave without a tattoo after hearing her talk about it incessantly for a whole month.

Lisa's patience had limits and Chaeyoung was testing them so much lately.

"My friend wants a tattoo!" she went to the counter and took Chaeyoung's design out of backpack, the pink-haired one looked at her with the desire to kill her. "I made a date, with one of the artists, JK"

The girl stared at her after listening to her words, Lisa felt as she was checking her out. Then she smiled. "The girl of the 4pm," she said, like she was realizing something. "Chaeyoung is your name?"

"No, she is Chaeyoung," Lisa took her best friend arm and pulled her close, not noticing the other girl's confused but curious gaze. "I am Lisa, nice to meet you"

"Jisoo, nice to meet you too"

"So, isn't this great, by the way?" Lisa showed her the sketch,

putting it on the counter. "She is fantastic at drawing"

"Oh, it's very cute! You say she did it herself? The boys are going to love it, they are always looking for new designs to make. You know, innovation" Jisoo said with fluid charms.

"For real?"

Jisoo nodded effusively, with a closed mouth smile.

Lisa was surprised, with so many bloody rabbits she had the idea that the owners prefer things like skulls and blood... and rabbits, someone had a favoritism with rabbits in that place, like her who loved them but more furry and cute, without blood if it was possible.

"JK is waiting for you, Chaeyoung, and he will be glad you are early, he is free and bored"

"Really?" Chaeyoung asked terrified. She was hoping that at least she would have time to sit in the couch and think about the tattoo better, looking for the strength to do a big change in her body.

"Yes, be ready" Jisoo said kindly to her.

On her side, Lisa showed a wide smile, shaking her fists excitedly.

"Jisoo-yah, give the client a cream please," said a silky particular voice.

A guy came out of one of the doors, with a girl from behind. He was really handsome, actually he was owner of one the most particular faces Lisa has ever seen in her life, specially his eyes. With his black hair and thick lips, which he licked suddenly, he was so handsome; he had an attractive piercing on the lower lip, a large flower tattoo on his arm and a phrase on his collarbone was visible from the neck of his striped shirt.

The girl went completely unnoticed by both, who approached Jisoo.

"This is the girl of the 4pm turn," Jisoo pointed to Chaeyoung and the guy checked her out, raising a brow and a smirk rolled on his lips. Lisa thought that he looked like Satan, you know, the most beautiful among angels but evil as fuck.

His gaze had something mischievous and playful.

"A pleasure to meet you two, ladies, I'm Jimin," he vowed charmingly, Lisa smiled and glanced at Chaeyoung.

Her friend seemed out of breath, hypnotized. Oh wait, did she like him? And shit, she was looking like a idiot.

"Hi, Jimin! I... ummm... saw your art on Instagram. You're so good," Lisa hurried to cover Chaeyoung's dumb expression. But his eyes were still on her.

Well, it was normal, Chaeyoung had been always so pretty for every guy, all Lisa's guy friends had a crush on her because of her angelic features and attitudes. Lisa smiled amused, the devil angel

and the good angel, what a plot.

"Thank you" he said to Lisa casually but then stared at her again like recognizing her, Lisa raised both brows, did he know her?

But Jimin just smiled, like he was amused.

Weird.

"JK is free now, he should be outside already," Jisoo said, sounding like a upset mother, while receiving the money from the girl. "Thank you, come back soon, nyeongan"

"Why does he have a free turn?" he asked frowning.

"The guy before this lady canceled and I had to let him go without doing nothing with this economy," she said with a disapproving tone, it sounded so funny that made Lisa and Chaeyoung giggle.

The guy managed to see the drawing on the counter and took it, interested. "This is great, you did it?" he asked Lisa.

"What? No!" she laughed, the thought of her drawing something so good was funny. "My friend here did it, she will tattoo it"

Chaeyoung smiled embarrassed, he looked at her with a surprised expression, his face transforming completely. "This is really beautiful, it's your own design?" his eyes were wide open, it was cute actually.

Chaeyoung tugged a lock of hair behind her ear, feeling her cheeks burn.

Lisa smirked cheekily, Chaeyoung really liked him; so cheesy. She exchange amused looks with Jisoo who seemed to be thinking the same thing. Both smiled to each other like evil partners and returned to pay attention to the couple.

"These all are types of roses right?" he asked honestly curious.

Chaeyoung nodded, amazed of him knowing enough about flowers to know the ones in the sketch were all roses. "Yes, this is a China rose and this one is a Gallic rose. My father works in a garden center, specialized in roses, so yeah..."

"My mother's favorite flower is actually the China rose, that's why I know," he said with clear tenderness in his voice, caressing the drawing with his thumb. Wow, he was like a completely different person now and that, definitely, was getting Chaeyoung. "It is really very beautiful. Do you think you could leave it among the designs? Many people would like it."

"It's very personal" she refused.

"Oh, yes, it is."

Seeing that the boy's face really showed a lot of appreciation for the drawing, she decided to offer more in such a sudden way that even herself got surprised. "I have more!" He looked at her, interested. "I... I like to draw, especially flowers although they are

more of the cartoon style but I have several that are more realistic, I guess I could show them to you?"

"Really? That would be so great, I would love you to come back"

And that was more than just 'I want your drawings' in the ears of the three people there. Chaeyoung's cheeks colored almost as much as her hair a months before, when it was bright red.

The little bells of the door sounded, announcing the arrival of someone and a brown haired tall girl with cute round eyes came.

"Annyeong" she said with a low but nice voice, bowing to them. "Chim! I brought the drawings," she hug him by the neck, she was so tiny and cute beside him.

And well, apparently the drawings thing was a thing he used with all girls.

Chaeyoung's smile faded, along with Lisa's who nibbled her lower lip. Her best friend had such a bad luck with hot guys. That seemed to be his girlfriend, who was perhaps too young in Lisa's opinion but she was no one to judge. Maybe she just looked younger than she was.

"You already found out the perfect one, princess?"

He even called her princess! And he was smiling to her in such a softly, loving way.

"Yes, I had it in my phone," she said showing her phone.

"Great, come inside," he pointed to the door behind him.

"Oppa you're gonna love it!" she exclaimed excitedly. At seeing them, she smiled and bowed again to them, before going inside the room.

"It has been a pleasure," he said with a charming smile to Chaeyoung. "Can I know your name?"

The girl smiled politely, hiding her disappointment. "Chaeyoung, and she is Lisa"

Lisa waved lightly, like yeah, my friend like you but apparently you have a girlfriend, it was a pleasure picturing you like a brother-in-law for a minutes, Jimin.

The boy left and Chaeyoung sighed, so done with boys. "The audacity to flirt having a girlfriend"

Jisoo snorted amused. "What? That's..."

"Jisoo Noona, what happened with the 4pm girl?" distracted by his phone, a guy said, coming from the other door.

Lisa gasped silently, shocked to find him there.

Tall, muscular and broad, he had strong arms and chest still showing under his loose black shirt and a actually pretty face with big round and dark eyes, big cute nose and pink thin lips, and a sharp as fuck jaw. Black, messy bangs on his forehead. His features worked so good together, making him look hot but soft. He had, of

course, tattoos: his right forearm was covered with ink till the hand and had some on his left arm, one were visible from a hole of his ripped jeans, which hugged his strong thick thighs amazingly, and she was sure he had more under his T-shirt. Probably in his chest or back he had one of those big hot tattoos, probably he had hard muscles there too, and a smooth golden skin... He was... like from a book and looking more powerful and hot than from the distance.

She was frozen in space and time.

"Here she is" Jisoo said to him.

"Uh?" his lost expression was so cute to be in such a hot body. He noticed them confused but smiled instantly. Oh damn, that bunny smile. "Hi, I'm JK"

His bright eyes on her made her nervous, her heart began to beat like crazy. He was the guy she talked with before, he was Jungkook.

Yeah, that definitely wasn't a tough bunny viking.

It was... him.

TWO MONTHS AGO

Lisa went into the university library with her books in her arms, ready to sit down and study. Although knowing that some of her friends were there, it was obvious that she wasn't going to study at all and she was going to end up being kicked out of there for being too loud as usual.

Her long ponytail danced behind her back with every step she took, giving her a childish look that combined with her colorful striped sweater, with a pretty flower on the right side.

She smiled cordially at some known people at the tables as she passed by and then looked up to find her friends: Momo and Sorn. Both of them raised their hands and waved her frantically like crazy causing a giggle that Lisa covered with her hand. It wasn't a good time to let out her squeals, she couldn't get kicked out when she was just arriving.

The three of them used to be noisy and they usually spoke loudly, especially when Sana, Bambam and Jackson joined. The only one of the group that was mostly quiet was Mina, she was an actual angel.

All of them in the group were foreigners and that's why they knew each other. The university had an adaptation group for foreign students to create bonds between them, in case they didn't fit in with the other Korean students. It was racist from a certain perspective because somehow it kept them apart but at least most of them had made good friends among themselves to hang out and help each other. Lisa and her group of friends were an example, being three Japanese girls (Sana, Mina and Momo), four Thais (Sorn, Bambam, Chittapon and herself), an Australian (Rosie) and a Chinese (Jackson).

And at taking a step forward in her way was when she noticed that she had just stepped on a sheet of paper. She looked down and frowned,

then gave a glance to the person sitting next to it, at a table.

He was a guy with his head bent over his books, his AirPods on ears, his hair was dark and shiny, it looked so soft that Lisa had a sudden urge to touch it, which she ignored of course because she wasn't a creep. And she was still stepping on his sheet.

She quickly bent down to pick it up and got embarrassed at noticing the dirt spot she had just left on... a very good drawing. It was a sketch of a tiger, with magnificent details, it would have looked real if it was painted ... And now it had the stain of her Converse on it.

Lisa stretched out her lips, thoughtful. What should she do? Talk to him? But it would be very rude to return his drawing like that and just leave.

She didn't think more, being naturally impulsive when she was feeling guilty or in front of something she could arrange or help, she took the eraser he had next to his book and put the drawing on the table to erase the stain. "I'm so sorry, I've stepped on it without wanting to," she explained embarrassed but trying to cover it with a nice tone, while concentrating on her activity. She didn't get an answer, but that had never stopped her from talking and especially when she was nervous like now; she was so bad to start conversation but she couldn't stop talking. "I was just saying hi to my friends and I didn't notice it, hehe, but I promise to leave it like new... Even though I think I'm erasing some lines," she frowned, god, dealing with drawings wasn't her thing. "I'd love to fix it but I'm really bad in this," she lamented and extended the drawing, seeing his face for the first time.

She ran out of air.

What a hottie, was the first thing she thought.

He was very handsome.

His black bangs, hiding an eyebrow that was definitely arched and made him look arrogant, almost reached his eyes which were round and dark, and his nose was straight and long with a cute round edge with thin pink lips under it, and damn his wide and defined jaw was so hot, looking as if it were made of marble.

And she had the sensation of knowing him, like a *deja vu*, but she didn't remember an exact situation where they had spoken...

She would remember it if it happened, definitely. Lisa was sure she would never be able to forget his face.

(a/n: are you sure about that?)

Lisa felt like she was staring at him for years when she realized she kept quiet for a few seconds, so obviously dazed.

"Thank you," he said with a velvety voice, breaking the weird silent between them; he nodded and took the paper from her hands.

Lisa felt another *deja vu* when she saw the beautiful tattooed butterfly in his right hand, the tattoo extended to his (clearly strong and veiny,

very hot) forearm, where it continued with a mix of tattoos that fit amazingly together; Lisa could recognize one famous art piece in the middle of that but she was sure the rest were also pieces of art. And for some reason the ink on his skin made him look more attractive.

God, she was staring at him like an idiot!

"Uh, yeah, I better go," she stammered and looked back at his face trying to look relaxed, normal, casual, not like she was a pervert who was undressing him with her mind. And he was looking at her intensely, Lisa felt the heat spread in her neck to her ears and she knew that she definitely had to fly away from there but when she just thought that, he nodded softly and looked down at his drawing, tucking it under his books. "Hehe, if you drew that, you're amazing," she couldn't help to say like a verbal vomit because God he was great and deserved the compliment, and she quickly walked away looking like a panicking penguin.

Her friends looked at her with confused smiles all the way until she sat facing them, turning her back on the sexy guy with the butterfly tattoo. Lisa buried her face in her hands and literally felt her cheeks burn with embarrassment. "Oh my God," she moaned and squeezed her cheeks like plasticine.

"Do you know him?" Momo asked.

"No," Lisa whined... Although she would like to know him if she was honest. She turned a little and gave him a furtive look, noticing that oh my god, he was thick like hell too. That back was fantastic.

"He's sexy," Sorn commented, staring at him as she nibbled her pencil. Lisa scolded her with a look of amusement and she just chuckled. "What? it's a classic bad boy, you don't see those everyday"

"You're right, and God I made a fool of myself, he must believe that I'm the biggest weirdo in the world"

"Why do you say so?" Momo said worriedly.

"I didn't know what to say, and I stepped on his great sketch," Lisa added with a pout.

"Is he an artist?" Sorn raised her eyebrows.

"I think so," Lisa shrugged and moved her books on the table. "You know who he is? Because I don't remember seeing him around"

Both denied and looked back at him while Lisa searched for the page she had to read, although she wasn't going to read it anyway. And there both girls noticed how he turned his head to take a look... towards Lisa, directly towards her.

Momo took her arm and shook it to get her attention. Just as Lisa moved her head up, the boy turned his forward and closed his books, oh so casually, it wasn't like he was going because he got caught by them. Momo and Sorn pressed their lips together to keep from laughing.

"What?" Lisa asked confused and then followed their gazes, noticing

that the boy was leaving. He was hot even at walking casually. "Stop looking at him, you scared him," she joked naively.

Sorn snorted, that was hilarious. It was obvious that this guy was running away so he wouldn't have a nervous breakdown in front of them, Lisa specifically, because he was definitely interested IN LISA. But the blonde was clueless. "God, Lalisa, you're so stupid"

And that is how it started her crush on that unknown guy.

The guy that now was in front of her eyes.

Jungkook was him.

okay, **REAL QUESTION: this have sense?** because I wrote this in different times, for real, the first time was in JANUARY and I changed some things just this week, so I don't have enough brain to say if it has sense or not so tell me if you think some scenes don't have sense or it contradicts with another, pls, help a sis, save an author.

also get ready to deal with this bc I'm writing this without a clear idea of the storyline, I already apologize.

if you like it, comment and vote💕💕

Chapter 3

a/n: i have to rewrite this three times wtf

a/n pt 2: leave comments pls.

Lisa, her name was Lisa.

For months Jungkook saw her around the university with her big smile and camera hanging from her shoulder, not knowing her name.

And he had never asked, he didn't want to ask about her and show interest because he didn't want to like her. But, apparently, his damn heart didn't need something like names or typical formalities like "Hi, I'm...", his heart was fine with just the nickname he gave to her: Dollface (*he was as original as this lame author*). The muscle in his chest loved to beat like crazy for that stranger he didn't even know for God's sake, causing Jungkook to feel so disturbed and nervous that it was annoying, specially because it was happening TOO MUCH.

The National University of Seoul was huge, it had many departments with their respective specialities which meant that there were many classrooms, there were also clubs and a variety of optional classes, with the usual places, like a big library, a cafeteria, a lot of hallways and a huge green zone with a lot of places to get lost and have some time alone (and it was recommendable not to do THAT TYPE of nasty time alone because, for obvious reasons, you and your partner would get kicked out of the damn college). The people attending daily were many, you could say 'A LOT' too. Jungkook had no idea how many but every day he was wondering "*who the hell are you and why have I never seen you before?*" because 'new' and unknown people just kept showing from nowhere. Even in his class.

And still, that girl, Dollface, always found the way to be in the same places as him.

He wondered if this happened before and why he had never noticed her. I mean, she wasn't easy to ignore. She was blonde, tall (*and gorgeous*) and a foreigner, with an unusual and very beautiful face, she was even noisy and did strange things that attracted attention but he had never noticed her until she grabbed his arm and called him hottie.

It made sense, though, he didn't tend to pay attention to people

but now, and for *"some reason"*, he was always paying attention to her. Like, for real, it was being weird and he was judging himself all the time for being a damn creep.

She used to go to "study" at the library with her friends on Thursdays, just like him but in his defense he used to do that before knowing her existence. Now he was always hearing her laugh and talk animatedly, which was forbidden because it was a damn library and the lady in charge was always scolding them which led her to do one of her habits: laughing like texting "kkkk", covering her mouth. She had lunch at the table that was just in front of the food bar with her friend Chaeyoung as a usual partner but Dollface could variate with other friends, she loved the spicy and flavorful food by the way. She had a class right in front of his on Monday mornings and she was always late, with a chocomilk in her hand. And she worked in the ice cream shop that was on the same street as his parlor, wearing a unicorn headband with a ridiculous horn.

He wasn't a stalker, he liked to think he wasn't, but he couldn't help but notice those little, kinda weird, details because every time she entered the room, he couldn't stop looking at her.

His friends were always laughing at him and teasing because of that, of course. That was their role in his life and it was also like a revenge because Jungkook was annoying as fuck.

He remembered that once he stumbled over a damn flower pot and got all his shirt smeared with banana milk because he was too focused staring at her while she was on the floor, literally lying down on the floor, taking photos of someone. Jimin didn't stop laughing for days, even when Jungkook was trying to explain she was in the damn floor, how wasn't him going to find it strange and stare, Jimin knew him too well and everytime Lisa was close and Jungkook had a bottle of something in his hands, Jimin was saying "bE cArEfUl JuNgKoOk HAHAHAHA".

Stupid short man.

But going back to the point, those damn details only made him like her more. She was very kind and nice, she greeted everyone she knew and always stopped to help anyone who needed it. Jungkook didn't know he was attracted to the solidarity type of girls until he saw her... although maybe it was more because it was HER who did all those good things.

But the ice cream shop was an almost stupid coincidence, Jungkook almost fell on his face when he passed in front of the shop and saw her work there with her silly headband and pink polo shirt through the glass. Did life want to make him look like some kind of Yandere?

Ridiculous.

And he was trying hard to always make dumb excuses to himself and to his friends, trying to deny he had a crush, he was just "curious" about her.

But his denial phase wasn't going to last more.

It would have been great for him if she was pretending not to remember what had happened with him to avoid the confrontation with the gang guy; he would have been so relieved if she was rude and proved to be another typical and arrogant rich girl because he would be finally disappointed and free of this curse. Half of him was trying hard to convince his heart she was obviously ignoring him and that was why she didn't even say "thank you" the next time they were in the same place, even if they didn't know each other, because how would she forget how she got home that night, and reality was there showing him that maybe he was right. She would walk past beside him and wouldn't even give him a look. He would accept if it's was officially like that like a whole macho full of confidence like "it's your lose, hon".

But the crush was still there. The possibility of her ignoring him was there but the motherfucking crush too.

Taking a look back to his past love life, Jungkook was beginning to believe he had some type of degrading kink, like "call me dumb useless bitch and slap me, I'll get turned on".

But then that day when all his foolish world lit up came: she spoke to him in the library, being nice and friendly as she was with everyone.

At first, he got angry, thinking that she was acting like nothing after ignoring him for months, but he soon realized that she really didn't have the slightest idea who he was, she didn't remember.

Wow, flattering, apparently he was that forgettable.

But, back to the point, the confirmation that she wasn't being a bitch made his heart go crazy. Jungkook was sure that at that moment he seemed an asshole in front of her, he didn't even talk to her; he couldn't physically speak because of how frozen he was after seeing her up close, smiling at him, at HIM.

And she called him amazing, she flattered his talent. She... He didn't remember if he even said thank you or something.

God, well, it was time, Jungkook finally accepted that he had a monumental crush on her.

Even if he didn't know his name.

But now he knew it, and he also had her Instagram.

And now she was there, in his parlor.

Of all the places where he expected to see her, this was the most unexpected. And it was terrifying, of all the parlors in Seoul, she was in his. Damn, he was on the verge of giving her a restraining

order for making his heart flutter all the time and now, in this update, on his own place.

Jeon Jungkook couldn't believe it.

He was actually shocked, feeling his tongue tied up and his heart beating so loud he was afraid she could hear it. Okay, he was afraid in general.

He didn't have a problem with observing her from afar, without needing to talk or interact, he was comfortable with that. Now he would had to talk and be... social.

He wasn't social at all.

God, this was so shocking, he needed a break.

But this was reality and there she was, pretty as always, wearing black joggers, a white top and an oversized flannel pink shirt, with her daily accessory: that bright smile of hers that caused a strange feeling in his belly.

Thank goodness that after years he had finally learned to make blank faces or officially he would be looking like a complete fool... which he was actually.

"So, we finally meet, JK," Lisa said stepping closer.

Usually people don't look better up close, and less after talking and showing that is it better if you don't get to know them like ever because usually people that look perfect from afar are bullshit up close, but that logic didn't work with her.

"Uh, yeah," he nodded and forced a smile, because he was trying HARD to not look like a happy puppy as the euphoria in his veins was begging him to look like. It felt weird and tense, why couldn't he control his own face?

"Jungkook?"

Jungkook recognized that particular voice and looked at the girl next to Lisa, he didn't notice her before because *someone* was stealing all the spotlight as usual.

"Chaeyoung?" he asked smiling in disbelief, recognizing her and wanting to beat himself. HOW WAS HE SO DUMB? How he didn't connect dots with all those hints.

Dollface had a friend named Chaeyoung, who was his classmate, just like Lisa, the girl from Instagram. Jungkook knew Chaeyoung wasn't the only one in Seoul so how was going he to think it was the same Chaeyoung? But Lisa seemed a photographer from her Instagram pictures, just like Dollface was... AND HER DAMN CAPTION WAS ICE CREAM ICE CREAM ICE CREAM GIMME GIMME THAT ICE CREAM AND DOLLFACE WORKED IN A ICE CREAM SHOP.

Oh my God, he was dumb. He failed maths on highschool all his teen years, not because the subject was a shit and the professor was

a asshole but because he was really dumb and now it was showing at its finest.

"I didn't know you were doing tattoos," Chaeyoung said surprised, bringing him back from his epiphany.

Jungkook scratched his neck shyly, actually just a few people knew. He wasn't very talkative about his personal life, actually he wasn't talkative in general. He wasn't too popular either (he was actually but just for his looks). He only went to classes, to the arts department of the National University of Seoul, and he shared some with Chaeyoung. She was one of the most talented, like him, and they had worked on some projects together.

Chaeyoung talked a lot, she was very nice, and thinking better about it, Jungkook realize that she matched very well with Lisa. Both beautiful, cheerful and talkative.

He didn't really know Lisa, but she looked just like that when she was with her friends of the customers in the ice cream shop, always staring with great attention at everyone and smiling as if she had no worries. *Not that he had observed her too much...*

"Wow, it's a great way to show your talent, Jungkook," Chaeyoung told him animatedly, patting his arm gently.

Jungkook smiled, tilting his head. He felt nervous, his body was very aware of the presence of Lisa and he was trying hard not to look at her intently; he was grateful to his brain for having a decent conversation with Chaeyoung. What would happen to him if she wasn't there? Probably he would have made a fool of himself, stuttering and saying stupid things in front of Lisa, embarrassing himself and being dumb, more than usual. "So you want a tattoo? I should have suspected it was you," he chuckled, Chaeyoung loved drawing flowers and she couldn't be blamed, she was the best at portraying on paper and canvas the natural beauty of any type of flora.

"What are you saying? There are millions of people drawing flowers in Seoul," Chaeyoung rolled her eyes, scoffing, as if he was saying stupid things.

"I'm not surprised you want a rose on your arm," Jungkook shrugged, putting his hands in the pocket of his jeans.

"I'm very obvious right?" she asked embarrassed, covering her face with one hand.

"So you two know each other?" Jisoo asked, showing her forgotten presence.

"Yeah, we are classmates in some classes and we are from the same department," Chaeyoung said, tugging a lock of pink hair behind her ear.

Jungkook just nodded and, as a typical habit, his eyes went to

Lisa. She was looking at Chaeyoung and fidgeting, her fingers were long and slender, still having the white gold ring, and her nails were yellow. Her hair was short now, reaching her shoulders, and in some color he couldn't define but it was like grey. And then her side profile, she had such a small face and so defined, but her eyes looked so big even from that angle.

She was a mix between a doll and a living anime... and he had to stop staring.

"I think we should go in," he pointed to his studio, behind him, calling the attention of the three girls who were talking about something he didn't know for obvious reasons.

"Oh no, Lisa, it's finally the moment," Chaeyoung grabbed Lisa's arm, shaking it, and she put her free fingers in her mouth panicking.

"Thank God, at least you'll stop whining about it," was the exasperated comment that came out of her friend, treating Chaeyoung as an annoying younger sister.

The other girl looked at her offended. "Yah!"

Lisa smirked, Jungkook thought that she wasn't that sweet and innocent as he thought; the mischievous glint in her eyes exposed her and he found it amusing.

"Everything will be fine," he assured Chaeyoung and gestured for them to pass in, standing in the doorway.

"Good luck, Chaeyoung, fighting!" Jisoo shook her fist cutely, Lisa imitated her letting out a small and sweet giggle.

Chaeyoung took a deep breath as if she was about to jump into a pool of cold water and entered determined, Jungkook chuckled at her, she was always funny with her large variety of expressions, and then he noticed Lisa standing by his side, looking fondly at Chaeyoung.

She had long eyelashes surrounding her big eyes, still giving him strong desires to spend hours drawing her, tracing every detail. She was really unreal and ethereal, a whole Dollface.

"I got extra soft tissues for you," he whispered without thinking and then he wanted to hit himself, that had sounded stupid, not funny as it sounded in his mind.

But she looked at him and Jungkook heard his heartbeats on his ears, his breath hitched at feeling a strange feeling running through his body; her look in that moment was clear but intense, as if she could read his thoughts. She had amber irises, possibly a reddish-brown hue in the sunlight, but oh God, her lips. Her lips were so pretty, so plump. He licked his own lips at the thought of kissing them, what would it be like? What flavor would she have? Would it be soft or intense?

As he looked back at her eyes, he found out that she was looking at his lips too. Jungkook swallowed nervously, feeling goosebumps on his arms; she looked at his neck then, at the movement of his Adam's apple, and her gaze felt like a warm caress on his skin; and she looked at his eyes. It seemed as if they were in a bubble where only they existed, lost in time and place.

Never before he had felt that strong desire to kiss someone as he was feeling in that moment with her. It was weird since it was the second time he had her so close but the chemistry was so strong... as if it was destined.

But then the bubble exploded when the bells of entrance's door sounded, startling them.

A guy came in, looking for a new piercing and Jisoo greeted him.

Lisa looked away and cleared her throat nervously, entering to the studio with fast steps. "Omo! I've never been in a place like this!" she said perhaps with too much excitement, looking around. "It's beautiful! Daebak!"

Jungkook sighed, scratching the back of his neck almost violently. He got the message, he misunderstood the whole situation and he made her uncomfortable, well, fantastic... The shame ran through him from head to toe, making him want to cringe.

Oh my God he was going to remember this at night while trying to sleep.

"Soft tissues"? What the fuck, Jungkook? Couldn't he find something more to say? And the way he stared at her. Ugh. Cringe. Cringe. Cringe. For sure she was thinking he was a creep, it was completely official now.

A.W.K.W.A.R.D.

"Well," he said, he still had to work and it would be a torture with her there, after she silent and indirectly rejected him, but he had a tattoo to do. So he straightened and rolled his shoulders, stretching his neck too. "Chae sit there, let's get it!"

Oh my God, that sounded worse. He had to shut up for once.

Lisa would think he was a loser, which he was actually, you could see.

this one was a lot shorter, I apologize but I didn't know what more to write so I left it like that lol. and I have revised this too many times, I'm already tired of this so I stopped lol so if you see mistakes well you know why now.

if you like it, comment and vote💕 I'm serious bitch, I'm a slut for comments and I get sad if I don't see them. I'm like Tinkerbell with her attention seeker issue.

Chapter 4

first of all, I want to thank mani_v for the new cover, i love it so much💖 for real bitches, I'm in love and I can't stop looking at it. so she deserves an award for dealing with my ass and giving me this. go check her graphics if you need a cover.

a/n: so I wrote this long ago, before changing most of the plot, and I didn't find mistakes in the storyline but sorry if you find some, you're free to tell me and save me from the mental breakdown lmfao

Lisa stood awkwardly by the chair where Chaeyoung had just sat. A soft playlist was sounding through the speakers from the corners of the white wall studio, with wooden floors and a black and white aesthetic.

She was so nervous that she couldn't stop fiddling with her fingers, trying to find something to focus on for a few seconds as she calmed down.

Her heart was beating like crazy in her chest and she felt so hot that she was probably sweating. Oh no, shit, it would show on her shirt if she sweated. What more embarrassing than sweating marks in the armpits? Oh yeah, wet bangs on the forehead. Damn, and all that in front of Jungkook.

He was the source of her nervousness.

This was so new, she wasn't used to be this nervous but damn, Jungkook was such a special case.

She had a crush on him, but it wasn't that serious since they had not interacted before, he was just the hot bad guy of the campus.

Never before, her heart had been accelerated so much for him, or someone else. Not even when she adopted Leo, her cat. But in a few seconds he has made her think she would have a heart attack, looking at her with those eyes so dark they seemed black but so bright that she could see herself reflected in them, he was staring at her so deep... and he had those lips... he had a mole on his chin, just below his lower lip, Lisa had imagined herself kissing that mole just before kissing his lips... And she panicked, scared of what she has just felt and with a danger sign on her mind saying "Run, Lisa, run"; She was being like a hormonal idiot with a boy she didn't even know.

But, considering how her body reacted... maybe she was a hormonal idiot.

Always had she been that? Maybe she just needed a handsome tattooed guy to let it free.

Nah, she actually was one but Jungkook was making her hormones throw the biggest party.

"Lisa?"

Lisa came out of her reverie, realizing that Chaeyoung and him were staring at her, as if waiting for something from her... What did they want? An answer? Had they asked her something?

"Sorry, I was thinking," she apologized, smiling embarrassingly, and tried not to look at him. His damn gaze made her nervous.

"Jungkook told you that you could bring that seat and sit next to me," Chaeyoung repeated, pressing her lips together to keep from smiling but her trembling voice was a clue of how hard she was trying to hold back a laugh.

"Oh, yes, sure," Lisa nodded and looked where Chaeyoung pointed. There was a small cube-shaped seat in the corner, lined with black leather. But it had folders on top.

Jungkook seemed to realize that and came forward to her, Lisa turned around quickly. "Let me-" He leaned over to pick up the folders.

"No, it's okay-" she replied also leaning down.

And suddenly their fingers brushed and her hands just moved away, scared of the electric current that has just felt, unintentionally dropping the folders that fell all... on her feet. They were like six, full of sketches and some paper work.

Damn! Was she dumb?

"Shit!" he exclaimed, surprised by what she has just done.

Shit, she was stupid, Lisa wanted to bang her head against the wall. Sure, those were all sketches and designs, very important to him.

And her toes hurt too.

"I'm sorry," she repeated incessantly, bending down to pick it up.

"No, it's okay," he bent down too, putting together drawings that had been scattered on the floor.

Chaeyoung enjoyed the scene of both on the floor being completely nervous, stifling a laugh that was threatening to leave her throat.

Lisa felt her cheeks burn, for God's sake, she really wanted to bang her head against the wall. Jungkook put together his drawings with the same delicacy that a jeweler would treat their diamonds and she had dropped them all as if they didn't matter.

"I'm really sorry," she insisted, handing him some paper she had picked up.

Jungkook looked at her for a few seconds, with that same

expression he made in the library, and nodded, taking the papers and putting them in one of the notebooks. Oh my God, she had made him hate her.

No, she was exaggerating. Maybe not to hate her but to dislike her.

Dammit.

Anyway, it's not like she have any chance with him. For sure he preferred sexy girls, those with tattoos and long black hair. Or maybe someone cute and delicate to make contrast, someone like Chaeyoung. Lisa didn't know a boy who didn't like Chaeyoung.

Lisa bowed apologetically, looking down at the floor as if looking up meant her death. God, she was so red and her hair wasn't long like before to cover her cheeks.

She was confident most of the time and actually good at flirting, but he was making her whole brain glitch and it was being so embarrassing.

He put the seat next to Chaeyoung and without saying another word, he returned to his place, on a comfortable bench, next to a steel table and the chair where Chaeyoung was, resting her arm on an armrest.

"I'm sorry for Lisa, she's kinda clumsy," Chaeyoung said to him and Lisa glared at her, yah, she was embarrassing her more.

Jungkook formed a slight smile. "It happens all the time"

Lisa didn't believe a word, if it happened all the time he would has put the folders in another place.

"So, Miss Chaeyoung, are you ready?"

"No"

"Yes" Lisa answered at once, staring at her best friend. She was there for her, and she had to focus on her, only her. "She's ready," she said with more confidence.

"Yaaaah," Chaeyoung whimpered.

"Don't worry," he told her, drawing her attention. "Chae, it's a great design and it will look nice on your arm, I promise you have no reason to be nervous"

He was so sweet and his voice was so beautiful, soft, as if he was speaking in small letters. And his smile was adorable, how could someone not trust him if he smiled like that?

"Do you trust me?" he asked Chaeyoung, offering his hand.

If she didn't shake his hand, Lisa herself would did it... And guide it to some part of her body.

But her best friend took a deep breath and finally nodded, taking his hand in a confident squeeze. Lisa felt her heart tighten, her hands looked so beautiful together...

Actually, in a whole image, they both looked amazing together.

As a photographer, Lisa just could watch them starring the perfect couple photo, maybe in a garden, where he would look amazing under the sunlight, smiling lovingly to his lover... his hair would have reddish looks under the sun or would it be completely black? His eyes would shine like now?

"Well, let's get it!" he exclaimed suddenly, doing a sudden applause, Lisa laughed softly.

"Cute"

Chaeyoung and Jungkook looked at her, Lisa realized she had said it out loud.

"The tattoo is cute, hehe, I'm sure it would look more cute on Rosie" Lisa giggled as nothing, because nothing was happening, nope.

Chaeyoung looked at her weirdly but Lisa patted her thigh softly and her bestfriend saved her ass: "Oh, yeah! Thank you, Lili!"

Both smiled at Jungkook then and he cleared his throat and nodded, a little bit awkward.

"So, hmm, wait a second," Jungkook told them, raising a finger, and turned to the desk in L in the corner of the study, under the patterned boards, full of folders (probably more drawings), a computer and a printer. He seemed like running away from them.

"What's wrong with you?" Chaeyoung muttered to her.

"I don't know, I'm stupid!" Lisa muttered back, face palming.

"You really are"

"I had forgotten to ask the measures, it was stupid of me," Jungkook turned around with a paper on the hands, both girls pretending as if nothing had happened. "So I've done the design in a standard size, is it okay for you?"

Chaeyoung looked at the almost transparent paper, which Jungkook was leaning next to her forearm, and after analyzing a few seconds, she nodded. "I think it's okay, what do you think Lisa?"

"Oh, yes, yes." Lisa nodded.

Jungkook smiled, "Perfect," he whispered more to himself.

From her place, Lisa took Chaeyoung's free hand, giving her a gentle squeeze of "you can, Rosie." And together they waited for Jungkook to prepare.

As if she were hypnotized, Lisa watched his slight movements around the room. She noticed that his feet didn't make any noise while walking, although the floor was made of wood, or how he kept his mouth slightly open, it was adorable. But then she couldn't help but stare at his body, he was really tall with an spectacular back and his thighs, she really wanted to know what was the tattoo on his leg... Never before she had seen a guy looking that good in jeans until she met Jungkook.

Chaeyoung pushed her playfully when she noticed that she was nearly to drool herself, causing Lisa to close her mouth and pay attention, somewhat confused.

"You like him," Chaeyoung muttered.

"What? Of course not!" Lisa exclaimed loud and clear. Chaeyoung wouldn't leave her alone if she thought she liked him, her best friend could be very annoying when she wanted to. And that was the reason of why she kept her crush on him for herself the last months.

Also, it was obvious to which of the two Jungkook preferred and it wasn't Lisa so what was the point of admitting it now.

"Uh?" the boy said, turning to the noise.

"I asked her if she would get a tattoo too" Chaeyoung saved her ass from stuttering a silly lie.

"Oh, I can't stand the pain," Lisa continued casually.

"I know," Jungkook told her. Oh, he remembered it.

Calm the fuck down heart.

Then he came over and took a seat, the smell of his perfume invading her nose suddenly. He didn't smell like other guys, it was a sweet smell, soft, like citrus? Lisa liked it... although it wasn't new, she liked him, not just his perfume.

Chaeyoung asked him something about a project, Lisa didn't pay attention, too focused in watching how he was preparing his tools meticulously, quickly but delicately, and for some reason he lined the armrest with plastic wrap.

His hands were hypnotizing, elegant but very masculine, with veins that extended to his strong forearms in a peculiarly attractive way, the tattoos were still there showing like the art they were. Then he put on black latex gloves, his hands seemed bigger with them.

How could she like so much a simple pair of hands?

He put a kind of cream on Chaeyoung's forearm, spreading it across her skin with maximum gentleness and then glued the paper he had shown on her skin, exerting pressure there for a few seconds.

When removing the paper, Chaeyoung's design was perfectly traced on her arm with blue tint.

"OOOOH," both exclaimed in chorus, surprised.

Jungkook just smiled as he held the tattoo machine with his hand.

"Are you ready?" he asked Chaeyoung.

Chaeyoung squeezed her hand until her fingers ached but Lisa didn't let out a complaint, feeling nervous too. God, if she wanted to throw up, she couldn't imagine how Chaeyoung could be feeling.

Chaeyoung finally nodded. "I trust you, Jungkook"

"It will hurt, there are tissues behind Lisa"

Oh, her name sounded so nice coming out of his mouth. Lisa was slow to react because of that but she did it in one bound and turned around, finding a box of extra soft tissues on a shelf. She left it on her lap when she came back and nodded like a little soldier in the army. Both were ready.

Jungkook began to paint the delicate skin of the girl and Lisa noticed how Chaeyoung gritted her teeth, also squeezing her hand. It was hurting a lot.

Lisa stroked her arm gently, relaxing her, oh God, she didn't want her to suffer. But it was inevitable.

Her big eyes went to where Jungkook was working, he was very focused, with his lips parted and his front teeth peeking out, like those of a bunny. Inevitably, she smiled, wanted to kiss his cheek, on the mole he had there, and see how he showed his bunny smile again.

Chaeyoung squeezed her hand again and Lisa looked at her alarmed, noticing her eyes had reddened and filled with tears on the verge of falling.

Oh, no, no, no! Rosie couldn't cry! Lisa hated to see her cry.

Lisa silently called for her to look at her and when she did, remembering the visit they had made the day before at the zoo, she mimicked the face of the camel again, the one which had made Chaeyoung laugh until she fell on her knees.

Chaeyoung's teary eyes narrowed as a sudden, small laugh escaped her lips. Lisa then moved her head resembling a pigeon for some reason and Chaeyoung let out another giggle, covering her mouth.

The small noise made Jungkook raise his head with curiosity, Lisa quickly looked away, acting innocent, feeling her heart beat like crazy for adrenaline. Oh, God, that had been close.

Jungkook returned to concentrate and continued with his work, this time Chaeyoung was calmer but made slight grimaces of pain. Lisa stroked her hair and then her arm, passing a tissue to clean her eyes. Oh, she looked so vulnerable, Lisa didn't like it at all. Although Chaeyoung was usually the mature one between the two, Lisa always wanted to protect her.

Noticing that in the background was playing Ending Scene of IU, one of the favorites of her best friend who was a big fan, she couldn't help but start muttering the song with dramatic gestures. With her fist she pretended to have a microphone and pressed her eyes close, making an expression of pure and exaggerated pain, as if her heart had been broken and shamelessly torn by an invisible

idiot in her nonexistent love life.

Lisa put her hand to her chest, singing in silence as if she knew the words and then opened her mouth to act the high and super dramatic note of the ending, very tragically.

Chaeyoung let out a shriek instead of a laugh and Lisa continued, because that way she would get distracted and not feel the pain so much.

Of course she didn't notice that he had stopped to watch her and was smiling like a fool; she was so funny and adorable.

But due to a sudden noise, the hit of Jungkook's foot with the metal table startled her and Lisa noticed that he had been watching her while making a fool of herself, embarrassing herself. Damn.

And although Jungkook pretended that he had not seen anything, Lisa felt her body warm, her ears and cheeks burned and her heart tightened with sheer embarrassment.

And while she was having an internal cringe attack, her eyes caught a glint of... blood?

"OH MY GOD!" Lisa literally screamed and stood up. "WHY IT IS BLEEDING?"

Jungkook looked at her shocked, obviously not used to her sudden loud moments but Chaeyoung was and she frowned. "It always bleed, Lisa"

"Whaaaaat???" Lisa said very dramatically with a hand on her chest.

"Yeah, that's why they say you can get HIV though it"

"YOU CAN GET HIV BECAUSE OF A TATTOO?"

"Yes"

Lisa looked at Jungkook scandalized and he raised both hands in peace. "I promise I'm 100% clean"

"And the needle?" she pointed to it as if it was a snake, which it was for her in general. She hated needles so much.

"Of course it is," both replied.

"Lisa sit down, you're being too extra," Chaeyoung scolded her.

"But, it's bleeding" Lisa muttered, pouting. She didn't like real blood, nor needles, and no one told her it was going to bleed, she felt betrayed.

(a/n: no one is bleeding to death, she is just being dramatic)

"It will stop, I promise," Jungkook spoke softly.

And now she was feeling embarrassed again, because of course he wasn't capable of hurt anyone, look at that face.

"I'm sorry," she whispered and sat down. "But, hmm, can I like... turn around? I want to support you but I don't like blood," Lisa asked Chaeyoung, because in that moment her phobias were more important than her dignity.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes and Lisa saw Jungkook pressing his lips close to not laugh, eyes shinning, amused. Embarrassing. "Yeah, whatever, just hold my hand"

Lisa nodded and did what she told her, facing the shelves and drawings there, they were entertaining to stare by the way.

And she really wanted to bang her head against a wall after realizing the whole show she made in front of Jungkook, she was an idiot. But it wasn't like she had a chance with him, though. So, why she cared so much?

Three hours later, Chaeyoung's tattoo was there and it was beautiful, Lisa couldn't believe that someone could have captured the art of her best friend so well in her skin. It was pure talent.

But she could admit that she couldn't expect anything less from JK after seeing the art that was Bambam's tattoo.

Jungkook was extremely talented and the most adorable thing was that he accepted the compliments timidly, lowering his gaze when Chaeyoung told him he was the best in the world.

Lisa couldn't believe how he could have so much duality in himself, he was a curious and peculiar guy but extremely attractive. Who wouldn't want a boyfriend that was strong but also soft?

Fuck, Lisa felt nervous butterflies flutter in her stomach every time he smiled. And she couldn't stop looking at him, she seemed crazy.

Jungkook talked about the care of Chaeyoung's tattoo and like she had begun to browse at his desk, he began to talk about his drawings. Chaeyoung leaned toward him with her hands on her tiny waist (accentuated in her white short dress), her soft pink hair contrasting with his black shirt as he showed her a specific sketch. They were so perfect, damn it.

Lisa smiled slightly, feeling the disappointment go through her body.

Noticing that the image was affecting her more than it should have, for God's sake she had just met him, she decided to leave the studio quietly. Both didn't notice.

Jisoo was sitting cross-legged on a stool, her eyes focused on a book, her black hair falling like a curtain and contrasting with her pale and beautiful side profile.

Lisa couldn't help it, she took her cell phone out of her skirt pocket and after focusing, making sure the light wasn't ruining the contrast, she took a picture, achieving a very aesthetic result between black and white, the dress of Jisoo matching perfectly.

The girl smiled satisfied with the result, she loved when she could take the pictures like that, looking amazing at the first shot. But

surely it was because Jisoo was exceptionally beautiful.

"What are you smiling at?" The girl's husky voice brought her out of her thoughts.

Lisa pressed cell phone to her chest, with a mischievous expression that made Jisoo smile. "I have taken a picture of you, I couldn't help it" she said with a guilty voice but her eyes showed that she wasn't sorry at all.

"Oh seriously?" Jisoo sounded adorable, almost childish, and she straightened up, totally interested. "Can I see it?"

Lisa approached the counter and showed her the photo, Jisoo leaned toward the screen while bringing a lock of hair behind her ear. Lisa wanted to take another picture and wondered how she wasn't working as a model or actress having those visuals. Or maybe she was?

"It's perfect, Lisa." Jisoo smiled at her. "Can you pass it to me?"

"Only if you give me your number," Lisa told her, flirty.

"Aigoo, how are you going to pass it to me if you don't have my number?" Jisoo scolded her for the obvious thing, frowning and pursing her lips.

Lisa giggled playfully and typed Jisoo's number on her phone as she told her the digits.

"You can call me Unnie"

Lisa added the Unnie along with the Jisoo in her contacts, happy to have a new Unnie. She liked Jisoo, although she had only recently met her.

"You're very good at this," Jisoo flattered, observing the photo even more. "Do you work on this?"

Lisa nodded. "Yes! Some teachers have recommended me for some projects and I get some jobs for people's Instagram and that stuff... Oh, I'm studying photography, by the way"

"At the National University of Seoul?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, I haven't seen you there and I can't believe it, it's impossible not to notice you," Lisa frowned, was it a compliment? Or did she say it because she was a foreigner? Jisoo smiled, noticing her confusion. "I mean you look like a human doll, you're very pretty, Lisa"

"Really? Thank you," she cooed, feeling kind of shy because even though she knew she was really pretty, she never knew what to say at the compliments.

Like, "lol, I know" would be really rude and "Nah, you're lying" would be cringy.

(a/n: being beautiful is so hard omg poor lisa)

"Yes, that's why I think the ice cream shop has so many

customers"

"Oh! You know I work there?"

Jisoo giggled, her eyes bright with mischief. Did she know something that Lisa did not?

"It's impossible to ignore the unicorn decoration and you, although when I've been there, you weren't," Jisoo added thoughtfully. "There was this other boy, the teenager"

"Lucas?"

"I think, he's tall and has big eyes"

"Yes, it's Lucas, it can't be anyone else, only he and I work there. God, sorry, I sound dumb"

"You're not, don't worry," Jisoo said kindly. "And, wow, that's why the ice cream shop is so popular, it's full of beautiful people"

"This place too," Lisa added without thinking, letting her mind travel to JungLand for a few seconds... But being honest, Jimin and Jisoo could be idols if they wanted to. Jisoo smirked, as if she was reading her mind and knowing exactly what Lisa liked more, and Lisa raised her hands, shaking her head. "I mean, you are the beautiful one Unnie"

"Yes, whatever you say," she replied with a amused look. "Anyway, you're in the art department right?"

"Yes! With Chaeyoung"

"So, do you know Jungkook?"

Lisa wished that. "Nope, but I have seen him sometimes," she added casually, it was true though. She didn't have to mention she was drooling for him after all.

Jisoo nodded thoughtfully and Lisa took the opportunity to look around, the panel of drawings caught her attention again. "Can I go around?" she asked for permission.

"Of course," Jisoo nodded. "Tell me if you suddenly want to get a piercing or tattoo, you don't have idea how often that happens here"

Lisa giggled and nodded. Slowly, she came closer and observed it more carefully, the drawings were so different but combined so well. And among them was a great J, perhaps because Jungkook and Jimin. She wanted to take out her cell phone and take a picture, but she didn't know if it would be allowed.

It had already happened to her to be taking pictures of things and end up in trouble.

Anyway, she followed the traces and began to point out every drawing in her mind like "Oh, that's a daisy" and "And this is a whale". She wondered what was the meaning...

Her eyes caught a glimpse of yellow in a corner, she got closer, narrowing her eyes...

"Lisa!"

Lisa turned in surprise, her hair flew due to the speed and her eyes widened in surprise. Jungkook looked at her in alarm, as if something had happened. Chaeyoung and Jisoo also looked at him, not understanding anything.

"Sorry," Jungkook scratched the back of his neck and gave everyone a shy look. "Hmm, you, uh... you forgot this"

Lisa looked down at his hands and there was the... box of tissues?

"I gift them to you, you know, for... Chaeyoung?" he finished with a hesitant tone.

Oh, sure, for Chaeyoung. Lisa nodded, she didn't think Chaeyoung would cry more for the tattoo but Chaeyoung was a tears machine so she would never know.

"Surely she'll need them," she murmured wryly, not expecting him to laugh softly, oh... there was the bunny smile again, Lisa felt her heart melting.

Why was he like that? It was so unfair.

"Do you like the tattoo?"

"Of course!" she couldn't hide her admiration, anyway she had already been stupid, she had no more dignity to lose, and he did deserve the compliments. "Chae is always so perfectionist with her art, so it's very nice that you could capture it"

"Well, it's all thanks to you, right? You found me"

Yes... she had *found him* in the most unexpected place and got the chance to know him better and she was dying of nerves among wild butterflies because he was so nice, but possibly he didn't speak in that sense.

"I've done it right, right?" she joked and he laughed, both of them sharing a smile but their eyes couldn't stare at each other for more than five seconds, they were attacked by shyness, so both looked away.

And then there was a damn awkward silence.

"I... hmmm... Can I have your number?"

What? Wait, what?

Lisa blinked in surprise, her number? Hers? The number of Lalisa Manoban? He, hot-tattooed-guy Jungkook wanted HER number?

Her heart accelerated so much that Lisa felt it was going to explode, and she wanted to jump and scream. Had she misunderstood everything? Did she have a chance with him after all?

Jungkook widened his eyes nervously and hurriedly spoke defensively. "I-I mean, I'm no-not a creep, just be-because... because of Chaeyoung, yeah, Chaeyoung, I-I want to know how she handles the tattoo and that, yeah, you know, because of that and she told me she is without her phone these days and hmmm... "

"Oh"

Sure, of course. Chaeyoung. Chaeyoung was actually without her phone after she dropped it in a paint can and that was another reason of why Lisa made the appointment for her. And Jungkook wanted to contact her, of course, it was so obvious he liked Chaeyoung, he even was nervous in front of Lisa because of her.

Lisa felt a knot in her stomach and a small pain in her chest, well, what a shit.

"No, wait-" Jungkook began to speak but she interrupted him, not wanting to hear him say anything else.

"Sure," she nodded politely, forcing a smile that made him relax suddenly. "She will not have problems with the tattoo, right?" she asked, with genuine curiosity, after all Chaeyoung was her best friend and she wanted her to be safe and sound. Gladly, the tattoo wasn't bleeding and Lisa was more calm about it, and embarrassed to but that was another issue. Meanwhile, she took a paper from her backpack and a pink pen.

"Yes, by tomorrow the swelling will go down and her skin will return to the normal color, the cream will help a lot and I know she won't forget to put it"

He knew her so well. Lisa nodded, agreeing. "She never forgets things, except to turn off the stove," she added jokingly, although it was true, Chaeyoung would kill them both someday when Lisa wouldn't turn off the stove for her.

Jungkook chuckled again as she wrote down her number on the paper.

"I also forgot to turn off the stove often," he commented amused, shrugging.

Well, Lisa thought with bitter amusement, if they ends up dating they would have to stop forgetting it, she couldn't be there to save their asses.

Lisa handed him the paper. "We are together in the afternoon, after having lunch, but only before-"

"Seven, because you work at seven"

Lisa looked at him surprised, he knew that she worked at the ice cream shop?

"It's just that I've seen you somedays," he explained quickly, naturally.

The two of them had crossed paths around there before? Lisa didn't understand it, she didn't even know he worked a few shops away from where she did until that day and she was sure she would have seen him... Right?

"Lisa, stop flirting, we have to leave!" Chaeyoung called from the counter, sharing an evil smile with Jisoo.

Lisa's cheeks burned. "Yah, we're not flirting!" she defended herself and approached quickly, avoiding looking at Jungkook and pretending it quite well. "It's great, right?" she said with too much emotion pointing to Chaeyoung's arm, which was lined with film, to divert attention from her and her red cheeks.

"Sure, it's great, Jungkookie did great, right?"

"Yes," Lisa gave him a slight smile, noticing that he had been staring at her for some reason. Shit, her dumb heart skipt a beat. "Well, I guess we'll go, have you paid?"

"Unfortunately, yes, Jungkook doesn't make discount for friends," Chaeyoung sighed pitifully. "You owe me a coffee," she pointed out with false indignation. "I spent all my savings on you"

"Was it worth it or not?" he arched a cocky brow, tilting his head up, and Lisa wondered how he managed to look more handsome.

Chaeyoung snorted. "I will not answer, you have your ego too high" she finished. "So I guess I see you in class"

"Sure"

"It's been a pleasure, Unnie." Lisa smiled at Jisoo. "I hope we can meet at campus one day"

"That would be great!" Jisoo nodded excitedly.

Lisa smiled at Jungkook politely, in her head was playing "goodbye my lover"dramatically, and both girls bowed, before leaving. The door bells rang when they closed it.

So that was it, the end of her daydream with the bad boy with tattoos, because he was obviously into Chaeyoung.

"Well, it was better than I thought" Chaeyoung sighed, observing her arm with a smile.

"Yes. I didn't know you knew him" Lisa cursed herself mentally after speaking, she shouldn't be talking about him, that just made it worse because she knew it would hurt or increase her crush.

"Ah, yes, we have shared Korean Contemporary Art History since last year, and we also shared a drawing class last year" Chaeyoung commented selflessly. "He is very quiet, I only noticed him when we were paired for a project and since then we are like friends, he is very good at team work"

"Wait, what?" Lisa exclaimed incredulously. "Didn't you notice the tall guy, tattooed and sexy until they put you with him on a project?"

Chaeyoung gave her a mischievous smile. "Aigoo, did you say 'sexy'?"

"Well, he is," Lisa shrugged, trying to pretend it was casual, as if she didn't want to kiss every inch of tattooed, hard skin.

"You like him!" Chaeyoung squealed, giving an excited jump.

But did that matter?

"No, he likes you," Lisa told her playfully, because even though she was disappointed, wasn't it nice that someone was interested in Chaeyoung? And Jungkook was very adorable, he would certainly treat her very well.

Chaeyoung made a scandalized and very exaggerated face. "He likes me?"

"Hmm," Lisa nodded confidently. "He asked for my number just to be able to talk to you"

"What? I thought he was asking you for your number to talk to you," Chaeyoung was totally confused.

"Nope, he said he wanted to know how you'll be with the tattoo, that sounds like an excuse to talk to you," Lisa hummed.

"But ... Jungkook... he... What the hell?"

"He likes you, Rosie," Lisa said simply, as if it didn't hurt, and continued walking though Chaeyoung stood for a few seconds, frowning and watching her best friend walk away, her short grey hair moving with her.

Chaeyoung was completely sure that Jungkook liked Lisa... Had she been wrong?

one word: d e n s e

but we all have to admit this misunderstanding is his fault. periodt.

if you like it, comment and vote♥♥

Chapter 5

a/n: this is being easy to write, let's see how much it lasts

a/n: don't hate pls, remember this a slow burn

Jungkook leaned his face against the glass of the counter, letting out a dramatic sigh. "I'm an idiot"

"You just found out today?" Jisoo said in a monotonous voice, while checking her phone.

"I'm an idiot" Jungkook repeated with a sad little voice, pressing his eyes close and mentally beating himself.

He was having six cringe attacks at the same time, he wanted to go to the garden and bury himself underground, and ask Jisoo to put on his tombstone "he was an idiot"; she would do it happily for sure.

He didn't have enough fingers to count all the things he had done wrong with Lisa. He was a whole idiot.

Why did he say those things? Box of tissues? What the fuck? And she was staring at him like he was a weirdo.

She almost caught him too. Oh my God, he stopped her just at the right moment.

BUT WHAT IF SHE SAW IT ANYWAY? WHAT IF HE DIDN'T REALLY STOPPED HER?

Jungkook couldn't handle that, the anxiety just began to increase like crazy. If she saw it, what was she thinking? That he was a creep?

"You have her number at least" the voice of Jisoo brought him back.

Jungkook straitened, remembering it, and looked at the small paper in his hand. In pink tint was Lisa's number... and what he supposed to do with that? Call and ask about Chaeyoung? Talk about the weather?

Aish, he was a loser. He wasn't prepared for this and he, for sure, didn't want to deal with this.

"What has happened to the drama queen?" Jimin asked, leaving his studio with Jeon Yuqi, the younger and very pretty (annoying sometimes) sister of Jungkook.

She was always there after school and on weekends, over him or Jimin as an habit since she was a kid.

"Aigoo, stop hitting your head against the counter, you'll be

stupider than you are," his younger sister scolded him.

"That's impossible," Jisoo commented sassily and a small, devilish smirk formed on her lips. She was really enjoying his misery, as usual.

"Is the 4pm girl already gone?" Jimin asked, after seeing that Jungkook's studio was empty and making a disappointed face at noticing the girls weren't there anymore but that frown turned into a playful smile. "How was it? Did you flirt? Did she fall for your weebo charms and give you her number, Jungkookie?" he teased him, poking his arm.

Awful, no, no, and yes. Surprisingly.

Jungkook stretched out his hand, just to show the paper. Yuqi took it.

"Lisa?"

Jimin observed, peeking over her head. "Uuuh, cute numbers, she is definitely an artist"

"Who is this? The blondie or cotton candy girl?" Yuqi asked confused.

"Blondie," Jisoo replied.

"Oh, cotton candy, she should be sweet as one," Jimin wiggled his brows and Yuqi hit his arm, trying not to laugh.

"Shut up, Oppa," she scolded him, making him giggle. "So, you have a crush on the ice cream girl?" she asked her brother, who was again with the face against the glass and his dark bang covering his sad doe eyes.

"Crush is a euphemism, he is whipped," Jisoo said and stroked his black hair like the tsundere Noona she was.

"I'm not whipped," Jungkook mumbled, trying to keep up his dignity. Not that he had dignity to begin with.

"You definitely are, but don't worry, this is better than being whipped for Tzuyu," Yuqi shrugged and the ambient got tense, the three older ones freezing. She covered her mouth fast. "Sorry... I mean I'm not, because it's the true, but sorry for bringing her back"

Jimin and Jisoo looked at Jungkook, but the younger realized he wasn't that upset like other times, because it had been a while and even when he saw her at college it didn't feel that bad. Time was healing his wounds.

"It's okay," he shrugged.

"Sooooo~," Jimin smiled again and poked his arm. "You've been talking about the ice cream girl for months and now you have her number!"

That was a lie. "I haven't been talking about her! You all do," Jungkook defended himself.

It was true, maybe Lisa was in his mind 24/7 but he could count

with the fingers of one hand the times he had mentioned her in the last hour months. Jimin was the one taking about Lisa to Jisoo and Taehyung (his other bestfriend and roommate) so they would tease him together and grow a super cute bond while laughing of Jungkook's awful love life.

"Looking, staring, stalking, same thing," Jimin said unbothered.

"I'm not a stalker, damn"

"What's her shoe size?"

Jungkook looked at him strangely. "How would I know that?"

"But you want to know!" Jimin pointed at him with his index finger.

"I don't!"

"You're such a bad stalker," Jisoo pouted, disappointed, and Yuqi burst out laughing.

What the hell was wrong with them all?

"Isn't she too pretty for you?" Yuqi teased with a devilish smile.

"She definitely is," Jisoo agreed.

"For me? Ha! As if I had a chance," Jungkook laughed bitterly, with that usual self-deprecating sense of humor of his. And that brought him war memories. If he ever had a chance, which was actually impossible, he didn't have it anymore. "I screwed it up, I screwed it up so bad, I'm an idiot" he groaned again, ruffling his hair.

Jimin and Yuqi frowned, they weren't understanding anything because how did he screw up but ended up with her number anyway. Jisoo sighed, leaving her phone on the counter. "He got nervous, he gave her a box of tissues for some weird reason, he yelled at her to not expose himself as the creep he is when she was looking at the mural and he then made it seem like he liked her friend when he asked for her number"

Jungkook raised his head, eyes wide open and alarmed. He had done what?

"You're really stupid, Oppa," Yuqi opined, judging him with her round gaze.

Jungkook blinked dazedly. So in addition to making a fool of himself, staring at her like a moron for the last three hours, yelling at her for no reason, stuttering and, in general, acting stupid, he had also made her believe that he liked Chaeyoung?

How the hell had that happened? When? Why? It was impossible when it was fucking obvious he liked Lisa. How the hell he did that?

"I leave you just two minutes and you ruin everything, I didn't raise you like that, Jeon Jungkook," Jimin scolded him. "Damn it, it was your chance! God saw that you were never going to go to the

ice cream shop, so he made her come and what you did? You ruined it," he rubbed his forehead disappointed. For a fuckboy like him this was really unbelievable.

But Jungkook understood him, he was right. "I know," he sighed in a sad and hopeless tone.

He was going to die alone, with a cat hating him and hugging his old Sailor Venus pillow.

"Oh, come on," Yuqi huffed, rolling her eyes at his brother's drama. "You have her number, send her a text, it's easy like that"

'iTs EaSy LiKe ThAt'. It wasn't easy! And he didn't want to!

"I'm sure he'll type, *I picked my nose so much when I was a child that I got a mole there,*" Jimin said sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

Yuqi and Jisoo burst into laughter. Jungkook just growled, knowing himself, he was for sure capable of that.

The parlor was closed since hours ago and as always, Jungkook was still there drawing on his graphic tablet after finishing another sketches for the tattoos of the next day. That was the only thing he could do to stop thinking and cringing every second because of his embarrassing memories of the day.

But they were still coming back like real war memories.

"i GoT eXtRa TiSsUeS fOr YoU"

CRINGE.

And that moment, when they just looked at each other in the door, she was so beautiful and breathtaking... He got goosebumps with the memory of her lips so close to his and his stomach went crazy with fluttering butterflies.

What if... What if she liked him as he liked her? What if he was being too self-deprecating and she was really interested?

No, it couldn't be, she literally ran away from him as if he was a monster. Why would she like him anyway? He was ugly.

What if she was nice with him, she was nice with everyone. She was just a pure soul with the most beautiful smile.

He smiled, remembering how she screamed scared of the blood and how truly concerned she was for Chaeyoung, so innocent and clueless. Her face while trying to make her laugh, she was really trying to distract her and she was being so cute while doing it. And when she mimicked Ending Scene... Gosh, his heart could barely handle it. She was so sweet and funny, he really wanted to laugh but he made her uncomfortable instead.

Aish, he left the pen on the side and rubbed his tired eyes, also grunting, he was so embarrassed.

Why couldn't he be like one of those confident guys?

And the war memories came back.

"LiSa!!!!" he had yelled, like a damn psycho. He didn't want to hit her with a shoe too? That would have been an amazing closure to his weird actions.

"yOu FoRgOt ThIs," HE SAID! GIVING HER A BOX OF TISSUES! What would she think? That he wanted her to clean her nose? Maybe she thought he was thinking she had a runny nose.

Call her ugly now, Jungkook!

"I gIfT tHeM tO yOu FoR cHaEyOuNg," oh no, there it was the moment when he started that shit and that continued with: "cAn I hAvE yOuR nUmBeR bEcAuSe Of cHaEyOuNg, YeAh, ChAeYoUng"

Oh my God, he was the worst. He remembered he tried to correct himself because he realized that having her number to communicate with Chaeyoung was also weird but she didn't let him and at that moment he thought it was to shut him up but now he realized it was because she really thought he was into Chaeyoung. AND OH MY GOD SHE SURELY TOLD CHAEYOUNG!

Oh fuck, the next time Chaeyoung and him had a class together it would be so awkward. She would think he liked her and how the fuck you tell someone you don't like them but their bestfriend. SICK. AND RUDE.

Jungkook had another war memories but from another war.

"Maybe," Tzuyu told him with that cute nervous smile, too excited to hold back. "Mingyu and I have something," she confessed, looking at him with those dreamy eyes that were because of his bestfriend.

Oh God, that one hurt so bad last year.

How was he going to that to Chaeyoung? BUT WHY WOULD CHAEYOUNG BE AFFECTED? IT WASN'T LIKE SHE LIKE HIM! Knowing her, she would laugh like "haha, Jungkook, no worries" because she was that nice and he wasn't her type, he was sure of that.

But Lisa was thinking that now... And he remembered how she denied almost terrified the small possibility of them flirting when Chaeyoung teased about that.

She was so obviously against him and her in the same sentence, it was embarrassing.

But he still liked her so much.

He sighed and collapsed on his leather chair, closing his eyes that burned after keeping them focused too long in the same screen.

He was there since dinner, finishing a chapter for his manga. After years on it, he was in the middle of doing the third volume, the last one; the manga had gained a lot of popularity thought the time, which was really surprising because when Jungkook began to draw a story that came to his mind after watching the trilogy of the Godfather he didn't expect it to become the big ass successful

manga it was now, three years after.

There he was, trying to figure out how to end a story with too many knots and lies, with characters too hard to handle. He was always hating his old self for doing this and putting his present self in that issue of solving all those plot twists his sick old mind created in order to make the story the most exciting ever. But people loved it, they loved the plot twists and untrustworthy characters, and they were mad in love with the new addition.

Jungkook loved to check the blogs in Reddit and Tumblr about his manga, he was always finding funny the new memes and hard debates about the plot. So he knew what was happening in the fandom and he was honestly proud of the new character he created, and it was weird because like all artists, he hated all his art works.

The main character Taesoo, in this third volume, was about to finally know who was the real villain between his more trusted friends, the one plotting all the things he went through and the real assassin of his father, when he crossed paths with Killa, the first woman that made him hear those damn blessed bells but the problem was that she wanted to kill him, because he was the one to blame of something he didn't know. She was also a distraction.

A very pretty one, actually.

(a/n: wow I see what I did here)

And of course she was because Jungkook drew her thinking in Lisa. Killa was blonde with bangs, her eyes crystal blue but big as Lisa's and with the same shape, surrounded with long lashes, but her mouth was her most beautiful feature. Her first outfit was iconic between the fans, the golden like pure gold crop top and black leather jacket with a white skirt and over the knee black boots, hiding a gold gun, was their favorite. Killa loved gold and pink lipstick, and she was lovely as she was evil, playing with Taesoo mind and taking advantage of her power over him. Jungkook could understand the love for her, powerful woman were hot.

If they all knew that the girl behind Killa visuals was scared of blood, needles and bees. Jungkook laughed softly thinking about it.

And while he was relaxing the tense muscles of his back after being in the same position for too long, an image came to his mind, because IU's Ending Scene had started to sound from the speakers. A smile slid down his lips.

Pretty... She was so pretty.

Having her around had been a surreal, magnificent experience, something he had never imagined.

She was much better than he had imagined, actually.

She wasn't just a big smile and kindness in a beautiful face; She was funny, quite bold and extremely protective. Jungkook had

noticed how her eyes showed genuine concern for Chaeyoung, doing whatever it took to distract her from the pain the tattoo had caused and staying there even when she was scared, and then when she had asked about her recovery... Oh, wasn't she lovely?

And he had finally talked to her, finally received one of her big charming smiles. He had acted strange and she had still smiled and was kind.

For sure she thought he was a dumbass, because he certainly was.

Jungkook took his phone and looked at the contact with her name on it, wishing to be as bold as Jimin and simply send a message, talk to her casually and make her laugh saying something intelligent but he was just a stuttering dumb mess in front of her.

But the good thing about it was that all the awkward situation ended. I mean, he was going to remember it probably forever and have cringe attacks till his death, but it was over.

The realization just hit him.

It was obvious Lisa wasn't going to talk to him ever again, she probably had enough of him, and seen the panorama probably Chaeyoung wouldn't talk to him neither, trying to avoid his supposed crush on her.

So, he could be antisocialkook again and live his calm and relaxing crush from distance.

Amazing.

That was amazing.

No more stuttering, no more nervous feels, no more anxiety, nope. All was going to be back to normal and with the passing of time and without interacting he probably would get over his crush on her.

Yes! That's it!

Perfect!


But fate said: *no, Jungkook, no, face life for once you coward.*

sorry because it's short but again, I didn't know what more to write. lol sorry I'm not good at transitions of scenes without making it long as fuck. hope you enjoyed it tho.

if you like it, comment and vote👍 btw I'm really curious about something so **QUESTION TIME: have you ever embarrassed yourself in front of your crush?**

my answer is of course yes. I remember that when I was 15 I was doing an essay with my crush of that time, he was my classmate, and while laughing I spit the sheet of paper by accident. It was fucking embarrassing, my face got so hot that it steamed my glasses and that just made it more obvious and embarrassing. ewwlalsie I'm having a whole cringe attack right now omg why I do this to

myself.

thank you so much for all the comments in the last chapter, I didn't expect that quantity of comments but you all surprised me and I love it so much. please keep commenting, I love to read you 

Chapter 6

Being indirectly rejected was a crap.

Lisa had to spend the whole weekend cuddling in the sofa with her baby cat, Leo, watching dramas full of beautiful, corny scenes with couples getting together and being happy to forget about the bitter taste of the realization that the boy she had a crush on was after her best friend. Fuck, it was as bitter as drinking a hard coffee after a hangover, the type of coffee that leaves you vibrating like the vibrator of a nymphomaniac, but bitter like, well, being rejected.

But she couldn't blame him or get angry, even if she felt jealous and wanted to scream 'I saw him first!' to her bestfriend and to the whole world.

Working hard had been good to distract her too, she had attended a wedding as a photographer on Saturday night, feeling very emotional because oh my God that couple was the cutest, and then she attended a baby shower the next morning also to take photos of the special moment; in the afternoon she had worked at the ice cream shop during the night shift, returning home late and too exhausted to think about her failure of love life.

And therefore she was late as every Monday to the first class of the week, Lighting Techniques II, which was really a pain in the ass and she had been attending just a month.

Of course, she carried her chocomilk in her hand since she hadn't been able to have breakfast at home, she barely had time to wash her face, tie her hair up in a ponytail and put some BB cream and mascara, all that while having Leo around meowing his lungs out for his breakfast. He was such a slaver!

Her backpack bounced on her back as she ran across the campus, surrounding people and apologizing if she somehow touched them, to the arts department. Her outfit was really good for it, she was wearing high waisted black jeans, a oversized shirt under it and Balenciaga white trainers, amazing to run.

Why the hell had he decided to take that early morning class? Oh right, there weren't more schedules for the same class. And that must be some kind of bullying towards the students, definitely, because who the hell was awake at 9 AM on a Monday. Just the professor Lee, ready to talk about flashes, color and the importance

of the sunlight.

She missed Lighting Techniques I so much, because the classes were on Monday afternoon. And every week she missed those happy hours with so much sadness. Those Monday mornings of just being lazy in bed were long forgotten in the first semester.

She climbed the steps of the entrance of the Arts department building quickly and ran to the glass doors, of course without noticing that another person was also coming to the same door.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she stepped back to make room for the person and looked up to smile.

And there was Jungkook, in puma sweatpants, a oversized red hoodie and an attractive sleepy face, eyes still tired and his long hair as if he had just passed his hand through it without thinking, and yes, that look was too damn hot. He looked at her with those dark eyes and Lisa felt a strange kind of emotion run through her body that she couldn't control even if she wanted to.

Oh wow, all her intentions to stop thinking about him went down the drain in seconds.

"Hello," she greeted him smiling, wow, it was the first time she was doing that since she had begun to notice him and it was so... satisfying.

"Hey," he released the door too and bowed slightly, his silver earrings shone as he moved, Lisa just noticed that he had multiple piercings in his ears, using two longs one in the first holes. Why that was hot?

"Won't you pass?" She pointed to the door, as he had just released the handle.

Jungkook looked at the handle and blinked, then reacted and took it again, opening the glass door. "Yes, I'm sorry, it's that I'm still-I'm sleepy, come in," he spoke quickly and Lisa noticed his voice slightly raspy.

God, could he be sexier?

Idiot, no, he likes Chaeyoung.

"Go first, you came earlier," she tried to joke to clear her mind.

But he didn't catch the joke and insisted pointing with his hand. "No, it's fine, ladies first," he didn't even joke, he was that polite. Wow his mom should be proud.

Shit, he had to stop with his behavior, Lisa couldn't control her heart that way.

"Okay then, thank you," She entered the building slowly, because her body didn't want to move away although her logical side was screaming at her to do so.

He likes Chaeyoung, Lalisa, he likes Chaeyoung.

Telling that to herself was always like a bucket of cold water over

her head.

"Have a good day," she told Jungkook with a kind smile and turned around, walking.

He likes Chaeyoung, he likes Chaeyoung, he likes Chaeyoung...

She needed to have it clear to stop seeing him in that way that made her heart flutter and start seeing him as just the nice tattoo boy.

But when she was taking a few more steps she noticed that he was coming behind her.

Uh?

She turned around curiously and he stopped, watching her.

"I swear I'm not following you," he defended himself, raising his hands.

Lisa frowned, follow her? Why would he follow her?

"I didn't think you were following me"

He blinked confused, looking suddenly so cute with his doe eyes and half opened lips. Lisa wanted to hold his cheeks and kiss him. "Oh no?"

Lisa laughed incredulously. "No, why would I think you follow me? I was just curious because you were coming behind me, your class is on the same path?" she stepped back to stay by his side and thus walk together.

Maybe treating him like anyone would change her perspective and diminish her obvious attraction towards him, of course, Lisa clapped to herself internally. *Treat him like a friend and make him your friend.* Fake it till you make it style.

"Uh, yes," he nodded.

And he didn't say anything else.

Uh, awkward.

Was she making him uncomfortable?

She watched him, he seemed normal, just walking, but the silence was so tense that he, for sure, was uncomfortable and it was definitely her fault.

Lisa panicked, she had to say something. "What's your class?" she asked suddenly and loudly, making him flinch startled, but she didn't noticed that because she saw her laces were untied. "Oh, could you hold this for me?" he didn't have time to answer because she put the chocomilk in his hand and bent down to tie her trainers, while talking. "Mine is Lighting Techniques II," she showed two fingers, peace style, like a little girl saying her age, from the floor and a smile threatened to form on Jungkook's lips but he quickly looked away, biting his lower lip. "It's about, well, lighting, hehe. You know, outdoors or in a studio, light is important and we have to know how to handle our resources to create the best possible

illumination for a good photo, handling color and contrast too," she finished to tie up her trainers and stood up. "Although I honestly love the daylight, especially that of dawn because it is orange and super warm. I found out about it on New Year when I was a kid, I was awake because all my family was after the dinner. I think that's the real golden hour but no many people are awake at that hour so it has sense they prefer the golden hour of the afternoon. I don't know how they take those photos, though, I can't even open my eyes when I try and I have tried a lot. You don't have idea, haha," she shut her mouth suddenly when she realized that she was talking too much, too fast and with more excitement than the necessary; sure he was wishing her to shut up and for that reason he had kept silent, it was a hint. "I'm sorry, I'm rambling," she apologized embarrassed and, oh thank God, her class was there, the door open like the doors of heaven, with heavenly music and everything. "Well, I'll leave here, hehe, bye"

She took fast penguin style steps to her class, holding her bangs with her hand as if the fact that they flew meant something worse than death, and she got there, running away from him.

Hell Lisa, you're a fool.

"Being late is something acceptable but not saying hello is something unforgivable, Miss Manoban," the voice of the professor, who already recognized her because well, everyone remembered Lisa after meeting her even in a university with more than 3000 students.

And Mr. Lee loved to tease her, especially for her regular late arrivals to his classes.

She stepped back and bowed at ninety degrees with an embarrassed smile. "Sorry, good morning Mr. Lee"

"Go sit down, you're only fifteen minutes late today. Will you surprise me next week with ten? I can't wait until I see it"

At least he took it with humor. Probably because he was still young and handsome, not resentful with life and being an arrogant ass like Mr. Yang from Moving Image.

The students laughed slightly, Lisa included. The girl went to sit where she found a place and dropped her body there, sighing as if she had just returned from war.

Although that last situation had been like a war.

She scrunched her face like a baby about to cry, God, she was ridiculous and pitiful. So embarrassing. Now she would need a whole new session of kdramas, better if it was with Ji Chang Woo, to forget about her obvious failure as acting like a normal person in front of Jungkook.

"Why the long face?" Seungyeon, a classmate sitting next to her

asked softly. They both talked often as they shared classes and several times they had sat together.

Lisa looked at him, still with a huge pout on her lips. "I will die being single," she whispered her response.

He raised his eyebrows confused, thinking about where that sudden statement came from. "You had a boyfriend and he left you?" he asked.

She sighed and denied. "Nope, he didn't even get to be my boyfriend and I doubt he would ever be," she said with resignation, it was the truth after all.

"Oh, come on Lili, who wouldn't want to be your boyfriend," Seungyoong tried to comfort her.

Jungkook. Jungkook didn't want to be her boyfriend because he liked Chaeyoung and probably now he wanted Lisa as far as possible because she was annoying.

"If he doesn't want you, I'm sure he's an idiot. Don't worry, you'd be better without him," he concluded and returned to pay attention to the class.

Lisa sighed, resting her face on her palm. Worst part: Jungkook wasn't an idiot.

(a/n: well shit tell him bc homeboy has said "I'm an idiot" more than five times in just one chapter)

Why couldn't he be an idiot? Everything would be easier.

"Have you already chosen the Liberal Arts course to do?" Seungyoong asked as they collected their things since the class had just finished.

Lisa looked at him with no idea of anything. "What course?"

Seungyoong sighed. "The course you need to do to have enough credits to complete the year, Lisa," he told her as if he had already told her before and he probably had.

He did? She narrowed her eyes thoughtfully...

Oh no, shit, he had done it! The last week! But Lisa had been busy with her head in some special photos that an ulzzang wanted for her Instagram and had completely forgotten about it.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed and walked fast away from there, Seungyoong watched her go and rolled his eyes, she was always like that.

The previous year Lisa had also forgotten, but her excuse is that she was a freshman. In the first semester Chaeyoung saved her ass. But now she had no excuses.

She repeated herself, as every time she forgot something, she had to start writing down on her phone the things she had to do for once. This was simply a disaster.

Surely all the exciting courses were already full and she would have to do something like Joseon Dynasty history, Lisa had nothing against history and she loved all historical dramas but in no way would she find it fun to go to a class just about that for all spring; She was sure it wouldn't be entertaining without Lee Joongi and IU.

Although Scarlet Heart Ryeo wasn't in the Joseon era.

Anyway.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Chaeyoung spoke to her, reaching her on her way right at the entrance of the Arts department.

"To sign up in the extra credit classes," she replied, stopping just for a second.

"Did you forget it? Lisa!" Chaeyoung scolded her.

"I know, I know," she sighed. "I will end up studying botanic again"

"Ugh, go," she signaled with her hand, Lisa nodded and turned around, but then Chaeyoung took her arm. "Oh wait, will you come to dinner tonight?" she was always asking that, since Lisa schedule was changing every week, depending of new works, projects or something as simple as Lucas not being able to do his shift, Lisa just couldn't say no to him.

"What day is today?"

"Monday"

"Yes," she nodded quickly, Chaeyoung turned to go back into the building, satisfied with the answer, and Lisa turned back to continue on her way but she almost tripped over a boy's chest. "Oh my God!" she got startled and glanced at the owner of the body, although with the red hoodie in front of her eyes she had already an idea of who it was. "Hey again, Jungkook!" she greeted him casually, forgetting for a second her crush and all that stuff, because she had to definitely go.

But he just raised a closed chocomilk in front of her eyes and Lisa blinked baffled, not connecting dots...

"I bought you a new one, I drank the one you left me," he offered it with a light and very pretty smile, scratching his neck.

He... He did that... Of course, because Lisa forgot her chocomilk with him early in the morning and now... Oh my God.

Lisa smiled till her cheeks got round and her eyes shone, and she took the small bottle, suddenly wanting to bounce like a bunny. That was just so cute and kind.

"Thank you," she technically gasped like an idiot, she literally had to force her voice to come out because a happy knot was in her throat.

Jungkook nodded like 'well, work done'. "So ..." Lisa looked at him expectantly but he pressed his lips close. "Yeah, I have to go

now so yeah," he bowed a lil bit, forming a small smile on his lips, and walked away, kinda fast. For sure, he had another class to attend that morning.

Oh. my. God.

Lisa couldn't believe it and now, that he wasn't seeing her, she bounced a little bit on her feet happily, pressing the chocomilk against her chest.

So maybe he wasn't as disgusted with his presence as she thought... God, her heart was like crazy in her chest.

He likes Chaeyoung.

Yes, right, he likes Chaeyoung, he's just being nice to you and you two will definitely be good friends, yes, yes, focus Lisa.

The extra credit!

Lisa went back on her way to the central building and to the entrance registration area, where she found Jimin, last in the small row of two people. Curious, now she was finding them everywhere.

"Hi, Lisa," he greeted her with that warm smile that Lisa was beginning to notice it was his main signature.

"Hello!"

"Are you coming to sign up for extra courses?" he pointed to the desk, Lisa nodded making a small sound. "Me too," he nodded and for seconds he looked like a little boy instead of the sexy guy he was, his smile was cute and Lisa also noticed that he had a posture that would make any Asian mother proud. "I wasn't here last week, it was my mother's birthday in Busan"

"Are you from Busan?" she asked surprised, he didn't have a Busan accent. Lisa hadn't been long ago in Korea but she could recognize that particular accent and Jimin didn't have it.

"Yes, Jungkookie too"

With the mention of his name Lisa remembered the chocomilk in her hand and smiled... she smiled at a chocomilk container. So Jungkook was from Busan...

Jimin decided to ignore it her weird behavior, because well, maybe she really loved her chocomilk. "Where are you from?" he asked instead.

"Thailand"

"Wow, your Korean is perfect"

"Kdramas," she offered in response, shrugging. Jimin chuckled.

"I wish I could learn English in that way"

"I have also learned English in that way," she pointed out, which was true, although she also had to add that her father's first language was English and he spoke to her in English and Thai all the time, she also had to add the fact that all her education had been in a bilingual school. "What course will you take?" she asked

curiously, maybe they would end up being classmates.

"Possibly History of the Joseon Dynasty"

Oh shit.

"Hmmm, you're very expressive, Lisa. You don't like history?"

"Not really, I am very bad to remember dates although I have learned a lot from the dramas. There is something inspirational about Bogum's face," she joked playfully. "And you seem to like it"

"I like reading," he admitted simply, Lisa was impressed because Jimin was being a box of surprises. So he tattooed, drew and liked history.

"From what department are you?" She asked casually.

"Architecture"

Well, that explained his symmetrical tattoos and perfectly given lines in the middle of his art. Lisa wasn't an expert but she had learned some things while doing the research for Chaeyoung's tattoo.

"So what will you do?" he asked her advancing in line, surprisingly it was his turn. "Good morning," he greeted the secretary with a charming smile, she replied smiling softly and with dreamy eyes, falling into his nets even at twenty years older. Lisa saw her heart-filled gaze as if she were an animated cartoon from the Looney Toons era. "Could you give me two inscription papers for the extra courses, please? Thank you"

"I guess I'll adapt to what's available," she replied his first question.

"But not to the Joseon Dynasty"

"Definitely not"

"Only the courses here are available," the secretary handed them a small paper with ten courses of which eight were crossed out. The Joseon era was available, the other one was English.

"Why is English available? Isn't it the first thing to fill up?" Lisa asked confused.

"Nobody takes English in the second semester because they already took it in the first, now they are doing English II" Jimin explained.

"Oh"

"Why didn't you take English in the first semester if you already speak it?"

Oh, that was a long story.

"Chaeyoung took me with her to botany," Lisa summed up with an exasperated expression, because it really had been a horrible and boring course and she would never forget Chaeyoung for dragging her into that.

And although she expected Jimin to laugh like everyone else, he

nodded slightly surprised. "I should have signed up there last year, I like flowers," and it didn't sound like signing up to flirt with Chaeyoung or impress the girls.

He really liked flowers? Wasn't it all a white lie to flirt?

Wow, Lisa couldn't wait to tell Chaeyoung.

"You should sign up in English," he said as he wrote on his sheet.

Lisa tilted her head, frowning. "Wouldn't that be like cheating?"

It really was cheating, she would be with much more advantage than the rest.

"It's that or the Joseon Dynasty," Jimin had a point there. "Besides, I promise not to tell anyone that you already know English," he promised jokingly and Lisa giggled. "And if you feel very guilty, you can help some classmate who is not good at it"

Oh, that would be good.

"You're good at this," she flattered him and wrote English I on her sheet, not noticing the cheeky smirk on Jimin's face, staring at her like a cat at a mouse taking the cheese and falling into the trap.

She finished and Jimin smiled innocently, both delivering their sheets at once.

"I'm really sure you will enjoy English I, Lisa, don't worry"

everytime i finish a chapter of this thing i want to immediately write a sure thing chapter bc surething!lk are already together, established, being smutty and fluffy and that's so satisfying for me kkdqjdj.

sorry if this has been boring, is more like a transition chapter??? idk lfwndus, i wanted to update but i'm not in funny mode as usual with this ff and im sorry. i know i could have done it after but anyway, i'll shut up.

if you like it, comment and vote💜 this is obvious but why do you think Jimin was smiling like cheshire?

it's so weird to write shorter chapters, like I feel them incomplete but at the same time I don't want to make it longer bc I feel I'd end up being too full of nothing and I kinda like this vibe too??? gosh, confusing.

Chapter 7

a/n: here we go again with this preschool love

"Why do you two always do everything at the last minute?"

Jungkook and Taehyung, roommates and best friends since they were young, didn't even look up from their respective laptops, their fingers moving rapidly as they typed fast and skillfully. Kim Jennie, the elder's girlfriend, sighed when she saw them, with her arms crossed over her chest, which was perfectly accentuated thanks to the baby pink Chanel shirt she was wearing along with a black skirt and a small bag that perfectly combined. The girl was the word upper class at its finest and that's why with Taehyung they made such a good and stylish couple.

"Hey, they got better, they used to try to do everything thirty minutes before class till they realized this is not highschool anymore," Jimin said, sitting next to her with a glass of iced tea, his lunch in front of him and his phone in hand. As the most responsible of the three, because he was a nerd behind the visuals and flirty demeanour, he never had to worry about doing homework and essays at last minute.

It was Wednesday lunchtime, the three friends and roommates used to get together every day to eat, sometimes accompanied by Jennie when Jisoo, her bestfriend, wasn't there, and that day the two younger ones were busy with laptops, notebooks and books on the table and without eating as they should be doing, but Jennie took charge of that and gave them some nutritive drinks and snacks.

Jennie sighed after eating some of her lunch. "This time they are doing everything four hours before," she dissaprobed it.

"You're not supporting me much today, baby," Taehyung said sarcastically, eyes focused on the screen in front of him.

"I'm not here to support you," she clarified with the same sassy tone.

Taehyung chuckled. "No, you're here because you love spending time with Jimin, of course"

Jennie rolled her sexy catlike eyes. "Of course I'm here for Jimin," she followed his sarcastic game and leaned on the table, her pretty boobs showing more due the new position. Her boyfriend glanced at the golden place where he loved to get lost, catching a small hickey

on her collarbone (and poorly covered by foundation) that he himself had left not long ago; he showed her that arrogant smile that said very clearly "keep acting like you don't love me but I know very well that you love me" and she stared at him with boredom, but some hints of fire were visible on her dark eyes. As usual, the atmosphere got a little bit thick between them and the attraction (and something more) got so obvious.

"It's so sad that you two use Jimin as a foreplay but not really including Jimin," Jimin sighed with exaggerated drama.

"Gross," she sent him that look of disgusted rich girl and Jimin chuckled at her.

"Jungkookie, how's it going?" Jimin asked the boy and Jennie leaned forward to see what he was doing, even if it was impossible.

Jungkook was there with a confused and annoyed face, raising and lowering one sheet over the other while rereading something over and over again, you could tell it was frustrating him.

"Aiiish, why on earth do I have to write details of the Rococo era if it's not even part of this year's program?" he complained annoyed, glaring at his papers as if he wanted to set them on fire and runaway, which he definitely wanted to do.

"You asked the same question when you found out you had to do that... two weeks ago," Jimin told him like a mother.

"yOu AsKeD tHe SaMe QuEsTiOn WhEn YoU fOuNd OuT yOu hAd To Do ThAt TwO wEeKs AgO," Jungkook mocked him. "Look, some of us love to procrastinate"

"Then, don't complain"

"I wasn't talking to you"

"Sorry if I think it when you complain out loud in a table where I am too"

"Jimin-ssi you are not the center of the world"

"Look eboy, why don't you go and take a shower?"

"You two, stop," Jennie scolded them severely, they both closed their mouths but glared at each other. "Jungkook has to finish his essay and you are distracting him," she scolded Jimin who looked at her offended, Jungkook smiled mockingly, shaking his head like an arrogant ten-year-old little boy.

"Don't defend him, he is irresponsible," Jimin objected.

"What do you expect from him? He's 22 and he's drinking a chocomilk with a straw," she pointed to the little box that was next to Jungkook.

Well... that had been unexpected. Jungkook looked at a blank spot, blinking and pursing his lips because everything ended up different than he expected. Beside him, Taehyung snorted with a hand on his nose and the boy pushed him with his shoulder. And of

course, Jimin laughed.

As if nothing happened and if she didn't just humiliated Jungkook passively, Jennie ate something else from her lunch. "Anyway, since when do you drink chocolate?" she asked curiously and her chubby cheeks looked extra cute when she chewed, she was like living with them practically since she was with Taehyung and knew them enough to know that Jungkook was more a fan of banana milk.

That question made him smile like a fool, lately it was very easy for him to do it.

The memory of giving Lisa a chocomilk still tormented his memory with severe cringe attacks but the huge smile she had shown that day made everything worthwhile. His heart was still fluttering like crazy.

And since then, Jungkook had not stopped consuming chocomilk.

Creep? Yeah

"Stop smiling like an idiot and tell me!" Jennie complained, snapping him back to reality.

"Uh... I like it, I guess," he shrugged and quickly returned to focus on his essay, avoiding her instigating gaze.

Since last Friday, after Jimin told Taehyung everything, neither of them had stopped teasing him with Lisa and he wasn't going to give them any more reasons to continue. But anyway his friends looked at him suspiciously.

Jungkook casually sipped his chocomilk and began to write what he had to as if it were super important, which it was actually. Jungkook wasn't good at art history because he, in short, didn't know how to study. He was great at drawing and upon entering the Art major he had discovered how much he loved to paint and play with colors, but studying history books was something he had to force himself to do because his brain refused to cooperate. So he had to fulfill the essays and practical work without errors and delays, that somehow helped him to study better anyway.

But he still hated it.

Jennie didn't question him more about his drinking choices and she and Jimin both took their phones, Taehyung was finishing his thing and Jungkook began to get anxious because he still had a lot to do and just three and a half hours to finish it, which meant one hour because he got distracted too easily.

He sighed and stretched out, wasting time without realizing it. The sleeves of his black shirt stuck to his tattooed arms when he flexed them, then he stretched his tense neck from right to left, closing his eyes, the earrings in his ears swayed and jingle like bells as they collided with each other, and then when he opened his eyes again, he saw her pass in front of his eyes with one of her many

friends.

Her legs stole all his attention, the huge black sweatshirt with white paint stains style could cover the rest of her body but it barely reached the middle of her thighs... she had beautiful legs, long and lean but sculpted divinely, with beautiful slightly thick thighs. It wasn't the first time he saw them but he wanted to touch them like the first time he had noticed them, sure they were soft but firm and he would love to hold her thighs with his hands when...

She glanced at him!

Oh no.

His heart started to race, panicking.

He wanted to look away shyly and hide. That day he hadn't fix his hair more than running a hand through it carelessly, like the previous one, and surely she would notice that he had a new pimple and even he had shaved well that morning?

That was why he was literally avoiding her since he gave her that chocomilk, he hated feeling this way so fucking much.

"Hey, Jungkook," she greeted him, waving her hand slightly as she passed right in front of his table, her big smile lit the cloudy day like a ray of pure sun and he looked dazzled.

Jungkook hated it but at the same time loved it because she was so damn beautiful, fuck.

His brain acted automatically and he barely tilted his head with a stiff smile on his mouth, something like between nervous and uncomfortable.

And of course that caught the attention of his friends who turned to look at her quickly, thank God Lisa didn't notice them because their dramatic reactions were embarrassing.

"Oooooooh," Jennie hummed playfully.

"She really knows who you are!" Taehyung patted his back, he was really surprised like he was thinking all Jimin's stories were just made up joke to tease Jungkook... and that was offensive in some way.

"I told you!" Jimin pointed and covered his mouth, feigning moved excitement. "He has grown so much!"

Taehyung imitated him and squeezed the younger face between his forefinger and thumb. "He's so handsome, the girls are at his feet," he whined in a baby voice.

EMBARRASSING.

That was why he hated so much all those interactions, they were making him nervous and embarrassing him so much.

Oh, fuck, why wasn't she ignoring him like a normal person? WHY?!

"I didn't know your little crushie was Lisa," Jennie pointedly

cheekily and pulled her hair back.

The three looked at her surprised. "Do you know her?" They literally asked in chorus.

"*Yeah, of course,*" Jennie responded in English with a slightly prettier and more delicate voice, she used to change her language regularly due to her years in New Zealand. "She is the photographer of the journal," she explained, exposing her relationship with Lisa as Jennie was the editor-in-chief of the university journal, she was in her junior year in Journalism Major and she was an honor student with a forming future in big fashion magazines. "She is very talented," Jungkook already knew anyway, I mean, the girl was on the floor for an Instagram photo, she probably put more effort in something more important. "She was the first photographer of the first year to be in charge of such an important role," Jennie praised her with what looked like true appreciation and it was strange, Jennie didn't like people that easy, she was really strict.

"So basically you two are meant to be together," Taehyung clapped.

"How's that?"

"You and I are friends, Jennie is my girlfriend, Jennie knows Lisa, Lisa is the girl you like. See?"

"That just means Lisa is social, Hyung."

"Or it's fate," Jimin pointed and high fived with Taehyung as if both were true geniuses.

Jungkook looked at them incredulously. Lisa and him weren't meant to be together by fate, he didn't hear any damn bells so fate wasn't working there... didn't he really hear bells?

"Or it's a way to get close to her, I can talk to her about you," Jennie offered, resting her face on her hands together. "What do you say?"

"No," Jungkook said still confused but definitely determined on that. That would be even more embarrassing.

"How are you supposed to get the girl if you're just going to stare and drink chocomilk?" Jimin asked.

"Maybe I don't want to force the girl to like me when it's obviously that she's just being nice," Jungkook said with resignation.

"Or you're a pussy," Taehyung sighed.

Jungkook looked at him offended, I mean he was, but Lisa wasn't interested in him either. "Do you want me to force her?"

"Cut the consent thing, we all know you don't dare to do it," Jennie rolled her eyes.

"Excuse me?" Jungkook was really offended now, even if he really didn't dare, he had never liked to be told that damn phrase,

implying that he was a chicken. Marty Mcfly issues. "She doesn't like me," he said it clearly and loudly and damn that was bitter. "And you know that I don't do this anymore," he added, which was true because after his disaster with Tzuyu, apart from having problems with self-esteem, he felt reluctant to expose himself to the same shit again.

"How do you know she doesn't like you?" Jennie raised an eyebrow.

Jungkook blinked. "She is terrified with the mere mention of us dating"

"Did she say it?"

"... No, but it's obvious"

"Why is it obvious?"

"She ran away from me!"

"She doesn't seem to run away from you, she just greeted you"

"She is being polite"

"Nobody smiles and says 'Hey, Jungkook' with that cute little voice when she's just being educated, she could have just bowed her head"

"She is like that!"

"How do you know if you don't know her or want to meet her?"

"Because he's a stalker," Jimin pointed out.

"Because I'm a stalker," Jungkook agreed.

"I really know her and I am sure she would never have greeted you like that if she didn't think you were cool"

Tuc, tuc... tuc, tuc...

Did she think he was cool?

Jungkook had to press his lips close so as not to smile although his facial muscles were really struggling to form that great smile full of excitement. However, he couldn't control the sudden thick flow of blood in his veins running down his face and neck, burning his ears.

"Oh my god, you're blushing!" Jennie laughed.

Jungkook looked away in embarrassment and unconsciously covered one of his ears.

"Aawwwwww, Jungkookie," Jimin leaned down to squish his cheek but the boy smack his hand, making him giggle.

"You should try," Taehyung opined, shrugging. "You have nothing to lose"

"I have very low levels of dignity but there are not nothing definitely," Jungkook refuted, Taehyung rolled his eyes and decided to focus on the important.

"Stop whining," Jennie scoffed. "You're cool, you're hot, you have everything to get the girl"

Jungkook tilted his head, doubting her words because he didn't look it like that after experiencing at first hand how that wasn't important to get the girl, he wasn't quite enough to get a girl like Lisa and while thinking he just found her among the people with his gaze.

She was with two boys, a girl and Chaeyoung, all chatting animatedly. She never stopped smiling, it was amazing for him how one person could be so happy all the time.

Lisa took two fries and placed them in the corners of her lips, pretending they were like fangs. No one was really paying attention while she played alone but Jungkook did it and laughed quietly.

She ate the fries after answering something to the boy next to her and somehow their eyes met again.

Oh my God, she caught him and was raising her hand to wave.

Oh nononononono ... She would think he was staring at her, definitely, shit, shit.

He looked to behind of her, mentally panicking, and coincidentally Bambam, his friend from the audiovisual department, was there and looking in his direction. Jungkook raised his hand to get his attention and greeted him, bowing his head and smiling. Thank God, Bambam saw him and, as he was loud, he exclaimed "Hey, Kook!".

Lisa quickly realized that Jungkook wasn't looking at her as she thought and she was looking like a fool; very embarrassed she looked straight ahead at her friends and pretended to smile, but she looked awkward.

And all in front of the eyes of Jennie and Jimin, who looked at him judiciously until Jungkook realized.

"What?"

"Forgot it," Jimin shook his head and took his phone.

"I think your problem is that you're dumb," Jennie told him annoyed.

Jungkook raised both eyebrows but shrugged. "You haven't discovered anything new"

"I don't think even if she was your classmate, sitting literally beside you, you would get something," Jimin told him, although his eyes were on his phone.

Jungkook made a wry face. "As if we share classes"

Jimin simply looked at him but didn't said anything more.

Jungkook snorted and went back to his essay that was the really important thing now, although she was still in his mind and inevitably he looked at her again.

Lisa was as lively as minutes before, chatting and making exaggerated expressions that made what she was listening and

speaking seem super exciting. He would love to know what it was... But he really had to stop all that.

Although one pessimistic side of him refused to give himself a chance, the other still thought about Jennie's words.

At night the idea of having a chance with Lisa settled in his head to the point that he couldn't be distracted by anything without returning to the same subject over and over again, with one of two occasionally smiles.

It was silly, there were many cons and just a few pros, although one of those pros was to have something with the girl he liked and that in fact worth much more than the other fifteen cons he had in mind. But the biggest con was that he simply couldn't dare... His friends were right, he was a coward, but it was hard to expose himself to rejection after experiencing how painful it was, even if this time he wasn't in love.

He cursed Jennie for telling him all those idiocy because they were still chasing him until the next morning, when he was trying with all his being to understand what the book in front of his eyes said to make a synthesis on the sheet of paper that was still blank under his hands. As much as he read again and again, his mind traveled to "what if..." which made him shake his head to focus on something else and his mind quickly began to wander about the plot of his manga and some drawings he could do for the parlor, maybe a new tattoo for himself.

You could see why he wasn't good at studying.

"Oh, fuck it," he huffed, giving up, and began to draw the first thing that came to his mind.

His confused feelings got reflected in the sheet in the form of circles and swirls along a single line that then formed a person in the middle, as if they were entangled and lost behind the lines. A psychologist would have a feast with that, Jungkook laughed alone with the idea and ruffled his hair, feeling that his mind was slowly relaxing. Even after years, Art was still a great way to escape.

"Hey"

And that easily all his peace flew away.

Jungkook got startled and looked wide-eyed at the girl in front of his eyes. For real, or he was spacing out too much or she levitated instead of walking just to scare the shit out of him.

Lisa was there with her hands clasped behind her and, as always, a smile on her lips. Today she wore her hair loose, straight and soft, and specs, jeans and a red hoodie, this time it was her size, she was as beautiful as always.

Jungkook really wondered why she kept greeting him. She made

him so nervous that he just raised his hand in greeting, he didn't even dare to speak because he would surely stutter.

"I have one left over when I bought for my friends and I think you like them so-" she placed a box of chocomilk in the table. "Here you go, I hope you enjoy it," she finished and he didn't know what to say.

Why was she still so nice and smiling at him in a way that made him stupid for the next few hours and probably days? Why did she approach him even when it wasn't necessary? Why did she do these things? Didn't she understand that she was driving him crazy? Why was she so rude? He just wanted a little bit of respect.

Faced with his silence, Lisa swayed on her feet. "Hmmm, I read that chocolate is good to study, hehe, so good luck with that," she nodded with a closed smile and went to the table where her friends were waiting for her, his gaze followed her and maybe glanced at her ass for a few seconds.

How an act so childish that it could well be done by a six-year-old child could be destroying his heart because of how much it was making it beat?

Ridiculous.

Absolutely ridiculous.

But... what if Jennie was right and this meant something?

Lisa... Lisa was being just nice or she liked him for real?

What was an actual fact was that Jungkook was a mess of butterflies and red ears, and he pressed his forehead against the cold wood, sighing.

What happened with Lisa ignoring him? It was going to be such a good plan... but she ruined it.

Jimin found Jungkook sitting on a bench in the campus, on his way to a math class; the youngest was under the shade of a tree which was expected because Jungkook would never sit in the sun. He was really like a vampire, always dressed in black, hating the light, hot as fuck ... The boy approached him calmly, just out of the library after tutoring a very pretty girl.

"You're late for your class, don't you think?" Jimin's silky voice brought him back to earth.

Jungkook looked up from his notebook, where he was drawing a skull and flower design sketch for a tattoo, and frowned, confused with his words.

"Class? What class?" he looked at the time on his phone just by habit, in front of Jimin's exasperated gaze, and saw that it was four... four... four... "Oh shit!"

"Yeah, English I. You're not starting well, uh?"

Jimin was as annoying as the voice of his consciousness, always reminding him of how irresponsible and distracted he was. Jungkook put his notebook in his backpack and hung it on his back. "I'm not starting well anyway because I don't have an idea of English" and that was definitely bad because the course was for people with at least a basic knowledge of the language. Jungkook barely knew how to speak Korean with the Seoul accent to avoid bullying. But he had signed up in English because it was that or history of the Joseon Dynasty era or advanced mathematics and of course Jungkook wasn't good for that.

English looked less painful than a math class. He had enough of that shit in highschool.

"You'll be fine, I'm sure," Jimin patted his back with encouragement.

Jungkook made his way and Jimin did it by his side. "It can't be that hard, right?" He tried to cheer himself up with the only thing he could say about English, in addition to being sure it was more acceptable than math. "Verb to be? Past tense? Was, were... where?"

"Don't ask me, I have no idea," Jimin shrugged, he knew how to solve a five-part integral equation but no English. "Although I trust you, it's also just an extra class, not the end of the world"

"It's just an useless dumb extra class for you because you have enough credits," Jungkook huffed, slightly envious of not being as smart as Jimin.

And next to them, Chaeyoung was coming from the other side, and she smiled... only at Jungkook. "Hi, guys," she still greeted both, waving her hand gently, and she tucked a lock of gold rose hair behind her ear with the other, looking a little bit shy.

"Hi," Jungkook smiled at her, bowing his head, not noticing anything but Chaeyoung being regularly kind as always since they met.

"Hi to you too, Chaeyoung" Jimin spoke to her, since she had ignored his presence practically.

The girl's smile simply faded and she bowed her head, following her path.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow.

"I have no idea," Jimin shrugged. "She seemed so into me the other day but suddenly she acts cold, do you think it's a game?" He asked with genuine interest.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes ... this wasn't normal in Jimin but perhaps it was due to Chaeyoung's lack of interest in him.

(a/n: couldn't you be more original)

"No, she's not like that... I think," he replied though.

"Rare. Anyway, have you seen her drawings? They are great, I

really want to see more"

"I know, she's fantastic," he agreed and they both went into the building where Jungkook's classes would be taught, although he didn't know if Jimin had extra classes or had some class there. "She once painted a rose and it was so realistic, you felt like you could touch it," he was still impressed, Chaeyoung's talent was undeniable.

"I would love to see it"

"You can ask her," Jungkook shrugged and stopped before turn in a corner, because Jimin did it. "Chaeyoung would never be rude, she's an angel," he said as someone would say ice cream is cold.

Jimin nodded with pursed lips but then showed a cheeky smile. "Are you giving me flirting advices?"

Jungkook chuckled. "As if you need them"

"It would be ironic anyway, because you're 22 and virgin."

Jungkook rolled his eyes, not bothering to answer that eternal joke, like Jimin's being short. "Whatever shortie, see you later. Wish my luck" Jungkook said with two fingers from his forehead and walked away to the classroom.

"*Good luck!*" Jimin hummed in English, making him laugh.

The white room wasn't different at all from the rest, with tables and chairs located in decline and pointing towards the center where it was a white board. Jungkook went down the steps looking for an empty place and, especially, away from the rest. He didn't want to risk being forced to socialize with a strange person by his side. It always happened to him that even when most of the campus loved to avoid him, just that person not and would love to talk to him, making him uncomfortable because he had no idea how on earth to start a casual talk.

He would never understand how some people could socialize with strangers so easily. He suffered mental breakdowns and suddenly his head went blank, not knowing what to say or ask. Also, why ask things you didn't care to know?

"What are you studying?", "What year are you doing?", "So, it's engineering that hard?", "Are you doing medicine because of Doctors?", "What's the meaning of your tattoo?", HE DIDN'T CARE. Also, half of his tattoos just meant that he had a drawing and enough money to tattoo it.

Fortunately he found an empty place at one corner, the table, usually for three, had no occupants and Jungkook saw it there shine with a heavenly choir. He headed there with his typical calm steps, attracting gazes to his careless walk and toned body, this time not hidden under loose clothes but a black tshirt of his size, showing the tattoos of his arms, and distressed jeans, the big hole in the knee

showing ink in his leg.

"God, he's here," a girl whispered from behind.

"He is so hot," another girl sighed.

"Do you think he has a motorcycle?"

"Who cares, he is probably on drugs," a third girl shut them up.

(a/n: not in this one sis)

He ignored them, already used to that typical talk questioning his person. In the first year of college it had been funny, now he was indifferent, slightly tired of the same old thing.

He put down his black backpack and was grateful that the class had not started yet, the professor had not yet arrived. Bored, he took out a notebook that he used for anything where he would write down the first notes of the class as he did with all the classes in the first few days and then he noticed that sunlight shone on him from the window to his left. He ran his chair a little until he was in the shade and ruffled his long hair and then rested his face on his fist.

He had forgotten the AirPods at home, a complete disgrace.

Should he listen to music in English to get used to it? He wondered in silence.

"Oh, it's a pleasure to finally meet the famous miss Manoban Lalisa," the voice of an old man said from the door. Jungkook turned around with a flash speed and his eyes almost rolled down the floor to find her there.

WHAT WAS SHE DOING THERE?

She just smiled to him embarrassed and nodded, acknowledging the words of the professor.

Oh no.

No.

Shit.

Jungkook looked to the front, to a blank space, his mind spinning fast and in panic. This wasn't good.

Was she in that class?

WHY WOULD SHE BE THERE IF SHE WASN'T IN THAT CLASS
YO DUMBASS?!

Shit.

Why was she there? Why life was being this unfair? He needed to pass that class and that would be impossible if she was there because for sure he would be spending more time staring at her than staring at the difficult English words he didn't understand but had to.

Oh fuck.

And he wasn't sure he shaved well that morning either.

WHY DID HE CARE? She wasn't going to look at him or

something.

Ugh.

"Hey," her sweet voice made him jump as if she just showed at his side shooting a gun.

Oh no.

Jungkook looked at her with wide doe eyes, trying to formulate a word, a sound, SOMETHING. But he was so damn shocked and suddenly nervous, his hands started to shake and his heart started to race.

Please don't say it, don't say it, don't say it.

"Can I sit here?" she asked, pointing to the chair next to him.

DAMMIT.

Whyyyyyyyy? Why Lisa wanted to sit next to him? Why? There were more guys, more handsome and nice, guys that wouldn't stutter or look like a gangsta or something like him, you know, NORMAL guys. So why did she want to be there with him? Why was she smiling to him again and again?

Oh God, her smile was so beautiful.

But she was waiting for an answer while he was thinking and making all awkward.

Fuck, he was blushing now for sure.

"Uh, yes," he managed to answer with a tiny voice that thanks God it didn't go out trembling.

He wanted to slap himself.

Where was his voice? Why was he being so weird? Shit, shit, shit, he had to man up for once, oh my God, he was being embarrassing and he was probably sweating at this point.

But this was happening, Lisa was there for some reason and he had to adapt to it because he couldn't kick her out.

He had to be normal.

He had to control his nerves and be normal.

He had to be nice to her.

And suddenly his positive side showed like a cheerful fairy in his mind.

Lisa was there... with him... she wanted to be there... she was comfortable with him and maybe she really did think he was cool.

Maybe he would get a chance like that, maybe Jennie wasn't that wrong and if he tried... Maybe he would get the girl.

"Thank you," she said cheerfully, taking seat beside him and the star keychain in her backpack clinked against the table.

"Your problem!"

Wait.

What?

She gave him a confused glance.

Maybe he would get the girl in his other life because in this one he was a fucking idiot.

"Sorry, I mean-" he tried to speak, scratching behind his left ear.

"It's a funny way to respond to a thank you," she laughed casually.

Her face was so close he gasped internally, having memories of that night when she was so close, with open thick lips and breathless...

No, Jungkook, no.

"Hmm, yeah," he said as if it was all planned, of course, that was regular Jungkook and his normal habit of saying 'Your problem sis'.

Aaaand then silence.

Fuck he hated silence with people he wasn't close enough to be comfortable in silence.

Should he say something? Ask something? This time he really wanted to know something of her for sure.

But Lisa spoke first. "So, we have been meeting very regularly, right?" he blinked and nodded, agreeing because that was triggering but true. "Isn't it weird? Hehe, it's like fate"

Fate?

Fate with him? And her? Him and her?

Did she mean...

"Fate?"

"Yes, like suddenly they want us to be together"

Together? Him and her?

Oh my God.

Was she confessing? Now? So fast? Did she really like him????

His heart race like crazy.

"You know, I feel like we could get along pretty well and fate must agree because we keep meeting everywhere," she laughed, her big brown eyes shining cheerfully.

She was killing him. He was about to blush furiously.

How could she say things like that so easily?

"We are destined to be such good friends, Jungkook"

Wait, what?

His stomach dropped so hard it hurt, no, that probably was his heart breaking in million pieces, along with his expectations of getting the girl because the girl was there, sitting beside him, wanting to be his friend.

F R I E N D S

"Would you be my friend, Jungkook? I really like you and I'd love to be friends with you"

takes the remote and replays you can actually pinpoint the

second when his heart rips in half.

lmfao im gonna go to hell

if you like it comment and vote👍 every vote is a comforting pat in jk's friendzoned back. comfort a jk, save the turtles, be a better person :)

sorry for the delay in updates, im not in my most inspired moment right now.

Chapter 8

"She is an angel," the words said in that sweet tone of him were hard to hear.

Lisa got quiet while Bambam, her childhood friend due to the relationship between their families in Thailand, was talking animatedly about something she could no longer remember; both were standing next to the vending machine, on their way to their extra credit classes.

Lisa had thought of greeting Jungkook and Jimin since they didn't seem to notice her not so away from them, she wanted to ask what class they would take but her will vanished when she heard him speak so well about her best friend. Yes, it was true, Chaeyoung was an angel but she didn't like to hear it from him and then she scolded herself for thinking like that.

Lisa already knew it, why did she feel bad then?

Ugh. Crush sucks.

"Hey, can you hear me?" Bambam waved his hand in front of her face.

"Oh," Lisa shook her head and formed a smile. "I'm sorry, you know, I'm with my head full of things"

He put a hand on her forehead then, crushing her bangs against her forehead. "Hmmm, your temperature is normal so you're not sick, so what is the reason you're lying to me?" he asked her, bringing his face too close to hers, like an instigating policeman.

Lisa started laughing and pushed his chest. "I'm not lying"

"Then why the long face?"

"My face is round, I don't know what you mean," she teased with false innocence.

"Right, you, vanilla cookie face," he held one of her cheeks and she whined annoyed.

"Don't be rough," she tried to hit his hand, scrunching her nose, but he moved faster and she ended up patting her own cheek.

"Ha!"

She pursed her closed lips with bright, mischievous eyes and tried to kick him, Bambam was quick to dodge her with mocking sounds.

"Go to class, idiot," Lisa finally decided to kick him out.

"You must go to class too, silly," Bambam replied and pointed to the open doors at the end of the hall. "Go lie to the world that you

don't know English"

"Yah, I feel guilty enough," she pouted.

"Oh come on, it's just a class," Bambam rolled his eyes. "Even if you lie and don't follow my example of honesty, getting into an advanced math class"

She narrowed her eyes, he was really a brat. "That is being suicidal"

"Yes, for someone dumb like you," he said with an evil smile on his thick lips.

"At least this dumb girl will have enough credit to pass," she stuck out her tongue and made her way.

"Do you want to bet?" he yelled at her.

She only responded with her middle finger up, without noticing the teacher beside the door who watched her critically with an arched eyebrow, Lisa almost suffered a cardiac attack when she noticed him and her cheeks turned red.

"I'm sorry," she bowed her head and entered the classroom with small steps.

"Oh, it's a pleasure to finally meet the famous Miss Manoban Lalisa," the older man said with a hint of fun in his husky voice.

Lisa felt even more ashamed, her popularity among university professors was not the best, it was due more to her regular late arrivals and very loud voice during classes and now she had just given a worse image. What a shame, she was just adding more points to decide this English class was a whole failure.

She stopped at the entrance looking for where to sit and her eyes quickly found a long, curly and dark hair, the long earrings on his ears and the beautifully tattooed forearm further confirmed who he was.

Maybe the class wasn't a failure after all...

He was alone and she was too, things were said.

Besides, Lisa really liked him... I mean, out of her obvious attraction to him.

There was something very attractive in his silence that made her want to make him talk and know him, she could easily deduce that he had just to trust her to speak because he seemed very talkative with his close friends and God knew well Lisa wanted to know about what he liked to talk so much; he was already very kind. And if she wanted to be his friend, she had to come first for sure. It was obvious Jungkook didn't give a damn about her.

Lisa headed towards his place, not recognizing almost anyone around her. Luckily Jungkook was there.

"Hey," she spoke to him and pressed her lips to keep from laughing when he got startled by her voice, again. He was easy to

scare, she would never have expected it but it was funny.

Jungkook looked at her with his dark eyes so bright and she pointed to the chair beside him. "Can I sit here?"

Please say yes, say yes, say yes...

There was still the possibility that she was misunderstanding everything and he really didn't want her close more than not giving a damn, but Jungkook quickly clarified her doubts by nodding and saying yes in a low voice.

Her heart fluttered happily, which was terribly wrong but Lisa assumed that would stop happening after getting used to it.

"Thank you," she couldn't control the happiness in her voice and the familiar clink of the key ring of her backpack rang as it knocked against the table. Lisa loved the little bell-like sound.

"Your problem!" he suddenly exclaimed, calling her attention.

It was the first time he spoke loudly... or the second...

Wait what?

She looked at him confused as she took a seat next to him.

"Your problem!?"

It was like 'no problem'?

Funny, really funny for her who laughed, finding it really hilarious although it made sense, it was really her problem.

"I'm sorry, I mean-" he stuttered nervously, scratching behind his ear.

"It's a funny thing to say to a thank you," she told him, seeking to calm him down, laughing softly. She was not offended if he believed so.

He really was so kind.

Jungkook stared at her for a few seconds and she hoped not to blush under his intense gaze, it caused butterflies in her stomach and she wanted to look in a mirror to see if she looked good enough for him. She really wanted to.

"Hmmm, yeah," he nodded casually and looked straight ahead, cutting the moment.

Lisa stretched her lips out, bumping the pink-painted nails of her indexes. Shyly, she glanced at him and her eyes ran into the mole on his cheek, the one she wanted to kiss, although it was only a silly excuse to cover up her desire to kiss his cheek... or his lips.

But she shouldn't ... She should end those thoughts.

The last few days she had cleared her mind even more, especially after hearing Chaeyoung talk about Jungkook more than she had ever done before. Was her friend liking him or just doing it because now Lisa knew him too? Lisa was afraid to ask and face the imminent birth of a new couple in front of her eyes so she had simply nodded and smiled.

But Jungkook turned out to be in most of the places she went to, therefore, her heart was stubbornly beating for him and she had the need to speak to him, ask what he was doing or simply observe him.

Lisa really had to be his friend, just his friend, and get him out of her head.

And the first thing was to establish it.

"So we have been meeting very regurlaly, right?" Lisa mentioned it casually and even smiled to show him that she was surprised by the fact but not upset. God, who could, Lisa even felt disappointed if she entered a place and he wasn't there.

He blinked as if thinking about that but quickly nodded silently, his confused face was very adorable and quite contrasted with the rest of his imposing appearance.

"Isn't that weird? Hehe, it's like fate," she continued her rehearsed speech and after saying it she felt very silly to mention fate, he would surely think she was a dreamer and romantic fool.

But Jungkook's eyes showed no sign of disapproval, he just raised a curious eyebrow. "Fate?"

His interest made her feel so happy that she wanted to jump and she even nodded quickly like an excited puppy in front of a croquette. She would probably have waved her tail if it were one. She was very excited that he paid attention to her and didn't think she was dumb. "Yes, like it suddenly want us to be together"

Lisa herself wanted them both together but she knew very well that this wasn't the path she should take. Instead, she laughed nervously and continued: "You know, I feel like we could get along pretty well and fate must agree because we keep meeting everywhere," she said, fiddling with a lock of her blond hair, as if nothing although the fact was terribly beautiful. "We are destined to be such good friends, Jungkook"

Lisa finally said it and had a disgustingly bitter taste but it was the right thing to do.

"Would you like to be my friend, Jungkook? I really like you and I'd love to be friends with you," her tone went nervously in decline. Lisa couldn't face him because the fear of being rejected overwhelmed her so much that her hands trembled.

Well, she couldn't aspire to anything else with him but she wanted to meet him, she really wanted to know more about him and solve the mystery that he hid behind his silence and dark clothes, especially she wanted to know what the beautiful butterfly on his right hand meant and something as simple as what was his favorite singer, she also wanted to share chocomilk with him and sit and watch him draw, even chat a little so he wouldn't be alone.

She had discovered in a few days that she didn't like to see him alone.

"I would love to be your friend too"

She quickly raised her head in surprise and smiled so big it even made him smile at her. Lisa felt her heart ache from that pretty bunny smile and the wrinkles in his eyes, he had dimples too and was probably the most handsome guy she had ever seen.

And now they were friends.

Yes.

Disappointing.

But great!

"Oh! Get ready!" she hugged his arm, noticing that it was quite thick and muscular, perfect to lean on one afternoon when she was tired to sleep for a few minutes and rest her head on his cozy shoulder... She shouldn't think about that now; she moved her feet happily under the table and, of course, Jungkook made another of his adorable startled moves. He wasn't used to being touched at all but he would have to because Lisa was touchy with a capital T. "You'll have to lend me a pencil every class because I always forget mine but I promise to buy you chocomilk later!" she fluttered her long eyelashes to him, from his shoulder, and made him smile that cute way again. "I promise to try not to be so annoying," she added honestly, no one better than she knew she could be very annoying.

However, the tension grew between them due to the minimum distance between their faces and for seconds it was as if time stopped and all the rest became blurred except him and his pretty smile, she noticed how well his arm felt under her hands, the brush of their legs under the table and his lips were so pink and looked so soft... Lisa stopped breathing without noticing and her stomach did somersaults, that was for sure her uterus craving for his babies.

But no, she shouldn't be thinking those things.

Lisa, no!

She quickly let go of him and laughed nervously, feeling her cheeks burn so much that they were probably causing steam. "Sorry," she murmured.

Beside her, Jungkook looked forward nervously, squeezing a pencil so hard that his knuckles turned white and the silver ring on his finger pinched his skin.

But Lisa recovered fast, she had to keep going with her plan. "Sometimes I'm too much and I forget some people are not used to me," she explained and gathered all her courage to look back at him, trying to act as if her cheeks weren't burning.

"It's-it's okay," he nodded and flashed her a smile before moving his head back to the front. Lisa didn't notice his hands trembling

and less once he crossed his arms and leaned on the table, but she for sure noticed the strong muscles of his arms, wrapped by the short sleeves of a black tshirt.

Lisa, no, she scolded herself again and she had to use all her strength to quit her eyes off him.

"Good afternoon," the professor greeted them all. He was around 50 years old, with square glasses on his eyes and a short haircut. The students in the class greeted him back respectfully. *"Welcome to English I. My name is Lee Bongsun for the ones that don't know me, I'm from the engineering faculty and I'm a professor of the informatic engineering department. I've been working in London for ten years and, of course, I could master my English language meanwhile so that's why you have me here,"* he introduced himself with a very nice smile, it was surprising to find someone so talkative in college and students' eyes brought like stars. *"And, first of all, you're not here to learn English, you're here to get better. I'm not a kindergarten teacher, my patience have limits and I'm not a cute flower when I'm tired so please, if you're going to make me angry with your ignorance, leave"*

His words cut off all good expectations from all of them, but his smile was still there despite the harsh tone and it was... triggering. Even Lisa, who literally knew how to speak English, gulped nervously.

And then she noticed Jungkook lost face, that one someone makes when they didn't understand what the hell they just have been told.

Oh no.

"Let's start with the basics," Mr. Lee clapped and turned around, to the whiteboard. *"Take out your pencils and take notes, I'll do a real fast revision"*

Lisa took off a notebook from her backpack and, of course, she didn't have a pencil.

"I was serious about the pencil thing," she whispered to Jungkook, who was just moving because the others were moving too. "Could you please lend me one?"

"Sure," he picked up his black leather backpack and took out a big black pencilcase, Lisa's eyes almost popped out at seeing the big amount of pencils he had, all black.

"Why so many?" she asked full of curiosity, he was choosing between all of them, cheeking the tip and the side as a real professional... of pencils?

"Because I draw with them," he explained distractedly and finally passed her one.

"You need more than one pencil for that?"

Jungkook blinked and tilted his head like a fast tic, as if he was

considering if she was really asking that. Lisa felt so stupid, of course he used more than one pencil to draw as Chaeyoung had a big collection of paint brushes to paint and she, herself, had a lot of lenses to take photos.

"I'm so-"

"I'll tell you that why after," Jungkook whispered in response, again turning his face to her and ending up inches apart from her.

She smiled, happy with it. So that meant he was going to talk with her later and it sounded pathetic how excited she was for it but gladly he couldn't read her thoughts. He would be terrified of the amount of times she thought he was hot, she was almost a damn perv at this point.

But he really was so hot and handsome, specially up close, lips inches apart and when he glanced slowly to her mouth...

"So, Miss Manoban," both separated quickly and looked to the front with wide caught eyes. Mr. Lee smiled to her sweetly terrifying. "Something to say about Present Simple?"

"Uh-"

"Add your classmate to it, what's your name?"

Jungkook looked like a deer caught in headlights, Lisa kicked him under the table and whispered "name" in Korean.

"Jeon-Jeon Jungkook," he stuttered fast.

"Give me a sentence about Mr. Jeon Jeon Jungkook, Miss Manoban"

Thanks God she knew English, they would be already screwed up in other way, so she showed her most big and innocent smile. She was confident for this one. "*Mr. Jeon is hot!*"

Wait, what?!

"No! I mean-"

The class laughed and Mr. Lee nodded with a smile. "I can see it. Very good job, Miss Manoban. Now please keep quiet"

Her cheeks were on fire and she looked at him with wide eyes like a kid caught doing something bad, she really wished a hole showed on her side for her to jump on it and get lost in the depths of the earth.

"What happened?" Jungkook whispered to her, completely clueless.

What?

He...

He didn't know????

"Did he scold you? It didn't seem like it. I'm sorry, it was my fault. I-"

OH MY GOD.

YES.

He was really that clueless about English.

And he was so sweet too.

"No, it's okay," she smiled as nothing, as if she didn't just called him hot in front of a whole class and embarrassed herself to death. But he didn't know that, wink, wink. "Let's pay attention"

All the time, the professor spoke in English and Lisa tried her best to translate some sentences to Jungkook in a discreet way, in order to not disturb the class and get exposed again. But damn, she was now really concerned about him.

"So, you really need this extra credit?" she tested the waters while both were gathering their things, voices raising around them since the class just ended.

Jungkook nodded and tilted his head a little bit to get some strands of his long curly bangs out of his face. It looked so soft and healthy, she just could wish.

Going back to the point, she bit her lower lip looking at him with worried eyes but she was feeling embarrassed to offer her help to him. Maybe she would offend him for being to bold.

He hung his backpack on his shoulder and arched a brow at seeing her still in the middle of putting a notebook inside her own backpack. Lisa reacted quickly and nervously gathered all her things, and she really got surprised to find out he waited for her in the corner of the table.

Her heart went crazy and she smiled wide, but she looked down to hide her excitement. She was acting like a fool and she couldn't notice it.

"So, they're dating now?" Lisa listened a whisper, the gossip type of whisper.

"Such a shame," another girl whispered.

They really looked like dating? She felt excited about it but the dark cloud of reality floated above her head once more, it was uncomfortable to be directly related with someone you're not interested to and less if she is the best friend of your crush...

(a/n: did i just shade myself????)

"Sorry," Jungkook then said to her once they reached the doors, Lisa raised her head confused and found him with his gaze fixed on his feet. He looked embarrassed. "They talk a lot about me and...", he scratched his nape and looked to his side, as if he couldn't face her. Lisa frowned, why was he so uncomfortable? "It's okay if you don't want to be with me to avoid those type of comments, you know," he shrugged shyly.

"What?" Lisa had thought it was something else, she didn't know what but for sure she didn't expect that, so she laughed. "What are

you saying? You're super cool, Jungkook, I think it's cool to be with you," she maybe said too much but those were her honest thoughts and Lisa couldn't keep them inside, she was like that and that was the reason of why she was such a problem from her mom.

Jungkook smiled to her, covering one ear for some reason and shaking his head softly, and Lisa felt like she just won the most important race, the golden medal was his smile. And yes, she really was that flirty.

But she didn't have to flirt, no.

He. likes. Chaeyoung.

She panicked and stutter, oh damn, what should she do? *Oh gosh, oh gosh.*

"BECAUSE we are friends now" she punched his arm playfully like she used to do with most of her male friends... and it ended up being kinda slash VERY awkward.

Uh, cringy. Why it sounded so damn cringy?

"You accepted my Facebook friends request and there's no return from that, my *friend*," Lisa tried to be funny and laughed at her own joke, just to be less cringy but she wasn't getting it as you could see very clearly.

At least Jungkook chuckled at that and finally looked at her, his gaze was so warm that it heated the blood running through her body.

"But seriously, it's okay, I have been through that," Lisa shrugged, going to the serious side this time because she felt like she needed to share some of her experience, and she tugged a lock of hair behind her ear. Jungkook tilted his head with curiosity, she realized it was one of his habits, and she took it as a hint to keep talking. "You know, because I'm a foreigner and from Thailand specially, people talked a lot and it was... uncomfortable but I grew used. You don't have another option to get used to it, right?" and it was more than just talking about the low-key bullying she suffered in her freshman year obviously. She really had to get used to him.

For his side, Jungkook nodded and opened his mouth to say something but a loud voice interrupted their talk. "LICE!" Bambam yelled and came at a fast pace, but stopped on his tracks comically like he was part of a cartoon. "Jungkook?"

"Bambam?" Jungkook got between both Thais confused.

"Jungkook!"

"Bambam?" Jungkook repeated it, more confused than ever.

"Lisa!" Lisa said to herself and both guys looked at her. "Sorry, I had to," she giggled.

"You two know each other?" Bambam asked as if they weren't literally talking in a middle of a hallway like the friends they were.

And then he was out there calling her dumbass.

Lisa rolled her eyes. "Nope, I don't know who he is, I just talk with strangers for fun"

"Gonna ignore you," he pointed to her with his index finger in reply and hung on Jungkook shoulders, Lisa never expected them to be friends beside the fact of Jungkook being the JK who tattooed Bambam's bicep. "Hey, my man," both stretched hands in that typical guys way. "Sorry for this impolite kid, she is a brat"

"You are the one here getting in another person conversation," she complained incredulously.

"Sometimes I feel like I can hear her," Bambam teased more and Lisa smack his arm, making him wince and rub it.

Lisa saw the small smile trying to grow on Jungkook's lips. He was actually amused.

"You, damn beast, ouch!" he whined. "Don't be close to her, she's a bitch" he said to Jungkook.

"Shut uuuup," Lisa tried to defend her name, he was going to embarrass her in front of Jungkook. "I'm not a bitch and you know it"

"Did you see how she hit me? You'll be my witness in the judgment, Jungkookie"

"Oh my God, he would never, he's not a lying bitch like you"

"Lying bitch? Me? Excuse me? I'm not the only one here speaking English perfectly and taking a class of it"

"Shhhh!" she pounced on him, covering his mouth, with warning eyes. "People could hear you!" Bambam's eyes brought with mischievous and she sighed. "Ugh, I have to get you out of here, damn brat," she scolded him like a mother and pulled his arm. "I have to go, Jungkook, see you in next class," she smiled sweetly to him, who just raised his hand to wave.

"Stay away from her, she's the evil," Bambam warned him, fake whispering, and she pulled him away. He was ruining her friendship chances with Jungkook so easily, for real, who needed a little brother when Bambam was already there being a pain in the ass.

She literally dragged him out of the building like someone would drag their big dog to the vet, Bambam was having the moment of his life laughing at her.

"Oh my God! How you didn't tell me this?!" he exclaimed excited and put an arm around her shoulders, walking beside her.

"Tell you what?" she asked, clueless and exasperated with him.

"That you like Jungkookie!"

"Shhhhhh!!!!!" she pushed her index finger against his lips.

Bambam closed his eyes, disgusted. "Yuw jwst spit mw"

Lisa frowned and pushed him away by the chest, amused with his dramatic behavior. "Shut up, you're lying"

Bambam kept his devilish smile. "So you and Jungkook~," he cooed, she rolled her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest and completely thankful they were too away from Jungkook. "I'm gonna do a fanaccount right now! You two are official, I'm sure of this. 'Lisa likes Jungkook, a thread'," he said with hands up as if showing an invisible poster.

"You're embarrassing me"

"I can't embarrass you more than you embarrass yourself, Lili"

"That's so rude!" she gasped in disbelief... it was true though, she called him hot in front of a whole class but she wasn't ready for that conversation.

"Tell me everything!" he jumped excited, low-key mocking one of Chaeyoung's habits.

"For real, stoooooop, we are just friends," she whined, maybe a lil bit in defensive mode.

Bambam stopped all and frowned. "What?" he asked, eyes wide open and completely disappointed. "What the fuck, Lalisa?! He friendzoned you?!"

"No! I did!"

"The fuck?!"

"No! I mean, he likes Chaeyoung"

"He likes who?!"

"Chaeyoung!"

"What?!"

"Yes! That's the truth!"

"Chaeyoung?"

"Yes, Chaeyoung"

"Your friend Chaeyoung?"

"What other Chaeyoung?"

"But... What?!"

"Oh my God, you two stop," Sorn showed out of nowhere, but actually she was walking there to attend a class and found them, but the pair of friends didn't notice till then. "He likes Chaeyoung, we got it, stop screaming. But who likes Chaeyoung, though?" she asked then with curiosity.

"Hi," Lisa smiled to her and kissed her cheek.

"Hi, baby," she replied sweetly.

"Jungkook likes Chaeyoung," Bambam answered the question.

"Who is Jungkook?"

"Oh, shit, I didn't tell you," Lisa facepalmed. Sorn didn't attend the library the last Thursday, yesterday, and didn't have idea that she went all the way to give him a chocomilk and then had to spill

all the tea to Momo and Mina. "Hot guy from library?"

Sorn opened her mouth in a big surprised O. "*Oh my God! You know his name now!*" she said excited in English. "Have you been talking with him? Is he nice? Get a chance, Lali! Seduce him with you cute ass!" she cheered her up, round eyes shining with pure excitement.

Oh, if she knew.

"Too late, she friendzoned him," Bambam said in an annoyed tone, glaring at her.

Lisa gasped. "Yah, don't look at me like that," it wasn't her fault! The things just weren't like she wanted.

"What? Why you did that?" Sorn asked, her eyes now looking that ones of a sad puppy.

"Because he likes Chaeyoung," Lisa explained, trying not to sound so disappointed. She was feeling sad about it again after seeing all the excitement from her friends, they were so ready to support her. "But it's okay, you know, I really want to be his friend and just that," she lied very well, shrugging. She didn't have another option anyway.

"What the fuck, Lisa? You have been drooling over him the last six months," Sorn said incredulous.

"Two months," she corrected her but then opened her eyes after their amused looks. "I wasn't drooling over him!" she whined in her defense. "And I'm being serious, I'm okay with being just friends. You all know I like to have friends, being social, and who knows, maybe I'll get a free tattoo," she went to the positive side, smiling.

Bambam scoffed. "You hate needles, lying bitch"

Lisa shrugged it off. "Detail, details"

"Yeah, your attraction for Jungkook is a big detail"

"I swear to God, Bambam stop!"

Her bestfriend laughed at her and Sorn shook her head, rolling her eyes. "For real Lisa, this won't end good. You like him, you can't keep lying with that"

Fine.

Okay.

She liked him.

"So what? Maybe while being friends I'll find out he has something I dislike and that small little minuscule crush I have will disappear," she tried to convince them and herself. "Who knows, maybe he... doesn't like cats," that was a big point.

"Well, that's actually a good point," Sorn agreed.

"Shut up, he could be out there killing kitties and your dreamy small ass would justify it"

"Shut up, you just found out I have a crush, you have no rights"

"I know you since your first day in this world, Lalisa, I know-"

"You don't, you weren't born"

Bambam ignored her. "I KNOW you have more than a lil small minuscule crush"

She didn't know what to say so she crossed her arms. "He wouldn't kill kitties anyway, he is a really good guy. Oh damn! I didn't just say that!" she whined, realizing she was literally doing what Bambam predicted.

"You did," Bambam cooed to her, enjoying this too much. "Give up and seduce him"

"He still likes Chaeyoung," she pointed out.

(a/n: i'll dream with that fucking phrase if i keep writing it istg)

"How are you so sure? I mean, Chae is the ideal type of everyone but *you're super beautiful too*," Sorn told her, caressing her hair and arm.

She was so sweet.

"He asked for my number," her friends' eyes light up. "To talk to her"

"What?!"

Lisa nodded like a very sure kid. "He likes her for sure, he called her angel too and he was treating her so sweetly in the tattoo parlor"

"He tattooed Chaeyoung?" Sorn asked. "No, *hold up*, he is a tattoo artist?"

"Yes, he did my tattoo"

"*Oh my God*, could he be more hot?"

Lisa ignored that, holding back a small cringe attack. "Rosie's tattoo is absolutely beautiful, he did a great job," she couldn't flatter him enough, the proud smile on her lips was something so revealing for her friends. "Going back to the point, he could never talk to me like that, he barely answer my questions and he is just nice. It's obvious he has a soft spot for Chae and it's okay," she shrugged, careless, but the change in her smile between the first sentences and the last exposed her very fast. "We are better as friends, and it's the best if he will end up dating Chaeyoung"

"Well that's... messy," Bambam said after a small thoughtful silence.

But Sorn wasn't going to let her be all sad for that failed crush. "Let's find you a new guy then!" she clapped excitedly.

"And make him jealous!" Bambam exclaimed on her side.

What the...

sorry for the delay, it has been a really hard week. for some reason im struggling a lot to write and it's a whole shit but i keep

trying guys so wait for me☐

AND IM SUPER HAPPY BECAUSE I COULD FINALLY FINISH THIS AND IT'S LONGER THAN I EXPECTED SO YAAAY

if you like it, comment and vote👍 what do you think will happen next?💎💎

comment here your fav kpop boy to make jk jealous lmfao

ah, before i forget. id love to know what you think about the rhythm of the story. i mean i know it's slow and frustrating and it was my first goal at beginning this but what do you think?

Chapter 9

Jimin laughed at the very fast reply of his bestfriend and entered the shared apartment.

"Hi, buddy," he squatted to greet the small dog of Taehyung, Yeontan. He was a Pomeranian, brown and black, extra clingy and playful.

(a/n: happy bday to the baddest bitch in bts)

The music was loud in the three-room apartment, on the penultimate floor of an expensive building a few blocks away from the university. The aesthetic were in white and gray with colorful paintings by Van Gogh on the walls that combined with small details depending on the area in which they were. For example, behind the sofa hung a replica of The Starry Night and the pillows on the sofa were the same shade of blue. Taehyung, as the owner of the place, really left his mark.

He was on the floor, in front of the big TV, playing Overwatch with long crossed legs and wearing a blue silk pajamas, a headband holding his black bangs up.

Jimin approached with Yeontan in his arms, after taking off his shoes in the hall. "What happened?"

Taehyung raised his index finger as a sign of waiting, Jimin rolled his eyes and left Yeontan on the floor, who quickly climbed to Taehyung's lap. He didn't understand that obsession with such an idiotic game as that and the fact that he was bad at it had nothing to do with it.

Jimin wasn't going to wait for Taehyung to decide to end his game, that could last hours, so he headed straight for Jungkook's room, the source of the strong depressive music, a complete collection of the most miserable songs one could find in the Korean language.

Shit, what the hell was wrong with him now?

Jungkook's room was generally a mix of neon lights between violet and blue, he loved things illuminated as a bar although he detested bars. And he was a simple boy, his room only had a double bed against a corner of the wall which was decorated with posters of different animes and some own paintings in a perfect and aesthetic order, a huge television on a piece of furniture full of

folders and books, in general about art, and a desk with a computer and his huge graphic tablet. He of course was sitting there, raising his head as soon as Jimin entered because the desk was literally next to the door in the corner. Bare chest and the tattoo on the right side of his chest displaying like pure art, defined muscles being a plus to the sight but it was hard to take him seriously with his bangs held up with a pink hair tie, looking like a plant.

"What do you need?" Jungkook asked arching an eyebrow, which were more visible than ever, he seemed too serious to looking that dumb.

Jimin burst out laughing.

Jungkook pursed his lips and shook his head, he wasn't for this shit today, so he very dignifiedly refocused on his Moving Image project, which he had to present on Monday and it was being harder than he expected, especially because he remembered being very asleep in the lectures where they had talked about this and the whole basis for doing so. But while getting frustrated with that, he was keeping his mind away from what really frustrated him and had sent him to do all the tasks he had in his life.

He already cleaned his room, washed clothes, wrote a ten pages essay and even replied emails from sponsors.

"Why do you have your hair like that?" Jimin asked, barely containing a laugh.

"Because I look great," Jungkook raised two fingers in peace and pursed his lips. Jimin laughed again and a smile grew on his lips because of that, as he looked back at the monitor.

"Seriously, cut your hair already," Jimin told him as he did every day when Jungkook was fighting his bangs all the time.

"I already told you that I'm waiting for Noona Irene to return from Daegu," Jungkook repeated the same old response, tired of explaining that he didn't trust other hairdressers since... that.

Jungkook had a small cringe attack that made him squirm with shame.

"Oh right, coconut head!"

Dammit.

Well thank you, Jimin, now he was having clearer memories of that. *Ugh, go away, go away.*

"Bye Jimin," Jungkook dismissed him with his hand.

"Oh come on, it wasn't that bad Jungkookie"

"It's been two years and you still remind me that thing, believe me it was bad"

Jungkook still didn't understand how on earth he had allowed someone to do him that or how on earth he had survived his last year of high school looking like a damn coconut. The teasing of his

own friends were the worst of all, Jungkook began to call Jimin short for his own defense of that.

"But you boom-boomed a girl anyway," Jimin shrugged, leaning on the door frame arrogantly.

Jungkook still didn't know how he accomplished that either.

And he scrunching his nose. "Boom-boomed? What the fuck? That's a euphemism, bro. I jingle-jangled her"

Jimin laughed loudly, almost rolling on the ground, and it was impressive how quickly his mood of the day changed. Jimin really had that power over anyone.

"No, wait," he took a deep breath to calm down, running a hand over his hair. "You're making me forget it, how did it go with Lisa?"

And how easy he ruined it, shit.

"I'd love to be your friend, Jungkook"

"I'd love to be your friend too," he had said like a dumb dog.

Liar.

Dumbass.

LIAR DUMBASS.

"Like shit," Jungkook sighed and puffed his cheek, ruffling the hair of the back of his head.

Jimin stopped laughing and noticed the obvious frustrated expression on his friend's face, the one he did when things didn't work out. "Oh shit, what did you do?"

Jungkook didn't respond as a small pout began to form on his thin lips, the one he always did when he was really sad. And just Through the Night began with the sad guitar melody.

"Nothing," the worst part is that he really hadn't done anything, he was just there sitting!

"Did you ignore her?"

As if that were possible. Jungkook leaned his cheek against his fist, sighing once more. He really wanted to act like a little boy and kick, and he really did it unconsciously under the table.

"Stop acting like a child and explain yourself," Jimin demanded tired of his attitudes.

Jungkook didn't want to talk about it.

"Everything went to hell and Jimin," he replied in exasperation.

"But how?"

Jungkook rolled his eyes, glaring at him after his annoying pressure but Jimin was still there waiting... This was humiliating.

"Wearfrnds," he murmured.

"Uh?"

"Werfnds"

"Open your mouth to talk!"

"I'm in the friendzone!" Jungkook barked at him.

"What?!! Again?!"

That was a low blow and the comparison of both situations was ridiculous, I mean, he really was being friends with the girl he liked once more, further confirming his zero chances with her, but it was just different.

Jimin huffed totally indignantly, as if he was the one who had just been rejected, and as the queen of the drama that he was he went to his bed and collapsed there with a sigh, Jungkook turned in his chair to look at him. "I don't know what to do with you, Jungkook," he said like a mother.

"I'm in the friendzone not being 11 and failing math"

(an: ha...ha... HSHAHAAHAKZKS)

"Still!" Jimin glared at him. "How can you be MY FRIEND when you are such an idiot?"

"It's balance," Jungkook thought it though. "You're the fuckboy, I'm the funny kinda clumsy and social anxious best friend and Taehyung is the main role, of course"

"Why is Taehyung the main role?"

"He's handsome and rich, we are not"

"Oh, don't drag me to your image issues, I'm handsome"

"You're too short for that"

Jimin glared at him and Jungkook kept his wicked smile.

"You're the one here with plant hairstyle and in the friendzone, just a reminder"

Jungkook shrugged with a resigned smile. What was the point of looking good if he was in the friendzone anyway? He was comfortable that way and he was always putting comfort first.

"Anyway, how did you end up in the friendzone?" Jimin asked without believing it, is that the boy was already a new level of loser.

Jungkook let out another big sigh and span around for two seconds, just to turn up the volume on the music and create more dramatic effect, the situation required it because he didn't feel that humiliated since he had gone to that party with Tzuyu and fought with Mingyu just for her to end up she defending him and leaving the party WITH HIM.

He cleared his throat dramatically: "It was one sunny day-"

"I'm here, I'm here!" Taehyung entered the room quickly and threw himself into bed. "What happened?" he asked with big eyes and hugging Jungkook's pillow, no, not the Sailor Venus one. Yeontan entered too, his small claws making noise against the wooden floor and his owner lifted him to his lap.

"I'll just tell the story," Jungkook smiled at him and then made a melancholy expression, worthy of a movie. "On this beautiful Friday

afternoon, while the sun was shining too much for my liking... She came into my life with her blond hair and huge angel eyes, the prettiest girl in the world," his eyes became bright for a few seconds, more than normal. "And she said 'Can I sit there' and I said 'yes' and she said 'thank you!'," he literally acted those parts, changing sides to clarified the change of characters. "She was all pretty and sweet so my retarded ass said," he cringed with the memory. "Your problem"

Silence, his friends blinked waiting for him to say 'haha, it's a joke', but that wasn't going to happen. Jungkook WISHED it was a joke but he would have to deal with it for the rest of his life.

"You didn't really do that," Taehyung laughed incredulously, aw, he had so much faith in him.

Jungkook pointed to his forehead. "Do you know why it is so big? Because otherwise the word STUP I D wouldn't fit"

"You-" Taehyung frowned. "Seriously?"

Jimin sighed, patting his thighs in resignation. "You are fairly in the damn friendzone, you are the definition of stupid"

"Jungkookiee-"

The younger decided to continue. "And then she talked about fate and told me 'let's be friends, Jungkook'," Jungkook shook his fists with aegyo to hide his misery.

Taehyung and Jimin howled in pain for him.

"And what did you say?" Jimin inquired.

"What was I going to say? 'I don't wanna be your friend, I wanna kiss your neck?' HAHAHAHA, no "

"You should have told her that," Taehyung shrugged.

What the fuck?

"Sure, and get her to drag her chair six miles from me," although that wouldn't be so bad, at least he would stop making a fool of himself for two seconds.

"Girls love direct things, to the point, she would have fallen for you with that," Jimin clarified.

Jungkook scrunched his face. "What the fuck, Jimin? She literally told me she wants to be my friend, do you want a clearer sign that she doesn't like me? A message in the sky?"

"Maybe she ..." Jimin tried to explain.

"She what?"

"Do you think someone has been rejected with a message in the sky?" Taehyung muttered thoughtfully, both boys looked at him until he reacted. "I mean," he cleared his throat. "She opened a door for you to be close to her, you could test the waters and see if there is a possibility of being something else, you know? Maybe she just needs to see you with other eyes"

"She just friendzoned me!"

"Stop being negative, it can't be so serious," Jimin rolled his eyes.

"It's reality! I was there when she told me to be friends and she got so happy about it..." another stupid smile showed on his face, remembering how she hugged him with such emotion and it was just because she was close to him, Jungkook had almost suffered a heart attack with how fast his poor heart beat at that. "She is very pretty, she talks a lot and she is very smiling and bright... like some kind of star or something," he muttered looking at nothing, his eyes smiling along with his mouth. Even if she made him nervous, she... she was her, he didn't know how to explain the joy it caused in his chest.

"You can't stay in the friendzone," Jimin declared.

"No, definitely not. You are too whipped," Taehyung agreed.

Yes, he definitely was, he was pathetic. "But she isn't," Jungkook pointed out.

"But she can be!" Taehyung said lively.

"For me?" he pointed to himself incredulously. He didn't even understand why she wanted to be his friend to begin with, all that scene in English class was so confusing and he did really gave her the chance to run away but she stayed and it was so crazy.

"Shut your ass, we know you know you're nice as hell," Jimin glared at him, tired of his insecure act.

It wasn't an act, Jungkook really didn't believe he was enough. Yes, he was hot, he knew that, but that wasn't enough. She was very bright, even more when she was with someone like Bambam, Jungkook was sure they were long friends, and he wasn't... "So what? I may not be her type"

"Nobody really has a type," Jimin assured him, but he couldn't talk about it when he was the most wanted boy wherever he went. A little silky voice, lovely smile, tight pants, that thing he did with his hair and that's it, panties? Wet.

Jungkook couldn't do that.

"I wasn't Jennie's type," Taehyung shrugged, simply, as he was.

"You are different. You are... perfect," Taehyung was just THE standard, he was the guy who could break any ideal type anyone had. He was irretrievably beautiful, rich, a social butterfly, nice enough not to be stupid and above all, Taehyung had all the confidence in the world. He didn't really care about other people's opinions, he was himself.

"Why?"

"Because... you are" because he was like Mingyu, but a better person.

"Why do you think Lisa might not like you?" Taehyung tilted his

head, he really didn't understand his dilemma.

"We're obviously very different," Jungkook shrugged.

"Maybe she likes different guys. Besides, she approached you, right? And she has been doing it all week."

"She is like that," fuck, Jungkook really didn't want to get excited about that, he had already done it and now he was in the friendzone, listening to sad songs and wanting to sing them.

"Why I haven't received any chocomilk, then? We both met her at the same time"

Shit!

Don't

Don't.

No no no.

Take it easy weak bitch! He told his heart.

"He has a point," Taehyung pointed out.

"No! He hasn't! She gave me the chocomilk because I gave her one first," Jungkook explained, bursting the pink dumb romantic bubble. He had to focus.

And what was the point of questioning it, anyway? She wanted to be his friend, now they were friends, Jungkook was already in the flow of lending her a pencil, receiving a chocomilk in return and seeing her laugh in all the following English classes without falling in love with her. Or trying to.

Jimin's phone began to buzz strongly in his jeans, Jungkook still didn't understand how on earth the device could get into those tight jeans... or how his balls did. "Hold on, it's mom" Jimin said as soon as he noticed and left the room quickly.

He and Taehyung were left alone, Jungkook sighed with his cheek resting on his fist as his feet spun the chair gently.

"You should try, Jungkookie" Taehyung spoke to him after a few seconds.

They were really annoying. "And how?" he asked exasperatedly, following the flow only to be left alone.

"Be yourself"

"I was myself and said 'your problem', Hyung"

"That was the nervous you. You have to relax and be your true self, you know, with your sense of humor and the things you like"

Jungkook scrunched his face disgusted with the idea, what the hell? He had suffered bullying before for admitting the things he liked, so he really didn't have a good opinion of that shit about being oneself with people he wasn't very close to as he was with his friends, and there were things he didn't even shared with Jisoo or others of his friends whom he considered close but not as close as Taehyung and Jimin.

"Hyung, that would push her away"

"Or she could like it," Taehyung put his hands in his pajama pockets as he stood up, Yeontan walked out of the room after that disrespect. "Girls surprise Jungkook, you think they would think silly to sneeze and then turn it into a tune but two weeks later she does it too and more cute. Women surprise"

Jungkook frowned, incredulous. "Jennie Noona did that?"

Taehyung lit up like a Christmas tree and pulled his phone out from his pajamas pocket. "I have recorded it and everything!" he said excitedly and scrolled quickly across the screen, almost bouncing. "You have to see it, look" he finally found what he was looking for and showed it to him.

Jennie was reading some sheets and then sneezing in the most cute way, apologizing instantly like singing a cute short song while Taehyung said 'Bless You'.

"Oh my god, she's going to kill you after this," Jungkook smiled, Jennie hated to show that side of herself that Taehyung brought to light so easily.

"Nah, she loves being cute, believe me," Taehyung said without worrying, well he could be like that, he was Jennie's weakness. "Returning to you, be your friend and try to be something else and if you can't, well, she's not the only girl in the world"

It was the truth, but: "I really like that girl, she's driving me crazy," he admitted for the first time out loud, letting out his fear because feeling that way terrified him.

"Then don't let her go, you idiot," it was so easy for him to say... although Taehyung had been hurt like him but he was giving his heart again, to the same girl even.

And then his phone buzzed on the desk, Jungkook turned around to take it and a selfie of his mother with him and Yuqi showed on the screen.

"Wow, our mothers are synchronized," he commented and replied. "Hi Mom"

(a/n: pay attention to this convo, it's here for something)

"Omma!" Taehyung yelled at her from the background and his mother laughed.

"Hello to you both," she said softly with a sweet hint, her voice was like Jungkook's, a little bit breathy and a lot more soft.

Once his work was done, Taehyung smiled in a way that made his cheeks very puffy and made him a sign to leave.

"He is leaving," he told his mother.

"How are you son?"

Like shit, but he wasn't going to tell that to his mother. "Very good, and you? Everything good at home?"

"Of course it is, your mother has everything under control," she said proudly.

"And you're good at it," he replied playfully.

"You're being mean," she complained though not very offended, after all, she accepted that she liked to have control over things, especially after going through so much because of his father's death.

Jungkook chuckled. "It's the truth, Omma, that's why you're the best"

"Aigoo, this flattering boy," she sighed but the smile could be felt in her voice. "How are you doing in school?"

"Well, I've been studying a lot. It's been busy weeks."

"Lots of homework?"

"Yup. And you? How is the restaurant?"

"Very well, your sister has started working here because I have told her that I will not buy her clothes just because she wants to be fashionable"

Jungkook laughed, he could already imagine Yuqi hating the idea with her pretty round eyes wanting to look furious when they only made her look more cute. Everything was a facade of course, his little sister could be lethal.

"Her birthday is going to be soon, Omma, should I give her clothes?" he asked himself more than his mother. Yuqi had had very little during most of her adolescence due to the situation and Jungkook really loved to spoil her.

"Give her a book," his mother brought down his illusions with a scathing tone.

Yes, of course, Yuqi for sure was going to be very happy. "She would hit me with it"

"You're right, she's like me. Not like you, you're like your father, very attractive but dumb"

His mother had never known how to control her tongue. "Wow, thanks," he said sarcastically but with a smile on his lips, as he turned in his chair unconsciously.

"Your father made me chase him like a puppy, he was too insecure when he was Busan's most handsome man," she sighed with all that exasperation she felt twenty-five years ago. "Luckily I told everyone that he was mine, I wouldn't have children as cute as you and your sister otherwise"

"I met Dad, he wasn't as attractive as you say," he sneered, knowing very well that his mother hated that he discredited his father's visuals.

"See? You're like him. Both fools."

Sassy

"Ouch," he held his chest, faking pain.

"But we won't talk about your father. I want to hear from you, have you gotten a new tattoo? Have you been recognized again? I read in the news that there will be a tattoo convention in Los Angeles, you should go and show how good you are," She spoke with excitement. His mother had not been the happiest to see him start his career, especially at an age as young as sixteen, but over time she had been accepting it and right now she was his biggest fan.

"I'm studying, mom," he brought her down from the pony. He had already rejected that proposal, the final Art project of the year was approaching and Yuqi's birthday too, he didn't want to be far away and miss that. In addition, he had already been through that shit of returning from Paris and finding his studies a mess due to his absence and going through that had been hard.

"And how's it going? Have you made a new painting?" His mother asked excitedly. "The neighbor came for tea the other day, you know, Mrs. Kim, Yiyeon's mother, you went to school with her"

"I know who Mrs. Kim is, mom"

"Well, she saw your painting, that one of the Greek angel sculpture with the colorful splashes. She was delighted, she says it is modern but old, and she was surprised to know that you did it, she wants one too after I told her that you are one of the best of your college and that all your paintings were sold in your first exhibition "

"You should be my manager, you would make me a millionaire"

"We both know you would be without me," she joked though he knew her bitterness about that issue.

"Omma~, don't say that," he complained, hating that she thought so.

"It's the truth, son. You help too much and I'm sorry we depend on you."

"On what else would I spend my money if it is not in my family? It is my duty to protect you," he reminded her as always, he was the man of the house since he was young, they were always going to be first for him, and dedicating himself to making tattoos and drawing a manga had been a very good thing to help in the house economy, even if it meant slowly turning into an outsider.

He was happy with that anyway, the friends he had were real, without judgments and by his side despite everything.

"It's not your duty, but I will let you believe it because it makes you feel good," she told him in such a sweet way that it melted his heart, reminding him of when he was a child and she read him manhwas to sleep, acting the scenes to do it more entertaining when she actually had to be boring and help him to sleep.

He decided to conclude the issue. "It's a deal then"

"And... have you met any good girl for you?" She inquired, as interested in his nonexistent love life as she was for Ji Chang Wook's new love interest in his dramas. "I met Tzuyu the other day, she is prettier than before if that is possible. That girl is a doll," she commented casually, with affection for the people who characterized her.

"Oh...", he couldn't say more, still feeling that slight bitter feeling for her.

"I don't know what happened to you two but she asked for you and you know, she wouldn't do it if she kept talking to you"

"You're right," he nodded, because he could never lie to her.

"Won't you tell me more?"

"It's nothing mom, we grew apart and that's it," it wasn't a lie. They weren't talking since he broke up with her definitely and forever. Maybe just one or two texts but nothing more.

"She was a very good friend of yours, Kookie," she lamented over him, because she knew he honestly loved her.

"I know"

"You were in love with her"

"I was"

"Hell, you give so little information, you frustrate me," she complained like a little girl doing a tantrum and made him smile.

"Anyway, I just hope you two can be friends again, she loves you"

But not as he wanted and he was finally over her but completely terrified of getting back into a situation like that with another girl.

"And I love her," he admitted.

"Just as friends?"

"Believe me, that's official," Jungkook was already clear after the last thing that had happened, when he finally broke up with her with all the pain in his heart. He was done with her.

"It's the best," his mother surprised him with that statement, she had always been very much on Tzuyu's side. "You deserve someone who loves you so much that breaking your heart would never be an option, Kookie, and I think that girl did it, so it's not the right one."

Her words hurt, he knew that deep down it was the truth after all and he felt like an idiot for thinking at some point that Tzuyu was that girl, and it hurt to think that maybe he wasn't going to find someone who wanted him like that. So in the end, keeping Lisa as just his friend wasn't such a bad idea, but having her close and increasing his crush for her while she just wanted him as a friend was a bad idea... it scared him so much.

"You make it so simple," he sighed, his head full of messy thoughts.

"Honey, love is simple when one loves well," wise words from someone who had been loved well, hard to believe for someone who had not been loved (in that sense). "Oh! I've remembered! With your sister's birthday approaching, I've saved up money to pay her a party," she changed the subject so quickly.

"You would have told me, it would help you"

"And you are going to help me"

"Uh? What do I have to do with that?"

He knew she meant to help with plans or decoration and what the hell? He would only put the money if she needed it.

"It's your little sister!"

"I know, she's been there annoying me since I was five, mother"

"Jungkook! Don't talk about your sister like that," she scolded him seriously. "She's a little obsessed with ice cream lately so I thought about having a party with ice cream, you know because of the spring and warmer weather"

"That's ... great, mom," that sounded extremely childish but he would stop talking to his sister if she said something about it and ruined their mother's excitement. He had done that shit before when he was a brat, at her age actually, and it was a whole shit he didn't want anyone to repeat. Mom tears? Furious JK.

"But I don't want to ask her what she thinks to not be very obvious so do it for me, okay? She would never suspect you"

Good point. "Sure. I'll see her tomorrow, right?"

"Yes, she has free Saturdays, and as always, don't tattoo her even if she asks for it and don't let Jimin do it either"

"Of course not," he nodded obediently, although his sister was already tattooed. His mother wouldn't have to know for now, or never. Jungkook knew that she would hit him with a pan whether she knew that year or twenty years later.

"Oh, the drama is starting! I'm sorry, honey," Ji Chang Wook always went first for her, Jungkook wasn't surprised. "We'll talk tomorrow, yes? Have dinner before going to bed, I hope you still have food"

"Yep, I'll heat it. Eat you too and say hello to Yuqi for me"

"I love you, Kookie"

"I love you, mom"

He ended the call feeling better than before, even if the talk had been a roller coaster of emotions. His mother had great power over him, it was obvious that he was a mommy's boy.

The mention of dinner reminded him that he had not eaten anything and that it was past ten, so he stood up, stretching out his entire body and cracking some bones of his neck. He scratched his naked chest carelessly as he headed for the open space that was the

living room, dining room and kitchen of the apartment, where he found his friends already sitting on the floor, facing the television, with the coffee table full of food.

His food.

"Oh, are you done? Serve yourself," Jimin said as if nothing.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes slightly offended. "You have to stop eating my mother's food," he pointed out, as he had been doing since he moved in with them the previous year.

"She taught you not to be selfish, I know," Taehyung said with full cheeks and pouty lips.

Jungkook glared at him and he just smiled innocently.

"She will see that we have no food and will do more and we know that she has no time"

"How will she know?"

"I don't know, mother powers," it was impressive how his mother always sensed that they had no fresh and healthy food, which meant they were eating just cups of ramen, and she came with many tuppurs full of food.

"Awe, you're such a good son, Jungkookie," Taehyung pinched his cheek and used to it, Jungkook just let him move him a little while he was holding a piece of meat with chopsticks.

"We have to do the grocery shopping," Jimin reminded them and looked at the one in the middle. "And it's your turn"

"Excuse me? I did it last time," Taehyung objected with security and outrage.

"That's a lie, it was me," Jungkook frowned, he was sure he had done it. He had in his mind the little girl with honey hair who, in the dairy aisle, asked him why he had drawn his arm with a Sharpie and scolded him saying it was bad for his skin. Her mother had taken her from there muttering multiple apologies.

"That was two months ago," Taehyung told him.

"Of course not, I remember it," Jungkook said seriously.

"I have the receipts in my wallet," Taehyung argued him back and even stood up to fetch it.

"I have them too!" Jungkook followed, both running to their respective rooms to find their wallets.

Jimin stayed while eating and stole from his friends' dishes, taking advantage that they were both playing hot potato.

But it made sense, they both hated to do it because whenever they arrived they realized that they had forgotten something, or Jimin reminded them, or what was worse: they spent too much on expensive brands of unnecessary things and they had no money left for other important things. Because of that, for a whole month they had to take their clothes to a common laundry because Taehyung

had decided that buying liquid soap from the most expensive brand was the most necessary thing in the world, more necessary than Downy.

Jimin waited until they returned to finally tell them the truth. "Neither of us did it, it was me"

"Oh"

"Oh"

And they confirmed it in their papers, then Jungkook smiled victoriously and threw the paper ball to his best friend's face. "Good luck with the groceries, Taetae"

With EDM in the background, skillful and veiny hands wrapped in black latex gloves traced delicate lines with black ink in pale white skin, marking the final details of the imperial butterfly on the delicate abdomen of a pretty girl with red-painted lips and sexy eyes, an attractive mole under one of them. He was big beside her, a big back in a black with ripped sleeves t-shirt, showing thick arms, one of them with tattoos reaching his shoulder.

Jungkook tilted his head to get a better perspective of what he was doing and a black strand of silky hair crossed his eyes so with a free hand he push it back with the rest of his bangs, exposing thick furrowed brows that changed his face at all and made him look ten times hotter. A sharp and attractive jaw marked and caused drool in the girl's mouth, if it wasn't already full of it after spending four hours with the hottest tattoo artist in Seoul.

"This is looking good, Soojin," he smiled slightly as soon as he gave her a look and continued with his work, poking his cheek with his tongue; when he leaned down the collar of his shirt moved and a collarbone showed and her eyes were fixed there, following the way to his thick neck and the mole he had there.

"And... finished," he cleaned the area and applied the necessary products to help healing, when he finished his hand went down her abdomen to her belly absently, bristling the hairs of her body like a stream of cold air. He didn't notice it. He took a mirror and tilted it to show her, although her eyes were still on him. "What do you think?"

"It's beautiful, Jungkook Oppa," she smiled at him, although she had barely seen the tattoo, and tucked a strand of black hair behind her ear.

In the corner, sitting on his chair in a messy way with her legs on the arm of the chair and the oversized yellow t-shirt barely covering her thighs (she didn't care because she was wearing shorts underneath), Yuqi mocked her mockingly while putting a strawberry lollipop in her mouth.

Jungkook helped Soojin to get out of the chair tenderly and handed her her black spaghetti strap top to get dressed. She was quite short beside him, a little less than Lisa's height.

He quickly turned around without much interest and headed outside, to talk to Jisoo about creams and the cost of the tattoo, without noticing the disappointment in the eyes of the sexy girl. Yuqi laughed quietly at how stupid his brother really could be, he really had no idea of anything or didn't care, which was worse.

"Forget it, he's into someone else," she simply told the girl, as she arranged her shirt under her high-waist jeans.

Soojin sighed. "He is a good tattoo artist at least"

"The best," Yuqi said smiling, though she would never tell him that in the face.

"And you don't think there would be any possibility-"

"Nope, I'm sorry"

Soojin pouted but nodded, taking her jacket from Yuqi's hand.

"Jisoo Noona will tell you everything," Jungkook came back to let her know that and the girl took a few steps to face him and smile at him, and it was disappointing that he didn't show any reaction other than a kind smile.

"Thank you very much, Jungkook, I will tell my friends about this," she told him showing her thumb up and passed by his side.

Jungkook grinned satisfied with his good work and ordered his things, facing the exasperated eyes of his younger sister.

"Do you really plan to die alone?"

"I'd love to but apparently you'll be my clingy sister for the rest of my life," he replied simply and barely dodged the slight kick she wanted to give him with one of her long legs.

"Seriously, have you seen how she was looking at you?"

"With her eyes?" he laughed alone, thinking he was so funny.

Yuqi rolled her eyes. "Forget it, you will really die alone"

Jungkook had not noticed anything, he was simply doing his job and satisfying the client as best he could. Soojin had contacted him through Instagram and they had talked about the design for days until that moment where he had finally done the tattoo on her abdomen, just under her breasts. And little affected him that, it wasn't the first or the last time he saw breasts.

He picked up his things and turned off the music, also his computer. "Let's go home," he told her and she followed him out. Yuqi had gone there to spend the afternoon there like every Saturday, that day just after going out with her friends to walk through Hongdae, and he had to take her back home.

"Hey, are we leaving?" Jisoo asked excitedly, she really wanted to go home, it was too late.

"Yup," Jungkook nodded and went to look for Jimin at his studio, a girl opened the door before he could and her flushed cheeks and messy hair said it all for her. Jungkook only raised his eyebrows in recognition and she murmured a barely "goodbye" before passing by his side and leave, also saying bye to the girls. "We're leaving, are you coming?" he asked Jimin, finding him while fixing his hair back to put on a cap.

The room felt hot, of that kind of warmth that you only got after sex. Jungkook didn't say anything, that wasn't new from Jimin.

"I'm just ready," Jimin smirked and gathered his things.

"Who was that?" Jisoo asked with an arched eyebrow as soon as she saw Jimin, disapproving that shit as usual.

Did he care? Nope. "A friend," Jimin replied without giving much information, as always, and hung up on Yuqi's shoulders.

"CoughcoughSlut!coughcough"

"He doesn't make them pay yet," Jungkook played along.

"I'm free real state," Jimin shrugged, not really caring.

"It shows," Jisoo nodded.

After closing and saying goodbye to Jisoo, who lived on the other side, the three headed to their bus stop through the long street with shops and restaurants, which were still active even though it was past midnight. Surely because it was Saturday.

Inevitably, Jungkook looked at the unicorn-themed ice cream shop that was just there or four shops from his parlor, and he felt a slight disappointment when he saw that it was closed, without the pretty ice cream girl with the unicorn headband on her head. He usually checked there when living to see her for a few seconds.

"Lisa?"

Jimin's voice, or rather what he said, made his head turn forward, quickly noticing the familiar figure of the blonde who had recently starred his dreams and also more embarrassing moments in his life.

"Lisa!" Jimin called her and Jungkook looked at him terrified, what the hell was he doing?

She turned confused upon hearing her name but narrowing her eyes as if she didn't see, finally smiling widely once she recognized them and she stopped for them to reach her. "Hi guys!" She greeted them.

"You were going home alone?" Jimin asked, Jungkook just watched her without knowing what to say, nervous but happy to see her. She was wearing jeans and an Anti Social Social Club white shirt tucked inside the high waist, marking an ant waist. Specs on her big eyes again and a white Balenciaga cap on her head. Pretty as always.

"Well, there are many people here so not so alone," she teased

and started walking with them naturally, getting between Jungkook and Yuqi. "I'm Lisa," she introduced herself to the girl among them.

Yuqi smiled and nodded. "Yuqi, his sister," she pointed to Jungkook.

"Oh, I didn't know you were his sister," Lisa commented as if thinking otherwise.

"And you are...?"

Lisa looked at him like waiting for him to say it, why? He didn't know, he got so damn nervous for her eyes on him and just the growing silence made him react. "Friend! Haha, yeah, friend," Jungkook explained casually.

"Yup, now we are friends," Lisa smiled with closed lips.

"Wow, Jungkook always has very pretty friends," Yuqi teased to say something more than anything and Jungkook felt his ears burning because of that, damn brat, she was embarrassing him, she knew who was Lisa to begin with!

"And a very pretty sister too," Lisa said in reply and surprised him.

"Oh... Oh," Yuqi blushed at realizing Lisa was being honest and the smile in her small face got so cute, Jungkook felt jealous of her receiving those words. "Thank you"

"I'm cute too" Jimin had to say with a smile puffing his cheeks, he was such an attention seeker, gladly a cute one. Both, Jungkook and Yuqi, rolled their eyes at the same time.

"And annoying," Jungkook added.

"I think you know it too much Oppa," Lisa laughed. "And you use it in your favor"

She got Jimin pretty fast for not knowing him very well... no, wait, how she knew that? Jimin and her spent time together?

OH MY GOD, WAIT, HOW JIMIN KNEW LISA WAS HIS CLASSMATE IN ENGLISH TO BEGIN WITH?

He just came and asked how it went with Lisa... He knew it... HOW?!

"What's the point of being cute and not using it, then?" Jimin was saying cockily, of course in a joking tone. Jungkook looked at his feet, still trying to figure out how Jimin knew and if he had been spending time with Lisa... That just... triggered him.

"Oh, believe me I understand that," Lisa agreed and called the attention of the three, not because what she said but in the way she said it, as if she was remembering something.

"Have you used your beauty in your favor?" Yuqi asked, directly to the point.

"You would be surprised how much you can earn with it," Lisa answered amused and even if they were waiting more, she

continued smoothly to another thing. "But now I work with more normal things, you know, I'm not so pretty to live from this"

What was she saying? And he just couldn't keep his mouth shut. "It's not true, you are," he muttered, GLADLY.

"Uh?" she asked confused, because she didn't hear him well. Thank god, his friend and sister didn't either.

"What-what is your work now?" he stuttered instead.

"In the icecream shop from where she just left, maybe?" Yuqi answered for her, such a smartass. Jungkook glared at her smoothly.

"Haha, I do many things, Jungkook" Lisa said, in the middle of both siblings. "Photographer, babysitter, saleswoman, sometimes model, whatever it shows and I can do. Copies are so expensive, last time I spent half of my salary on two full booklets"

Wasn't she rich?

Jungkook remembered well where she lived, how could he forget it anyway. If she was living in such a place and wearing such expensive jewelry, why had she to work?

"It will be less in the last two years, believe me," Jimin said, outside of Jungkook's confused bubble. He really wanted to ask her though, but that would be kinda rude.

"Are you close to finishing, Oppa?"

"I am in my junior year"

"And you?" she asked Yuqi.

"Still in high school, I'm a junior too"

"Oh wow, you're really younger than I thought," she opined freely, sounding more nice and funny than that could sound. "And what do you plan to study?"

"I don't know yet," Yuqi shrugged. Jungkook was still waiting for her to decide on something, to know how much he would have to save in case she wanted to move out for it.

"Oh, it happened to me at your age," Lisa commented and Jungkook found it weird, she sounded so sure and confident it was hard to think in her being confused. He had the idea she was probably at a young age already taking photos and sure that was the job of her life.

"And what did you choose?" Yuqi asked, interested in her like a kid would be for stars after noticing their existence for the first time.

"Photography"

"Oh, that's why you're a photographer. You must be very good if you already live from it"

The words of his sister made her shy and it was the first time Jungkook saw her smiling timidly, looking down. She was so cute.

"I try," she giggled sweetly, he got caught up in her for some seconds, smiling like a fool.

"Kookie also works on art but in a different way, you know, tattoos," Yuqi brought the attention to him and as Lisa snapped her head up to see him, he quickly looked away, finding a neon shop poster super interesting. Free Ramen if you dared to take 3kg of it? Wow, amazing, dangerous. He should try.

"I've seen it, it's very good," Lisa's voice made him press his lips close to not smile wide as he wanted. Why was she using that tone with him? She sounded like proud of him. "He tattooed my friend and we met like that"

"Oh..." he could hear that suspicious thing on his sister voice and he glared at her, over Lisa's head, Yuqi was seeing him with a glint of pure evil in her round eyes and he warned her with a dark gaze to not do something stupid or she would see...

"And now we are English classmates," Lisa added, looking at Yuqi and therefore cutting the moment between siblings.

"And they are English classmates," she whispered playfully to Jimin, like someone would say 'and they were roommates' and Jimin laughed with it, both ignoring the sudden blush in Jungkook and Lisa's cheeks. "Wait what?" Yuqi said suddenly, brows furrowed in confusion. "Jungkook, you don't know English"

"So that's why I'm in English, maybe?"

"You failed English, remember that? All your exams were between nine and ten but you scored 3 out of 100 in English" Jimin for sure enjoyed saying that, Jungkook glared at him, what was he doing? Why was he embarrassing him? Now Lisa would think he was a dumbass.

"It was a bad phase," he tried to explain.

"It happened three years in a row," Yuqi said with a plain voice.

Well, thank you for the help.

"What are you talking about? You were twelve years old," he said to her in disbelief.

"Do you think I don't remember what I was doing at twelve?"

"You two know what?" Jimin cut it all and smiled at Lisa, in that way that just meant trouble. Oh, nononono... "Lisa you should help him, since you're his friend"

"Uh?" both said, Jungkook more scandalized than her, opening his doe eyes wide and looking at him alarmed.

"You told me you're good at English, right?" he continued, regardless Jungkook obvious signals, he was literally waving his hands a muttering STOP. "And Jungkook really need help"

"Uh? Do I need it?" his voice sounded weak, trembling.

No, no, no.

"You need her," Jimin sounded serious and demanding and then smiled to Lisa sweetly. "Don't you think it's a good idea? I'm sure you must be a very good teacher"

WHAT WAS HE DOING? WHY WAS HE DOING THAT?

FUCK.

FUCK.

FUCK.

"I could try," Lisa shrugged shyly.

"Uh?" he looked at her between terrified and confused because that was a damn motherfucking yes?

"I could try," she said to him this time, the sweetest smile in the sweetest face and that's it, Jungkook melted in a puddle of hot water with steam.

"Use the benefits of being her friend, JK," Jimin said.

What the fuck?

Benefits?

Another benefits than sex?

THE FUCK WAS WRONG WITH HIM?

"Benefits? Friends with benefits?" Jungkook stuttered without noticing and then he did but too late. "Uh, no! I mean-"

"HAHA, exactly," Lisa laughed, slapping his arm as she did yesterday, in that hurtful bro way. "Like friends with benefits, Jungkook," she said innocently, okay, fine, it was official the friendzone. She didn't see him as a man at all. "Aren't friends for that? Benefits with friends!"

What was Jungkook to say to that? 'I just accept the classical friends of benefit term'? HA! He wished.

"Beneficial" Yuqi nodded, lips pressed close for sure just to keep from laughing at his ass.

"What do you say? Do you want my help in English, Jungkook?" Lisa asked him softly, with that face it was impossible to say no to.

That was the worst idea ever.

Spending extra time with her? Closer? Studying? Seeing her talk in English and having to see her lips to learn? And all that without the real and classical benefits of friends?

Terrible idea.

But she was expecting for his answer, and he just couldn't say no.

"...Uh, yes? I mean, okay, yes, great, haha, it would be very good," he tried to hide all his strong feelings and the warning sirens in his head.

This was going to be so bad. So, so bad.

"Great!" but the way she said it was so heartwarming he just felt good for saying yes. And again, she did that think of hugging his arm and press all the side of her body to his, so close, so warm. She

clouded all his fears with her super happy mode and just because of the chance or helping HIM. His stomach? Full of butterflies. "I promise you will speak like a native at the end of the year, I will strive to help you Jungkook" she said so happily and excited.

Jungkook bit his lower lip, wanting to die but at the same time to run around and scream happily... because he was going to spend more time with the most beautiful girl but... as just her friend.

Here we go again...

"If he don't marry her, I'll do it" Yuqi whispered to Jimin, seeing them walk forward while Lisa was rambling excited about English and all.

The contrast was really cute, she was there with a white shirt while his was black, she was petite, he was big, her hair was clear and blonde, his was black, she was a ball of energy with a strong lovely yellow aura and it was slowly surrounding his black, shy one... they just fit.

But just them didn't notice and it was just the beginning.

Jimin sighed, a satisfied smile on his lips. "Now, we'll pray he doesn't ruin it"

let's pray for it fam

if you like it, comment and vote👍 now she will be his tutor and wow the way im putting all the clichés in one thing. see that? it's the losing of readers

by the way, **one small explanation:** i know it can be very frustrating but it's the way it is, i just can't jump suddenly to the next part and make them kiss, wouldn't that be boring? and the story would end very fast.

trust me, please, I have a lot of funny ideas for this and i really want to show them. and the relationship keep developing, feels included, if you pay attention so read this with your mind open.

i promise they will end up together and don't feel triggered for other characters, do you really think they would pay attention to them at being so whipped for each other?

another thing: the characters don't know what you all know.

i'm not being mysterious with this or something because overall the plot is very simple and im just trying to entertain with fluff and humor. also playing with something, i think, we all went through once.

Chapter 10

a/n: first of all, this is lk zone so if you come here with some tea i'll block you lmfa0. we talk about it in my cc, just there. let's get in the lk bubble

a/n: this is such a bad timing

The elevator doors opened on the fifth floor and giggles echoed in the empty hallway, coming from the two most beautiful girls in the building and it wasn't just this author saying it, they were known that way among the neighbors.

Backpacks hung on their shoulders, the older of both was carrying a board under one of her lean arms while the other was carrying a black camera bag with colorful stickers all around and a yellow pompom hanging from the end of the zipper, both were just returning from a long day but still that didn't stop them from being in a good enough mood to talk about their days, jokes included.

"Bambam is really being a pain in the ass," Lisa was saying as she showed her bestfriend the screen of her phone, it was on the profile of a guy she didn't know but he was cute.

"Isn't he always?" Chaeyoung asked wryly.

Lisa laughed in response. "Even more, seriously," Bambam had taken it seriously to get her a boyfriend and kept sending her Instagram profiles of all kinds of boys he could find. Lisa was honestly surprised at the big number of single and handsome boys, it felt like walking an Inkigayo hallway.

"He's really cute anyway," Chaeyoung pointed out and tapped one picture.

"He seems unreal, like from a webtoon," Lisa opined. "Really, why Bambam sent me this guy? As if I would ever had a chance" she rolled her eyes.

Chaeyoung was about to object as a good bestie but she couldn't because the door next to her opened and a tall woman with long blond hair tied up in a ponytail and a beautiful face with blue eyes like diamonds, hurried out. "Girls, Hello! Lisa! God, I've been calling you"

Lisa frowned and pulled her phone from her back pocket. "Sorry, it was mute," she smiled embarrassed and noticed the large number of notifications, many missed calls. "What happened, Unnie?" She asked worried.

The neighbor, Karla, was a very important Danish model and was living in Seoul since she married an important Korean producer from the SBS, she was also the mother of two children and a busy woman which had led Lisa to take care of them because although at first it had only been an one time thing, the children loved her and she didn't want her to pay her, but after seeing fifty thousand won per hour her ideas changed a little bit. Lisa saw money as a child would look at a candy.

"I have to go, something came out of nowhere," Karla held her head with a really very stressed smile. "Can you take care of the children until ten? Please?" she made a very pretty pout with her thick lips and her eyes shone, begging.

It wasn't necessary, however, as Lisa nodded and Chaeyoung beside her smiled politely. "Sure"

"Thank you! You are my savior!" Karla quickly turned around and entered her apartment, the noise of heels echoing in the hallway.

"I'll prepare popcorn," Chaeyoung nodded, pointing at the door like a woman on a mission, and knowing the routine of the babysitting nights. She was an angel for allowing Lisa to be a babysitter without complaints, Lisa knew it wasn't easy to do her things with children's voices and all the noise. "Thank you, Rosie Posie!" Lisa held her cheek between her fingers to plant a huge kiss on her cheek and stained her a little with her pink lipstick although she didn't bother to tell her because she looked so cute.

Chaeyoung entered the apartment and Lisa walked to the next door, in seconds it was opened by a boy of her height with straight black hair, pale and thin but adorable face due to the baby fat on his cheeks.

"Hey, Noona," he greeted her with a wave, his voice in the way of getting deeper. "Soomin is coming," he wanted to pass by her side but he was crazy if he thought he would free himself from Lisa so easily. "Oh my God, Noona!" he complained, being caught by her hand and kiss on the cheek.

"Stop acting cool, you're very cute." She shook his face softly and he scrunched his nose.

"You're going to break my face," he complained and rubbed his cheek once she released him. "I will go, take a little while so I have time alone with Chaeyoung Noona," he winked and continued long.

Lisa snorted but let him go on, Kai had a crush on Chaeyoung since he met her last year and it was really fun to see him bother her but with all the intent of winning her heart, even though he was only fourteen.

"Lili!" a squeaky and childish voice shouted and in seconds Lisa had a little girl hugging her thigh, light brown hair held in two

pigtails and bright dark brown eyes looking at her from below.

"Hi, Soo!" Lisa squatted down to hug the girl, she hadn't seen her for a long time due to the previous midterms season and the Christmas trip the family made to Denmark.

"I miss you so so so so much," she squealed in her ear with her little arms around her neck, Lisa loved that little well being full of energy with that adorable baby perfume and colorful clothes. "You miss me?" she asked, looking at her with her big dark eyes.

"Of course, princess, look how much I missed you," Lisa peppered big kisses on the chubby baby cheek, making her giggle and scream for the tickles. The baby girl was going to leave her deaf one of these days.

"You know you can come if you need something for dinner," Karla came out, with a small duck-shaped backpack (Soomin's favorite) and her Louis Vuitton bag hanging on her shoulder, phone in hand and hurried movements. "It won't take more than two hours, Kai hasn't finished his homework, the princess did," she gently pinched her daughter's cheek.

"I made many letters and words!" Soomin said proudly, showing the small front teeth that were beginning to grow. Lisa remembered when they fell off, she panicked so hard because it was just after Soomin tripped over a rock and Lisa was sure the girl was going to end up toothless forever.

"Really?" Lisa asked excitedly, taking the yellow duckling backpack.

"Yes!"

"Oh! You're so smart Soosoo," she took her hand and Soomin jumped happily.

"Call me if you need anything, okay?" Karla told her seriously and Lisa nodded. "Goodbye, princess. Be good"

"Bye mommy!" Soomin shook her hand happily, not caring about her mother's absence that much but it was due to the habit of having such busy parents. Soomin was very independent for her age, although it was a dangerous thing since she wasn't afraid of anything and went to talk to strangers ALL the time. Lisa sometimes wanted to put her on a leash and Kai had insisted on the matter many times.

"Come on, we have to make Kai do his homework," Lisa thrilled her with that, knowing that the little girl loved to annoy her brother.

"He with his drawings aaaaaall the time," Soomin shook her head like a disappointed mom. "He don't let me touch it and he very very bad, super bad!"

"Maybe it's because they aren't for babies," Lisa opened the door

of her apartment and Soomin entered, already taking off her shoes in a messy way to what the older one had to pick them up and put them on the shelf.

"I'm not a baby, I'm six," Soomin argued, crossing her arms.

"Oh, it's true, you're already a big girl," Lisa nodded and the girl quickly smiled.

"I am! Daddy said I'm more tall, you think I will be more tall, Unnie? Like mommy?"

"Of course, princess, you'll be even taller."

"Soo Soo!" Chaeyoung exclaimed leaving the kitchen with a bowl full of popcorn, Leo wandering around her legs and cutely trotting towards Lisa when he saw her, meowing.

"Hi Leo!!" Soomin squealed, stroking his head softly and giggling. "Unnie! Hello!" she ran to her then and stood on tiptoe to check what was in the bowl. "Popcorn? Is sweet? We will watch a movie?"

"As you like them," Chaeyoung lowered them to let the girl draw a handful while she chewed excessively, opening her eyes wide and making appreciative noises just for her entertainment.

"We'll watch a movie, only if Kai does his homework," Lisa, with Leo already on her arms, put a free hand on her waist. Kai, who was coming behind Chaeyoung like a puppy, blinked incredulously.

"What?"

"Let's see what we can watch, Soosoo," Chaeyoung stepped forward to the couch zone.

"Disney! Disney! Disney!" Soomin shrieked excitedly, her ponytails bouncing around her face to the rhythm of her jumps as she followed her.

Lisa put Leo back to the floor and narrowed her eyes.

"Your mother said you didn't do your homework," she approached Kai and was quick to take the phone from his hands, taking advantage of his distraction.

"Yah, what are you doing?" he went forward but she hid it behind her back. "Yaaaah, Noona, it's for Friday, there's still a whole Thursday to do it" he whined, losing all the composure he always tried to keep in front of his maximum crush, Goddess Park Chaeyoung, Lisa stifled a laugh.

"Sorry, you have to do it"

"But I haven't finished the chapter of The Last Lord yet," he said as if it were the end of the world.

Lisa frowned. "Are you still reading that? It's for people over 16!" she reminded him as always, since she knew him. Lisa didn't know much about mangas or that world, but since she was taking care of Kai she knew about that particular manga because the boy was a big fan (and kinda a weeb) and in the most random way she had

noticed that it wasn't for his age.

"And? Will you accuse me with the police?"

"I will accuse you with your mother if you don't do your homework"

Kai rolled his eyes. "As if my mother cared," and it was sad that it sounded so natural and indifferent to him, but Lisa knew that reality more than well. "Look, There are left only a few pages. Besides, there's this new character who is a bomb" Lisa listened carefully, because if he was so excited it must be something and she wasn't going to pop out his bubble. "I'd show you if you gave me my phone," Kai smiled innocently.

"Nice try," Lisa chuckled and pointed at him with the device, mockingly. It was really good that Kai wasn't a rude teenager like the others, otherwise he would already be throwing a tantrum. And his good behavior would be rewarded, Lisa was simply weak for him. "Look, we'll prepare dinner and you can read while that, we'll eat and then do your homework, deal?"

"Marry me," Kai put his hands on her waist, an ecstatic wide smile and bright eyes on his face.

"Maybe in the future, for now I will try not to end up in jail," she patted his chest and gave him the phone, Kai received it as if he was getting a statue of Buddha. "Besides, you have to be faithful to Chaeyoung"

"I will not forgive you if you cheat on me, Kai," Chaeyoung warned him while passing by and Kai smiled dreamily, following the gentle wiggle of her pretty hips, highlighted more than ever due to her skirt.

Lisa shook her head, finding it so funny. "Eyes up, boy"

"I'm sorry," he babbled looking terrified at being caught looking at Chaeyoung's butt but Lisa just smiled playfully and leaned back to check Soomin.

The girl was totally focused looking at Coco, perfectly straight back and Lisa's unicorn plush toy in her arms. That would keep her still in what it took to cook. And even Leo was thankful, he was usually done with Lisa's energy, Soomin was too much. But he adored her, it showed in the way he sat next to her, taking a sniff of one of her ponytails.

"Let's see what is there to eat," she put her hands on his shoulders and directed him to the kitchen, where Chaeyoung was taking out some leftover containers. "What's up?"

"Salad," Kai and Lisa scrunched their noses, not very pleased. Chaeyoung was the healthy girl there, but both were big fans of fries. "And ... some Kalbi"

"We should order a pizza," Kai said the idea with an excited

smile.

"Your mother will definitely kill us," Lisa objected.

"If you don't tell her, I won't either," he tried to negotiate cunningly.

"Do you forget the presence of your sister?"

"She won't say anything"

"I will not teach the girl to lie"

"Oh sure, and the other day when you lost her but you told her not to mention it to Mom, it wasn't teaching her to lie."

"That was hiding information"

"Well, you can do it again, we will tell her not to mention it to Mom"

"Or we can give her her food, she won't notice while she's watching the movie," Chaeyoung shrugged.

Lisa covered her mouth, pretending strong emotions and tears.

"God, you're so smart and hot"

"Yah! Don't flirt Noona!"

"Shut up boy, it's my girl," Lisa glared at him and approached Chaeyoung to hug her, who rolled her eyes amused with those two. "Go get yours"

"But I already found her," he winked at Chaeyoung. "You love me, don't you, Noona?"

"No comments," Chaeyoung ran a finger across her lips to sign a lock.

Kai put her hand to his chest. "Ouch, Noona. I thought ours was true. Chaekai for the win," he formed a hashtag with his fingers.

"I'm sorry, she's dating me," Lisa stuck out her tongue.

"Someday she'll break up with you," Kai shrugged. "And she will date a good man, like me," he pointed out arrogantly, sitting on a stool on the counter to continue with his reading.

"Keep talking, KID," Lisa teased him like an older sister.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes, not very fan of that typical game between them and took Lisa's phone to call the pizzeria, then noticing a message from an unknown number.

"Hey, look," she handed it to Lisa who looked curiously at the screen, Chaeyoung looking over her shoulder.

+ 82-XXX-XXXX

hey lisa

it's jungkook

"Oh," Lisa pursed her lips to avoid smiling the way her body demanded.

"Jungkook?" Chaeyoung questioned tilting her head and Lisa looked up, shrugging her shoulders in response although for God's sake her stomach was pirouetting with emotion. She had not seen

Jungkook during the week, although she had looked for him unintentionally and it was disappointing not to see him on Monday morning but it was to be expected, she was the only one who was late on Mondays.

+ 82-XXX-XXXX

hi jungkook!

Lisa then remembered about the tutoring stuff, oh, right, he was talking to her for that surely. "I've agreed to help him with English, we're classmates," she explained to Chaeyoung and then frowned. "Didn't I tell you?"

Chaeyoung shook her head. "You two kept talking after the tattoo day?"

"Yeah, we meet sometimes in college," she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, feeling that slight flutter of butterflies in her stomach as she remembered everything, especially that Saturday night when she had been escorted to the bus stop by him and Jimin and Yuqi of course and they were going there anyway so she shouldn't be feeling that special but she couldn't help it. "I found him in the liberal course, you know, English I, and I sat down with him, apparently he doesn't know anything about English and well, I'll help him," she explained to her best friend with a big smile.

Chaeyoung stared at her for long seconds until her eyes narrowed. "Lisa, are you sure you don't like him?"

Lisa widened her eyes.

"What?"

What that had to be with it?

"Lisa, you like him!" Chaeyoung cooed, amused. "Free classes? From you?" she scoffed.

"Yah, you say it as if I-"

"As if you were always trying to get money from everything? You are like that Lisa"

"I've already told you that my major is expensive," she defended herself. "Besides, it would be rude, he really needs help"

"If you say so," Chaeyoung shrugged, rolling her eyes. But then she thought better and asked: "Are you sure he doesn't like you, then?"

Lisa stammered in embarrassment. "Yes, that is, no, I mean he is very nice, don't you think?" She laughed nervously. "Besides, you know, he doesn't see me that way. Now we're officially friends," she pointed out more to herself than to her best friend, she had to remember her place.

"Friends?"

"Yeah, you know, I want to meet him and that. Free tattoos!" she added with amused emotion, which led her to remember her best

friend's tattoo and check how she was. She did it every day. "It looks so good"

"You said he asked you for your number to ask about me but he didn't do that," Chaeyoung pointed out.

Lisa opened her mouth really surprised by that fact, Chaeyoung was right. Jungkook had not spoken to her for that, nor had he sent her a text for another reason though and that discouraged her because she recalled another important fact. "Rosie, you and he share some classes, right? If he saw you, he didn't need to ask me," she told her, trying not to look as disappointed as she felt.

Chaeyoung frowned thoughtfully with a finger on her lips. "But ... Oh no, wait, he did ask me about the tattoo," she admitted looking at a blank spot behind Lisa.

Lisa sighed and looked back at her phone, which had just buzzed and she added him to her contacts list, wondering for a few seconds how she should name him.

JK? Nah, too professional.

Jeon Jungkook? As if she knew another Jungkook.

Just Jungkook was okay.

Jungkook

so

was wondering when we will study
when are you free?

Lisa stretched her lips out, checking her schedules in her mind.

"I'll order the pizza," Chaeyoung told her but before going in search of her own phone, she took her hand. "Hey, do you really want to be just his friend?"

Lisa didn't need to think about it, the answer was not in her but in him anyway. "Yep, best friends forever or something like that," she shrugged.

Her eyes on her phone kept her from noticing the change in Chaeyoung's thoughtful eyes, as if she were realizing something very important.

Jungkook

that's hard to know

im always busy

oh is this an idol im talking to?

5555555

5555?

oh sorry

it's like laughing

but in thai

five is ha

so fivefivefivefive is hahaha

you're thai?
yes
that explains a lot
pkkjans
what that means?
your big eyes
bambam says they trigger him
bc they're too big
bambam is an idiot
ikr
i like your eyes
Lisa gasped, completely shocked. He... He really meant that?
Oh my God.
Holy molly.
Jungkook
soooooo
when are you free?
what is it about me?
when are you free?
im always free for you
i mean
for you my tutor of english
i need to pass
more the credits
best the year(?
5555
dedicated
we stan that
well im free tomorrow
in the morning?
you study in the libray on thursday too, right?
yeah
every thursday
i have seen you
so okay
wait for me in the same table
gonna bring chocomilk
it's not necessary
im okay
but i am not
i need chocomilk in the morning
that's my breakfast
and i dont like drinking chocomilk alone
so you're definitely on this with me

that's the price you pay for hiring me

kkkkkkk

okay

see you tomorrow

At last she would see him and fuck it was ridiculous how excited she felt.

"Lisa has a boyfriend, Lisa has a boyfriend," Kai scared her, singing mockingly behind her after reading the conversation over her shoulder.

"Shut up," she laughed, knowing that if she looked upset he wouldn't stop.

"So Jungkook, huh?"

"So homework, huh?"

Kai snorted, rolling his eyes. "You're annoying, Noona"

"I know," she nodded proudly. "Are you done with the manga? Has V finally managed to find out who killed his family?"

Kai's eyes lit up with emotion. "Not yet, this new girl arrived who wants to kill him but they both fight and God, Noona, the tension, I can feel it, I feel the heat," he exaggerated, throwing air with his hand. Lisa laughed, heading to the living room to see how Soomin was, she was still completely lost in Coco. "And you won't believe this but she reminds me of you, hot as f-"

Lisa scolded him with her eyes before he could finish that sentence, however Kai remained excited and put the screen-phone on her face, where it showed a sensual blonde with long hair and a pink makeup in her eyes that stole all her attention. "Look! It's great, don't you think? Her name is Killa"

"Wow, you're right, she's hot" she nodded.

"It looks like you, Noona"

"Do you think I'm hot?" she fluttered her eyelashes.

And that made Kai blush furiously and look down, ruffling his hair. "What are you saying, Noona?"

Lisa laughed. "I always knew you like me"

"But you have a boyfriend," he got the way to turn the tables, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Shut up"

And Chaeyoung approached, who had been ordering the pizza. "I've ordered the classic," she warned.

"I'll go find Soosoo's food," Lisa said and went to the door.

"Then Daddy tell me he buy me that minion next time, how much you think that is?" Soomin asked while eating her mix of vegetables (they were lucky she liked them but probably the fact she didn't know about the pizza was a plus to the good behavior), Lisa sitting

next to her on the floor in front of the coffee table and Kai and Chaeyoung on the couch with their phones.

"Soon," Lisa assured her and then noticed the stains on her knuckles. "What's that, baby? Have you spotted yourself while drawing?" she asked taking her little hand, the fingernails painted with what appeared to be pink marker.

"They are my draws!" Soomin exclaimed, quickly forgetting about the food.

"Ah, she has been drawing for days, I don't know why," Kai commented distractedly, he was so into his phone since he finished his homework.

Lisa smiled, Soomin had a somewhat deformed heart in the center of her hand, Lisa had taught her to do them and she was dying of tenderness whenever she saw her draw them, and some scribbles she couldn't decipher on her fingers. "They're so cute, Soosoo. Look Rosie."

Chaeyoung leaned forward and smiled tenderly. "What's that, Soosoo?"

With her little index finger, Soomin started pointing. "This is a torture"

"Turtle," Lisa corrected her sweetly.

She frowned with concentration. "Turtle," she looked at her waiting for her validation and Lisa nodded with a huge smile so a very happy Soomin repeated the word again and continued. "And here, this is an S," Lisa could tell it was once she said it.

"Why have you been drawing yourself?" Chaeyoung asked.

"Because I saw a tall tall tall tall boy with little draws on his hands!" She explained.

Both girls tilted their heads without understanding but slowly came to realize that perhaps she was referring to someone with tattoos. "Have you seen anyone with tattoos?" Lisa asked her and of course her mind flew quickly to the tattooed boy who was showing so much in her mind.

"Tattoos?" Soomin didn't know the word.

"The little drawings, many little drawings in his hands?" She was more specific.

"Yes!" Soomin nodded effusively. "Mommy told me they bad for my body but they was pretty, you won't tell Mommy, right?" she stretched her lips out, widening her already large dark eyes. Small and adorable manipulator.

"Fine," Lisa stretched her little finger so she would intertwine it in a pinky promise. "We should draw more, don't you think?" She got excited. It was really new to see the little girl interested in something like tattoos to the point of drawing them herself, she was

adorable and, as always, Lisa wanted to support her in that. Maybe in the future she would be like Jungkook or just like Chaeyoung, Soomin already showed signs of an artist with how much she spent drawing.

"Yes!!!" Soomin clapped.

"Chae, come on, you know how to draw," Lisa fluttered her eyelashes and the little girl imitated her, showing signs of already spending too much time with the bad influence the Thai was.

"You have the ideas but I have to do it," Chaeyoung scoffed. "I'll go find water markers," she said anyway.

"You wanna play, Oppa?" Soomin knelt to put his head on the lap of his brother who took his eyes off his phone at the several pokes on his leg.

"Uh?"

"Draws! Like this, look!" She pointed at her little hand and Kai frowned, then looked at Lisa and looked more incredulous when she noticed that the oldest was in this.

"What the hell?"

"You don't want tattoos?" That seemed to get his attention and Lisa smiled. "Chaeyoung will make them, imagine"

"You must kidding, Noona, it's dumb"

Lisa rolled her eyes at his arrogance. "Come on, you can wash yourself later"

"No, thanks," he simply denied and returned to his phone.

Lisa and Soomin coordinated to shout in chorus: "Boring" and stuck out their tongues, scrunched their noses. Kai held back a smile. "We won't play with him, Soosoo," Lisa shook her head, her short hair dancing on her shoulders.

"No, no, no," Soomin denied in the same way, her pigtails making the same move.

"I'm back!" Chaeyoung sat down quickly with crossed legs, leaving several water markers on the table, Soomin knelt down watching all the colors carefully.

"Pink! I want pink!" she took the one that was pink and passed it to Chaeyoung.

"What do you want me to do to you?"

"One like this!" she pointed to the flowers on her forearm that she just noticed and then frowned. "You playing without us, Unnie? That's wrong," she scolded her, judging her so easily. It was her thing.

"No, no, no," Lisa hurried to speak. "Chaeyoung has it for a long time"

"How?" Soomin didn't conceive the idea that it could last so long, because whenever she washed her hands all the ink was erased.

"Sometimes the drawings are forever," Chaeyoung explained.

"So you have dirty hands forever?"

Lisa snorted. "No, you wash them but the drawing stays"

"Oh," Soomin lowered her head thoughtfully, then looked at them both. "I want one of those! A torture!"

"Only when you grow up," Chaeyoung pinched her cheek.

"But I'm big!" she pouted.

"Bigger, when you're taller than your mom," Lisa tried to comfort her.

"But there's so so so so many time for that," the girl crossed her arms, pouting.

"What do you think if we practice until you grow up?" Lisa was quick to solve her little tantrum, she already perfectly mastered the little girl's mood swings who became more sensitive at night because she was tired. Luckily that night wasn't one of those nights.

"We will draw a lot so that when you grow up you can do them all"

"All?" Her eyes widened excitedly.

"Yes, all"

Soomin shrieked excitedly and very loudly, so they spent the rest of the night playing to draw her hands and themselves. Lisa enjoyed it too much, thinking that maybe she should respond to that indirect invitation Jungkook made to her the first time they talked and go get a tattoo.

Maybe a sunflower.

this is actually a transition chapter so sorry for the boredom hehe.

if you like it, comment and vote💕

let's pray this is not the last from me lmfao

Chapter 11

hi :) im back from the darkness, someone still care about this?
ok this is so embarrassingly ugly im so so sorry i promise the next will be better

Jungkook checked the time on his phone once more, drumming his fingers against the wooden table while trying not to look as anxious as he felt.

Lisa had to be there at least at 10, like every Thursday, but it was 10:12 and there was still no sign of her. Yes, he felt anxious for twelve minutes, TWELVE MINUTES, but twelve minutes could seem eternal when you were waiting for something ... or someone, especially if that someone was so important.

Was he pathetic? Yup.

Thank God, nobody could read his thoughts. It would be embarrassing.

Some of her friends were already there, specifically the blonde girl and the one with bangs and big round eyes. But no traces of Lisa.

He looked at his phone once more, hoping to find a message from her but the chat was the same as in the night before. He scrolled through the messages and an electric current ran down his spine, making him cringe.

"i like your eyes"

Fuck!

"im always free for you"

DOUBLE FUCK.

And the way he tried to save that one.

triple fuck.

Why the hell wasn't he able to control what he said when he was with her? Sometimes he could press his lips close and keep quiet but other times it was like a vomit that always left him feeling like an idiot, rolling on his bed and kicking the sheets out of frustration.

He locked his phone and left it away, clenching his fists and hissing with the most embarrassed emotions.

Where was Lisa? Had something happened to her? Maybe she forgot it.

Oh...

Maybe she forgot it.

For sure she had something more important to do, sure...

A ray of disappointment crossed his chest and he bit his lower lip, suddenly feeling sad. He rested his face on his tattooed fist and sighed, stretching his pink lips outward. Well... it was embarrassing and sad but ...

No, there was no positive point, it was really sad.

Luckily nobody knew they would be there or that would be worse... Oh no, Jimin knew that... and his sister... and surely Taehyung and therefore Jennie.

Cringe.

"Jungkook!"

All the people in the library, literally ALL, turned around for the breathy shriek coming out of the lips of the blonde who was running to him.

Jungkook sighed without realizing it because oh God that had been close, he was about to be left there waiting and humiliated by his friends but it hadn't happened. GREAT.

And above all, Lisa was coming, making his heart flutter and lighting his day as usual, nothing new, still beautiful.

"Shhh!"

"I'm sorry," Lisa bowed with a tight smile and walked quickly toward him, her cheeks were flushed and her blonde short hair was a mess from the wind, she was also agitated. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she babbled quickly and sat down, leaving the backpack on the table.

Jungkook pressed his lips together, eyes shining with excitement like those of a very happy puppy.

She was there.

She had not forgotten.

God.

Pathetic.

But his heart didn't care.

"I stayed up late last night and fell asleep," she explained as she pulled out notebooks from her black leather backpack, not noticing at all the way he was looking at her. "My alarm didn't sound or something and I woke up suddenly because Leo, my cat by the way he is super cute, meowed because he wanted food and I almost suffered a heart attack when I saw the time. God, I'm so ashamed, I'm so sorry," She put a hand on her chest and Jungkook's eyes went straight to her stained fingers, what was that? A heart? She followed his gaze and then smiled embarrassed at realizing, lowering her hand to her lap. "Sorry, last night I was playing with mar-Okay, no, forget it, it's stupid," she tucked a strand of messy hair behind her ear quickly and proceeded to rub her fingers under

the table to erase the ink.

She was so damn pretty, specially with the messy hair and the embarrassed face.

Jungkook shook his head quickly. "I don't think so, what is it?" he leaned forward, curiosity dulling all his shyness.

"It is silly"

"If you let me see it, maybe I could tell you if it's silly or not," he joked without realizing it.

"You don't trust my criteria?" She sounded offended.

Jungkook widened his eyes in surprise and didn't know what to say, moving his mouth like a fish. Oh no, no, no, he was being a nosy idiot, he shouldn't-

"I'm kidding," she laughed cheerfully.

Oh

Ha... Haha...

Fuck.

"I'm sorry," it escaped from his lips without him being able to mediate it.

"Forget it," she shrugged with a smile, Jungkook then noticed how really small she was because of the simple shirt she was wearing. Her shoulders were thin despite being wide, surely one of his jackets would look huge on her. DON'T GO THERE JUNGKOOK. "I will show you but promise me you will not laugh, because it's really something silly"

Jungkook nodded, impatient to know what she was hiding.

Lisa finally stretched her fingers on the table so he could see and Jungkook tilted his head, tried to figure out why she had little drawings made by color markers on her fingers.

A somewhat deformed heart on the middle finger, flowers scattered throughout her hand as if they were flying with the wind, little birds, butterflies, and she had drawn something that looked like flames in her hand...

He smiled, a giggle escaping his mouth, it was really cute.

"I told you not to laugh!" She scolded him.

If she knew he was laughing because he wanted to kiss her so bad.

"They are pretty. Now you want tattoos?" he asked curiously, really wishing she said yes. The flowers were beautiful and he would put in so much effort to be as delicate as possible ...

Her hands were big but delicate, sure they were soft too ...

"Nope, I'm still terrified of needles and more now that I know it bleeds," she told him with genuine terror. Jungkook really wanted to assure her that nothing would hurt with him but it would be somewhat cheesy and probably terrify her more. The point wasn't to

make her run away, so he kept quiet, just nodding with some disappointment. "Anywaaaaaaay, now that you've seen that I have drawings in my hands as a five-year-old girl," that was quite specific. "We should start"

True, they were there for the English.

"So... what do you know?"

Well, that was a somewhat complicated question.

Jungkook pursed his lips, looking at her with a guilty expression and feeling how the usual nerves began to take over his body. He was a fool and he was now being exposed. Why the hell had he accepted this? It was obvious that this was going to happen.

This was all Jimin's fault.

Damn dwarf.

But Lisa smiled at him in a way that melted his heart in a puddle of steam and made him feel less idiotic in some way. "*What's your name, Jungkook?*" she asked in English.

Jungkook blinked.

Lisa blinked.

"No, wait what?" Lisa burst out laughing, covering her mouth, and back everyone turned to look at her as she let out hysterical squeals and covered her mouth. "Oh my god, I'm an idiot"

Jungkook chuckled. "Jeon Jungkook," he replied anyway and stretched out his hand, Lisa laughed again but shook it.

The electric shock between their skins as their hands interlaced together bristled the hair on his arms like a stream of fresh air and laughter died on his lips, as his heart sped up in joy... Her hand was actually soft, doing such a contrast with his inked, scratchy one.

Rare and fascinating.

And Jungkook was embarrassed for freezing there weirdly, holding her hand, the one he didn't want to release but he should, and he quickly lowered his hands to his lap, although one went scratching behind his ear nervously.

Lisa cleared her throat. "Well, hehe, you know the most basic question so you're not so lost," she said cheerfully, as if nothing had happened.

Jungkook nodded, not daring to look her in the eye. He felt like an immature and inexperienced teenager, it was ridiculous and wanted to bang his head against the table. God. Why was he so dumb?

"Anyway, how old are you?"

"I *am*..." Jungkook looked at a blank point, what were the numbers in English? God, he couldn't think and... "*TWENTY! TWO!*" he showed two fingers proudly.

This was being a whole Broadway show for the rest of the

students. It had just been another awkward moment when a fool shouted something in the middle of a silent room.

Lisa put a finger to her lips, a mischievous smile on her face. "Sshhh"

Jungkook scratched his neck, gritting his teeth. "I think this is not a good place to study"

"Definitely," she agreed, eyes fixed behind him. "Someone is looking at me very badly from there," he turned immediately and discovered that the lady of the library, the same one who always looked at him with distrust and dislike had raised her witch glare levels to 100%.

That lady really hated him, it had taken Jungkook weeks to get the library's WiFi password and he had to swear he wouldn't do "illegal business" on the network.

"We should go outside," Lisa caught his attention and he could barely look her in the eye, he couldn't stare at her for a long time without feeling insecure about her noticing his imperfections or his red-eared problems. "I haven't brought you chocomilk, we should get something and sit outside"

Jungkook wasn't going to ruin her chocomilk wishes by admitting that he had tired of drinking it so he simply nodded and picked up his things, following her out of the library.

"Have a good day," Lisa bowed respectfully at the entrance to the library attendant.

The lady only made a gesture of disgust but it didn't take long to notice the glare from Jungkook.

He could accept that judging look at himself, but why on earth did that old lady glare at someone as kind as Lisa? What was her problem? How she could dare to do something like that? Not in his sight, no way, he was ready to throw a fight or glares with that 50 years old lady.

"I'm also 22," Lisa's voice speaking cut off his long moment of intimidation to the impolite lady and Jungkook smiled innocently when she looked at him as she continued, walking beside him to a vending machine. "97 line too?"

Jungkook nodded, slightly surprised that they were born the same year. For some reason, he believed she was younger.

"When is your birthday?" she put a bill into the machine, not noticing his eyes on her pretty profile.

"September 1st," he replied distractedly.

She looked at him suddenly with a big smile, causing him to look away feeling caught. "I am your Noona!"

Oh yeah?

She was?

"March bitch here," she raised her fist so that he could bump it.

Like bros.

LIKE BROS.

What was next? A bracelet of best friends forever?

Jungkook bumped it anyway, soft and focused because she really gave him that feeling that he could break her if he used a too much strength and he actually had too much strength.

Lisa bent down to take two cans of chocomilk and handed him one, Jungkook just remembered about her offer.

"Oh, uh, how much is it? 100 won?" he reached into his back pocket to grab his wallet but she literally put the can in his hand and it was either grabbing it or dropping it and being a douchebag.

"It's okay," she shrugged casually and walked by, not giving him a chance to do anything but accept. Smart move.

He followed her out, noticing unintentionally and once again the gentle swaying of her hips wrapped in clear jeans. The sun made her hair shine like gold and the yellow color of her tshirt turned into a duckling tone that reflected on her pretty skin. The peak of devastation was when she smiled and closed her eyes, letting sunlight light her cheeks, for a few seconds.

Art.

It wasn't the first time he saw her doing it but the experience at a short distance was like traveling hours to Paris just to get to the Louvre and see that it was better than in the photos.

And he, without realizing, was letting the sun shine on him too. His natural slight tan got more obvious, and some reddish strands of his hair showed.

"You're really like golden," she told him suddenly and Jungkook choked with his own saliva, nervously.

He coughed a little to the side and she patted his back, of course, because it seemed he was having a pneumonia attack.

What a loser, the narrator said.

"Sorry," he murmured.

"We're going to sit there," she pointed to a bench and advanced, Jungkook followed her like a dog.

*(a/n: *plays cat & dog by txt* let's get it furies)*

They both sat on a bench under the shade of a tree, on a path next to the main where no one would disturb them. She crossed her legs, leaning toward him with a closed smile on her thick lips. Jungkook felt awkward under her gaze, he had a hard time taking a notebook out of his backpack and made too much noise; she made him too nervous and why did she was staring at him? She had to stop looking at it!

"Do your tattoos mean something?"

Jungkook froze, confused by the sudden question.

Lisa widened her eyes, waving her hands. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm curious and-"

She was cute.

"No, not all of them," he replied with a slight smile, flattered that she was curious about him.

"I like the butterfly," she commented, more confident than before.

Oh, Jungkook knew that and it was hilarious, he really had to cover his mouth to not laugh. Gladly, she wasn't asking about his pet the butterfly named Jieun.

She really forgot that night and he still didn't know how to feel about it.

"And it's one of the tattoos I just have because I like it," he was able to say, because he wasn't thinking hard about it.

Her eyes were on his hand and she smiled softly. "I can get why, it's beautiful," she then frowned and her gaze went to his eyes. "Are you in Arts because of the tattoos?" she asked, really interested.

It was lovely of her, the way her big, pretty eyes were shining so genuinely curious and the small frown under her bangs...

"Lisa, baby!!!"

Only someone could be so loud.

"Hi!" Bambam sat in the middle of both of them on the bench with a big smile, too cheerful for ten in the morning, cheerful and intrusive. "How are you JK?"

Annoyed at the interruption, Jungkook forced a closed smile in response.

What the fuck was he doing there?

Jungkook loved Bambam, he was super cool and nice, but this wasn't a good moment to interrupt. He finally was having a CONVERSATION, A NORMAL ONE.

"Do you remember my friend Yugyeom?" Bambam asked the blonde. Jungkook raised an eyebrow, Yugyeom? Their friend?

There wasn't another Yugyeom by the way.

"No," Lisa answered simply and that made Jungkook happy for some reason. She really didn't seem to care at all and Jungkook could clearly see why Bambam was talking about his friend, the word "Amateur Cupid" was written on his forehead.

Why the fuck was he playing to be Cupid and it was damn necessary to do it in front of him?

"Jungkook, tell her he's a good boy," Bambam told him, patting his arm.

What?

"You know him?" Lisa asked, leaning forward to see him.

"Yeah"

And silence.

Bambam expected him to say something else?

Jungkook was stupid and it was confirmed but in no way he was going to talk about Yugyeom, his closest friend in his department, to Lisa like he were the damn fairy godmother introducing her to the prince of her dreams.

Anyway, Bambam was already occupying that role. "Anyway, Yugyeom," he said as presenting a project and put his phone in Lisa's face. "You see him? He's handsome, right?"

Jungkook waited anxiously for her answer, a lump forming in his stomach. He wasn't liking this at all.

Lisa frowned and tilted her head, as if analyzing the photos and took the phone to see more. "Yeah, he is handsome," she admitted casually. The knot in Jungkook's stomach tightened even more as Bambam continued.

"He's our age, tall, very funny, you'll love him," he said determined, Jungkook didn't know what the fuck Bambam was doing studying Films when he could be better at selling things, he had that talent.

Yugyeom was pretty cool too, very funny, more extrovert than Jungkook for sure. He felt annoyed and sighed, running his tongue through the insides of his mouth.

"You two are friends?" she suddenly asked Jungkook.

How did she know it?

"Yes," he replied slowly.

"You and he look alike but I'm sure this is not him," she showed him the phone screen then.

(a/n: so you called yugyeom handsome bc he reminds you of jungkook?)

Of all the damn photos it had to be that one?

He looked ridiculous! And the caption for God's sake...

Mostly with his friends, Jungkook was goofy and had no problems with that, moreover, he loved to play dumb to make them laugh, but now that was embarrassing. He had completely forgotten that picture in his friend's profile and why the hell couldn't it be a cool photo or something? He even had cool photos of himself?

His ears burned and he looked away, embarrassed.

"Oh! I remember that birthday, Jungkook was drunk like shit," Bambam related with amusement, putting an arm over his shoulders. "You should see him, he's very funny"

"HAHA, it's true." Jungkook forced a laugh to hide his discomfort. "We were studying here," he then said passively aggressively.

"Ah, yes? Have you learned anything?"

Jungkook tilted his head, what the hell he just said?

"We just started, don't bother him," Lisa scolded him playfully, Jungkook was glad she was on his side. "Go Go"

"Fine, fine, I'll leave," he raised his hands in peace, standing up and taking his phone. "But you want me to introduce Yugyeom to you?"

Lisa pursed her lips, staring at him. Jungkook felt like he was out of something secret, they seemed to have that mental talk between them. He was really curious about their friendship.

"I'll tell you later"

"I still have tons of guys, I'm such a good friend," Bambam praised himself.

"Benefits with friends," Lisa commented, sending Jungkook a playful gaze.

It wasn't funny if it was about her having a friend finding her a boyfriend but he still laughed, you know, to not cry.

"Yeah, good to have friends, haha," he said... and it sounded so awkward and weird.

"I'll go," Bambam signaled the main way with his thumb. "Gonna talk about you with my friend," he clicked his tongue and winked. She just laughed, not saying "don't" in any moment.

A weight fell on his stomach, perhaps his illusions. She was really going to give Yugyeom a chance? To Yugyeom? I mean, he was his friend and all but Jungkook knew him well, he wasn't the guy for Lisa.

Did she want to date and that was why Bambam was presenting guys? For sure, she wanted to go out but not with Jungkook, he was now her friend.

What was wrong with him? Did he have tattooed "Friendzone Me" in the forehead? Because he couldn't remember when the fuck he got that tattoo.

"Hey, Jungkook?"

She snapped him back to earth.

"We should start," he smiled slightly, trying hard to be himself.

What if Lisa wanted to date someone? It was okay... Yeah...

"No distractions," she demanded with a funny expression of a teacher, which reminded him of that strange crush he had on a teacher at fourteen... and the things he did at night thinking about her.

How would Lisa look in a school uniform? Maybe a short skirt and-NO DISTRACTIONS.

"Hey, Bambam talked about some girl with you?"

His friend, who was sitting beside him in their Painting class with their respective canvases in front of them, turned to look at him

with a confused face. "Uh? A girl?"

Casually tracing some unnecessary details on his painting, Jungkook shrugged. "Yeah, you know..." he said like it was obvious.

Yugyeom went back to his work, shaking his head slowly. "No? Why would he? Is he dating someone?"

"No, I mean, like introducing you to a girl"

Yugyeom snorted in disbelief. "No, do you think I need that?" and he wasn't being arrogant, just jocking, all in good terms but this time Jungkook found it annoying.

"Nah," he chuckled, so fake.

So Bambam was going to make them meet later? Jungkook thought he was going to do his fairy of love work at lunch time and he didn't want to see that so he literally went out to eat, not wanting to explain Jimin why, but apparently nothing happened in the cafeteria. Weird.

Then, when?

"Why do you ask?" Yugyeom asked.

Jungkook scratched behind his ear, while looking with too much attention to his work. "Uh, because of nothing," he made up a casual reply.

But it wasn't enough for Yugyeom, who rolled to the side on his stool with a wicked smile. "No, there's definitely something. What it is? Who is the girl?"

"No one," Jungkook was fast to deny, while clearing his brush in water.

"Man, c'mon"

He raised his gaze to his friend, Yugyeom was expecting there like a puppy for food and Jungkook knew he wasn't going to stop so he sighed. "He has a friend, she's helping me with an English class and he's playing to be Cupid or some shit, he was talking about introducing you to her"

"Ah... Is she pretty?"

As fuck. Probably the most beautiful here in the university.

Jungkook shrugged, choosing another yellow tone between his box of paint pots. "I guess so..."

"I don't have a problem if she is," Yugyeom wiggled his brows.

Of course not, Jungkook rolled his eyes.

"She doesn't seem like that type, though," he murmured.

"What type?"

"Your type, you know, like the girls that just want to fuck," he tried to sound logical, not jealous at all, it was true though, Lisa didn't seem like the ones that preferred one night stands and nothing else. "She probably prefers a date and all the courting stuff," he moved his hand like nothing, like he didn't care that much and

was giving just an objective opinion.

"Is she pretty enough for that? I wouldn't mind to do an exception... No, look at your face, she is!"

Damn.

"Yeah, she is," he admitted.

"Should I meet her?" Yugyeom said, playing with the brush between his fingers.

No.

He shouldn't.

What if they ended up liking each other for real and developing feelings? WITH HIM IN THE MIDDLE.

"Gonna wait for Bambam to introduce us... hope she's nice at least, in case she doesn't like me that way," Yugyeom commented unbothered, fixing his black hair. "She must be if she's Bambam's friend. You know her, is she nice?"

She was. Too much.

Yugyeom was going to end up as whipped as him and probably getting a chance, because he wasn't an idiot like him.

"Yeah," he mumbled, even though it sounded really exasperated.

"Hey, you seem annoyed"

Jungkook shook his head. "I just ruined this shit, I have to start again," he said clearly annoyed, he had just screwed up a part of the abstract paint as if it was possible and now he was more annoyed.

"Dude, it looks amazing," Yugyeom said honestly but left him alone, knowing Jungkook was just like that.

"It doesn't," he sighed and stopped for a secs, looking at it but with the mind away from there.

It wasn't fair.

Why couldn't he be a man a be honest with her? Why couldn't he be more direct or, at least, more friendly with her?

His phone buzzed several times in the back of his jeans, since he had turned off all another notifications it was for sure a text and if it was during that hour it was for sure important.

He took an old rag to clean his hands a little bit, even though his phone was already full of paint stains.

Lisa

hey

we didn't say it officially today

but see you next thursday?

no wait

we're gonna see tomorrow

in class

lol

forget it

im being annoying

sorry

see you tommorow jungkook💜

Okay, fuck the paint, fuck his jealousy, he was okay now. Dumb smile was now activated.

Those little texts had him smiling for the rest of the day, with such a good mood that he hummed all day. Many people probably wondered what the hell was wrong with him but nobody asked him, although when Taehyung saw him at lunch, he just smirked with a knowing look. And he was even humming a song by Charlie Puth on his way to his parlor from the bus stop through a busy street of Hongdae, with lively steps and some dance moves that were probably dumb but who cared.

"But tell me what you've done for me..." he murmured, lips stretching out as he moved his head to the rhythm. *"Tell me what you've done for me..."* he did the choirs too. He was ready to be in a kpop group.

But he stopped on his tracks when he saw two girls looking at him, giggling and chatting, for sure about his dumb ass.

Oh no.

Lisa...

Shit, shit, shit ...

He smiled painfully, that for sure looked terrifying, and he advanced there wanting to jump on the street and let a car run over him.

But, let's see, what the hell was Yuqi doing there?

"Hi!" both waved their hands and waited for him.

"What are you doing here?" It was the first thing he said to his sister, she was wearing her uniform, just getting out of school.

"Wow, it's nice to see you too bro," Yuqi replied with a sarcastic smile. "What do you think I'm doing in an ice cream shop?" she pointed to the ice cream cone in her hand.

Ice cream...

Ice cream!

"She's a little obsessed with ice cream lately ..." her mother had said.

She was right, although he had never imagined that Yuqi would buy at Lisa's store.

"Can you believe she is a regular customer but I've never seen her before?" Lisa commented laughing, already wearing her uniform and that silly headband was already over her head with the unicorn horn.

"But I saw you," Yuqi did finger guns to her, winking.

"Are you a regular?" he asked totally surprised, how he had never

known.

"Where do you think I bought the ice cream that sometimes brought to you?"

That? Was it from Lisa's store?

"It's good, right? Extra sweet and with magical unicorn dust," Lisa pointed out mockingly, making it clear that it was the store's slogan. "They're just colorful sprinkles but don't tell the children," she added whispering with one hand over her mouth, sharing a secret.

She was so sweet damn it. The magic wasn't in the unicorns, it was in her.

And Yuqi noticed how silly he was for her, sending him a look full of mischief. It was a signal, he had to get her out of there before she said anything embarrassing.

"We should go"

Yuqi nodded, holding back a chuckle. "Yeah, we should, before you start drooling"

And there she was...

Jungkook looked at her shocked. "Over the ice cream, of course," he saved his own ass subtly.

"Yes, of course, ice cream," Yuqi chuckled.

"Oh! Do you want one?" Lisa asked innocently.

"... Sure"

There was no way he could say no. Lisa quickly entered the store and at the door, Yuqi snorted as he rolled his eyes and entered, obviously sending her a warning glare before.

A tall boy with big eyes and a smile was behind the counter, attending a lady with her son, Jungkook had the idea of seeing him before.

"What flavor do you want?" Lisa asked, causing the lady to send him a strange look because apparently a 22-year-old boy couldn't buy ice cream.

Jungkook ignored her and shrugged. "Cookies N Cream and Cherry"

"So vanilla," Yuqi scoffed.

"What do you want me to ask for? BDSM flavor?"

Yuqi laughed incredulously. "What would that taste like? Sweat and blood?"

The lady behind her gasped scandalized, yeah, it was time to stop. He didn't want to expose himself to another situation like that and less in front of Lisa.

But the tall boy laughed alone while preparing the boy's ice cream, demonstrating that he had heard them, and Jungkook quickly noticed how his sister's cheeks flushed as she looked down.

Oh
My
God

Obsessed with ice cream his ass, Yuqi was there because of that guy.

The irony.

He raised an eyebrow, with an amused smirk on his thin lips, and analyzed that guy. Big mouth, big eyes, little face, he was probably seventeen or eighteen, the baby's face exposed him, and he was definitely one of those fools who always walked with the sleeves up on his shoulder to show poor biceps recently worked in the gym... He wasn't that bad for his age thought, the dumb smile was something he had never expected his sister to be attracted to but well.

"Here it is, special magic just for you" Lisa handed him the pretty ice cream, with colorful sprinkles and a little horn made with whipped cream... He didn't like whipped cream but he obviously accepted the ice cream as a child would accept a Christmas gift. Whipped cream? Delicious. Whipped as himself.

"Thank you," he smiled dumbly and pulled his wallet from the back pocket of his jeans. "How much?"

"300 Wons"

"Hey, are you waiting for me?" The boy's voice caught his attention, he spoke to his sister. Yuqi nodded with a closed smile and he went inside, leaving her to face Jungkook's mocking smile.

"So you'll wait," he teased her.

"Shut up," she pushed him playfully.

"Where will you two go?" he asked, half joking though he wanted to know. In no way would he let her go just like that with a guy. "No, wait, from where do you know him?"

"We're classmates, nothing more," she replied too casually, avoiding his gaze.

"Where will you go?" he repeated more seriously, he really wanted to know. He knew that Yuqi wasn't a silly girl who would do things she didn't want to but she was still his younger sister and he couldn't help his protective side.

"I don't know, we'll look for coffee to do homework and just that," she replied honestly, shrugging.

"Send me a message then," he asked after nodding, not leaving place to a complain with his authoritative tone, and he looked up just meeting Lisa gaze on him.

Unlike the other times, her eyes transmitted something that caused him chills, like a heat on his skin that made him feel naked under her intense inspection that lasted the few milliseconds that

Lisa took to lower her head and move quickly toward the entrance, welcoming a group of teenagers. He looked at her confused, he could swear that that had been some kind of desire but then he shook his head, it was ridiculous to think that, sure it had only been an illusion.

"Will we wait for your boyfriend?" He teased Yuqi like a child instead.

"I don't know, will you stay here with your girlfriend?"

"Yah," he hissed, Lisa was literally there.

"Should I repeat it? You know, take the first step for you-"

He shut her up, wrapping his free arm over her and putting a huge tattooed hand over her mouth. "See you, Lisa!" he said goodbye smiling.

Lisa looked strangely at the way Yuqi was taken out but waved her hand.

"Yah, beast!" Yuqi pushed him laughing, once he released her outside the shop and he started a small one-handed fight game that she followed, both giggling and playing.

"I thought you were gone," the tall boy left the store a minutes later, wearing a gray shirt this time but with the sleeves up. Was it really necessary? "Hi, I'm Lucas," he bowed respectfully and Jungkook did too.

He really wanted to embarrass his sister, but she could definitely come in and shout "MY BROTHER LIKES LISA" so it was better to keep quiet.

"See you later," Jungkook told Yuqi and made sure to give the boy a hard look, he didn't need words to make it clear that if he bothered his sister he would break one of his legs.

And it was really satisfying the way the boy's smile slowly faded and his face expressed some fear, eyes sliding down the muscular arms and tattoos adorning his skin.

Jungkook turned around, on his way to his parlor while eating his ice cream that definitely contrasted with his black clothes, and he enjoyed it too much, obviously avoiding the disgusting whipped cream.

And halfway, his mother's words echoed in his head and kept spinning there as the afternoon progressed and night came while he was working because an idea began to emerge...

He was afraid to do it, but once again he remembered Bambam's words about introducing Yugyeom to Lisa and created an annoying feeling in his stomach that pushed him to want to spend more time with her, keep her busy.

God, he was crazy.

But somehow, hours later, he found himself texting her, taking

advantage of the fact that he was much braver through a screen.

Lisa

hey

my sister's bday is soon
she loves the ice cream of
your shop so what do you think
about helping me ya know
benefits?

and maybe doing some ice cream party

He threw his phone away in his desk, full of nerves and regrets. He couldn't believe what he had just done, Yuqi would kill him although his mother would be happy, and this would definitely go wrong.

He walked around his studio anxiously as he nibbled his nails but after some minutes he gave up, he had to delete that message right now. It had been a fucking mistake, gosh.

But when he took it, he noticed a reply.

Lisa

THAT'S AMAZING

AND SO CUTE

OF COURSE I WILL HELP YOU

Oh, she sent a meme, a cat meme...

His heart? Embrassingly racing.

could have done better but honestly i think i couldn't. what the fuck happened with my writing, idk but it's annoying and embarrassing.

if you like it, comment and vote💜💜

[EXTRA] Sweet Torture

sorry for not updating yesterday as i said, i wanted my baby nenecheyma to check it bc my insecure ass cant deal with life without her validation. btw she's the lovely beta reader of this book, dealing with my annoying ass everyday and adding a lot of ideas so she deserves more recognition for it💖

this is like an extra?? idk how to explain but just wanted to show those english private classes, i realized i never did and want now so thats the explanation of this. hope you get it? lol. it's still trash bc idk what happened with my fluffy side.

THIS IS AFTER CHAPTER 11

before you get lost in time and ask.

A small bottle of chocomilk on his table startled him, the airpod in one of his ears fell when he snapped up his head and Lisa laughed at seeing his entire nervous little show. Never a normal reaction, always jumping like a nervous spring and embarrassing yourself. Why are you like this Jungkook?

"Good morning, everyone" she greeted in English, her soft humming voice excited him and he smiled, nibbling his bottom lip, while picking up the airpod. "How are you, Jungkook?"

Oh, easy questions, he could do that. He was an idiot but not a dumbass. "Good and you?"

Her proud smile for that little thing reached his heart. "Very good, especially now that I see you"

Well, that's where his knowledge ended. Or she spoke very fast.

She said something about seeing? See meant to see, right?

Lisa laughed softly again, as she stuck the straw in her own bottle of chocomilk, it was pretty as she, despite laughing, didn't seem to make fun of him, it was like a natural reaction. "What were you doing?" she now spoke to him in Korean, her voice sounded relatively lower and softer when she did it. "Jungkook?"

Oh, right.

Stop staring at her like an idiot and respond.

He looked down at the papers on his book and panicked, literally. "Uh, nothing," he didn't mind putting them in his backpack so carelessly, Lisa definitely couldn't know that he was drawing a scene from his manga, specially one in which she was there... I mean, not her but Killa who was physically Lisa so it was Lisa

anyway. Weird.

She looked at him strangely but he put his trembling hands together on the table and showed the most innocent I-am-not-drawing-you face that he could do. "Should be start?"

It took Lisa a few seconds to nod. "Sure," she opened her backpack, she had a star-shaped keychain there that clinked like bells. Let's skip how that affected Jungkook because he forced himself to ignore that, I mean, bells and Lisa? Coincidence? Destiny? Pfffff.

Please no.

He didn't need that.

He took the chocomilk and stuck the straw in the lid, to drink it. The refreshing taste went through his throat, making him realize he was thirsty and hungry without knowing it.

"So my plan was to bring my books from high school," she started talking as she pulled out books from her backpack, apparently it was larger than it looked. "I did advanced English so it's like the same as in our class but then I remembered that all of that is in Thailand and I stole books from Kai, Soomin's older brother," her lively way of speaking brightened his days, it was embarrassing. "He goes to a bilingual school and his mother speaks a lot in English too. My father also does that," and that was all she said about herself. Now Jungkook could deduce that perhaps her father was a foreigner. Maybe he was European? Lisa had something on her face that screamed Europe.

She leafed through a book, one of those typical English books with a group of children of different races on the cover, but he rested his face on his fist and stared her. That morning she was wearing a vintage T-shirt, white with red details and the lipstick she wore combined with it, it was a soft red that made her lips look even more like those of a doll. She was using her specs, apparently she really needed them although if she used them to look pretty, it was working more than good. Jungkook felt like an idiot with his own glasses, they were just to wear them sometimes but he didn't like them anyway.

A lock of hair slid in front of her face and she gently put it behind her ear, showing the golden star earrings on her ears. Her hair looked soft and thin. He remembered that it had been gray before or something like that, now it was golden.

She looked up then and he quickly tore off his gaze, looking around as if the huge university library were super interesting and oh my god, is that a girl with violet hair? Great, interesting, never seen before. Jungkook? Impressed.

"You know the basics, right?" she asked him then, leaving her

chocomilk aside after drinking.

"What would be the 'basic'?"

She shrugged, the gold chain of her neck slid even lower under the collar of her shirt and he followed the small movement, that mole there in the side of her neck looked so tempting but at the same time it was a delicate detail of hers.

"You know, *Verb To Be? I am, You are, he is...*"

"Ah," he nodded. He was ignorant but not so ignorant. English was just confusing for him.

She clapped. "Great! *Simple past?*"

Past...

Past...

Past...

"*Oh! Past! Was, were, did?*"

Lisa nodded, shit, she was more excited than himself. "Well, that means you also know the *Simple Present*"

Yes, after failing three years in a row, at least he did know that. Although he wasn't very good with verbs or words or most of the English vocabulary.

"Then, we'll start with that," she selected a sheet and took his pencil that was next to his book. "I was asking those who did English I in the first semester and said that the first exam is simply about that, so today, my friend, we will make thousands of sentences"

Wow, that sounded exciting.

Super exciting.

Yay!

Well, this was being torture.

Lisa had sat beside him and guided him with each step, leaning over him and her body so close to his. She smelled sweet and fresh, like fruit, not very strong and his sensitive nose was grateful for it. His whole body, meanwhile, was pleased.

He probably couldn't understand the exercises very well because he spent thinking about how good she smelled and how much he liked having her around. He liked that she was so comfortable around him, she didn't feel that fear of touching him or bothering him, she didn't prejudge him, shit, apparently it drove him crazy that thing of hers of treating him like just one more boy, even if seeing her talking to other boys in the same way also drove him crazy but differently. Depressively because ow, you're not special, JK.

"You did so well, Jungkook," she smiled at him suddenly, after reviewing his exercises.

Maybe he wasn't special, but she really made him feel special with something as simple as one of her smiles.

He was hypnotized, he couldn't stop looking at her lips. That morning Lisa had brought bubble tea instead of chocomilk for themselves, which Jungkook thanked because he had to admit that chocomilk didn't taste so good after drinking it so much, but the way she kept the straw between her thick lips was driving him crazy.

That day, she was teaching him the correct pronunciation of t and d in past verbs, since in the previous English class the professor had publicly humiliated a guy for that mistake. However, Jungkook didn't give a shit about losing dignity in some class because he could only look at those lips, fantasizing about biting them, and when she was putting her tongue between her teeth to pronounce the 'd' for each word? Fuuuuuuuck.

And then she went and sucked the straw, bringing images to his mind that weren't innocent at all. His lower brain was active that morning, making him so uncomfortable, probably she would think he had something in his pants.

I mean, something itchy because for sure he had sOmEtHiNg in his pants.

"I was thinking about your sister's birthday party"

Oh, mentioning his sister was a good cockblock.

He raised both eyebrows, interested in that. I mean, he was using it as an excuse to spend extra time with her, at least he could pretend being interested.

"You said she prefers quiet things, right?"

Jungkook nodded. Yuqi and he weren't very different in that, his sister was thousand times more extroverted but both preferred small groups of friends and big parties weren't their thing. He still couldn't understand how he was going to make a ice cream thematic birthday party for a 17-year-old girl without making it childish and cheesy. This was all Yuqi's fault for giving the idea that she loved ice cream from a unicorn-themed ice cream shop when in fact she loved the ice cream guy.

So Jungkook was involved in this because of her and Yuqi would also kill him for using her as an excuse.

"So, I'm sorry to tell you that the ice cream party sounds very childish for her and it would be great in summer, you know, it could be a super pool party with ice cream but with this weather it's impossible and I doubt she appreciates something like that," wow, she was bold.

He chuckled and for some reason that surprised her, Lisa smiled

pleasantly when she saw him and sipped from her glass, nibbling at the straw.

Woman, please, not again.

He removed again, sliding a hand inside the pocket of his cargo pants to adjust himself. He wanted to yell at his dick, this was at the edge of sexual predator behavior.

"So I thought, we could forget about ice cream and organize something in a karaoke," she continued, sitting more straight and her pretty eyes shone excitedly. Their color became lighter when she was happy. "I can put the ice cream, you know, something special for her. Lucas is going to love helping me"

Yes, sure Lucas would want to help. Jungkook pressed the inside of his cheek with his tongue, grinning. Then he noticed her gaze on him and he quickly became nervous, clearing his throat.

"It's great," he nodded, fiddling with the rings on his index finger, he really believed it that way. "She likes to sing"

Both got it from their mother, both definitely intoned better than the lady but that habit of humming songs and singing with all my heart when the opportunity was given really came from her.

"You love her very much, right?"

The question made him look at her, the warm tone she used actually. She had rested her face between her two hands, she wore no rings that morning but her nails had small golden star stickers. Gold looked so good on her.

He concentrated on her question and nodded slightly. "Yeah, she and my mother are very important to me," he admitted.

"And your father?"

"He passed away"

She opened her eyes alarmed, as if she had just set a house on fire. "Oh my god, I'm sorry!"

He smiled tenderly. "Okay, it was years ago," he shrugged. It was a hard time for the whole family, of course, but it was in the past.

"Oh, I'm sorry, seriously," she insisted. "I always ask this kind of super awkward questions and then the silence is weird," she lamented, sighing. "Well, I'll ask something else and we'll forget this," Jungkook laughed silently, she was special. "YG or SM?"

What kind of question was that?

"YG"

(a/n: THE ARTISTS OKAY? THE ARTISTS)

(a/n: is this like breaking the fourth wall? bc half yg artists are here)

Lisa clapped, stretching her lips. "I knew you would be cool when we met Jungkook but you surprise me," she pointed out, with an arrogant expression.

Oh.

Don't blush idiot, don't blush.

AND DON'T EVEN DARE TO ACT LIKE HAPPY BUNNY, DO IT FOR YOUR DIGNITY.

"Oh wait, we left the main topic behind," she frowned and raised a finger. "I have a friend who owns a karaoke, she could make a discount for a whole night and we could decorate everything"

"That's a very good idea."

"You really think it?"

Why did she doubt herself? Fuck, she was perfect.

"Yes, I do"

Doubting or not, he liked to make her happy with that simple answer.

"*This is frustrated*," he whined, he hated the Present Perfect with all his heart. Why couldn't it simply be past? He did it, who cares when, really, who the fuck cares.

Lisa snorted. "*Frustrated*"

Jungkook blinked.

What?

"It's '*Frustrated*' but in that sentence it's '*Frustrating*'"

Oh

Well, now he had just been stupid.

"When it is ED, it refers to you, you are '*frustrated*' but ING is like the verb but in adjective form, it causes something to you, then it would be '*this subject is frustrating*'," she explained sweetly, like a teacher of primary, round cheeks and soft voice. Shit, it was weird that it caused things in his crotch. "You got me?"

No, but he officially wanted to.

And he was of course *frustrated* but sexually.

"You look tired," she commented, for sure noticing his eyebags and ugly tired face. Jungkook wasn't proud of himself that morning.

Jungkook was also tired. Last night he had not been able to sleep at all because he had to finish a 35-page essay about Pop Art, without counting images and examples. After all that extravagance, it felt like he had spent the night smoking weed but without actually doing it, he wouldn't be able to see a triadic color scheme for the rest of the month without wanting to rip his eyes off.

"I'm fine," he smiled anyway.

"We can cancel it for today if you want"

OVER HIS DEAD BODY.

"What? No, no, I'm fine, I swear," he insisted, opening his eyes as much as he could. He sure looked like an idiot or a psycho.

Lisa giggled. "Well, if you say so, but you have to be wide awake because we will have the first midterm in two weeks"

Midterm?

Already?

What the hell?

I mean, it had sense he didn't know because the teacher spoke so fast that he seemed to be rapping like Eminem instead of teaching. After a few minutes, Jungkook simply blocked him and stared at Lisa, fuck, he had problems because it couldn't be that even her nose seemed like the most beautiful thing in the world.

So for the next hour he, of course, stayed awake and paid attention as best he could. Lisa gave him candies, she said she had stolen them from Soomin, and she was much more expressive than usual, giving examples about everything and in a moment she even made him listen to a song by Kehlani.

Jungkook could only think that *"Cause I'm a beautiful wreck, a colorful mess, but I'm funny"* sounded so much like Lisa. Every colorful spot of her being, from that yellow pompom that hung from her camera bag to her nails today painted in a holographic like lilac color (he had to also count the stickers of cats in the most random places and her outfits with always some strong color) was beautiful and he couldn't help remembering her drunk, being so sweet and funny.

"I have something?"

"Uh?"

Lisa took her phone and looked at herself in the reflection. "I have something on my face? You're like staring at me so much"

Yes, your face is the something because you're a fucking masterpiece.

HAHAHAHA.

Kidding.

Luckily she was so naive, Jungkook thanked it because he would explode like a red volcano if she accused him of looking at her because she was beautiful. It wouldn't be a lie but it would be so embarrassing.

He had to control his eyes and this situation.

"Ah, yeah, you have something here," he pointed to his own cheekbone.

Liar.

UGLY LIAR.

ALSO, COWARD.

"I have it?" she looked at him with a purely innocent expression and leaned forward. "Can you take it out? I can't see it"

BECAUSE NOTHING WAS THERE.

Wait, what?

What was he going to take out of her?

That nonexistent imperfection?

Oh no.

He didn't expect this.

Why do you get in these things, Jungkook? Why are you like this?

"Uh ..."

Come on you idiot, you got yourself into this.

Come on.

Man up.

You have touched girls before, is not like this is weird or more than it is.

But he didn't touch her... Not like this, not in a situation like that...

He stretched his thumb and ran it gently down her cheekbone, taking out something invisible, however, he froze when he felt that skin so soft and clear, it looked so pure against his inked skin. She had no imperfections, her face was smooth as silk itself. So like that would it feel to cup her cheek and kiss her? Would her lips be softer?

Shit.

Keep dreaming, pussy.

"There," he forced a smile and withdrew his hand, feeling his fingers tingle.

"Thank you," she, of course, wasn't affected at all and smiled to him like he was the nicest person ever when he was just a selfish bastard making up things to do things like that.

This was torture but it was so damn sweet. He was suffering every Thursday but he was loving it. He was getting knowledge of all this so he benefited a little at least.

Pfff, lies.

The real benefit of all this was her.

yeah it's shitty but I TRIED. gosh I'm tired of me trying of being romantic, I have to fall in love soon or give up and start writing thriller books

OFFICIAL NEXT CHAPTER COMES TOMORROW

don't feel disappointed fam, i'm finishing it and you would see what happened after THAT

Chapter 12

hello fam, I'm not dead✌👀 yet... sadly

anyway, sorry for the delay but if it makes you feel important, i should be finishing my final project now but im here, pretending to be a good author lol

hope you enjoy this piece of shit

thank you all so much for the cute messages in my cc i love you all so so so much, i know you want sure thing and in the final note you'll find an explanation

Well, this was being harder than she expected.

Lisa never imagined that being a Jungkook's tutor would be like watching videos of kittens on a daily basis, she had no other way of explaining how her heart fluttered foolishly for him and the way she smiled like an idiot to the point that he for sure thought she was stupid.

It's just that he was damn hypnotizing, from his adorable smile and the way the bridge of his nose wrinkled when he smiled to how damn hot he was. Lisa could spend hours staring at him, fantasizing a little about those tattooed arms and the veiny hands he had... they looked so strong ... And how to explain the desire she had to climb his strong and muscular body, it was strange like shit but she really wanted to do it.

They had only been four weeks which meant only four days of tutoring and four days of sitting together in English class with a few days of crossing paths in the campus but in all those days she had felt a kind of emotion that kept her happy for the rest of the day, wanting him more.

And organizing his younger sister's birthday was a reason to stay a few more minutes talking after class so Lisa, in short, was living her best life but secretly because she refused to confess that seeing him as a friend was as difficult as Climb Everest ... or him.

Gosh, she wanted to climb him.

She also liked that little by little he began to talk more, they didn't talk as much as she wanted but it was good, she was getting to know him somehow and she liked it. At least she knew that she had not yet scare him with her daily dumb shit, Jungkook found her amusing and always laughed.

He was the cutest three.

Sometimes she saw him in the distance with his friends, he talked a lot more with them and he loved to tease them, he even was that friendly with Chaeyoung (and it made her jealous as fuck but well), he was really very funny but not with her and it was disappointing although she could understand him, he didn't know her enough. Would he ever trust her enough to open up? She hoped so.

Just then, she was remembering the previous morning when she had seen him through the campus on the way out, he had not seen her while talking very excited about what seemed to be a TV show, while in the present time a girl was in front of her, she looking at the freshly taken photos of herself on Lisa's camera.

Park Sooyoung was a known influencer on Instagram, as she was obviously beautiful and had a body that caused envy, with impressive curves. She worked with some makeup and clothing brands, she would probably be paid to model bikinis in the summer and Lisa was ready to be there and take the best pictures, as always. They both knew each other because she was very close to Chaeyoung, who had introduced them a year ago and since then they were working together.

"I like these," Sooyoung stood beside her to show her, tucking a strand of silky black hair behind her ear. Her hair contrasted with her beautifully pale skin and her peachy-colored lips combined very well with the pinkish and natural blush on her cheeks. "Will you edit them or will you just pass them on? I think they're fine like this"

Lisa focused on her work and looked closely at the camera screen. The small and casual photo session had been in a Hongdae restaurant, Sooyoung had several shots sitting in the leather seats while casually showing the military green dress she was wearing to promote because it was from an online store, and she looked great, she had definitely chosen the best photos.

"I'll edit them, I have to fix the lighting, but it will be quick. Will I send them tomorrow or do you need them for now?"

"It's fine tomorrow," Sooyoung nodded, showing her lovely smile as Lisa's phone started ringing from her backpack.

It was Karla.

Jungkook ruffled his dark hair as he looked at the prices of cheese, but frankly he had no idea what the best price should be or what the best cheese was. A question so difficult to analyze that he ended up taking his phone.

Jisoo Noona

noona

what's the correct price

of cheese

"Hello!" a small voice spoke to him from below, Jungkook slid his eyes from the screen to a little girl...

"Uh... hello?" He replied confused but he recognized her in seconds. She was the one who had scolded him a month ago, did she live there or something?

"Do you remember me? I do remember you," she asked with an adorable smile, tilting her head and making her pigtails sway to the side.

He smiled. "Of course"

How could he forget her, she was a small general of the army ready to throw a fight for a few tattoos. Honestly, the best girl ever.

"Do you still have your draws?" she asked innocently and was bold enough to take his hand in hers that were about five times smaller. "Oh, yes-yes!" she screamed excitedly, jumping. "They are forever, right?" her eyes shone happily when they saw him this time, totally different from the previous time when she seemed to be quite upset.

"Yes, how do you know?"

"My nanny told me but she didn't let me do them in my hands," she showed a dissatisfied pout on her lips. "Would you tell me what marker you made them with?" Naughty intentions were obvious, she even whispered in favor of keeping it a secret.

Jungkook chuckled. "I don't think it would be good, your nanny told you no for a reason, right?"

"She said I have to wait until I'm big, pffff, I'm big. I'm six," she rolled her eyes arrogantly, such a diva for being so small.

He nodded, agreeing. "You really are big, but not enough"

"Oh no! You think the same!" she stomped, but didn't let go of his hand, the rings were pinching the skin of her fingers because of her strong grip but he couldn't complain. She was holding him with so much trust.

Cute.

"Where is your mom?"

She frowned, confused. "Uh, I didn't come with her, I came with my babysitter"

"Where is your babysitter, then?"

She looked around then, even took a few steps around him but didn't let go of his hand at all. "...Oh no!" she put a hand on her cheek looking at him dramatically. "I lost her! Oh no! What I am going to tell Mom now?"

But she didn't seem about to cry or something like another child would. She actually was worried about her nanny like SHE was the one lost.

Anyway, he decided to help. "Don't worry, she must be close, how she looks like? I can see her better from here."

She then looked at him from head to toe, stretching her neck comically. "You're right, you're very, very, very tall. Do you think I'll ever be tall like you?"

"I hope so, although you'll be much prettier than me"

She giggled sweetly, her round big cheeks turned red as she shook her head, pigtails moving with her.

She was so cute.

"Tell me, what does your babysitter look like?" he asked again.

The girl started moving her hands. "She is tall and her hair is yellow, she has big eyes and... there she is! Lili!" she screamed excitedly and pointed to someone to the right of both of them.

The girl quickly let go of him and ran to her babysitter.

"Lisa?" he couldn't believe it, it had to be a damn joke. Right now? He needed a shower, he had just left the gym and he looked terrible, all sweaty and nasty.

And it was too late to run away.

"Oh, hi Jungkook," Lisa approached with a half-full cart, as smiling as ever.

Lisa had really been considering that damn leash when she realized that Soomin wasn't with her, she had searched her through all the halls and waited intently for the supermarket to announce a lost girl but in no way she expected to find her there and with Jungkook.

This was crazy.

"Do you know him Lili?" Soomin asked surprised.

Lisa nodded and he approached them both, scratching his neck and with a light smile. He looked hot as hell with all that messy hair.

The spring heat was showing amazing new scenarios, like him in a tank top and gray sweatpants, the arms that made her drool showing, he really had tattoos up to his shoulder and seemed to continue to his chest, although she couldn't see it, the shirt had a closed neck. And his messy hair... God, she wanted to bury her fingers there to keep him close and kiss him.

She'd been observing his lips too much while tutoring him, in her defense, she had to check he was pronouncing well.

"How are you?" she asked, taking Soomin's hand because she was slippery like a lizard.

"Hmmm, buying cheese, I think," he replied shyly, and there was that damn duality. When he was alone he looked rough, cold, looking at everyone with an uninterested gaze but then when he was with her he was smiling shyly and speaking with his so soft

voice.

"He is the boy with his draws!" Soomin screamed excitedly and let go of her to run to him, taking his hand without any shame.

Hell, what the hell was wrong with that little girl?

Had she been talking to strangers all this time? She wanted to be kidnapped or something?

Lisa needed that leash, urgently.

"Look!" she pulled Jungkook, who, like a sweetheart, let her move him and then Soomin showed his hand that she already knew very well. "I want one of these Lili!"

"I'm sorry," she whispered to Jungkook in embarrassment, she knew that not everyone liked Soomin's extroverted, noisy and "too much" personality. But he only shook his head with a smile.

"It's okay, she's cute"

HE WAS CUTE.

HE LIKED KIDS TOO FOR GOD'S SAKE.

"You have to practice so you can do it yourself," Jungkook spoke to Soomin sweetly.

"You're right!" Soomin bounced like a bunny. "I will do it now! Look! I have my markers!" She ran to the cart and took her yellow backpack.

"Oh no," Lisa already saw her intentions and there was no way to stop her now. "Oh my God, what did you do? Now she won't let you go" she whispered to Jungkook alarmed.

"What?" he asked confused.

Soomin took his hand and pulled him, with a marker already in her other little clenched fist as she thought. "What should I do?"

Let Jungkook go, please.

But obviously she wouldn't do that.

Lisa didn't blame her but goddamn this was embarrassing.

"What do you want to do?" Jungkook asked. HE HAD TO STOP, THAT WASN'T HELPING. Giving the kid the chance to make a choice was as wrong as letting her play with fire, Soomin was dangerous.

"I want to draw and use your hand to copy you," she explained.

Yep, there it was.

"What?"

"Soosoo," Lisa squatted to be at her height, this was definitely going to be difficult. Soomin was the cutest thing but saying no to her was like setting a house on fire. "Look, Jungkook can't stay for this he-"

"Uh," Jungkook caught their attention from above. Oh, wow he looked good from that perspective, better than she had imagined and now wonder what she had been imagining. "I can stay"

"Wait, what?"

He could? Why?

"Do you see Lili? He can stay!" Soomin smiled excitedly. "Get me in the cart! I can draw there!" She was too bossy for her age.

Lisa stood up. "Can you really? And you want?" she couldn't believe it. What was wrong with him? What was next? Liking country? Crying for love movies?

He shrugged. "It's Saturday, I'm free"

Lisa blinked incredulously and Soomin pulled her hand, hurrying her to follow her orders because she was still a little bossy.

"C'mon, Lili! Don't make him wait!"

Lisa lifted her easily and put her in the shopping cart's children's sit. Soomin was quite small for her age, anyone would say she was four instead of six, so she fit there easily.

"Come, Oppa!" Soomin called Jungkook with her hand.

She already called him Oppa? What a shameless kid. Lisa was still there calling him Jungkook all formal and decently.

"What's your name?" Jungkook asked.

God, Lisa was going to melt. This was too much.

Boys generally talked to Soomin like she was dumb, thousands had wanted to play the Oppa role in order to flirt with Lisa and it had been a shameful and annoying mess because she hated they to used a kid for that, but Jungkook talked to Soomin with genuine tenderness, the girl probably already had him wrapped in her little pinky finger.

What was the trick?

"Soomin!"

"I'm Jungkook"

"I know, Oppa, Lili called you that," and then she realized something and looked at both of them with her brows furrowed. Lisa didn't know what was going on in her small head and shared a resigned look with Jungkook, but Soomin smiled brightly. "You're Lili boyfriend!"

"What?"

Lisa panicked.

She literally panicked.

What the hell??????

Oh my God, this child!!!

Jungkook was shocked, eyes so big they could roll off the floor.

"No no no no!" Lisa quickly denied. "We are friends, Soosoo, friends"

Soomin frowned again and looked at her as if she were crazy, then put a hand over her mouth. "Why isn't he your boyfriend? He's so handsome," she whispered... very loudly... Jungkook obviously

heard her.

Lisa was red like a tomato in season.

"You don't think he's handsome, Lili?"

"What? No, I mean-"

"You don't? That's very very bad taste," Soomin judged her, SHE JUDGED HER. "And he's nice too, very nice, why is he not your boyfriend? You don't want to marry him?"

"Soomin!"

"Can I date him?"

"No!"

Soomin pouted. "Why?"

"We can date when you're old," Jungkook tried to save that mess of situation.

"Oppa, cheating Lisa is bad bad," she now judged him with her index finger.

"He's not my boyfriend!" Lisa said through gritted teeth.

"You sure? He's handsome"

This damn child.

"HAHAHAHA, we should go," she really wanted to run from there, run away to the fucking Japan and begin a new life as Lila Manaka.

"But Oppa has to come," Soomin insisted.

Oh shit, right.

"I can push the cart if you want," Jungkook offered.

Lisa wanted to cry, she wanted to hit him for being so cute but she also wanted him away, she was so embarrassed.

"Sure," she gave him the place. She felt so clumsy and exposed. "Just follow me, I just have a few things left on the list," she tried to act as if nothing happened and saw how tenderly he left her hand next to Soomin's so that she could draw. The difference in size was the cutest thing in the world.

He would be the best father in the world.

And then with that she remembered the protective and almost threatening way he had been with Yuqi and when he was focused on homework, with those dark brows and pierced gaze... Fuck, he would be a good daddy too.

No!

Lisa, no!

She continued walking, noticing that he followed her while he was talking about something with Soomin, it was nothing new, the little girl spoke as if she was being paid for it. Lisa begged she wasn't asking him if he wanted to be her boyfriend because it would be her death, the cause would be embarrassment and the culprit would be that six year old brat.

She scratched some things on the list and found it difficult to concentrate on that when she was distracted from time to time watching him, even hitting a lady.

"I'm sorry!" she exclaimed and lifted the cans of peas that had just fallen out of her fault.

"Don't worry," the lady replied warmly, she was older and surprisingly kind. "Men are such a great distraction, honey," she winked mischievously and continued on her way, bowing her head in greeting to Jungkook.

God, how obvious was she?

Her cheeks burned and she hid them with her hair.

But how the hell wasn't her going to stare? He had the sweetest smile in the world and at the same time a body that made her drool, somehow the contrast of his dark and cold appearance with the soft way he treated Soomin was something that made her stomach twitch with lust.

Shit, she really wanted to climb him like a tree, lick each tattoo and kiss him until she was wet.

Surely he would touch her so softly and bring his tattooed fingers to her lips so that she sucks them before ...

Lisa, it's time to stop for the love of God, this fanfic is still PG. Shut up.

And there she realized that she had just put shaving cream on the cart.

What the hell? She didn't need that.

Lisa took out the bottle and returned it to the shelf, in front of Jungkook's confused look although she didn't notice it, nor did she notice how he was staring at her from head to toe at every opportunity.

She went to the vegetable area and Jungkook stayed with Soomin in a corner so as not to get in the way, at last she could only concentrate better on the fruits she had to buy and it didn't last long.

"Young people now have children very early," a lady's voice caught her attention, the disapproving tone caused her curiosity and she followed her gaze which was right over Jungkook. "Isn't it shameful?" She told another lady.

The second nodded with a sigh. "What more could you expect from someone like that," her disgusted look slid down Jungkook and Lisa felt that familiar distaste that she had felt all her life towards people like that lady, they hit close to home. "Surely the girl's mother is a drug addict like him"

Drug addict? Where the hell did people get those ideas?

(a/n: I'm still fucking salty about it okay?!)

Lisa grunted in annoyance and violently took the bag of apples from the hands of the boy who was in charge of weighing them, the boy got startled and she realized her own behavior. "I'm sorry"

He seemed to connect dots easily, he had also heard the ladies and it wasn't very difficult to understand the behavior of an irritated girlfriend. "Is he your boyfriend?"

No, it wasn't, but she would very proudly say it if it was because Jungkook was much better than those old cocky hags.

"No, but I wish," Lisa couldn't help joking and then realized what she had just said.

Oh, my God.

"I didn't say that!"

The boy raised both eyebrows, palms up. "I have not heard anything"

His simplicity was funny and she laughed. "Thank you," she pointed to the bags.

"You're welcome. By the way, he doesn't seem... like that"

"He is not," she made clear and shot a poisonous look at both ladies, who had no idea what she was doing because they didn't even notice her but oh, yes, they deserved that nasty look from her even if it was from their backs.

Very proudly Lisa walked with her chin up to the corner where Jungkook was with Soomin, to show hags that she was very proud of that man that wasn't her man but anyway... but... they weren't there.

"Oh shit!"

Where the hell could they have gone?

Lisa looked around.

Nothing on the right, nothing on the left, nothing behind, nothing!

She had to call him, God bless the phones. She took hers from the pocket of her jeans and dialed, as she began to walk around.

"The number you are dialing is out of service..."

Out of service? What?!

Goddamn.

She felt like when she was little and was lost in the supermarket, although it wasn't related at all because she actually hid from her babysitters because she loved seeing them go crazy looking for her and the game was even more fun when it was with her mother. Well, now she was the silly babysitter in search of the little girl, because Soomin sure was behind this.

She needed that damn leash!

Now she would need two, one for Jungkook too ... Oh, no, no, no, don't go there Lisa.

"Excuse me," she spoke to a woman who was passing by with her cart. "Have you seen a tall boy with a little girl?"

The lady blinked incredulously. "Look around you"

Well, she had a point, THERE WERE SIX TALL GUYS WITH CHILDREN THAT DAY! What the hell? It was father's day? Suddenly all parents were doing the groceries with their children? What the hell was that? Lisa's father hadn't stepped on a damn supermarket in his whole life, well, she could count on the fingers of one hand the times her mother had stepped on the supermarket in the past 22 years.

"Black clothes, tattoos," she pointed to her right arm to be even more specific. "He's also handsome, very hot, with a really cute smile," she just had to add, it wasn't necessary but it was for her apparently.

"Is he your boyfriend?"

She should start receiving a hundred Wons if that question was going to become regular.

"No," she huffed.

"Oh, you shouldn't date someone like that, you know what they say-"

Jesus!

They had to stop.

"Have you seen him?" she insisted.

"No, I'm sorry," the woman smiled softly and continued on her way.

Lisa sighed and kept walking through the halls quickly. Was the supermarket more crowded than before? Oh wow, how convenient.

"Lisa Manoban, Lisa Manoban"

That was her name!

From the supermarket megaphones?

Oh, thank God, Soomin! Jungkook! They must be there!

"Your presence is requested at the entrance, your child is waiting for you"

Lisa literally ran to the entrance desk, but she stopped on her tracks when she just noticed that there was only Jungkook, with a sad puppy face while playing with his fingers, not traces of Soomin in the cart.

"Where is Soomin?"

Jungkook looked up, eyes bright, as if she were his savior. "Oh god, thanks!"

"You should watch your son better, miss, he was about to cry," a boy she recognized said mockingly and earned a glare from Jungkook, he looked so hot when he did that, but the situation itself was funny.

Jungkook had literally called her through the megaphone as if he were a small child when he was 180 centimeters of hot, tattooed and muscular man.

Lisa covered her mouth, holding back a laugh.

"He's lying" Jungkook defended himself.

"No, I'm not, he was about to cry" the pale guy said seriously, he was obviously teasing. "I'm Yugyeom, by the way, it's nice to finally meet you," Yugyeom bowed with a friendly smile, he was taller than she had imagined and paler, also more handsome and she didn't expect him to work there. Seoul wasn't as big as she expected. "Bambam has told me a lot about you"

Surely, her best friend was being a pain in the ass and had taken so seriously the project of finding her a boyfriend, when it was obviously a joke, Sorn was still playing with that but Bambam? Bambam was ready to hang a banner that said "Lisa? Single, available and hot". He for sure was doing it on purpose and kept saying it was to make Jungkook jealous when it was so obvious Jungkook didn't give a shit about it.

"Bambam talks too much," Jungkook commented casually, he sounded slightly annoyed. Was Bambam really talking a lot about her with Jungkook too? He must be really annoyed, Jungkook must have enough to see her every week and find her everywhere.

Oh, God, he must believe she was following him!

She felt so self-conscious. She didn't think she would be so annoying when she obviously was, not because Jungkook was the first person not to say "shut up Lisa" meant he didn't want to do it, he was just being kind...

Oh no, she was forcing him to be kind.

"I think I should go find Soosoo," she recalled her work, oh wow Lisa, how responsible.

Jungkook nibbled his lower lip with a worried expression. "I swear to God, I put her down two seconds because she wanted a cereal bar and when I turned around she was gone, then I was going to call you but my phone died," he was really distressed.

Lisa was already used to it, the era of panicking and crying for Soomin going MIA was in the past. "Don't worry, she always does that," she was going to touch his arm to comfort him but stopped, right, she? Annoying. "I'll go alone, don't worry"

"What?" he asked like the idea of her going looking for her kid was the craziest thing he'd heard. "No, I will go with you"

"No, it's okay, Jungkook, you've done too much"

"But it's my fault"

"It isn't, she usually leaves"

"But I should have taken care of her"

"Jungkook, no, that's my job, you were just being nice"

"But-"

"Isn't that your girl the one coming?" Yugyeom cut their idiot argument.

They both turned to see Soomin come running, pigtails bouncing, markers in hand, and a huge smile.

"Lili!!! Kookie!!!" She screamed and literally jumped like a tick to Jungkook's leg.

Damn lil traitor.

"Where were you?" Lisa put her hands on her waist, with a scolding tone.

"Miss, you shouldn't leave that way, you have momma and daddy bear very worried," Yugyeom said with mock disappointment.

Both mentioned looked at him with huge eyes. "Yah, what are you saying?"

"What? You were really worried," Yugyeom shrugged with an innocent smile.

"Who are you?" Soomin asked from below.

"Yugyeom at your service, my lady" he bowed like a knight for a queen, Lisa smiled softly, he was cute.

But he wasn't for Soomin, who frowned. "Are you Lili's boyfriend?"

"No, he's not!" Lisa responded exasperatedly.

"But I'm single if you're interested," Yugyeom winked at the her.

Lisa snorted incredulously, he was ... bold.

"Don't flirt with Lili, not in front of Kookie," Soomin scolded him harshly. "Oppa, tell him not to do it, Lili is yours"

Oh Jesus.

Mission aborted, Lisa was now going to buy a shovel and bury herself underground.

Jungkook didn't know what to say, he was so uncomfortable, he babbled strange sounds and God, Lisa had to save him.

"He-"

"Oh, is she yours, Kookie?" Yugyeom interrupted her.

WHAT THE HELL?

"Haha, no, Lili is Lili's and only Lili's property, Lili's Co. production," Lisa leave it more than clear. "Now, Lili will take the noisy girl and leave," She reached out for Soomin to take her hand, shooting her a glare look.

Soomin pouted. "But I haven't finished my draws," she pressed her face against Jungkook's thigh, her cheek squished against the muscle just as Lisa wanted to do for less innocent purposes.

"It's true," Jungkook nodded.

But what the hell did he want? He was fed up with her but at the

same time he wanted to spend more time with her? This was his damn chance to run away for once.

Lisa looked at them both and oh my god, Jungkook was fucking pouting?

He had to stop or she was going to kiss the shit out of him and it was going to be his fault.

"Okay, I guess?" she nodded and they both high fived.

Lisa looked at Yugyeom incredulously, who only shrugged while Jungkook carried Soomin easily and put her in the shopping cart.

"Do you want to go out for a drink?"

Uh?

She blinked stunned, like a date? Her and him? Why? Where did that come from?

"Next Friday, maybe? Bambam, me and some other friends will be out after class. I know you're in the same college, so..." he specified. Oh, in a group of friends ...

That didn't sound bad, Lisa loved meeting new people and Yugyeom looked very nice, besides he was a friend of Bambam and Jungkook and the first one already wanted to introduce him to her for a long time. Bambam had invited her weeks before but Lisa had been very busy studying.

"Sure, that sounds great, I love meeting new people and Bambam always says his friends are great and blah blah, you know, he talks too much," she chattered sympathetically. "Tell me where and I will be there, I hope you invite me a free drink for being the new one," she did finger guns and winked.

Yugyeom laughed. "I would need your number for that"

"Sure," She nodded and took a pen that he offered to write on paper that he also gave her. "Send a message whenever you want, no problem if it's early in the morning because I have it muted. You know, it makes no sense to send me an emergency message if your house is catching fire or something because I can't do anything, you should call the fire department "

Yugyeom laughed again. "You talk a lot"

She could now receive a hundred Wons for every time she heard that phrase, it was as common as "Are you European?" and "How many surgeries have you had?"

"I'll try to stop," although she knew it was a lie. "There you have it"

"Bambam didn't lie, you're really very nice"

She smiled. "You too"

"Lisa?" Jungkook called her.

Lisa met an intense gaze on her, arched eyebrow and strong crossed arms. Wow, hot.

"We should go on, someone is in a hurry," he pointed at Soomin, forming a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Come on, Lili!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lisa nodded and bowed toward Yugyeom as a goodbye.

Obviously without noticing his last mocking smirk or how Jungkook narrowed his eyes accusingly. Yugyeom raised the paper showing her number and did a little celebration dance, Jungkook rolled his eyes.

Lisa took out the list again, after leaving the bag of fruits in the cart. "Go to the queue, I only have two things left and I would be there," she told them both. "Hurry up with that drawing we'll be leaving soon, Soosoo, and please don't get lost," she clasped her hands begging and earned a sincere smile from Jungkook.

"Don't worry, we'll be around there"

"I'll be right back," she said before turning around and walking fast.

Well, he would continue with Soomin and Lisa wouldn't be there bothering him. Great plan.

Still, she watched him from afar several times ... Shit, so handsome, so sweet, so hot ...

But then obviously she had to go back and find them in the queue ten minutes later, Jungkook now had new drawings on his wrist and hand and was talking with Soomin about how important it was to take care of the environment, because area 51 was going to be invaded and the aliens had to find a beautiful world to stay.

"Lili, do you think an alien can bring a star?" Soomin asked distractedly while drawing a huge and deformed star on Jungkook's knuckle, Lisa felt slightly proud as she had taught her how to make them.

"They should do it, maybe from that star we could plant more and they would grow in our gardens," Lisa said as cheerful as her.

"You're so smart, Unnie!" Soomin smiled two seconds with bright eyes and went back to focus on the drawings.

"You're good at this," Jungkook commented, Lisa raised her face noticing the closeness and her stomach went crazy over him and his soft smile, round and dark eyes so warm and deep they reflected lights like stars.

God.

"What are you saying? I only get easy compliments," she whispered jokingly, to lighten the mood.

Jungkook chuckled, rubbing his neck with his free hand. "So ... you are also a babysitter"

"I am," she nodded.

"She is the best nanny in the world!" Soomin exclaimed.

"See? Compliments"

And there he was again, laughing at her dumb things.

"You should hire her Kookie, to take care of you," Soomin put her face in her hands with a dreamy smile.

Dammit.

"He can take care of himself, Soosoo"

"Oh, yes," Jungkook nodded and flexed his arm, the biceps popped up in sight and Lisa's panties would have fallen if she had a skirt on. "I'm strong"

"Oh, you have more there," Soomin noticed the tattoos, of course. Meanwhile, Lisa wanted to hang on him or be hugged by him or be pushed against a wall while ...

Shit, why the hell was she so horny?

"I want like that!"

Soomin then drew a huge heart on her own arm, biting her tongue in concentration.

"Cute," Jungkook laughed.

"She is your fan," Lisa said and wanted to kiss him when she saw him smile so sweetly, like proud to be admired, as if it were unusual for children to love him.

Then she remembered the multiple comments of ladies about him and wondered if they were so rude to tell him those things in the face or loud for him to hear and if they thought so, surely their children would too.

How odious, Jungkook deserved better than that.

And she could understand, very well indeed.

She now wanted to protect him.

"Have you been babysitting for a long time?" Jungkook asked suddenly.

"Oh, no, a year ago rather. I had been here in Seoul for a month or two when I met her mother and she asked me to take care of her and her older brother"

"And how did you get to Seoul from Thailand?" it was the first time he asked such a curious or interested question, in fact, the last month was more an interrogation to Jungkook and Jungkook answering than something else.

Lisa had to hide her excitement. "I wanted to study photography, here was the career and also Chaeyoung, we are friends since childhood," she replied simply, not to mention that she also wanted to be away from her parents.

"Chaeyoung isn't from here either, right?"

For all the times she had seen him chatting with Chaeyoung last month he didn't seem to know the basic stuff about her... And that

just sounded jealous like shit. Lisa, no.

"No, she is from Australia, we know each other because our parents are business partners," she murmured the last part quickly. "Anyway, Chaeyoung came here with her parents just in the last year and since she was going to study here too, I decided to come, enroll in college and be her roommate. And you? Jimin told me you're from Busan"

Jungkook raised an eyebrow as if questioning something but he didn't say it. "I moved here at thirteen with my family, I met Taehyung Hyung and Jimin Hyung in high school and when I entered college I moved with them because their place was close to the university"

"Kim Taehyung?" she asked surprised and got more surprised when he nodded. He lived with Jennie Unnie's boyfriend and it was funny, he looked at her strangely. "It's true about fate, don't you think? Of the thousands of students at the university and the millions that inhabit the city, all our acquaintances are related. Bambam, Chaeyoung, Taehyung, you know Jennie Unnie, right?"

(a/n: just thinking that she passed when he was with taennie but in her defense and main bc I'm the author, people can be very distracted when the person they like is there and they don't usually notice the people around them)

"Yeah," he nodded.

"See? Fate," she offered her fist for him to bump it and he did, already used to the typical movement. Honestly, Lisa didn't dare to high five his hand or something, holding his four weeks ago had caused such a jumble of emotions in her stomach that she had felt heated the rest of the day. "It's great that we get along, otherwise it would be awkward-"

Oh right ... Maybe he was uncomfortable and tired of her. That is, she had noticed before that he was somewhat uncomfortable not knowing her but now she was being annoying as he had let her see.

"What are you thinking?"

"Uh?" She reacted nervously, hiding her worried expression quickly. "No, nothing, why do you say so?"

"You don't usually shut up," he shrugged.

And there was the proof that caused a lump in her stomach. "I'm sorry"

"It's okay, it would be boring otherwise"

Uh?

He...

That had been sweet.

Very sweet.

He liked to hear her talk?

Shit, Lisa was confused but surprised and now very happy.

And she watched him take things out of the cart along with Soomin although he didn't have to because it wasn't his obligation but he did it anyway, he was such a sweetheart.

And she still wanted to climb him like a damn tree.

"Your boyfriend and daughter are so cute," an old woman whispered to her from behind.

For God's sake, she wasn't old enough to be Soomin's mom and HE WASN'T HER BOYFRIEND.

"Then, Lili's boyfriend ..." Soomin was already telling the third anecdote about Jungkook since they had arrived home, and how convenient that although the girl had spent the last hour with Kookie this and Kookie that now she didn't remember his name and he was just "Lisa's boyfriend".

That's it, Lisa was going to throw her out the window on the fifth floor.

"So you have a tattooed boyfriend," Karla said with a smirk as Soomin chattered from behind, coloring on the kitchen island. The woman was storing the provisions in the refrigerator with Lisa's help.

"No, he's not my boyfriend," Lisa repeated for the fifth or sixth or tenth time in the day. "He's just a friend"

"Well, relationships start as friendships"

Gosh.

"No, he's just a friend, he's ..." ugh she hated to say it even though it had become more obvious in recent days. "He likes Chaeyoung"

(a/n: there it is again lmfao you can punch me)

"Oh honey, really?" Karla asked discouraged.

God, no, not the pity look.

Lisa smiled. "Nah, don't worry, we're really only friends even if Soomin swears we're something else"

Karla shook her head, laughing. "She is a hopeless romantic, it will be a problem when she grows up. She will drive her father crazy with boyfriends."

"Maybe she comes with a tattooed guy"

"Maybe you will come with one too soon"

Lisa widened her eyes, opening her mouth, God, that had been good.

"Oh my God, no!"

Karla started laughing at her. The blonde's phone then began to vibrate and she huffed to see who it was.

"I have to go," she went to take her backpack. "See you tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure," Karla nodded, watching her kiss Soomin's cheek who had become distracted by a game on her mother's cell phone. "I will leave her at the ice cream shop at three o'clock and tell Kai to go there after school"

"Bye, bye, baby," Lisa said goodbye to Soomin after showing her thumb up.

Already at the door, while she was wearing her shoes, she answered the phone.

"Hello," she hummed out of habit, almost falling as she tried to put on her shoe.

"If I don't call you you would never call me, right, Prannpriya?" the indignant tone of her mother was the first thing she heard from the other line, Lisa could already imagine her perfect furrowed eyebrows.

"What's the point of calling you if you will call me anyway?" she responded simply, knowing that it would make her mom angry and that got her, she heard a small irritated scream that made her smile as she left her neighbor's apartment. "Hi mommy, how are you?"

"Worried because my daughter, who is a thousand kilometers away, doesn't call me"

"We talked two days ago"

"You could have died yesterday!"

God, she was so dramatic.

"I think you would know, doctors make those calls, you know?"

This time her mother sighed as usual to not choke her. It was fun.

"Since you just tease me, I'll go to the point. Do you remember the Jungs?"

Lisa tapped her chin, pretending to think. "Oh, right now that you tell me I know what Jung of all the Jungs of Korea you mean"

"Really?"

"No, mom, I have no idea. I don't even recognize when you talk to me about Bambam's family if you don't tell me "Kumpimook's family" and you want me to know who the Jungs are?" her mother knew everyone and with everyone she meant everyone in her circle of upper-class families in Asia that in itself for her mother that was everyone, nobody who didn't travel in first class was in that world. But Lisa had never been good with last names, specially with older people, she barely knew people of her age, just by name and only because they had attended the same high school as her, if they were Thai.

"I guess I'll introduce them to you in a month"

"What?"

Oh no, no, that meant she would come to Seoul. Fuck. No. That was terrible.

Lisa could deal with her father's monthly visits, he was a thousand times nicer than her mother when he wasn't in business mode and listened to what she had to say instead of spending time with his iPad all lunch and then being totally surprised not to know things Lisa had just told him. But her mother was a separate case, a terrible one that drove her crazy.

"I will visit you"

Lisa muttered a "Fuck!" and kicked like a tantrum girl.

"In a month there is the great charity gala with works inspired by Van Gogh and obviously we will go with your father since he is part of the sponsors, and the Jungs will be there"

Who the hell cared about the Jungs?

God, Lisa would be forced to attend there and spend time with all those people. It didn't matter if she was an adult now, she was forced to play their game every time they wanted if she didn't want to lose everything.

"Their son is single," her mother added, totally unaware of the way Lisa was having a mental breakdown.

JUST A MOMENT.

SHE COULDN'T BE TALKING ABOUT...

"I would love you to give him a chance, Pranpriya, you need a boyfriend"

Lisa wanted to bang her head against the wall.

SHE DIDN'T HAVE, DIDN'T NEED OR WANT A BOYFRIEND.

Well, yes, she wanted one, BUT THAT PERSON DIDN'T WANT TO BE HER BOYFRIEND SO THE LISA'S BOYFRIEND AUDITIONS WERE CLOSED.

SHIIIIIIIT.

"What do you think, Pokpak?"

Lisa sighed. "I told you I'm gay," she played that card again, she was using it since highschool.

"I told you to stop saying you're gay, you can't be gay with the way you dress"

What the hell that was supposed to mean?

[Extra]

"Hmm, Jungkook?"

Jungkook smiled foolishly after drinking a water bottle to the bottom, still on the yellow cloud of Lisa. "Yes?"

Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, leaning on the kitchen counter. "Don't you think you forgot about something?" he asked casually.

Jungkook frowned. "No?"

"Really?"

"Yeah, I just came from the gym" Jungkook said honestly, not

getting why Jimin was looking at him that way.

"And you were in the supermarket, you told me that after leaving the gym"

He nodded in reply, yes, he did send a text to Jimin saying that.

"And what the fuck you did in the supermarket that you didn't bring all the monthly grocery shopping you had to fucking do?"

Oh...

that was long, right? and here i am scrunching my nose in distaste but well i swear i had fun writing it

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 *the next is about that "friendly" night out and be sure, jungkook will find the reason to attend bc there's no way jelly homeboy gonna leave her alone with his friends. now try to predict when I'll update again bc my consistent ass quit my body.*

so fam, sorry for going mia. *im not having a good time lately, and it's not related to wattpad but to my personal life. ive been such a trainwreck lately, maybe it's because is the first year of college and all the stuff that involves it but in summary, I'm not okay, ive been in the middle of fights, arguments and such bad feels and therefore im not in the mood of writing that much. surprisingly writing this chapter was like fresh air and a distraction and I'm like lol wtf why I didn't do this before but at the same time I get why, i wasn't with the energy enough to do more than attending class and studying. really, emotions suck, don't feel them, they screw you.*

anyway, i know it must be tiring for you all and im sorry for being such a shitty author *but well, my health is first.*

so, i've thinking i'll update this story more in order to ending it soon *(don't worry, that doesn't mean the end is close) and focus more on this one and then in the others.*

sorry for all the people that are still waiting for sure thing, *being honest since like chapter 28 or 29 It's been really hard to find the inspiration, the mood and the ideas to do it (and it shows) and im so sorry im feeling this way about my main baby, more now that i know a lot of new readers had arrived but i can't help it. I'll try to write it but it won't be my main priority, just gonna do it when I'm in the mood and it's not like it's incomplete or something bc sure thing doesn't work like fanfics, the chapters are mostly one shots so... yeah. sorry. in short, you will have to wait a lil more for chapters of sure thing and i won't blame you if you don't want to read it anymore, it's okay, id get tired of me too. anyway, I hope you had a really good experience with it and enjoyed it.*

IM NOT ABANDONING IT.

and i know i shouldn't do this but bitch I have such angst ideas after all

that scandal omg i wish i had the will to write lmfao

Chapter 13 • Pt. 1

this was going to be longer but i decided to cut it bc 1. i want to update and 2. i want to update that's all lmfao

so i want to see how many times i can update in november, like challenging myself to update regularly for just this month and see how it goes♦♦ and yes I'm doing this, a week before finals season.

do you think I'll be able to?

pls lk don't ruin my plans bc ill ruin you two, im 160cm of pure contained rage don't mess with me

and yes, the name it's bc the twice song

"Could you pass me that paintbrush?"

Chaeyoung moved quickly, her long, wavy hair, now blond, flew gracefully around her thin body, at the same flow as the small flown of the skirt of her short white dress. She moved around the table with soft and delicate steps, like a white butterfly and probably some boy gave a sigh, hopelessly in love with the prettiest girl in the Art department.

"Here you have," she handed it to Jungkook with a warm smile that he showed back slightly before returning to work, she sat down next to him, crossing her long legs and brushing her knees against his thigh, where she had been all afternoon and most days.

Recently, they had become more close than before, chatting in all the classes and sharing ideas. It was easy for both of them, they have the same taste in music and art, they also shared opinions on general topics. Some classmates were beginning to suspect and create rumors, but both were ignorant on the subject... or at least Jungkook, who was not only obtuse to notice Lisa's bright eyes, he also had no idea of Chaeyoung's obvious attitudes towards him.

He was just having a good talk while painting, you can't blame the boy. Anyway, the talk was over because Chaeyoung got called from the door by the delegates of the other years of the department. As the delegate, and best student of the generation, she couldn't refuse to go.

"I'll be right back," she told Jungkook, touching his arm gently.

"Don't run, you'll fall," he teased, since Chaeyoung could be somewhat clumsy. She showed him one last smile as she nodded and tucked a strand of silky hair behind her ear.

God, this idiot.

Jungkook loved to paint, it cleared his mind, it distracted his emotions, his creativity flew, it was like fucking but alone... or something like that. Although he hated silence. Only psychopaths do silent activities. So having Chaeyoung talking to him was great, she loved to talk about anything and everything like Lisa, the first one was more expressive, the second one was louder. He could imagine them chatting with each other, although he had seen them many times... more than he could admit if he didn't want to receive a restraining order.

He was close to that, but this author was still avoiding to call the police.

At least this time he could use in his favor that Lisa and he were friends. I don't know how that explained his constant stalker looks, but it was less rare than simply looking at a girl he didn't know.

I guess...

"So... Rosie Posie..."

Jungkook looked up, moving a strand of hair to the side with his pinky. "Uh?"

Yugyeom crossed his arms in front of him, leaning on the common table he and Chaeyoung were sharing, pressing his tongue against his lower lip and showing a funny smile. He raised an eyebrow and tilted his head. "You, Chaeyoung, when is the wedding?"

"What?"

"I understand why you don't want Lisa, you and the delegate are sending lovey dovey stares to each other like in the most cliché kdrama. Is she working on a flower shop too?"

Jungkook's confused face said everything. "Lovey dovey stares"??? The closest thing to a lovey dovey stare that Jungkook had sent near Chaeyoung was to her strawberry yogurt with pieces of strawberries and cereals. That thing looked delicious and thank God Chaeyoung noticed and shared, Jungkook got close to tears with that yogurt.

"We're just friends," Jungkook said incredulously.

Yugyeom snorted. "Why are you 'just friends' with girls like Chaeyoung and Lisa? I understand about Lisa, maybe she's not your type, but Chaeyoung is all you want."

Lol, wrong.

Although Jungkook remained silent for him to continue.

"Chaeyoung looks like Tzuyu, you know, pretty and with those rich girl vibes, she has those angel and pure IU vibes too. Her dresses and legs are the best thing that happened to me in my entire career," he said seriously, Jungkook pursed his lips to hide a smile "And she likes you"

"She doesn't like me," Jungkook was very sure of that, she would react just like him if she heard that idiotic idea of both of them together. Yes, they talked and got along, she was beautiful with a very beautiful body, maybe she seemed to be his "ideal type", but so what? He had already been with the girl who was his type and had ended badly.

He got along well with girls who weren't his type, though.

Jimin was right, ideal types were bullshit, but Jungkook kept his idea that he wasn't Lisa's.

"Oh, I've had girls staring at me as she looks at you and I checked very well in bed how much they liked me"

Jungkook shook his head. "Forget it, we are just friends" and although that phrase meant nothing to his desire to fuck Lisa until she just drool and whimpered his name like a mantra, with Chaeyoung that phrase meant every word.

Being a friend of Lisa was becoming harder for class. Her thick lips while pronouncing? The way she smiled? Gosh, he? Whipped and hard.

"Does that mean Lisa is the friend you like?" Yugyeom inquired in that curious way that irritated him, Jungkook knew his friend, he knew that type interest and he didn't like Yugyeom to have it on Lisa.

"That means what you hear, leave Lisa out of this," he told him more rudely than he wanted to show.

Yugyeom raised both hands. "There's my answer, dude. But chill, you don't have to bark at me or pee over her, she's cute and all but not my type"

So why the hell was he always asking about her? Why on earth was he greeting her and talking to her whenever they met in the halls? They were there laughing like haha and hihi and it was so irritating.

Yugyeom wasn't like Jimin, who in addition to fucking his girls maintained a friendship with them and was honestly a gentleman, Yugyeom just wanted to fuck and Jungkook felt a vein in his forehead throbbing every time he thought of the mere idea of him touching Lisa.

Worst of all is that she was as friendly to him as she was to Jungkook, Yugyeom wouldn't want to be just her friend as himself and if he wanted to seduce her for sure he would do it, it was likely that she would accept and damn it, Jungkook wanted to punch his friend's damn face which didn't sound as crazy to him as it should.

"So ..." Yugyeom spoke again, stretching his lips. Jungkook looked at him with an arched eyebrow, waiting. He looked scary when he did that, it was like he real bad guy side showing in all aspects and

saying "don't fuck with me". However, Yugyeom smiled proudly to have him where he wanted. "We will go out with Bambam today for a drink, will you come?"

Noticing that his own bad mood was ridiculous, Jungkook took a deep breath, seeking to ignore that itchy feeling that caused him to grit his teeth. "Nah," he tilted his head to the sides to get the annoying bangs off his face and he concentrated on his painting. "I'm not in the mood, I just want to sleep," and it wasn't a lie, it had been a heavy week with some exams, although between you and I, it's obvious that he didn't want to see Yugyeom's face for obvious reasons.

"Sure? You need fresh air," Yugyeom squeezed his shoulder. "Some drinks, time with us, maybe finding some girl. You're very tense."

Jungkook denied again. "I will only sleep today"

"Sure?" he insisted once again.

"Yup"

"It doesn't tempt you even a little a fresh beer, one of those that make your fingers burn and cloud the glass"

"Nope"

"I will pay!"

"Bro, seriously, I just want to get home and sleep"

Yugyeom sighed dramatically. "Fine, then. Go to sleep. Your loss"

Jungkook doubted that.

At this point in the year, all he could think about was sleeping and just sleeping and doing the damn finals and then sleeping. Going out was something he didn't want at all.

"Guys!" Chaeyoung ran back gently and made a small, cute jump in front of them, her smile was huge, puffing her cheeks, and she looked so beautifully excited. "You won't believe this," she pushed her hair back and rocked on her feet. Both boys were more curious, it must be something great if she was bouncing like a rabbit. "I am in charge of the mural of the apartment!" she said excitedly, shaking her fists the same way Lisa did.

"Wow, that's great, Chae!" Yugyeom raised his hand for her to high five, Jungkook later imitated him.

The art department occupied a whole building which, at the entrance, had a huge mural that was the first thing to be seen when passing through the doors; Every four years it was renewed for one of the years of the painting section, the one that demonstrated better performance and creativity through the years, and obtaining the leadership of it was something great, especially for just a second-year student. Chaeyoung deserved it, she really was the best.

"I'm dying! I'm so nervous!," she brought her fingers to her

mouth, nibbling at them. "It's such a big project and I have to gather so many people"

"It's good that you know everyone," Jungkook commented, trying to support her.

"Yugyeom, bro, see this," someone called him and he nodded.

"Congratulations Chae, you deserve it," he winked and left them alone.

"You have to participate, please, please, please!" She clasped her hands, smiling.

Jungkook blinked confused because of all that excitement but shit, he really wanted to be part of it and he loved that she offered it to him. It was something so big and amazing.

"That would be great," Jungkook shrugged, showing a happy smile.

Chaeyoung gave multiple excited jumps, she literally bounced towards him, and seemed about to jump into his arms. "I really love you on this, Jungkookie, you are so good and would love to see your colors," she took his hand instead and didn't care that her fingers got stained with paint.

He closed his fingers to take her hand and shook it gently, smiling widely. "Let's get it!"

She laughed and released him, looking at him that way of course he didn't notice.

Idiot.com

"You don't have to worry about schedules, it will be during this period, we will get grades for the work, it will be great," she said excitedly as she walked around. Jungkook nodded, getting excited like her, that was great, he could work with that. His schedules were already full with work and the manga but if it was during classes, it was so awesome, he was dying to work on that. "I hope it doesn't bother you to come some mornings, though"

Oh.

"I have classes on Mondays and on Thursdays are definitely not available," he was serious with that, she turned around and her hair flew around.

Her brows furrowed, showing confusion. "What happens on Thursdays?"

"I study with Lisa, she is helping me with English," and the way he said was so soft. Just yesterday they had been doing it although it was a facade, they had actually been talking about Soomin and the talk had been so fluid and easy for the first time, he could know more about Lisa too and it was something big too because she wasn't the type that used to talk about herself. He couldn't help smiling at that.

At the same time that Chaeyoung's smile threatened to fade.

"Oh, it's fine anyway, with the afternoons it's enough," she said though and laughed falsely. "I really want to work with you," she added softly.

"You already have me," he said cheerfully and made her smile, for real, again.

God, this idiot.

"I want to die"

It was finally Friday. Jungkook saw his bed as a synonym for orgasm after six years of abstinence but tied to a chair with a TV playing Pornhub videos all day. Specific but pretty accurate, Jungkook wanted to sleep so bad.

Jisoo huffed at the sudden weight that fell on her back, showing a face of pure disgust. "Yah, but don't do it over me," she tried to get him off but Jungkook was as annoying as a mosquito in that mood.

"You are so comfortable, Noona," he closed his eyes with his head over hers, feeling the moodiness that began to flow from Jisoo. He loved to tease her, Jisoo getting grumpy for a seconds was funny to see.

"Yaaaah," she let out a hoarse and annoyed scream, shaking under him although Jungkook was invincible in that way, also too heavy and annoying. "Damn child," she sighed and chose to ignore him, typing again on her laptop.

Jungkook smiled satisfied and looked at the screen, Jisoo was doing an essay, apparently chemical because it had those strange formulas and graphics everywhere he had seen Taehyung doing before. "Are you creating a bomb, Noona?" he teased.

Jisoo didn't change her concentrated expression. "Unless I want to contaminate the population with parasites, nope, it's not my plan for now."

That, in her language, was "Idiot, this is not chemistry, it is another subject that you surely don't understand". She had a point, however.

"You will be a great surgeon, Noona," he said with that admired tone that he always did in front of her intelligent homeworks, he would never realize what that tone caused in the older one's heart. He had that weird talent to get her heart soft.

Jisoo smirked. "I know," her arrogance wasn't annoying, it was a fact.

"But we should go home, Noona, it's late," he sighed again and made strands of black hair fly over Jisoo's face, she huffed again and raised her hand to strike his forehead with perfect precision. "Ugh," he rubbed it, feeling betrayed. God, she was strong.

Jungkook was sure she would be able to beat him up if she wanted.

"I was just waiting for you," she closed the black laptop and took her backpack that was next to her feet.

Jungkook opened his mouth. "Yah, I was just drawing there, why didn't you tell me?" he complained, blaming himself for keeping her there. Jisoo was very dedicated and hardworking, his life and Jimin's would be a disaster without her, and they both really hated recharging her even more even though she grumbled at their desire to protect her because she insisted with her independent and strong woman's speech that she didn't need two idiots pretending to take care of her when it was, actually, in the other way, she had literally said all that once.

"I was busy," she rolled her eyes in response and glanced at Jungkook's studio, the door was open and the light was on, although the music was off. "Have you finished tomorrow's design?" she inquired, frowning. Jungkook nodded, smiling because she reminded him so much of his own mother, a cooler and sarcastic version but adorably low and annoying. "Remember that it is for tomorrow, early. For you, because eleven in the morning is not early," she added in a plain, sarcastic tone.

Jungkook chuckled, she was right but who the hell was up before ten on a Saturday.

He silently picked up his things and closed his place, with Jisoo waiting patiently but it wasn't necessary, she could leave even though she never did.

"I've seen Lisa the other day," she commented, crossed arms over her chest. Jungkook stopped for a few seconds as if he were a glitching bot but quickly recovered, putting on his backpack. Jisoo smiled, God, he was so transparent. "She is really an energy bomb; we had lunch together"

Shit, even Jisoo had lunch with Lisa?

He was having lunch with Jimin and being scolded but everyone was having lunch with Lisa as if she had a ad offering free food in her head. Life was so unfair.

"And she talks sooooo much about you"

Oh, really?

Oh.

He smiled stupidly as he locked the parlor after activating the alarm.

He wanted to ask what she said about him.

"Yes, until her friend, the Thai one, arrived with Jackson Wang, you know, the frat boy cliché, and he stole all her attention"

The keys fell out loudly, Jungkook tried to take them but only

managed to knock them against the glass while also dropping his phone which he was carrying in the other hand.

"Oh shit," he murmured, noticing the broken screen.

"Gosh, you drop your phone like it's cheap," Jisoo scolded him.

But what the hell was that? Jackson Wang? Who the hell was Jackson Wang?

"Well, I'll go home," Jisoo said then, as if she hadn't just activated all his alarms and well she was enjoying it, it was her subtle revenge. "I'll open tomorrow and I hope you're on time. Annyeong, nyeongan," she smiled and left, walking among the people.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes, that girl ...

Who the fuck was Jackson Wang?

He headed down the same old path, noticing that the streets were much busier due to the day, but even so he could get that glimpse of blond hair that he knew so well that made him unconsciously get ahead of the people to get closer.

Lisa went ahead, her ponytail bounced at every step she took. She still was wearing the same outfit as in the afternoon, a short green top and loose jeans that marked her small waist even more with that hard stomach that made him want to run his fingers through it and maybe his lips too... and make her sigh. Her hips accentuated a little more, swaying gently to the rhythm of her relaxed walk because she was also texting.

Would he talk to her? Nope, no way.

What was he going to tell her?

I mean, he could call her and walk together but it caused him anxiety. What if she didn't turn around? And if she ignored him? And if she thought he was following her?

Creepy.

And like a damn creep he saw her walk.

It was very weird.

God, Jungkook.

He accelerated having a sudden shot of confidence.

He could talk to her, they were friends, she was no different than his other friends and she was very kind, he could talk to her and chat and ...

And if she really didn't listen to him?

He stopped.

Or if she look at him like he was weird? It is not as if he didn't deserve it anyway.

He was a creep.

A weird sims-lookalike-standing creep.

That is, he literally began to have a crisis and changed speed every ten seconds, hesitant between approaching or not. He wasn't

normal.

Luckily, he went unnoticed among people... or at least his rare actions did.

But some boys made Jungkook finally decide. The two of them were drunk and tripped with Lisa, causing her phone to fall and her to stumble.

Jungkook couldn't hear what they said but the wicked smiles they showed said everything, one of them got too close, although Lisa just bent down to take her cell phone and pressed it on her chest, subtly moving back while shaking her head. She was saying no and looking very tense and bothered.

Damn motherfuckers.

From coming back and forth, his feet quickly advanced toward her with determination and a dark aura that if he were part of an anime it would look like a black cloud around him.

"Come on beautiful, come with us," one of them was saying, wrapping her waist with one arm.

Lisa pushed him in the chest. "No, leave me alone," she said coldly, her voice surprisingly low.

Shit, he hated those drunk bastards.

"Come on baby"

"No"

Jungkook clenched his jaw, starting to burn. He hated those fools so much, they didn't understand no.

"But look how pretty you are-"

Jungkook pushed him away, the boy tripped back and his friend laughed. "Fuck off, dude," he growled, glaring at him with a dark scaring look, his jaw so tight that his teeth ached. He was taller and stronger, the guy knew better even at being that drunk.

"I'm sorry, bro," he raised both hands, barely keeping the balance of his body. The breath of alcohol hit Jungkook in the face, angering him even more. "I didn't know she was taken, pretty girlfriend you have," he smiled dumbly and as if nothing had happened he walked away with his friend who began to laugh loudly.

Jungkook followed him with such an angry gaze, wishing he could burn them with just his eyes. Fucking idiots.

Who the hell they thought they were to harass girls? What the fuck would have happened if he wasn't there?

"Thank you," Lisa sighed.

Jungkook took a deep breath to calm down and turned around to see her, taking her thin arms. She was so small, what the fuck would she have done if she was alone? Yes, they were in the middle of a street with many people but who would care if they forced her

to go with them? They were over her and no one stopped to check.

"Fuck, are you alright?" he asked full of concern, looking for some sign of fear or trauma on her face but he only found a relaxed smile.

"I'm fine," she assured him in a soft voice, her usual self was back. "It was nothing"

How the fuck that was nothing? Two drunk guys had jumped on her????

"Don't worry, it's nothing," she reassured him again, her smile was really calm. For her this was like a walk on the beach. What the hell? "I'm used to it," she shrugged.

Jungkook looked at her frozen, his entire nervous system making electric shocks in his head.

Used to it? She was used to it? TO THIS?

"You ..." he stuttered, releasing her when he realized he was still holding her like an idiot. He raised his finger, still searching for what to say. "You-You... Lisa?" he was still stuttering like having some mental issue or something.

Lisa looked at him, waiting, both brows raised.

USED! SHE SAID "USED".

Why

was

she

used

to

being

harassed?

????????

!!!!!!!!!!!!

"You..." he took a deep breath, he was so shocked and horrified. "Why do you come back home alone then?" he barely could said, his voice was weak, a knot in his throat.

Why the fuck was no one with her? Bambam? The boy she worked with? SOMEONE?!

WHAT WERE THEY WAITING FOR? SOMEONE FORCING LISA?

Jungkook was fuming, he was ready to throw a fight with all of them for leaving her alone.

"I am not alone, I am with God and it is the only explanation I find that nobody stole an organ from me after two years of walking alone at night," she joked sympathetically, SHE JOKED.

Shit, what was wrong with her?

"I'm fine, Jungkook," she repeated again and put a hand on his tense arm, the heat of her palm sent chills through the rest of his body and he squirmed unconsciously so she lowered her hand. "Hey, it's okay?????" she said then, confused. She really wasn't

getting the whole deal... like...

This wasn't right, not good at all.

He remembered how he met her and felt a new wave of rage run through his body. She was drunk and helpless, throwing herself at him without worries ... Anything could have happened to her in that state with some perv...

This happened when she was sober and she said she was used to it, she was even joking about it which meant it happened more times... And she was coming home alone like every day, he saw her. He didn't like it at all.

Lisa had to be taken care of, shit, he wanted to take care of her.

"Soooo," she decided to change the topic. "Are you going out for a drink with Gyeom and Bambam too?"

She was going out still??? To get drun-Wait, WHAT?!

She and Yugyeom? Going out for a drink?

Lisa + drunk + Yugyeom? Oh fuck no, no on his watch.

AND "GYEOM"? WHY SHE CALLED HIM "GYEOM"? WHO THE FUCK ALLOWED THAT?

"You ... I ... What?" he stuttered again like a fool.

Lisa nodded. "Let's go for a drink, Gyeom invited me and ..."

That's it. Jungkook was going to punch the damn idiot.

He didn't really have a reason other than jealousy but you know ... he wasn't being reasonable.

Yugyeom could have said Lisa was going to go with them too... but he didn't say shit and oh my God, Jungkook narrowed his eyes.

"You wanna come?" Lisa returned him to earth.

(a/n: oh, ofc he wants, in you better)

"Yes, of course," he nodded confidently.

Sleep? That was for losers.

Jeon Jungkook wasn't going to sleep while Lisa got drunk with Yugyeom. Jungkook could sleep when he died.

idk why it feels short? maybe bc it has just two scenes? weird. but part two is more full of stuff and characters and all so i decided to cut it. hope i finish it this weekend.

omg cake updating again just days after???? this is not the real cake, idk what happened with the original, this is a falsification.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 what do you think is gonna happen in that night out? the comeback of drunk lisa? drunk jk? flirting? love triangle? A KISS?

stop dreaming there won't be any kiss.

btw, thank you all so much for all the lovely words you left in the last update. you're the kindest people ever and i don't deserve you all, knowing myself and the bitch i am, i don't deserve it but thank

you for being there and giving me, and this book, love 

Chapter 13 • Pt. 2

TRIGGER WARNING: you'll get triggered.

that was going to be in the last chapter but i thought "nah its nothing" but it was SO MUCH for you all so im gonna warn this time in case y'all decide to burn his balls off. pls if you're going to pls invite me to the event, it's so impolite to do these things without me.

btw, just saying, he's not doing it on porpuse. some guys are just that dumb, face it karen. pay attention to his thoughts, not his actions.

The bar that Bambam, Yugyeom and Jungkook usually went to was only a few blocks away from the tattoo parlor. It was underground so one had to enter from a door with a neon sign in the form of a dragon on it, at going down the neon lit up stairs a soft smell of smoke filled the nostrils and the sound of laughter and people talking with music in volume were the background noise. The floors were of polished wood with tables of the same material around the place, the decoration was somewhat dark with red and green neon lights and these became brighter in the area of the glass bar.

Jungkook noticed Lisa's curious look, it was obvious that she had been in such a place before, and thus he referred to the group of people who were going to that bar. Knowing the owner, who had been a famous tattoo artist for years and practically a legend, most were tattoo artists and/or people who obviously did not belong to Lisa's usual environment.

"Hey!"

They both turned their heads to the call, finding Bambam and Yugyeom sitting at a table. The mocking looks said hello to Jungkook.

He gave way to Lisa so she could walk first, he didn't want to have her behind and lose sight of her, maybe she would find the way to face another drunk asshole and say "iM uSeD"; and in that way he could roll his eyes to his friends.

"Hello~," Lisa sang softly, taking a seat next to Yugyeom. She used to do that every time she entered to a place, it was honestly so cute.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow to the chosen place but sat next to

her. In the front, Bambam smirked. "Hey yo, Lice," he greeted Lisa loudly and she looked like she wanted to kick him.

"So, is this sleeping?" Yugyeom scoffed.

"Yeah, it's my new definition," Jungkook nodded simply.

He was with Lisa so practically this was a dream anyway.

(a/n: ten points for my flirty ass)

In the middle of them, Lisa didn't get that one but decided to ignore it. "This place is so cool," she said excitedly. Jungkook didn't expect her to like it, he really wanted her to dislike it and wanting to leave like it happened with Tzuyu; he couldn't figure out if that was good or not.

"I knew you will like it," Yugyeom smiled to her.

Yeah, Jungkook couldn't get why he would think that.

"My Lili here loves bad boy stuff," Bambam said with that devil smile, like insinuating something.

Jungkook frowned. Why was he trying to say? Why was he always being so mysterious and saying those weird things? What was he trying to imply? Like... Lisa liking bad guys? He meant Yugyeom? I mean, Yugyeom was in the middle between fuckboy and bad boy.

"HAHAHA, shut up," Lisa hurried to speak. "So, do you guys come here often? They serve food or just alcohol? I'm dying for something salty," she did that usual fast, cute babbling with that interest of her that was so cute.

Jungkook grinned, resting his face on his first.

"You have to taste the fries from here, they're delicious," Yugyeom said instead of just looking at her like a damn idiot like sOmEoNe.

"Yup, she loves those but please don't eat like an animal, we have visits"

Lisa glared at Bambam. "This is why we never take you out"

"Excuse me? I'm the one taking you out here"

"The one taking me out here is myself"

"I invited you"

"Nope, it was Yugyeom"

"Because I told him"

"That's so no true," Yugyeom laughed.

Bambam gasped offended, a dramatic hand on his chest. "This is how you behave after all I did to you?"

"That's right, sorry, thank you bro for the beautiful lady"

Jungkook rolled his eyes, damn flirt. Lisa wasn't a damn gift or whatever for him to talk about her like that.

"Technically we met because of Jungkook so thank him," Lisa pointed out with a finger up.

Ok, that was like a punch in the face.

Jungkook blinked.

How all this was his fault?

Like, he just breathed there????

Jungkook had his jaw so clenched it was impossible for him to talk so be literally was just breathing... like a an angry bull but just breathing.

"Right, Jungkook?" she looked at him, smiling.

No.

It wasn't right neither.

"Oh, no, no," Yugyeom interrupted him before he could ever say something, even though Jungkook didn't know what the fuck to say. "I introduced myself in that case"

And he called him and Lisa mama and daddy bear or whatever and then teased about them being of the other. For real, what game was Yugyeom playing? Jungkook was getting irritated with it. Like, now he was interested for real? He wasn't? He was just playing? Was he playing with Lisa? Because he would end up losing because of a damn dark eye if he was.

"Hey guys," three guys interrumped that stupid argument, they sat with them and left bottles of soju and two big glasses of beer, being as comfortable as usual since both were also friends of the owner.

Kim Jiwon, also known as Bobby, Kim Hanbin and Jung Jaewon, they were tattoo artists and very known underground rappers, also great drink friends and good-looking guys. Jungkook knew them because of some contents and then for the bar and their seniors, he met Jaewon first and he introduced his friends, in some way they all ended up being drinking buddies.

"Oh, who's the Barbie here?" Jaewon noticed Lisa and smiled, pushing his long black hair back after leaving a big plastic glass of beer for Jungkook.

Barbie?

And she really looked like one when her big eyes with long lashes looked at Jaewon, the neon lights doing wonderful things with all the angles of her beautiful face. Jungkook never was wrong, she was a doll.

"Hi there, Barbie," Bobby raised a brow, a hot smirk on his lips. At his side, Hanbin was more quiet and just smiled in recognition, doing a small bow.

Lisa's smile was so big. "Hi, I'm Lisa," she introduced herself with a sweet voice.

"You're so cute, Barbie," Bobby said shamelessly.

"This is Bobby," Bambam introduced him. "Hanbin and Jaewon,"

he continued with the rest respectively.

"What brings you here to the bad side?" Bobby asked playfully, clearly noticing the expensive jewelry on her ears and hands.

"Bad side?" she asked, clueless.

"You're definitely not from here," Jaewon pointed at her with a finger, a silver ring shone under the neon green light and her eyes went directly to the tattoo on his forearm.

Jungkook glared at him, for sure Yugyeom did it too. That wasn't nice. It was obvious, it was true, but he didn't have to tell her and he knew it was in a good mode but he didn't like it.

"Lisa wants to be a bad girl now," Bambam didn't lose the change of embarrassing her, he left the alpha protective job for the bodyguards on Lisa's sides.

"Yah!"

"I'd love to see that," differently of Bobby who was obviously being his usual friendly side, Jaewon murmured those words sincerely, a glint of real interest on his eyes and Jungkook didn't like it, again.

Oh fuck.

First Yugyeom, now Jaewon.

It was easy to see the difference between teasing Jungkook and being interested on Lisa now.

Lisa smiled shyly, looking at Jaewon at the eyes like a shy school girl in front of her crush. Jungkook gritted his teeth, feeling a new knot in his stomach. "Hehe, actually I just came here for a drink," she admitted.

"Oh, love that one," Hanbin talked for the first time and offered a fist for her to bump, she did it easily and happily. She was fast to get along with people, Jungkook found himself admiring it besides the fact he was so obviously jealous.

Lisa could socialize so easily, keeping that innocent side that was so lovely for the others.

"That's my girl, guys," Yugyeom pointed at her proudly.

'mY gIrL'.

Jungkook got happy to see her roll her eyes and shook her head, he drank from his beer to hide the proud smile on his lips.

"I just can offer to you, my Barbie, a glass of soju. There's no champagne," Bobby had to say for some reason, really, that wasn't necessary but Jungkook knew why they were being like this. Rich people were usually bitches, not nerds, but wasn't it obvious that Lisa was the nicest girl?

"You're lucky I love soju," Lisa shrugged and raised a glass, ready to get those drinks.

Jungkook would have been surprised if it wasn't that he literally

met her when she was wasted as fuck, singing Last Christmas and saying "I hope you're not a rapist because will end very badly". Now that he knew her current situation, it sounded way worse. Jungkook felt grateful with the fate for making them meet that night, the idea of her ending up with some creep caused him chills.

"Oooh, I like you Barbie," and Bobby said honestly, he approved her in that exact moment. Jungkook hoped he would stop with the rich bitch insinuations, he didn't want Lisa to get uncomfortable when she was just trying to have a good time.

He didn't want to compare her with Tzuyu, but he did it anyway.

"She's full of surprises," Bambam said again like he knew more than them all.

"The lady wants it so she will get it," Jaewon shrugged and poured soju on her glass, then proceeded with the rest.

She drank to the bottom, holding the glass with both hands like a cute baby, and did that usual expression of "*Wow, it's hard*" that everyone used to do. "Yep, love it," she nodded cutely and made them chuckle, all eyes on her. An Oppa attractor at its finest.

"There you have more," Jaewon said and did, smiling so wide at her. Jungkook put his arm around her chair unconsciously, a very bold move. If he was going to be like that while being jealous he should be for more chapters and make it right with the author of this.

"So, it's been a while JK," Hanbin called his attention.

"Yeah, classes, you know"

And Lisa, he was busy with Lisa too. She was such a distraction, he wasn't drinking, he wasn't smoking, he wasn't doing those things that used to entertain him out of his loved jobs because it was like she was enough entertainment for days. He also wanted to show the best of him to her, maybe trying to make her see him like he wanted.

Weird and whipped.

"We missed you, dude," Bobby said while drinking a big glass of beer. "The last time we saw you was like... two or three months ago?"

"He got so wasted, Seungyeon and I had to take him home," Jaewon teased.

Oh, Seungyeon. Jungkook wondered how was she and, at his side, Lisa wondered who was her.

"They all say how he gets wasted and I want to see it," Lisa looked at him, like for the first time?, a playful smile on her lips, Jungkook felt things in his stomach and he really had the big urge to cover his ears.

"Oh, trust me, he's the best," Bobby burst out that lovey dovey

bubble. "He sings and all that shit, it's fun"

Oh no.

"He raps too," Yugyeom added, shooting him a wicked smile because he knew he was going to feel embarrassed.

Oh no.

"The life of the party," Jaewon sighed, Lisa looked at him so fast it made Jungkook's heart drop.

"Admit it, bitch, you want to be an idol," Bambam pointed at him with his soju.

Jungkook shook his head, feeling so embarrassed. Why in front of Lisa? Why all his friends were enjoying this so much? Jimin, Taehyung, Jisoo, Yugyeom, Bambam, now them? Gosh, were they being paid for?

"Aw, he's shy now. It's because of our Barbie here?" Bobby wiggled his brows with a playful smirk.

Damn, no.

I mean yes but ugh no, not in front of her.

Lisa laughed like nothing, leaning on him while doing so and he froze a little bit at the contact, his heart racing at realizing she was... comfortable with him. And she noticed too once his arm rounded her whole body and her back touched his chest, their eyes met for a few milliseconds when she turned her head and it felt like the world stopping; the distance was again so short, it was so easy to just lean closer and kiss her...

"I'll get nervous for you too, Barbie" Jaewon winked.

Lisa covered her mouth while giggling and sat straight, losing all contact with Jungkook instantly, he felt nervous and put his arm down fast, clasping his hands between his legs. "I lose all the charms when I'm drunk, you'll be over it," she said with that stupid humility, Jungkook knew her in that state and he knew she was as beautiful as usual.

"Ooooh, with that face? I don't think so" Yugyeom was so fast for God's sake.

He had a book of pick up lines with him or something?

"Shut up," Lisa hit his arm softly.

"So, what brought you here? JK? He loves rich girls, right JK?" Jaewon teased him, Jungkook knew that but he tensed up, feeling a little bit attacked.

"It was me, of course, my taste is amazing," Yugyeom spoke again with a fake arrogance that made Lisa laugh again.

"Again, I came her walking by myself"

"So, are you telling me you are a real person and not a pretty doll from a store?" Bobby acted surprised, so shocked about that fact.

Lisa laughed hard, covering her mouth. "Wait to see me without

makeup, dude," she put both hands up with resignation. "I'm as human as you"

Yeah, Jungkook doubted that.

Hanbin chuckled. "She's definitely better than the other," he told Jungkook.

She was but they really had to stop acting like Jungkook was bringing girls every time.

"Wait! I've seen you before, you're from that unicorn ice cream shop, right?" Bobby straightened, looking like an excited child, all teeth of his bunny smile showing and eyes getting smaller.

Lisa clicked her tongue. "The best ice cream ever, you should come"

"Oh, I'll go for that ice cream"

"I'll be there"

"That's what I call good marketing strategies," Jaewon praised her.

"I know, I'm the best sponsor," she brushed her shoulder off, acting cocky. Jungkook chuckled for it.

"And a good drinker, Barbie," Jaewon pointed to her glass, she was for like the fifth glass?

Suddenly, Jungkook got concerned for her. She wasn't going to get drunk, right? Like, no with them, a bunch of strangers, right?

Lisa drank another shot.

Oh fuck, she really was going to get drunk!

SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEM ENOUGH AND SHE WAS JUST TRUSTING?

Oh my God, Jungkook's brain's electric power plant was turning on all the alarms.

"Wait till she gets drunk, she is wild," Bambam commented.

"Oh nonono, not gonna happen," Lisa shook her head very sure but she was leaning to Jungkook's side and that was kinda suspicious, very contradictory. "I just know you guys, gonna leave the embarrassment for later"

Oh right, she didn't have a problem with being helpless with strangers but she didn't want to embarrass herself.

What the fuck?

Jungkook really wanted to put her in a box, she was just too careless to go around without supervision.

"Oh, that's a promise you will be back?" Bobby showed real enthusiasm, he was usually friendly but he really seemed a puppy in love for Lisa and really? Why was she so lovely? It was annoying, like not for real but you know... "Because, look, I work here too so I'll go for that ice cream if you come here a drink"

"For free?" her eyes shone, literally.

Jungkook was realizing she really was weak for free things.

"Oh, good idea," Bobby nodded.

"It's a deal then," Lisa nodded too and raised her hand, Bobby high fived it and the way they smiled? Friends, they were already friends.

"Wow, our Lili here is a businesswoman," Yugyeom leaned back on his chair, crossing his arms and smirking. "Get me a free drink too"

"Shut up dude, you're not paying since like three years ago," Hanbin laughed.

"That's because I pay for him," Jungkook clarified, not really annoyed by the fact actually.

"Get a sugar daddy like JK," Yugyeom fluttered his lashes, showing him a finger heart. Jungkook laughed, getting his bangs out of his eyes.

"Or a mommy," Bambam smirked.

"Wanna be our sugar mommy, Barbie?" Jaewon flirted like nothing, crossing his arms on the table and leaning closer.

"I don't know, what services do you offer?" Lisa was fast to follow his game, right there in front of Jungkook's eyes and weak heart.

Ouch.

A kick, with a stiletto, in the balls was better.

"I really like you, free drinks for you tonight" Bobby bursted out that bubble, thank God. Jungkook never imagined he would feel so grateful to him.

But this really was beginning to sting, making him feel anxious. He came here to be between Yugyeom and Lisa but now Lisa seemed into Jaewon? And this time Jungkook didn't have an excuse for it, Jaewon was a good guy and he had to admit he was just fucking jealous.

"What? No! I can pay," Lisa said with big eyes.

"No way," Jungkook, Yugyeom and Bobby said in chorus and seriously. It was even embarrassing.

"Okay guys, if you all insist" she shrugged and drank more soju, she wasn't going to make them beg. They wanted to pay? Okay. "But you all have to know I drink a lot," she added.

"Sshhh, keep playing hard and maybe we'll get they pay for all of us," Jaewon told her.

Lisa burst out laughing, it was full of happiness and tipsy joy.

"That's life with Lisa, she gets all for free and one have to pay," Bambam sighed dramatically.

"Listen rich bitch," Bobby began and Bambam pushed him playfully, both chuckling.

"So, all of you do tattoos?" Lisa asked interested, she really was.

Jungkook noticed before that she wasn't the type to ask just to start a casual talk, Lisa made questions to know because she really wanted to.

"Why? Do you want one?" Bobby raised both brows.

"Sorry, I promised to JK my first one," she pouted, her hand caressed his thigh without she noticing but Jungkook did notice and froze.

OF ALL THE PLACES SHE COULD TOUCH IT HAD TO BE THE CLOSEST PLACE TO HIS DICK?!

"And she-And she's scared of needles," Jungkook stuttered, trying to hide the nervous feeling because of all his blood running down like he was thirteen. Lisa took off her hand and he sighed, his dick of course was disappointed and complained in his mind like "WHEN, DUDE? WHEEEEEEN?!". Or that was me... or us.

"JK always get the best girls I swear to God," Bobby drank from his glass, shaking his head like it was so offensive.

"That's because he have showers not like others," Hanbin said.

"I doubt that," Yugyeom just couldn't let that one pass.

"It's not like girls care about smell with that face," Lisa said distractedly while opening a new bottle of soju and then she realized. "Okay, that sounded so bad, it's not me, it's the soju," she laughed nervously. "I promise, you smell good Jungkook"

Okay, she was definitely tipsy.

"That's good to know," Jungkook tried to make it less awkward for her, smiling softly.

"Yeah, no one wanna suck a dirty dick," Bambam said.

"Sshhh, respect the lady," Bobby scolded him.

"But that's true," Lisa surprised them all again, she said it so simply.

"We're not talking about blowjobs with you, Lisa," Yugyeom talked for them all.

"Why?" she pouted.

Because it was dangerous, Jungkook would start to imagine it, tempted by those full lips, probably looking so good wrapped around him... but then the others would think the same and his fists would hurt, nails digging in his own palm and hurting the skin to control the jealousy.

"She's bold," Jaewon said proudly. "Seungyeon is going to love you"

"Who's that?"

"She's coming..." Hanbin said, looking at behind them.

"Babies!" Seungyeon voice was loud while she walked between tables to come to them, she seemed just out of practice with her ripped denim shorts and the black bodysuit, marking every curve of

her hot and tanned body; a denim bucket hat on head. "How have you been, my tattooed muscle pigs?" she greeted them all with her usual extroverted demeanor, red lipstick ended up in every cheek as she passed by everyone. And then she noticed him: "Oh my God, Kookie Baby!" she literally moved his face and left a kiss on his lips, red lipstick marking his mouth furiously. He cleaned it with the back of his hand, embarrassed for all this in front of Lisa. "I missed you so much," she took place on his thigh, an arm over his shoulder as she squeezed him like a teddy bear.

Of all the women he knew, Seungyeon was the most expressive, flirty and playful, even when they were in highschool and all girls were after her ass for being herself. She didn't care. They weren't close back then but things changed in freshman year.

"Oh! Hi! I'm Seungyeon!" she said then, looking at Lisa.

Something was wrong.

Jungkook knew it.

Lisa's smile wasn't as real as before, it seemed like she had to force herself to smile but maybe he was just seeing things because she looked normal in seconds, dumb of him to think she would care. "Hi, I'm Lisa" she said softly.

"This is Barbie," Bobby introduced her loudly.

"You really look like one, you're so pretty," Seungyeon praised her without any filter, as usual, she was like that with everyone. If she had to yell at someone YOU'RE FUCKING BEAUTIFUL she would do it, the same if it was YOU'RE A FUCKING ASSHOLE. "Are you friend of Kookie?" she asked interested.

"Yeah," Lisa nodded.

"Yup, you look like his girl friends"

Jungkook rolled his eyes and pushed her softly so she would sit by his side in the free chair, but Seungyeon pushed him instead and she ended up between him and Lisa.

Shit.

"She's my best friend, excuse me?" Bambam sounded offended.

"I feel so sorry for her then," Seungyeon pouted.

"You're so rude"

"Do you want a drink?" Jaewon offered, he really was into that bartender role.

"Oh, I can share Kookie's beer, right?"

"Yeah, don't smear are you lipstick there though," he was fast to leave it clear, she was always staining everything and then staining him.

"Deal with it, pussy, I look so good with it"

"You do" Lisa commented softly.

"See? Lisa, you're the best. Let's steal his beer," she said like

Jungkook couldn't listen to her and literally stole his beer.

"So, what do you do Barbie" Jaewon brought back the attention to her.

"I'm majoring in photography in SNU"

"You should be the model," Yugyeom commented.

"Shut up," she laughed again. "And you all?"

"We rap and you're definitely invited to the show, we do rap night on Saturdays," Bobby pointed to a neon poster behind him.

"Oh, really?!" Lisa opened her mouth, totally dazed. "That's so cool"

It was really so cute how she didn't have to pretend it. Jungkook loved her authentic reactions and how excited she could get for the smallest things.

"Hanbin here is the best," Bambam moved to pat his back.

"He is! He's just acting shy," Seungyeon said with a soft smile, leaning on the table to put her chin on her clasped hands. Hanbin shook his head, scratching his neck.

"I'd love to see," Lisa also leaning towards the table, nodding.

"You know, on Saturdays. We'll get you those free drinks," Jaewon assured her and earned a sweet smile.

"I want that too!" Seungyeon exclaimed.

"You always get free drinks," Jungkook in disbelief.

"The benefits of being pretty, what can I say. Lisa for sure understand"

"Haha, yeah," Lisa shrugged, she used to get little bit uncomfortable when talking about taking advantage of her beauty and Jungkook still wondered why. "So what do you do?" she asked to Seungyeon.

"I'm majoring in business but I'm also a dancer," Seungyeon explained. "Seungmonkey is my youtube channel"

"That's cool! I'll check it," Lisa said cheerfully, being herself again.

"I used to dance as a kid," her eyes shone in a new way, full of melancholy and excitement like it was sad but still a good memory.

"Really? And what happened"

"My mom made me quit but well, old story," she shrugged, just like she said 'iM uSeD'. "I love to dance though"

"I work part-time in a dance studio if you want to come to visit, I'm sure you know how to shake that tiny ass. Talking about it, how are you so skinny? I'm jealous"

"She's Barbie" Bobby said like it was obvious.

"Genetics? I guess?" Lisa shrugged.

"Genetics did you so well, I can't believe how pretty you are. Isn't she fucking beautiful?" Seungyeon asked to them all which was like dumb because it was obvious Lisa had them all whipped.

"Oh, she is," Yugyeom agreed, putting an arm over her shoulders.

Jungkook subtly moved his chair and Yugyeom's fingers got caught, he hissed in pain and Jungkook smiled innocently.

His eyes caught them a familiar tall girl in the bar. She was wearing a denim skirt, showing off those thick tanned legs and outlining the perfect curves of her hips to her small waist, and a white blouse with open sleeves, brown gladiator sandals on her feet, her silky brown hair was shorter than before. She was still beautiful and keeping her classy vibe around her.

What was she doing there? Was she alone?

"I'll be back," he said without thinking, his brain just turned off and his body moved by its own.

She saw him coming, her blank face changed instantly and a small smile grew on her doll-like lips, cold eyes warming slowly. And just like that it hit him that everything between was over.

His heart didn't race like before, the knot in his stomach was nowhere to be found, no fear of seeing her with him, no expectations, just... old familiar recognition, she was his friend and nothing more and it felt so fucking good.

"Hey," he said once he arrived to her side, she was tall but has to look up to his eyes.

Tzuyu cheeks showed as she smiled more, she looked young and childish, completely different at her usual self and Jungkook used to feel good for being in the small group of people that could see that smile. "Hey"

"How have you been?" he asked, really interested. He realized he had missed her.

"Fine... We are together now and... Yeah, that's it," of course she had to bring Mingyu up. Tzuyu had been always a little bit emotionally dependent and since Mingyu was in her life, it's been him and only him... Jungkook feel dumb for not realizing it till it was too late.

But she looked really fine, happy, she was bright. "I'm... I'm happy for you" Jungkook said from his heart. Fine, they went through so much, there was so much pain and regret, but it ended up okay once he stepped aside and he now could feel happy for her. She deserved it.

"You are?" Tzuyu was shocked.

He chuckled. "Yeah, you deserve it"

She just looked at him with her pretty eyes, soft gaze and relief. "I'm sorry," she whispered, fidgeting. "I know I said it before but I need to say it again"

He shook his head. "It's okay, it's in the past now. You are doing okay and I'm doing okay"

"You really do?"

"Yes, Yoda, I am"

"...You haven't called me Yoda in months. It's good to hear it again, Nochu," her eyes got small because of her big smile. "That means we are friends again?"

"We never stopped being friends, Tzuyu"

That calmed her more, it made him feel right too.

"Thank you for being you, Jungkook," she caressed his arm.

"But be careful, okay?" he had the need to say it. Maybe things were okay, but he still couldn't trust Mingyu and he really cared for Tzuyu, he wanted her happy even when sometimes he wanted to throw her out of the window for being such a fool in love.

"I am being careful," she assured him, with more clarity in her mind than months before. "I know I make all the wrong choices but I swear, I'm thinking more and being more careful," it was like she really wanted his validation. She used to be like that, before Mingyu, in that case she didn't give a fuck when Jungkook told her he was bad for her.

"You can call me if you need it, you know it"

"I know it now," she nodded. "By the way, can we talk like before? I really miss you, you know, the late nights talks and you..."

He smiled, nodding too. "I'm just a text away"

"But answer me, you never answer"

She was right, it said something that he was replying Lisa's texts at an embarrassing speed.

"I promise to do it now"

And then he saw Mingyu coming out the bathroom. His blood froze as the usual disgust controlled his body in such a way Jungkook couldn't disguise.

They used to be friends, they weren't anymore.

Tzuyu noticed the tense atmosphere, I think everyone there did.

"I have to go," she bowed, moving fast to avoid a problem. She knew better than anyone how bad it could end when both guys were in the same place, specially after that frat party.

He nodded, at least relieved that she wasn't there alone which was the first reason of why he went to talk to her. "Yeah, see you"

"See you, Nochu"

"Who is she?" Lisa frowned, her sight was a little bit blurry but she could figure out that was a girl. Bad time to forget glasses in the ice cream shop.

Both were like alone in the table, Jaewon and Hanbin shift just began, Bambam went to dance with a girl and Yugyeom left to go to the bathroom. Bobby was silently sitting in front of them, enjoying

Seungyeon rage, he was just quiet in those moments, also because he was in something with his phone.

At her side, Seungyeon was fuming, crossed arms over chest and an angry pout on her lips. In some way she still managed to look hot. "Ugh, ex," she scrunched her nose.

"Ex?"

Jungkook had an ex?

"Yeah, that cold bitch," Seungyeon rolled her eyes.

Lisa glanced at her partner, from head to toe with a frown. "You seem to hate her"

"I don't hate her because she's his ex, I don't care about it. I hate her for the things she did to Jungkook"

"What did she do?"

"So many wrong things," that wasn't as specific as Lisa wanted, it was being annoying. "But it's not my story to tell, sweetheart"

Oh, damn.

Lisa pouted. She wanted to know that tea.

"It's really that bad?"

"I mean, look at him, look at the way he looks at her. It's obvious he's still into her, even after all the things she did so yes, it was that bad and worse, specially because of the way he feels"

Lisa narrowed her eyes to see better, maybe leaning towards like an old and blind lady, she didn't care about pretending when she was with some alcohol in her veins. Jungkook and Ex looked like... close friends? I mean, like people that know each other and care for each other and fuck, why was she lying to herself, the sight which just needed some kdrama song like My Destiny hit her in the stomach as hard as when she saw Seungyeon kissing Jungkook in her face.

"Oh"

"Jungkook loves too much to all the wrong people," Seungyeon sighed, disappointed, and took a sip from the stolen glass of beer. "I mean, she has the audacity to smile and act like nothing happened? I really hate her so much"

"Wow, you are really angry"

"Of course I am. He will fall for her again so easily and it's ain't it. He will leave again"

Seungyeon was so passionate for him, Lisa felt like she would do it too if she knew the situation. She felt again that strong desire to protect him but a bitter taste darkened her intentions at realizing he already had a girl protecting him, and she was also so hot.

"Leave? Again?" she asked then, realizing the last part.

"She's not just different, she hates us all and made him leave the first time, of course he did to make her happy and tried to be like

all the things she wanted. For what? She cheated and broke his heart anyway"

"Oh, that's sad," Lisa pouted again, drinking another glass of soju. She felt really bad for Jungkook, he really was good and deserved better. He deserved someone that could love all his sides, and she couldn't get why someone would want to change him, for Lisa he was perfect. He was so sweet, she couldn't imagine someone breaking his heart.

"It was. He's better now and I don't want her to ruin it," Seungyeon shook her head and then she smiled. "Thank God she's leaving, hope she never comes back," she barked like a witch casting a curse.

"They seem pretty friendly," Lisa drank another glass, feeling so depressed.

Because she was jealous.

Seungyeon, Ex, Chaeyoung, how many more girls he had after him that were better than her?

Kidding, they weren't but they for sure were getting more of him than Lisa and it was so fucking unfair, she really wanted a bite of him... I mean, part.

A bite too but-

"I hate it too, don't worry," Seungyeon cut off her thoughts. "Anyway, you should really stop drinking, Lisa," she added, frowning at her while she was taking another glass like it was water.

"I'm okay"

"Girl, it's the third bottle? Oh my God, Bobby stop!"

Bobby smiled like a child. "She wants it," he shrugged.

"So what? She's not in her right mind," Seungyeon took the bottle from his hand, sending him a scolding glare.

"Hey, I got more beer-Lisa, doll, don't you think it's too much?" Jungkook returned, his smile faded away as concern took over his body at seeing her obvious and increasing drunk state.

"You just called her Doll?" Seungyeon asked in disbelief, slightly amused.

"No, I didn't," he denied, he knew what was going to come if he admitted it.

"I'm okaaaay," Lisa stood up, adjusting her jeans in her really toned waist. "You guys are so cute together," she smiled lazily to Seungyeon and Jungkook.

"Uh?"

Together?

"Let's dance!" Lisa screamed before Jungkook could process her words and she moved away before Jungkook could stop her.

Okay, Lisa was having fun and Jungkook was enjoying it for her. It was obvious she really loved to dance, every hip move was naturally perfect, following the rhythm like it was running through her veins by nature. It was hella hot, not gonna lie. Even at being obviously drunk, she kept the sensuality of her moves with Seungyeon behind of her, arms around her waist while both were pressed together and dancing the night away.

He couldn't take his eyes off her, still protecting her of every dude who tried to walk close to her and try to touch her. Gladly, it didn't happen, so Jungkook was relaxed but not completely, his dick was struggling in his jeans, drooling for those hips and the flashes of her riding him in his mind. It was so inappropriate, so dirty, but he couldn't help his lust for her.

He noticed the hour a minutes later, Lisa was already beyond drunk and it was officially time to go home. Anyone could say it wasn't his problem, he didn't have to stay and walk her home but since he saw what happened when she was alone, there was no way in the world he would ever let her go home again. Even if he had to spy and follow her like a creep (which he was).

And of course he wasn't going to leave her alone there, no way. What if she met another guy, hugging his arm and asking for some warmth? No, no, N O P E.

Jungkook got up from the stool he was sitting on after finishing another glass of beer and paid for all the rest of drinks Lisa asked for, even when Jungkook's eye was twitching in concern she died.

"Hey, I think it's time to leave," he walked to her, stopping her dance with Seungyeon who was also drunk and moved to dance with another guy that just wrapped her waist and pushed her closer to him.

"What? Nooooooooo," Lisa whined, arms going around his neck as she hung up on him. Butterflies erupted in his tummy at the lazy smile and happy eyes on him. She was so fucking beautiful.

"We should go, babygirl, it's late," Yugyeom showed out of nowhere like what the fuck?

"bAbYgIrL," Jungkook rolled his eyes, noticing that Yugyeom was in fact trying to catch Bambam.

"But I'm having fun," she whined again, her eyes good bigger like ones of a small child and she looked extra cute.

"Shake that booty booty, Pokpak," Bambam stood behind Lisa and took her hips, moving them with him.

"Yup, it's time to leave," Yugyeom took his arm to put it over his shoulders.

"But I don't want to," Lisa pouted and since they were close to a

table, she took a random glass from there and drank.

What

was

wrong

with

her

????

!!!!!!

Jungkook's eye twitched again.

"Ew, that wasn't water," she scrunched her nose.

No shit, Lisa.

Who knows what the hell that drink had.

"Hey, JK, give her this," Jaewon showed up on his side with a water bottle, wearing the t-shirt of the bar. "She asked for another bottle but it's enough," he added, smiling at her with fondness.

"Thank you," Jungkook took the bottle and put it in front of Lisa eyes, she narrowed them to see and then smiled, interested. "C'mon, I know you're thirsty," Jungkook hummed, moving it side to side and finding so funny how she followed it with her eyes.

"I am"

"If you come with me I'll give you this water," he tried to convince her.

Her gaze went to him and once again, he felt heat raising up his neck to his ears. "You promise?"

"I promise"

"Okay then," she shrugged simply. "But if you're lying you will completely face my rage, Jungkook, I'm deadly," she threatened him, trying to give him a bad look? Or something like that?

I mean it would have been kinda scaring if she was looking at him instead at some point to his side.

Was Lisa seeing double?

Gosh, her confused face was everything, he wanted to kiss her so bad.

"I'm completely afraid," he said anyway, hiding a soft smile.

"I SAID NO! THIS IS NOT CONSENSUAL!" Bambam screamed while Yugyeom was pushing him out of the dance floor to the exit.

"Shut up, dude," Yugyeom sighed, used to this but not enough to not get annoyed.

From his part, Lisa was easy to handle and she just clinged to him like that night of December, arms hugging his and cheek squished to his bicep. Jungkook kept the bottle in her line of sight so she would follow it.

"Do you need help?" Jaewon asked, raising a brow at her. She was beautiful and cute for him too, the interest was obvious.

"Nah, she's okay," Jungkook said at the same time she moved her to the side so she wouldn't trip over a chair. "But Yugyeom needs help," he pointed to his friend who was trying to make Bambam walk up the stairs and he was holding to the door like a cat.

"Going," Jaewon said, after snorting. "By the way, she's really nice"

"Yeah, she is"

Sadly.

She was a bunch of good things that of course were attractive to every person that met her, guys included, guys that for sure would get a chance because for sure they would be braver than himself.

"I am!" Lisa straightened, tripping on her feet but her grip on Jungkook's arm was firm. "Are you talking about me? Because I'm nice nice nice. I breath nicedom"

Jaewon laughed again, biting his lower lip.

"Gonna take lady nicedom out, she needs air," Jungkook pointed to the exit,

"Bring her back some other night," Jaewon said and Jungkook nodded.

Yeah.

No.

Never.

Not like he could control her.

"So you will have to take her home," Yugyeom observed, Bambam was hanging on his shoulders after throwing his guts up and Lisa was still hugging his arm like her life depended of it, happy after drinking all her water.

"Yes," Jungkook said with a smile, she was so cute and he really liked her touching him. He felt less nervous when she was drunk, he knew he couldn't screw up because she wasn't going to remember it.

"Don't look that sad, bro, I swear, don't cry, it's not that bad," Yugyeom teased him sarcastically.

"Shut up"

"Are you crying, Jungkook? Don't cry," Lisa leaned her head up, looking at him concerned.

"I'm okay, Lisa"

"You seem okay but I don't know, they say that behind smiles people are sad or something like that," she began to ramble. "I don't know. It's weeeeeird. When I'm sad I show it, I'm sensitive bitch. I cried when watching Marley and Me"

Yugyeom ignored that. "Do you know where she lives?"

"Yeah, don't worry"

"Wait, you know?" Lisa asked frowning.

"Yes"

"How do you know?" she asked again, frowning more. At least she had some sense while being drunk, like asking how he knew where she lived.

He had a I-am-not-a-creep explanation but she wouldn't remember it and she was too drunk to understand.

"You told me," he replied instead.

"I did?"

"Yes"

"Oh wow, I talk so much," she whispered to herself, thoughtfully.

"I'll go," Yugyeom sighed just after stopping a taxi. "I can't believe he's making me pay a fucking taxi"

Jungkook laughed, that was karma. "See you," he waved his hand and waited there for a while just to see the struggle to get Bambam inside the car.

"JK, boy!"

A man, one of the most handsome and cool men Jungkook have ever met, greeted him at the entrance of the bar. His friends walked inside after bowing in response of Jungkook's respectful bows.

"Hi Hyung," he smiled to Dong Youngbae, also known as Taeyang. His hair, that used to be blonde, was now black and short. He was friend of Jungkook's mentor and knew him since he was 16.

"It's been a while," he patted his back and then looked down to Lisa. "You have a friend now-Oh wait, I know this girl," he showed his charming smile, he looked amused too.

Uh?

"You do?"

He nodded. "Yes"

"Hi stranger," Lisa moved her hand, grinning foolishly.

"You don't remember me?"

"HMMMMMMMM," she leaned to him, too close for everyone's taste and Jungkook had to hold her shirt and pull her back softly. "Nop," she shook her head, lips stretched out. "But hi, I'm Lisa~"

"She still is so wasted," Taeyang laughed and for some reason his eyes went down her chest and whole body, Jungkook raised a brow. "It's good to know you're okay, Lisa"

Uh?

She was bad before or something?

Like???

"Thank you," Lisa didn't notice anything and waved her hand, Jungkook had to hold her arm for her to not fall.

"See you soon, JK, come more often," Taeyang said before walking inside the bar.

"Bye Hyung"

What the fuck was that?

Did he literally check her out?

Jungkook wasn't seeing things, THAT HAPPENED.

What?

He was so shocked, his MARRIED hyung was someone respectful.
What the fuck he just did?

How he knew Lisa, anyway?

"I shouldn't tell where I live," Lisa murmured against his arm.

"You shouldn't," he agreed and realized she could barely walk.

"I shouldn't"

"And you shouldn't walk home alone," Jungkook continued, trying to figure out how to take her to the bus stop.

"I shouldn't?"

"No, you shouldn't," he said, his voice sounding more serious than expected, and he moved to the front of her so she would climb his back, a little bit nervous of her finding it weird but a little bit brave enough to offer himself. "Get up"

Lisa didn't object, she wrapped arms and legs around him, too tired and drunk to care. Her body was so tiny on his back, still light as a feather. "I'll get a dog then," she murmured against his neck... did she just smell him?

Hot currents ran down his spine, goosebumps in his arms and his heart pounding faster.

Yeah, she wouldn't need a dog, Jungkook was ready to get a collar and a leash and be her dog.

(a/n: such a furry)

"Or a friend to walk you home," he spoke, trying to keep his voice normal as he gripped her legs to secure her body against him.

"No, better, I'll get a boyfie," she said thoughtfully, pouting and leaning her head against him. "A tall, muscly, badass boyfie," that sounded like someone. "Like Bobby," oh, well, ouch. "Or like you," she added.

Oh, well, his heart...

"Like me?" he almost jumped out of excitement.

"Yeah," she nodded. "But not you"

"Oh"

WHY?! WHAT WAS WRONG WITH HIM?

He was tall, muscly, badass... maybe not that badass since he liked to watch animes all night and his favorite drink in the world was banana milk but he could be a badass.

"You have so many girls already, Jungkook," she sighed.

"I have?"

Like where? Because since the last time he recalled he was dumped, heartbroken and friendzoned, all in less than six months.

"Yes," she said determined. "Many many many," like a child she specified. "And a girlfriend"

He wanted to laugh.

Yeah.

Sure.

Girlfriend.

Pfffffffff.

"I don't have a girlfriend"

"Seungyeon is your girlfriend"

"She's not?"

"She is"

"No"

"Yes"

"No?"

From where she got that? Seungyeon and him were just friends... that fucked once... or twice... but he was drunk and heartbroken at that time, so still just friends and not that close even.

"Yes! She was all over you and she kissed you," Lisa whined like a misunderstood child.

Jungkook chuckled. "You're over me"

"This is different, I can't walk," she pointed out. "She could walk and she was over you, kissing you, marking your lips, touching you..." her voice trailed off. "That's a girlfriend"

"She's a friend"

Lisa just couldn't think Seungyeon was his girlfriend. Jungkook had enough with Lisa wanting him as just a friend, he didn't want her to think too he was not available. For her, Jungkook had a I AM FUCKING SINGLE, AVAILABLE AND FOR FREE on his forehead.

"Listen, Hottie," Lisa began, the comeback of 'Hottie' made him smile. Did she still think he was a hottie? "We are friends and I'm sure we don't kiss. My cute strawberry gloss is not on your lips and that's proof"

She had a point.

"Sadly," he sighed.

God knew he wanted that gloss on his lips.

"Yeah, it's sad it's getting cold," Lisa murmured then.

Well, that's it, someone wanted to share gloss but Lisa wasn't into that plan.

"You're cold?" he asked anyway, worried for her as he arrived to their usual bus stop.

"Aham," she snuggled up to him, nuzzling his neck with her face.

God, his heart.

"You smell so good, Jungkook," she whispered.

Really.

Call the ambulance.

So the plan to put her down and give her his jacket? Aborted. She was comfortable on his back and he was going to leave her there.

"Don't fall sleep, the bus is coming," he reminded her.

"I'm just praying, don't you see?"

Jungkook snorted.

"What?"

"Yeah, with my eyes closed, asking for help to not sin and..."

She was definitely falling asleep.

"Lisa, don't fall asleep"

"But you're so comfy," she whined, hiding her face in his neck.

She was driving him crazy.

Jungkook was sure that if he opened his mouth purple hearts were going to fly off from there.

It was time to put her down, definitely. And her bus was coming too.

"Doll, get down please, your bus is coming"

Lisa huffed, she literally huffed like a horse and blew strands of his hair, as she lowered her legs but she hugged him from behind, face firmly pressed to the center of his back and arms wrapping him so tight.

This excess of contact was... too much.

Was Jungkook dreaming?

Because he didn't want to wake up.

He wanted her hugging him for much more time, leaning on him and using him as a shield if she wanted.

"I need a buff boyfie," she whimpered.

Jungkook was a volunteer. Me too if you ask.

He stopped the bus and had to struggle to get in because Lisa didn't release him, not that he was complaining.

The bus was empty because of the hour, Jungkook chose seats close to the exit door and Lisa leaned her head on his shoulder.

"Wait, do you live in this way?" she snapped her head up, frowning again.

Oh.

Hmmmmmmmm.

Okay, Jungkook, don't panic.

You have a I-am-not-a-creep explanation, don't feel nervous, it's okay. She's drunk, she won't remember.

"My mom lives this way, didn't I tell you?" he laughed off.

"Oh," thick lips formed a cute O, she stared to a blank spot like thinking and then she went back to him, faces inches apart and his breath hitching nervously. "Jungkook..."

"Yes?"

"I like your friends," she smiled warmly, glassy eyes and cheeks slightly blushed.

And his friends for sure liked her too, as much as he liked her.

"And then that ant bit me! Like, BIT ME! I was saving her ass and she bit me," Lisa was outraged, rambling about that old ant again.

That ant really left a childhood trauma if she was remembering her every time she was drunk.

"Don't trust ants," she told him seriously.

"I won't," he nodded, walking her to the door of her building.

Luckily, she didn't fall asleep in the bus, once she met again with his pet butterfly she was so excited to share her experience with insects and ants she couldn't stop talking about it. She was also petting his butterfly.

That sounds weird.

Now, wearing his leather jacket that was so large it reached her thighs and the sleeves were hanging from her hands, Lisa was walking to the entrance of her building with him at her side. Jungkook couldn't stop loving the way his clothes looked on her...

"Can you get home alone?" he asked, slightly worried that she would end up on the terrace of the building or knocking on a wrong door.

"Pffffff, of course I do. I know where I live"

He doubted it but if she said so, he wasn't going to impose himself, at least she would be in the safety of her own building and not wandering the streets.

Jungkook really wondered how she had managed herself to get home before when she was drunk.

"UPS!" she staggered as she climbed a step and he held her waist quickly, his body reacted before his mind and suddenly he found himself face to face with her, tiny really tiny waist in his hands, gladly over the jeans and not the skin he wanted to touch so bad.

Lisa had taken hold of his shoulders and with the small step elevation, both were at the same height now.

She started giggling. "You are the best dog in the world, Jungkook"

Good.

Flattering.

I think.

Lisa didn't lie in her weird way of showing gratitude and he smiled anyway, so happy to take care of her, she felt natural and warm but it had been fun at the same time. She was exactly the same girl of the December, just with a different outfit and now he knew her better... He felt so lucky to know her better. She was more

than he imagined.

He wish he could act so comfortably and have her so close when she was sober. He wish he could be braver and confess, without that damn voice in his mind telling him that she deserved and surely wanted better.

"Go home, Lisa," he told her softly, he didn't want her to leave but she had to.

She nodded. "I'll go home ... Fifth floor, right?" She sounded honestly insecure.

God.

"Yes, fifth floor, third door on the left"

"Right," she nodded and turned around, staggering toward the door.

Jungkook put his hands in his pockets, needing to keep an eye on her. But then she turned with one finger up.

"Have you forgotten something?"

"Yup, yup, yuppie," she nodded with determination?

What did she forget?

Jungkook waited for an answer as he watched her return the few steps she had just advanced but he definitely didn't expect for her soft hands on his neck, her small body against his and the sudden soft touch of her lips on his.

There was no exact way to define what he felt. It was like fireworks altering every particle of his body, every cell vibrated in every corner. A strong sensation of immediate happiness and warmth ran through his body and time stopped, his senses clouding and allowing him to only feel her smell and taste and... Lisa.

She was so sweet.

So perfect.

She tasted like strawberries and alcohol, she smelled sweet and her thick lips moved over his gently... once... twice... three times...

Every soft touch felt like a new explosion of butterflies.

He barely closed his eyes, lost in a new heaven, when she pulled away.

Jungkook didn't want to open his eyes.

He must be dreaming.

But her hot breath hit his lips and the heat of her palms on his skin assured him that this was real.

She had just kissed him.

And it had been so... like part of the sweetest dream.

He opened his eyes slowly and met her beautiful face inches apart, her lips glowed even more and he wanted to kiss her again, tasting more of her, and never let her go.

Lisa chuckled, so sweet to his ears. "You already have my lip gloss

on your lips, Jungkook, I think we're officially friends"

Friends don't kiss.

Friends don't like kissing each other that much.

Friends wouldn't be staring at the other's lips wanting one kiss more.

And even Lisa, drunk as fuck, knew that.

this was supposed to be published on sunday but got distracted and then jk crashed his mErCeDeS and i almost got a heart attack and had an anxiety attack??? apparently im too deep into this bangtan shit, even though i was full of jokes that night (and high) i was really anxious (i still am) and then remembered bitch you have a midterm on thursday and then got another anxiety attack which is weird bc bitch here is already used to failure and exams don't make me that anxious but well, as i said, my mind's been weird these months. it's been a crazy beginning of the week, full of homework too, and i realized i really need that therapist. ok, no one cares cake stfu

SO, **A KISS**. you didn't expect that right? me neither. it was out of nowhere and i was so excited to show you all and see your reactions.

if you like it, comment and vote 🗳️ this one wasn't supposed to be that long but well, hope you all didn't get bored.

all those yg artists are there for a reason, specially our hot cute guy jaewon. he won that survey and omg you all have such good taste. i was kinda rooting for bobby tho

btw i didn't add mingyu even though he was one of the most suggested for obvious reasons.

Chapter 14

no one cares but im on tears and want to bc you know that project I talked about like three months ago? I finally finished it, like, it's already delivered and all and omg. TEARS, OFFICIAL TEARS.

sorry for the delay, ive been busy and it was frustrating bc i wanted to finish this and i just couldn't bc universe was like lol no

Ouch

Lisa could barely open her eyes, her head was throbbing, her mouth was dry and the world was still spinning around her.

This again.

Dammit.

She would never drink again.

NEVER.

Why did she do this herself? Was it some masochistic feature or something? She secretly hated herself and this was her way of proving it?

That would be more cute than the real issue.

She was a bad drinker and she didn't know when the hell to stop, she had to accept it. It was time to admit that she and the alcohol were too close friends with a very toxic relationship because that bitch always left her devastated the morning after.

She sat on the bed, groaning in pain and wanting to die but she had to admit it had been worse other nights. At least this time she could get up.

She rubbed her eyes and made a disgusted face as she noticed the remains of mascara and eyeliner on her fingers, she surely looked like a filthy raccoon. She wrinkled her nose, yeah, she also reeked like a filthy and alcoholic raccoon.

She buried her face in her hands and pressed her temples, seeking to calm the throbbing pain that surrounded her eyes because of the light coming from the window and the curtains weren't even open, those were white and what was the damn point of that? The curtains were to avoid the light, right? Hers were useless, damn useless pieces of cloth. This was her mother's fault because she decorated it.

Hadn't she been going through this situation for over a year? Why the hell didn't she buy curtains for once?

Oh right, she had no money. She was absolutely broke.

Then, there, in that moment, she noticed something.

Something black

Something of leather.

Something huge like a damn blanket.

Something that was not hers.

She could have had a Deja Vu because this had definitely happened before but her head was out of service that morning.

She had seen that jacket before ...

Where?

In who?

Oh shit, her head.

She needed a shower... and a pill... and to vomit... and to die... not necessarily in that order. Actually, she would be happy just by dying.

Her legs muscles ached when she stood up, her entire body weighed and felt so dirty, the skin of her neck and neck was sticky and her hair was surely a disaster.

Lisa wondered again why the hell she kept drinking.

She would never drink again.

Never.

In the shower she even whispered it to herself as a mantra although here between you and me, we know it wasn't true.

She had a so dry throat that she literally opened her mouth under the shower and it wasn't her more bright moment because she drowned as drops entered her nose.

At least her mouth felt less dry.

And then, the moment arrived.

As she was drying her body with a towel, she remembered some moments from last night, that specific scene hit her.

It was a blurred scene

Jungkook...

Everything was fast and blurry.

She grabbed him by the neck and kissed him...

Oh...

Oh, nononononono.

OH NO.

Lisa covered her mouth, facing the great protagonist and guilty of that scene in the mirror. That soaked idiot with horrible appearance...

"You... damn bitch!" She pointed to the fogged mirror.

Drunk Lisa had a lot to explain to Sober Lisa.

"How dare you?" She whined, kicking and shaking her fists like a little girl making a tantrum.

Drunk Lisa stole that kiss from Sober Lisa and the worst part is that the damn bitch couldn't even remember it well.

OH MY GOD JUNGKOOK.

Lisa leaned against the sink, dropping her head and closing her eyes. First, because her head hurt like shit, and second, because of the shame.

She kissed Jungkook.

JUNGKOOK.

What would she do now? How was she going to look at him in the face? How the hell was she going to apologize?

God, she wanted to throw up.

No, not because of the kiss, but because she felt so ashamed and, well, the hangover.

Okay.

Nothing was okay.

Oh, my God.

In that moment Lisa knew she fucked up.

She even heard the phrase with a thick voice coming from the sky.

She was going crazy, definitely.

Drunk Lisa was a crazy bitch, Sober Lisa should know it by now but the stupid idiot was still letting herself get wasted and freeing that slut.

It all started the first night she got drunk in Seoul, there was no better proof that Drunk Lisa was wild than that. But there was Sober Lisa, drinking and invoking the devil.

Shit.

The slut could have got some D from that JK at least.

WHAT WAS SHE THINKING FOR GOD'S SAKE?!

Jungkook must hate her.

Lisa couldn't even remember how the hell they ended up in that situation. She had flashbacks of dancing and drinking with Jungkook's friends, neon lights and great music... and that Ex.

Shit.

Sure, Drunk Lisa forgot how the damn kiss was, but she didn't forget the presence of that... goddess.

Ex was beautiful as a doll, was she even real? Where did Jungkook get those women? And Seungyeon??? She was like the complete pack of anyone's dream girl.

Drunk Lisa also remembered that kiss full of red lipstick, I mean, it was just a peck but... she wasn't so drunk yet and it is worth mentioning, even if this protagonist is not going to admit it, that was the reason she started drinking soju as if she could handle alcohol.

Oh, that tightness in the chest again.

She wanted to throw up.

This time it was definitely for that image and that kiss.

"She's a friend," he said.

Or so she thought.

She wasn't sure.

NO! WAIT!

She was imagining things or had she really been on his back like a damn kdrama girl?

Romantic.

Yeah, no, definitely those had been delusions.

She had flashbacks of having walked down the street listening to Jungkook's voice but... was she on his back? Beside him? Maybe in front of him? Or just having a mystical delirium of Jungkook talking to her while returning home?

Who knows.

No, wait.

Lisa walked over to her bed, where she had left the leather jacket

...

That was of Jungkook, definitely, that is, he had given her his jacket and for some reason she was sure that he had walked her home. She had not been so drunk, I mean, some nights she had really been so wasted that the night before had been a blank space and she had bruises from falling and reeked of vomiting.

Too much information, Lisa.

Luckily she had not thrown up in front Jungkook or on Jungkook.

Jesus, however, that couldn't be more embarrassing than jumping on him and kiss him.

Drunk Lisa was such a desperate slut, Sober Lisa was too but at least she knew how to hide it.

Jungkook was thinking she was crazy, for sure. On top of that he had been there witnessing her drunken moments and sure seeing her make a fool of herself.

Lisa didn't want to imagine what she had said in that state.

She felt so much frustration and embarrassment that she took her phone and dialed.

It only took a few seconds.

"Hello?" Her best friend's voice was hoarse, the Thai accent more marked than ever. He had a hangover like hers or worse.

Lisa didn't care: "What kind of friend are you?!"

"What?"

"How are you going to let me drink like this?"

"What?" Bambam repeated, more confused than before.

"You go and take me out to a place, you let me drink like a

madwoman with alcohol issues and then you let me make a fool of myself ?! You are the worst friend in the world! "

Silence.

Lisa's head throbbed furiously after that. God, screaming? Bad decision.

"Listen," Bambam began. "My therapist-"

"Bambam you don't have a therapist"

"My therapist said I have to block the bad vibes of my life so I will block you for a few hours, maybe days, and then, when you calm your tits, we'll talk"

"What the-?"

"Namasté"

And he hung up.

Lisa had to be mad at someone, it was too strange to get mad at Drunk Lisa so she was furious at Bambam. That damn bad friend had never taken care of her when she was drunk, nope, he was as drunk as she was and they both made a fool of themselves. Her mother would never forget that charity dinner where both, drunken 17-year-old teenagers, had to present things for a charity event and they ended up making a drunk stand up. Those were great jokes but not for her mother.

Lisa got dressed, with that I mean she put on panties and a huge shirt, and then took another look at the jacket on her bed...

Don't

Lisa don't do it.

Lisa, no.

That's psycho behavior.

Lisa don't you dare-Whatever.

She took it, the leather was thick, and she pulled closer to her nose, hugging it.

She scrunched her face, she wanted to whine. It smelled so good, sweet but masculine and with citrus and fresh hints. Like this would it feel to hug Jungkook? Like this would his chest smell if she buried her nose there?

Well, this was sounding really weird.

No one would know, just you and me and like the rest of the readers. But we will keep the secret.

She breathed in his scent once more, dreaming about hugs and snuggles, and she came up with another idea. She slid her arms over the sleeves and the fabric covered her body completely, it reached her thighs and the sleeves hung down her hands but, while looking at herself in the mirror of the doors of her closet, she had to accept that it fit her very well. She looked great, like the girl of a big bad boy with tattoos after a wild night, with that jacket she

looked less hangover and more like the morning after... like the girlfriend of...

Stop there, friend.

She had to stop with this.

She had screwed up and, for the first time in her life, she felt so much cringe at the prospect of going to Jungkook, returning his jacket and apologizing for her behavior.

She never apologized before for being herself, but she crossed the line this time and she wouldn't care... if it wasn't Jungkook.

Pouting childishly and very sadly, she took off his jacket and with super caring touches, she folded it carefully and left it on her bed again.

It was time to say goodbye to her friendship with Jungkook, he wouldn't want to see her anymore.

Or maybe she was being melodramatic, I mean, it had been a kiss ... A great stolen and for sure good kiss that was technically considered sexual harassment but just a kiss at the end of it all. It wasn't so much. Right?

But it was. Dammit, IT WAS.

Everything was such a mess.

She dragged her feet to the kitchen, full of anxiety. She wanted to jump out of a window even though it didn't sound like a good idea, she could fall badly and just break her back and not be able to walk anymore, and she would still have to face Jungkook in that way. But on that occasion she could use the pity card ... It didn't sound bad that way though.

She was seriously considering it now.

"Good morning!" Chaeyoung's high-pitched, melodious voice sounded like a hammer to the head that morning.

"Don't yell at me," Lisa groaned. The smell of fried egg and fish was so strong that it made her nauseous, she had to cover her mouth to avoid an arcade and walked to the refrigerator in search of ice water.

"I just said good morning?" Chaeyoung tilted her head with a confused tone, chuckling, and served the food on dishes. She worked hard on Saturdays in cooking, she was an early bird and appreciated the importance of the first meal of the day.

Lisa scrunched her nose, opening her mouth as she felt the water burn her dry throat all the way to her stomach, the cold gave her chills. "I feel so bad," she said in a raspy voice.

"Yeah, you should," Chaeyoung agreed, walking around. "You were so wasted last night"

No shit, Rosie.

"Let's not talk about that," Lisa needed to get distracted before

shrugging into a ball in the corner and bang her head against the wall as punishment for the idiocy that her drunk self had done.

"Take a pill," Chaeyoung recommended, pointing a finger at the drawer in the kitchen that had a pink container full of medication. Lisa obeyed without complaint, practically jumping towards that Advil.

"Lisa, I don't want to be harsh but"

Oh, Lisa knew that tone and she wasn't in the best state to hear it but she simply sighed, rubbing her forehead after taking the pill. "You're going to be harsh," she nodded resignedly, her eyes burning with the light coming from the balcony.

"Yes," her best friend finished serving and sat elegantly on a kitchen bench, her blue silk pajamas looked as soft as all of her in that morning. Lisa wondered many times how on earth Chaeyoung always looked perfect while Lisa had remnants of mascara making her look like a raccoon. "It was so late last night, 2AM exactly," her tone was disapproving, Lisa didn't roll her eyes because it hurt her physically to do so.

It was not the first time that her best friend did this.

"I hate sounding like a mom but Lisa, your grades came out so low in the last midterms and you still are going out?"

She had a point, Lisa sat down in front of her plate of food and just noticed that beautiful hangover soup, a recipe sent by the gods, a Korean dish that illuminated her face with a song of angels in the background.

Symbolically... I think.

Chaeyoung was an angel, no matter if she was disapproving her night outs, she was always there to cook her a good hangover soup and take care of her.

"Thank you," she sighed gratefully and stroked her friend's arm, who just smiled softly. "I wasn't going to study a Friday at night anyway," she returned to the point, after taking a spoonful.

"But still, it ain't right. You have to focus. You know how it is with your parents," Chaeyoung scolded her as she ate, filling her cheeks with food and looking like a judging squirrel.

Lisa nodded, massaging her temples. "I know, I know, you're right, but it was just one night. I'm going to focus again," she promised, it was also a bad grade among four good ones and she had never been good at studying history, even if it was about photography. "It's just that I've been so busy," her voice became high-pitched as she explained herself, feeling like a little girl.

"I know that but I don't get why you overwork yourself and even get new works, some of them unnecessary, when the time doesn't help you"

Lisa frowned her brows while swallowing another spoon of soup. "All my works are necessary?"

Chaeyoung stretched her lips, as if doubting the truthfulness of her words. "... Yes, you're right, but some of them are just extras"

Extras?

Whatever, Lisa couldn't think in that moment so she just muttered a plain: "Maybe"

Her best friend should have some reason within that phrase or something, Chaeyoung was always the one who was right between the two.

"You should calm and focus more on your studying, after all, it's what you came here to do," yeah, point taken. Lisa preferred to be in Paris but she was in Seoul living very well and doing what she loved so she had to listen to her friend. That was she thinking now but she also knew she was going to go out again soon. "And you don't want your parents to know you're failing"

There were her parents again, as if Lisa didn't keep them in mind all the time every time she struggled to do things right and even more when things didn't work out. But she trusted herself, a stumble is not a fall, a bad grade is not the end of the world and she could still do a make up. "You're right. But can we talk about something else now? My head is killing me," she complained.

"I'm sorry," Chaeyoung sighed. "You know I can't help worrying"

"It's okay, you're just being my cute Rosie Posie," she spoke softly, poking her cheek. Chaeyoung smiled, making her cheeks even more puffy.

"By the way, I don't want to forget, who did you go out with last night? You came back with someone's jacket and talking about gloss," Rosie asked with genuine curiosity and a hint of amusement.

"Oh, it was with Bambam, Yugyeom and-"

"Yugyeom? You and he became quite close, right? "She teased her, obviously referring to Yugyeom greeting her whenever he saw her and chatting with her. Nothing beyond asking about the day and the occasional casual talk. Yugyeom was so easygoing. "But you know, he's a player"

Lisa scrunched her face in disbelief. "What? Like, I don't care???"

"Oh come on, he flirts with you"

It could be but Lisa didn't care, she could differentiate between real interest and just a flirty person. Yugyeom was, in fact, a flirty person. "We are only friends. You know, as with Bambam, Jackson ... and Jungkook," it sounded like she had forgotten him and just remembered him, but it was her brain claiming she couldn't call him friend and then kiss him when she was drunk actually.

It took time Chaeyoung to speak again, as lost in her thoughts as

Lisa. She stirred her food absently for a few seconds until finally speaking: "You..." Lisa rose her head, looking at her through narrowed eyes. Gosh, the light was the devil. "Do you really just see Jungkook as a friend?"

No. She wanted to lick Jungkook like a lollipop in summer and that wasn't a very friendly thought but...

He had a super hot and nice girl who was there kissing him (Lisa wasn't sure of what type of relationship was that but there WERE a relationship), he also had an ex that he obviously wasn't over yet and he liked Chaeyoung over all so there was no place for Lisa.

"Yes, of course," she smiled confidently, lying so well.

Friends.

Very good friends.

Official friends.

"Now we're officially friends, Jungkook"

OH NO. SHE DIDN'T.

OH, MY GOD.

Why the hell did she say that?

AFTER KISSING HIM?

She should ask her mother if she suffered serious falls as a baby that left her so stupid, that would be the only explanation to all of this.

She and Jungkook were friends, if Jungkook still wanted to be her friend.

Gosh, Lisa couldn't get why would he want to keep talking to her. She was annoying, too touchy, too loud, always imposing on him, a whole mess, a wreck and, now, a sexual predator.

And she wasn't going to the topic about how bad kisser she was for sure at being drunk with all the bad breath and probably too much saliva, one cringe topic at time.

She could tell Chaeyoung everything but she felt so ashamed, God, it would take days to get over this.

Also, what if Jungkook wanted to make a move in the future, like, of course Lisa would make sure he was completely single (not kissy friends around) but she also didn't want to ruin it for him at telling Chaeyoung "lol we once kissed, I know how he tastes before you sis". That would make her a worse friend even.

She knew his preferences when she kissed him and still did it, Drunk Lisa was a bad bitch and now Sober Lisa was feeling so guilty.

"Jungkook was also with you last night?" Chaeyoung brought her back of her silent mental breakdown at staring at the soup like it was the one to blame when, in fact, the soup was the only one there making her feel better.

The soup deserved rights.

"Yes," unfortunately, if he hadn't gone she would have saved that stupid moment when Drunk Lisa got slutty and kissed him. BUT EVEN THAT WAS HER OWN FAULT BECAUSE SHE, LALISA DUMBASS MANOBAN, INVITED HIM. "He walked me home last night"

FUCK, WHY HAD HE DID IT?

Couldn't Jungkook leave her lying around in the street like some dirty old man? Get rid of her drunk ass instead of taking her home and giving her the chance to be a sexual predator?

She wanted to call him damn idiot but he was damn lovely, she wanted to kiss him too.

Oh, no wait, she had already done it.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

"Oh, so... that jacket was his?"

Right, the jacket.

"Yes, I will give it back to him..." when? Because Lisa planned to hide under a rock for the rest of her life.

"I can do it for you, if you want," Chaeyoung told her simply, after chewing a green pepper like a cute hamster. "I'll see him on Monday so I can give it to him"

GOD YES.

PLEASE.

THANK YOU.

GIVE THE POOR SOBER LISA THE BREAK SHE NEEDS.

Lisa, don't, calm down, act normal.

"That would be great, thank you," she smiled lazily, it's not like she could use too much energy even though she felt considerably better as she drank that soup from the gods. "By the way, you don't know who I met last night ..."

"So, how was the badass bar?" Momo asked Lisa, the whole female part of the group of foreigners were having lunch together that sunny day. The sun was considerably uncomfortable to be out so the ambient in the inside of the cafeteria was refreshing, with the beautiful sight of the daylight on the green campus coming from the big wall windows.

Lisa finished to slurp a bit of noodles before replying. "Fun, people there are so cool," she smiled, cleaning the corners of her mouth with a napkin. Leaving aside the end of the night, Bobby, Hanbin, Jaewon and Seungyeon were super cool and nice. Lisa found funny how the most judged people were lotta whole nicer than the people judging. "We all should go some night"

Lisa hoped next time she had someone controlling her.

"Yas! Girls night!" Sana exclaimed, clapping. She was so pretty, recently blonde with the prettiest dark eyes and face explaining why she was one of the most wanted girls in college.

"Jungkook goes there too, right? we can go with him," Chaeyoung said, cheeks full while chewing her veggies.

"Yeah, haha, Jungkook too," Lisa was such a bad actress, c'mon, I did you better than this. She quickly looked around, desperately searching for a new topic in his mind and CLICK, it came. "So, oh my God, guys! I forgot to mention that my baby here is in charge of the mural of the art department! Just a second year student!" she took Chaeyoung arm and lifted it like presenting the winner of the golden medal of the Olympics. Chaeyoung covered her mouth full mouth, shyly while their friends began to cheer her.

"Yaaah! Don't be so noisy!" Chaeyoung scolded them though it was obvious she was so happy for it, barely holding back at her excitement.

"Congrats, Rosie!" Sorn caressed her arm across the table.

"You deserve it," Mina told her with such a cute smile.

"Yeah, completely," Momo nodded, not so excitedly because she was eating.

"I'm super happy for you," Sana hugged her lovingly, being at her side.

"Thank you girls," Chaeyoung said with a 'aw' face. "It's gonna be a hard work but I'm so ready," she puffed her cheeks with closed determinated fist.

Lisa hugged her from the side, she couldn't resist her cuteness, and rested her head on her shoulder.

"You have to do a group of artists, right?" Sorn asked and then sipped her bubble tea.

"Yes!" Chaeyoung's eyes shone. "I love that freedom to choose, it could be anyone from every year. For now, I just have Jungkook"

Lisa stiffened.

Why was he always there?

Not like she found sorta annoying the closeness between Chaeyoung and Jungkook, nop, of course not, that would imply something she didn't want to accept. She didn't have the right anyway, now less than ever.

"I love how lately everything is about Jungkook," a cheeky smile grew on Sana's lips and sipped her juice, sharing wicked glances with Sorn.

"Lisa's best friend Jungkook," Sorn was sure to remark the word best friend very well.

Lisa tensed up. Ugh. "Shut up," she whined.

"Anyway," Chaeyoung saved her ass, thank God. "You just make

me remember I have to talk with this freshman girl Chaeyoung. She's super talented and she's just there," she pointed to a girl a tables away, her short blonde hair was easy to see. Lisa couldn't see her face very well from the distance so she closed one eye to see with the good one, like a pirate, and oh, she was cute... She thought.

"Oh! I've seen her works!" Momo exclaimed happily. "I follow her on ig, she's so cool!"

"We share a liberal arts class, she's nice," Mina added, soft voice and lady-like manners showing as she cleaned the rests of her food around the dish with a napkin.

"That's so good to know, I'm kinda nervous of being rejected," Chaeyoung pouted.

"As if that could happen," Lisa rolled her eyes. "C'mon Rosie, everyone loves you," she made a baby voice that made her smile.

"And everyone loves you," she replied, hugging her arms around her body.

"I love these gay moments," Momo chuckled.

Both girls smiled.

"Okay, I'll go, Chaeyoung is about to leave from I see," she narrowed her eyes, unlike Lisa she was wearing her contacts responsibly. Also, it was kinda weird listening to Chaeyoung talk about a Chaeyoung. "Wish me luck," she patted her arm before getting up.

"Good luck Rosie!" they all hummed, it was funny to do.

They waited till she left, so then Sorn leaned closer to them. "Am I the only one thinking she has something for Jung-hot-as-fuck-kook?"

"I was thinking just the same," Sana agreed, sliding closer to Lisa.

The Thai blinked, dumbfounded. "Wait what?"

Like, it wasn't part of her imagination?

"You literally live with her and you didn't notice?" Sorn rolled her eyes.

Yes, she noticed, but she wanted to think it was... not what she thought. Like, Chaeyoung wasn't interested in him a month before and Lisa wanted to keep with it in mind, maybe her mind was happy with the idea of Chaeyoung not liking him back so that meant not future relationship. But if Chaeyoung was really into him that meant... Oh, shit.

"Her eyes turn into hearts every time she talks about him," Mina joked, opening her hands around her eyes to show.

"Maybe she doesn't notice because her eyes turn into hearts when she talks about him too," Momo teased at her side.

"Whaaaaaat?!" Lisa wasn't that obvious, pfffffffff. "No, no, just

friends"

Yes, now more than ever she had to say and believe that. Shit.

This was getting messier.

"She keeps saying that but she's always lying," Mina hummed playfully.

She wasn't.

Well, maybe she was.

But she had to start to make it true, this time for real...

Or not, she didn't even know if he wanted to keep talking to her to begin with. And that just made her feel... sad.

Lisa kept up her acting, though. "Oh, c'mon, we're just friends-Ups! My fork!"

She literally hid under the table. She had just seen Jungkook entering the cafeteria and he for sure was going to see her, Lisa was using a fucking green neon t-shirt that screamed "HEY, IT'S ME, LISA. I'M HERE" and he just couldn't see her. Shit, why did she wear that t-shirt when she literally had the plan to hide of him????

"Lisa? What are you doing?" Sana leaned back to see her with a strange look, actually all the girls did it.

Lisa was on four under the table. "I can't find my fork, haha," she played along, searching the non-existent fork.

She tried to look from under the table to see if Jungkook was around, it was hard with all those legs, but she could see between Mina and Momo a hint of his hair in the bar zone.

"What fork?" Mina asked, frowning.

"My fork, where it could be?"

Jungkook was with Jimin, both getting food. Oh no, shit shit shit shit, they were going to eat inside.

"No, I mean, what fork? We're not eating with forks?" Mina was so confused.

"I was using a fork haha," she lied and feigned to search it, between their feet.

"She wasn't?" Sorn laughed.

Oh no, wait, wait, wait, Jungkook was leaving.

YES

YES

YEEEEEESSS

"Oh! Here it is!" Lisa took the first thing she found and kneeled, or tried because the table wasn't that high and she just hit her head, making the whole thing tremble. "Ouch," she whined, dragging her ass back the chair.

"That's a spoon," Momo pointed out.

"And a very dirty one," Sorn added.

"Oh... right!" she laughed nervously.

"Do you want to die or something?" Mina laughed.

Yeah, she wanted.

Not that seriously, though.

"Sorry, I'm..."

"Hiding from someone?" Sorn arched a brow.

"...also known as Jungkook?" Sana added, arched brow too.

Oh shit.

"No? I'm not? What are you saying?????" Lisa laughed more nervously, voice extra high.

Sana chuckled in disbelief. "You're literally hiding behind me, Lisa," maybe? Just in case, she had to be cautious.

"Stop, what happened with Jungkook? Why are you hiding?" Sorn was serious, curious like the rest.

Lisa face must had been a whole story, they all widened their eyes.

"Oh my God, Lisa what did you do last Friday?" Mina gasped.

"Oh, don't tell me Drunk Lisa was at it again," Sorn knew her so well, dammit.

"Look at her face, it says everything!" Momo pointed her.

Lisa wanted to hide under the table again. "Guuuuuys," she whined, burying her face in her hands. Gosh, this was embarrassing. She would have to talk, there was no escape.

"Confess your sins," Sana pointed at her with her chopsticks.

"I can't confess the sins of Drunk Lisa, I wasn't there," Lisa rose both hands.

"Oh my God, you two had sex!" Mina opened her mouth, amused.

"WHAT?!"

Lisa would be dead if that happened, of bliss of course. Like, imagine having sex with Jungkook...

SEE? THOSE WERE THE THOUGHTS THAT MADE DRUNK LISA ACT LIKE THAT.

"Okay, you look so caught, you two really had sex?" Mina stopped laughing and asked again. The girls leaned closer to Lisa, like interested in bread crumbs pigeons.

"OH MY GOD NO!"

The situation would be lot worse if that happened.

"So why are you hiding?" Momo tilted her head.

"Spill for once!" Sorn insisted.

"I...", Lisa sighed and buried her face in her hands again, then ran it through her hair, messing her bangs. "Promise you won't tell anyone"

"Promise," they all said in chorus. Wow, the excitement.

"I kissed him," Lisa whispered, it was for the first time out of her head.

She really did it.

Damn.

"What?" they all exclaimed again in chorus, rom-com style.

Lisa sighed deeply again. "I don't remember it and I'm so ashamed of myself," she lamented.

"Why are you ashamed? He's super hot?" Sorn was confused here.

Yeah. He was. Lisa wasn't ashamed of kissing him because of him but because of the whole situation. "Because we are friends for God's sake!" she snapped. "He sees me as just a friend! And he-

"likes Chaeyoung?" Sana rolled her eyes. She was as fed up with it like all of us.

"Yes! And apparently Rosie likes him too??"

"Don't go there yet," Sorn lifted a finger. "You really don't remember it?"

"I told you already! I don't remember well Drunk Lisa adventures, that slut does those things and then I have to face it! How am I going to face him now?" Lisa was growing more anxious now. It was too much.

Like, hiding under a table, wasn't that weird from her now.

No, actually it was.

"Sounds complicated," Momo said thoughtfully, stirring her noodles.

"It is, thank you!" finally someone could understand. "He for sure hates me! I ruined it!" it was so sad and it was all her fault.

"I don't think he hates you, I wouldn't if you kiss me," Momo smirked playfully, trying to cheer her up.

"Everyone would be happy if you kiss them, Lisa," Sana added.

They were so sweet.

"But I kissed Jungkook and I ruined our friendship and what I am going to tell him now?"

Sorn huffed. "It's not that bad, c'mon, we're adults"

Mina nodded. "That's true. It's just a kiss, it's nothing," she shrugged.

IT WASN'T THE JUST A KISS.

"But what if he doesn't want me close anymore? He's, like, most of the time scared of me and sometimes I feel like... like he's tired of me? I don't know. He doesn't even like when I touch him so much, he squirms or stiffen and then I notice I fucked up"

It was out of her control how touchy she was, her own body moved alone and apparently that was another slut ready to touch Jungkook at every chance, legs or arms (completely innocently I have to clarify), but she hated to make him uncomfortable after. Jungkook never said nothing but Lisa could feel it.

"Maybe he's just not used but doesn't hate it," Mina's tone was

comforting, it was obvious she wanted to make her feel better.

"And we all have seen you two, he adores you," Sana was very expressive to say that. "Go talk to him"

As if it was eas-OH MY GOD HE WAS COMING BACK.

"Or hide under the table again," Sorn sighed with a blank face.

"Close your legs! He will see me!"

"We're talking to a table, I'm sure he would find that strange anyway," Mina said.

"Hmm, Lisa?"

"Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

Lisa looked at her from below, all her things in the grass while hiding behind a bush. Sorn had a lost expression but not at all surprised by her actions, standing by her side.

"Hmmm, just tying up my shoes, haha, yeah"

Sorn roller her eyes while tucking a strand of blond hair behind her ear. "Your shoelaces are okay, please stand up"

"But he's coming," Lisa whined, hiding even better and she was so glad there was a thick tree for her to hid like a troll.

"Lisa, he's like ten meters away, he won't be able to-Oh, fuck, bitch hide hide he's coming," Sorn kicked her, trying to act natural.

"What?"

"Hide your ass!" she whisper-screamed.

"Hey!" Lisa almost got a heart attack at hearing his voice.

Oh, she missed his voice. Sometimes they didn't even talk that much during the week, but they greeted each other and, you know, the usual hi and how are you, but she still was hearing his soft but manly voice not like this week in which she spent hiding behind everything she could find, looking at her sides and acting like a fucking robber in a convenience store.

"Hi!" Sorn greeted him.

"Sorry, to bother you. You don't know me I'm sure, I'm Jungkook," he said softly, like someone would talk to a little kid to not scare them.

Lisa wondered who someone could imagine he was a bad guy when the man was such a damn sweetheart.

"Of course I know about you, you're Lili's friend"

"Yeah," Lisa could hear a smile on his voice. Oh, oh, good signal?

"Hmmm, have you seen her?"

See why was she hiding? Because he was looking for her. Everything had sense.

"Who?" Sorn acted dumb.

"Lisa"

"Lisa?"

"Yes, Lisa"

"Oh, Lisa, yeah"

Silence.

Gosh, her friend was an idiot but Lisa couldn't blame her, she would be the same.

"Did she-did she come today?" the cute natural stuttering melted Lisa down.

"Did she?" Sorn asked, so clueless, too clueless actually. Lisa hit her leg softly, from behind the tree and between the bush. "She didn't!" she was good at hiding the surprise of a small slap on the calve. "She's..." she was searching for a lie, Lisa was rooting for her to find it. "She's having a bellyache, a very very very hard bellyache, she can't stand up even. It's very bad, yup"

Gosh, it explained why they were friends... Bambam would so disappointed of them.

"What? Really? Will she be okay?" Jungkook was concerned, wide eyes and open lips, really shocked.

"Of course!" Sorn was quick to calm him. He seemed about to run for Lisa or call an ambulance. "She's strong and all, she's just resting for now," she smiled, comforting way.

"I haven't seen her the whole week..." he was reluctant to stop worrying, murmuring to himself.

"She's been sick the whole week. A terrible situation but everything's okay, don't worry, Jungkook, she's strong," Sorn didn't want the guy to be awake worrying for the dumbass of her friend, like what more proof of Lisa being an idiot you needed than her hidden behind a bush.

"Oh, okay...", he pinched the hair of his cheek, looking at a blank spot for a few seconds. Then he rose his head, opening his mouth. "Could you tell her-" his voice trailed off.

"Yes?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. Sorry for bothering you," he did a small bow, hand clasping together like a Thai greeting?

"No problem," Sorn smiled, greeting him back and still confused about it.

"See ya," he said and walked away.

"Bye," she waved till he disappeared inside the Art's building. "Oh my God, you, stupid bitch," she took Lisa hand to lift her.

"Shut up," Lisa huffed, patting her jeans to brush off every hint of dirt or grass.

"He's concerned! You should have seen his face!" Sorn scolded her. "Grow balls and go talk to him, it's obvious he doesn't hate you"

"It's no easy okay?!" Lisa snapped. Yes, she knew Jungkook was a

cutie and would never treat her bad, but she was fucking afraid of the looks or the small hints of not wanting her close anymore or something like that. She didn't want them to be different, I mean yes but not different in the we-don't-talk-anymore way. "I feel like... in panic"

"What's wrong with you?" Sorn asked, frowning and seriously curious.

"What do you mean?"

"You're not like this," Sorn pointed at her from head to toe. "The Lisa I know doesn't care about these things, she's brave and bold and careless, why are you panicking over this? It was just a kiss," she was right but Jungkook was a new different situation for Lisa. "Or it wasn't just a kiss," she added with that shit eating grin.

It wasn't but for her own mind: "It was just a kiss"

At least, it had to be for her if she wanted him to see it like that.

"Don't lie to me"

"I can't even remember it!"

"But you're affected anyway. Because you. like. him."

Who cared? Now, who really cared? The situation was worse, Lisa just couldn't like him anymore if she wanted him close.

(a/n: that sounds like it has no sense but it has in my mind, I just didn't explain it yet)

"Listen, I'm just worried about him wanting to unfriend me"

"He will unfriend you today or another day if he wants to, you can't keep hiding behind bushes. This is not some dumb rom com," Sorn was already tired of this. "Also he wouldn't be that worried about you if he hated you"

Good point.

And that just caused those damn butterflies in her tummy that shouldn't be there. DAAAAMN.

"Ugh, okay," she sighed, scratching her head out of frustration. "I'll talk to him tomorrow, I have to tutor him and..."

"You know, you can also confess and kiss him again," Sorn teased, swaying softly.

"Are you crazy? He will run away from me! Do I have to repeat the obvious?"

"Ugh no, I know it already, if I hear it once more I'll stab Chaeyoung and him and you"

Okay, it is the moment. Lisa you can.

She had been stood up beside the library door, holding the strap of her backpack with one hand that was knuckles white because of the force she was unconsciously using. She was so nervous and looking like a weird person, she was also mumbling a pep talk to

herself.

She couldn't even send him a grateful text for walking her home but now she had to talk to him face to face. She was feeling bad now for not sending a text, though. That was so inconsiderate of herself but was she going to type? *"thank you for walking me home, the payment was a super disgusting kiss with taste of soju. i know i know im super original with these things"*?

Ugh, cringe, cringe.

But she had to. Lisa was brave, she was bold and confident, she wasn't the type to wander around instead of going straight to the fire. She went against her family and worked hard to make her dreams come true, she wasn't afraid or nervous at that time, she wasn't even nervous when she lost her virginity for God's sake. Lalisa Manoban wasn't a coward.

With that in mind she got all her shit together and walked inside, no time for side thoughts, no time for nothing.

Jungkook was there, sitting, and he saw her coming. His eyes widened and he waited for her.

"Hey, I-"

Lisa planted both hands on the table, making a strong noise that startled him, and took a deeeeeeeeeeep breath.

"I'm so sorry Jungkook, I swear to God it wasn't me, it was Drunk Lisa. She does those things all the time and it's so embarrassing, like she once claimed she was the owner of Hongdae and tried to enter to a closed shop, it was a jail night I don't want to remember. Like, she's stupid and then I, Sober Lisa, have to solve her mess. Oh my God, this is so embarrassing. I promise to never ever again sexually harass you, promise, promise, pinky promise. Please, don't hate me"

sorry for mistakes, this is not proofread and my keyboard does me dirty most of times. i feel like it's not advancing and therefore being more slow but I feel like these types of chapters have to be??? idk.

if you like it, comment and vote👍 what do you think jungkook will say?

idk why I ask btw, your comments always confuse me but also bring me new ideas completely different from the ones I already have planned to do and cjskdlla the brain mess I get. I still love them tho. love the intensity. you all are awesome.

not related but wanted to share too. so as you for sure know bc I'm mentioning it all time, for things of life (MY LIFE DAMMIT, NOT LK OR BANGPING RELATED) it's not been a good moment lately. sorry for being intense, im spoiled cold bitch im not used to be sad. **SO, i found some good songs with lyrics or/and rhythms**

that personally make me feel better and cheer me up.

so, this is my **cmon bitch cheer up** playlist for you if you feel sad someday:

good as hell - lizzo

good thing - kehlani

motivation - normani

sad forever - lauv

comethru - jeremy zucker

the best thing that vmin did to me in my while career as an army was recommending that song

hot bummer girl - blackbear

lights up - harry styles

ofc there's more songs (some of them really embarrassing) but i didn't want to be that annoying.

Chapter 15

as i promised, here it is. i mean it's still weekend here so...

TRIGGER WARNING: you'll get triggered by a happy bunny sorry not sorry... and other things but i don't claim those scenes.

Jungkook really wanted to hold her face and kiss her like never before, but she was very drunk and obviously out of her mind. However, he smiled at her, sharing that drunken joy even though he was due to her.

"Go home," he whispered, she was still so close. It was the best, he could really kiss her as much as he wanted but it wouldn't be right.

"Okay, okay, daddy," she raised her hands in peace, giggling silly. She had just called him daddy?

God, she wanted to kill him. He could barely handle his heart beating like crazy, much less could he handle that idea of her calling him daddy. That would lead to things he shouldn't be imagining.

Lisa staggered back to the door and he just watched her walk away, chuckling for every time she turned around to say goodbye. She was so fun but at the same time so cute.

The way home was invisible for him, Jungkook could only look at nothing and smile like an idiot. I don't know how he wasn't hit by a bus or how he got home, he even forgot to get down at his bus stop and had to walk a few blocks to get home. The cool night air could barely calm the heat he felt in the body. He was almost jumping out of excitement.

His lips tingled, he could still taste the sweet taste of Lisa's gloss and he unconsciously touched his mouth, unable to believe what had just happened. It was like being 14 again, when he had his first kiss. He didn't even remember the name of the girl but the feeling still made him smile and now, even if someone tried to lower the corners of his mouth he wouldn't be able to stop smiling.

When he was in bed, it was embarrassing, yes, but he kicked and rolled on the bed like a fangirl after watching videos of her favorite idol. Well, Lisa had been drunk and the kiss had been totally innocent but he felt invigorated.

Now, Jungkook had a goal.

That kiss had been like a blow to the head, a voice shouted in his

head *"It's the damn sign, you fool"*. He couldn't keep ignoring the facts, he liked Lisa and a lot, Lisa was THAT girl who had finally come into his life. He could no longer ignore the bells, they had rung thousands of times and it was time to surrender to them, perhaps it was very delusional the idea that that was a sign of fate.

He had long believed that the girl was Tzuyu, but now that idea seemed so silly, well... fate wouldn't be so cruel to make his person fall in love with another, right? What would be the point then?

It was Lisa.

His guts were so sure.

He had to act, move and do something. She had a lot of boys behind her, shit, sure more than he thought.

It was going to be difficult, Jungkook felt anxious but at the same time excited. That kiss had caused him so much that he didn't want to miss this opportunity, he knew he was going to regret it.

Besides, it couldn't be that difficult, Lisa was already close to him, she was his tutor, she was his friend, and for the first time the idea of being friends didn't sound so depressing. That meant they were close enough.

This time, it wasn't a case of being the second option and keeping hope like an idiot, the road was clear this time and it was time to accept that he himself was the only obstacle. Things weren't going to move alone, he had to do it himself.

It was time.

He fell asleep then with a big smile, remembering that kiss again and again.

And it had only been a simple kiss, what would it be like if there were more? He already knew the taste of her lips, he wanted to keep tasting them a thousand times more until he knew every way to kiss her, until her lips were swollen and her cheeks flushed.

Weird things were seen every day, but Jungkook singing from the depths of his soul a trot song by Hong Jinyoung was something that had Taehyung judging him with his eyes, a cup of steaming tea in his hand and eyes barely open, his hair now long and really messy. It was the damn ten in the morning, in a Sunday, what the fuck?

According to his self made conclusions: Jungkook had gone to the gym early that morning because he had just taken a shower and was in gym shorts around the house with wet hair bouncing messily while cleaning the floor, he looked slightly more muscular than normal and his skin shone thanks to the natural morning light from the window (which was full open, like, what the fuck. I have to repeat it was a SUNDAY MORNING), tattoos at full display and moving with every flexing muscle, specially the ones in his chest

and leg. Strange. To begin with Jungkook was never awake in the morning, unless he had classes or work to do, and since when did he clean something other than his room?

Something was happening.

Jimin left his room and frowned as he rubbed one eye, he barely knew what day it was but the image in front of his eyes was even more strange and suddenly Jungkook was taking his arms and making him dance. Taehyung chuckled and, at least, enjoyed the Jungkook show who then began to sing and dance in front of him like an old man in new year's eve.

Jimin broke free of that energy ball and went to the refrigerator to get water, still with narrowed eyes and his hair going to every side.

"He's been like this since yesterday, I don't know what's wrong with him," Jimin murmured in a thick, raspy voice. "Jisoo was ready to call a priest to make him a exorcism"

Taehyung didn't find it strange, Jisoo was likely to make jokes like that.

"You haven't asked him?" Taehyung found it strange, Jimin was always on the maknae's back, he could be his therapist if Jungkook had the decency to pay him.

"I didn't see him that much yesterday, he had about four appointments when I was in the parlor and then I had to go tutoring," Jimin explained and took seat in the stool beside Taehyung, shoulders down and eyes lost in a blank spot. He was so obviously tired. Taehyung would help him if Jimin wanted but he was fucking stubborn.

Comfortable 'silence' fell down between them while Jungkook continued dancing, using the mop as a microphone and with Yeontan in his arms, the poor dog wanted to kill himself. Jungkook was passionate about it and Jimin smiled, Jungkook was being himself after a months.

"Do you think he got laid?" Taehyung asked out of nowhere, after several deep thoughts and tea sips.

Jimin smirked lazily. "It looks like he did"

"With Lisa?"

Jimin shook his head in disbelief. "Nah, I think-NO, wait, what if he did?" he planted both hands on the counter, eyes wide open.

Taehyung shrugged. "He is very happy and Lisa gets him that way just by looking at him, they should have fucked for this," he pointed to Jungkook.

"FANCYYYYYYY YooOOUUuUUuu ~" Twice's video was playing on television, the youngest doing the chorus dance. Yeontan was gladly free and taking place on the sofa.

Even sitting, Taehyung moved to the beat. "He definitely had sex last night," he said confidently.

Jimin smiled proudly and ran to hang on Jungkook, who continued with the choreography with exaggerated movements and faces. A whole one man show. Jimin imitated him and quickly they were both the best ONCEs in the building. Taehyung soon joined.

"I'm so happy for you, Jungkookie," Jimin hugged him like a proud father.

Jungkook nodded, a super dramatic expression full of emotion. "I know, I'm so cool"

Taehyung hugged them, closed eyes, bread cheeks showing. "Our Jungkookie grows so much. I can feel your over-exercised biceps stab me and everything"

Jungkook laughed and was released. "What will we eat? I will cook"

The eyes of both older guys shone like stars. "Seriously?" they asked tirelessly. Jungkook cooked so well but his lazy ass almost never did. Thank God he had such a good mother always sending them food.

"Yup, I'm just... so happy," Jungkook sighed and went to the laundry room to leave there the mop.

Taehyung and Jimin shared playful gazes.

"So, why are you so happy?" Jimin hummed, hands clasping on his back.

"Because..." Jungkook left them hanging while he went back, he had that cocky smirk on his lips, he for sure got laid. "This precious creature of the Lord..." he of course pointed to himself. "...got a kiss from Lisa," he proud of himself, almost shinning like a motherfucking lamp in the darkness.

"Wait, just a kiss?" Taehyung was dumbfounded.

Jimin burst out laughing and walked to him, patting his arm. "Yah, c'mon, you two fucked"

Jungkook shot him a bored stare. "Look, if we had fucked I would be fucking dead and with a will saying 'pls put my dick in a flask, this dude was in Lalisa Manoban, it deserves to be remembered"

"I want that too, it's so big it deserves to be in a museum"

Both looked at Taehyung, brows raised. He just liked his lips and smiled innocently.

"Listen, my dick-"

"Are you sure you want to be part of this talk, Hyung?" Jimin glared at him and Jungkook smiled widely. "I'm kidding"

"So, you got a kiss," Taehyung said, a hint of pride in his voice.

Jungkook nodded, he couldn't even hold back his smile.

"Aish, you're smiling like you got your dick sucked by six girls

and a milf," Jimin chuckled and jumped to the sofa, hugging a cushion instantly.

"You don't have idea how much I wanted something, SOMETHING, so just a kiss feels like my dick sucked by six milfs"

"I always knew you had a milf kink," Jimin said.

"I have a Lisa kink," Jungkook admitted seriously.

"It shows," Taehyung clicked his tongue, arms crossing over his chest as he was leaning on the door frame of Jimin's room, beside the sofa.

"For real, you don't have idea, I was fucking buzzing after that," Jungkook explained, walking side to side in front of them. "She's so soft and sweet. The best lips I've ever tasted. Not like a kissed so many girls though. But she's the best, oh my God, she made my knees go weak and she wasn't even trying it, like, what the fuck? Is that possible? I thought it was some made up bullshit to make romance make it look more stronger but nope, I was about to melt down like an ice cube. The fuck?" he laughed in disbelief. "She was drunk, though, so I don't know what to think. Like, she was clueless but drunk people say the true, right?" his eyes went wide, genuine insecurities showing from those dark sparkly orbs.

Jimin stretched his lips out, leaning his head to the right at the same time his left brow raised. "Well, if she kissed you knowing who you are it was because she wanted to"

"Did she say the name of other guy?"

Jungkook would be drowning himself in beer and crying like a baby if that had happened. "No, she knew it was me. She never forgot that. Oh my God, she even hugged me from the back and was saying I smelled good and fuck, fuck, fuck," he squatted down, running his hand through his curly hair out of frustration plus excitement. "I wanted to put her in my pocket and bring her home"

"Do it then," Taehyung said simply, everything was for him. Jungkook had no memories of Taehyung with lack of confidence, if he wanted something he would do whatever he could to get it.

"And what would I say? I mean, I've thinking about it because fuck, she kissed me, it has to mean something"

"Jungkook-" Jimin was about to object to that but Jungkook continued.

"I know, I know," he stood up. "But at least it has to mean she likes me in some way, I have to work with it and take her out of the friends shit"

"I support that," Jimin nodded. "I know you can do that"

"And we saw her around, she likes you," Taehyung added. "I mean, I don't know if in that sense, but she really likes to have you around. She smiles and waves like crazy when she sees you," he was

raising his hopes so bad, Jungkook was smiling like an idiot and feeling his ears burn with pure euphoria. "Go for her for once and get more kisses"

"Yup, kissy kissy," Jimin sent kisses and all, Jungkook laughed, pressing his ears.

"Fuck, I'm so excited"

"Go take your excitement to the kitchen, please," Taehyung pointed elegantly to the kitchen.

Jungkook pouted. "Wish people loved me for more than just my food and muscles and sexy body," he whined dramatically, stomping cutely to the named place.

"Except for Lisa, if she loved just his foot he would let her suck it if she wanted" Jimin said sarcastically.

Taehyung snorted. "He would love to suck her foot, please," he said like it was obvious.

"Don't put your foot fetish on me, Hyung," the youngest defended himself. "By the way, I have other places I want to suck"

"Like a lollypop in church, in the name of the father, the son and the holy spirit, amen," Jimin prayed.

Both, Taehyung and Jungkook rolled their eyes.

The irony.

"Jungkook! Jungkook, wait!"

Jungkook turned around, he was on his way to work at his parlor with his head still in the clouds but with the aim of continuing with the design he had left unfinished last night, and found Chaeyoung. She came running down the hall, he was amused by her somewhat awkward but cute way of arriving, the blond and loose braid bounced along with the strip of her brown bag with each step.

She reached him and sighed, showing a lively smile. "I've been following you a while ago, you walk so fast"

"Or you walk very slowly," he shrugged.

She laughed like he was oh so funny. "I was coming to return this to you, I was going to do it this morning but I forgot it," she handed him his jacket, causing him to frown. Why did she have it?

"What happened to Lisa?" he had really been looking forward to seeing her, his jacket was going to be a great excuse to see her and surely she was going to return it. There was a small chance she would forget that it was his and he would love to remind her but apparently she had remembered and told Chaeyoung to give it to him.

"Nothing?" Chaeyoung shrugged but then she noticed his 'why the hell do you have my jacket, then' face. "She gave me your jacket because I was going to see you today"

Oh.

"Besides, she's so busy," she sighed and somehow they started walking together. Jungkook's ears paid more attention, so there was another reason? "She is working all the time, you know, from here to there"

"What other jobs does she have?" Jungkook knew she was a babysitter, also a photographer and an employee of the ice cream shop.

"She takes pictures of a lot of people, you know, for Instagram. I'm lucky she is my best friend, so mine are free."

"Oh, Lisa takes those?"

"Have you seen them?" Chaeyoung asked excitedly.

Well, Chaeyoung was posting photos every day and she was part of the only twenty people he followed on Instagram, of course he was going to see them. "Yes," he shrugged, although he could only think of how good Lisa was at her work and he wondered what other good photos he would have seen without knowing that she was behind the camera. He also wondered why Lisa was never posting on her Instagram, she was so pretty. "So she didn't come to class today?" he had looked for her after the first class in the morning, he had arrived late on purpose to see her but she had not been there. He might believe she was avoiding him but Lisa wasn't like that... right?

"No, they are doing make up exams in that class so she could go do a job," he almost sighed in relief, well, now he felt less insecure. "Last night they called her super late for that, can you believe?" Chaeyoung was slightly offended, Jungkook would be if he didn't know that people could be that unconscious to ask for a job, he would sometimes receive messages at four in the morning about tattoos.

So Lisa was busy.

She had remembered that the jacket was his, would she remember the kiss too?

Jungkook hoped she didn't, he didn't want her to be awkward with him even though he was dying of nerves to know if she had liked to kiss him if she remembered ... Although she did it herself and you know what they say about the drunk. He was getting excited like an idiot but he couldn't help it.

"Jungkook?"

Ah, she was talking to him?

"Sorry," he smiled embarrassingly. "What were you saying?"

"Oh," she smiled at him as if she found him adorable. "He said Lisa is very full of things, working, studying, although she doesn't have much time to study lately," Chaeyoung put a finger over her

mouth, making a disapproving face.

Jungkook stopped, that hit very close to home.

Was he stealing her time? Was he to blame for Lisa not having time to study? It made sense, she spent her study time teaching him something and he was really very slow for English. I mean, it was on purpose sometimes because he wanted it to last the most it could and she was also so distracting to see. Since he began to study with her, his drawings of Killa became a lot better, but now he realized he was, like,... overexploiting Lisa.

Shit.

Now he felt horrible.

"She's doing again Introduction to Visual Culture and it's hard for her," shit, Jungkook loved talking to Chaeyoung because she was the only person he could get information about Lisa in the most subtle way. Thanks to Chaeyoung he knew that Lisa loved romantic movies, that she cried with most of them and that she loved to write her name everywhere; the latter could be deducted by himself, though, her camera bag had written LISA and most of her notebooks too.

Hold a second.

"Introduction to Visual Culture?"

"Yes?" Chaeyoung sounded confused by his sudden interest.

"I took that extra course in my freshman year," he told her excitedly.

Oh, my God.

This was great.

"Oh seriously?" Chaeyoung blinked.

Jungkook nodded, running his bangs to the side. His mind was spinning faster, full of new ideas. Now he had an excuse: "I can help her with that"

"What?" Chaeyoung let out an incredulous laugh. "Lisa would never accept help, she is very proud"

"I'm good at negotiating," he was confident about this, it was going to be hard as shit not to choke in the middle of the conversation but he was willing to try. He wanted to help her... and keep her close. "See you tomorrow" he bowed slightly to Chaeyoung and continued on his way. Maybe he was going to finally see Lisa on the ice cream shop.

I mean, he wasn't going to be able to say hi or something like knocking the window like a creep but he was going to be okay with seeing her... or maybe later and walk her home.

But Lisa wasn't in the ice cream shop, not in the evening nor in the night.

He felt so disappointed.

Chaeyoung loved her job and that was a strange thing to think because most people hated their own jobs, but hers was the best since she did one of the things she liked most: making music.

She had always had a musical vein, she had a beautiful and sweet voice that accompanied her in each song and she always had considered playing instruments so easy, she could learn to play them very fast. She played the piano since she was little. Nowadays, she didn't even need to look at the keys to play and finding a job that was based only on that was like going to a spa after every long day of class, even if she had to wear elegant dresses and make up every time. Music was very relaxing for her.

But, that day, when entering through the back entrance of the kitchen of the restaurant she was working in, and seeing what was in front of her eyes she realized that the peace had just ended.

Park Jimin was there and wearing a waiter uniform so he wasn't there visting because he was friend of some cooker or assistant, nop, she wasn't that lucky.

He smiled at her when she arrived and, as he was talking to the manager, he turned to see her. "Good evening, Chaeyoung," he greeted her so she was forced to move to them with slow steps and forcing a smile. "I introduce you to our new waiter, Park Jimin"

"She and I already know each other," Jimin spoke quickly with one of his lovely smiles. Chaeyoung hated how damn attractive he was, even when he exposed her like that.

"Oh really?" the man in the middle of both looked interested, but raised his eyebrows in a way that implied something else.

Chaeyoung was going to deny some kind of relationship between them but Jimin was faster: "Sure, I'm lucky to meet such beautiful girls"

Yes, of course he knew many girls. Chaeyoung had seen him with so many, even if Lisa had explained that the girl of the day they met was Jungkook's sister, Jimin still had thousands of girls, all at his feet and all acting like fools around him, boosting up that ego he had already too high.

"You look like a heartthrob, son, I'm not surprised," the manager patted his back, Chaeyoung frowned indignantly, the correct word was fuckboy and it was nothing nice to be. "But don't hurt our Chaeyoung, it's our star"

"Never," Jimin replied humorously.

Chaeyoung wanted to snort. As if she were going to give him a chance, it didn't matter if he had those lips that made her want to kiss them and it didn't matter if her stomach warmed when she saw him walk, she wasn't interested in being just one of someone's

girls... besides, she liked someone much better.

"I'll go to my place," Chaeyoung bowed slightly, smiling politely, and went to change.

The rest of the night was irritating, whenever she looked up she found him looking at her with that arrogant smile and predatory look, the one she was sure he used with everyone. But he was quite a good actor, every client loved him instantly for his excellent manners and soft voice, Chaeyoung would believe that character if she didn't know what he was. She was too smart to fall and proudly ignored every look with the elegance that characterized her. But she should have known that no one ignores Park Jimin.

"I didn't know that the head of the art mural played the piano"

Chaeyoung looked up, he was leaning on the black Baldwin piano. The black shirt of the uniform had the first buttons open, leaving pale skin in view, the edge of a sentence that got lost in his collarbone and a short Chanel necklace showing, the CC just in the hollow of his neck. His black hair shone like onyx under the lights and he looked attractive as hell, the smirk was the peak of the devastating image he displayed.

"How do you know that I am head of the art mural?" she ignored the attraction and frowned.

"I know everything"

She raised her eyebrows.

Jimin laughed and explained: "I talk with a lot of people"

"Girls, you mean?"

"Yes, especially girls, I get along with them," he nodded simply, not at all affected by her slightly judging tone but amused by her fake calm appearance, she was so annoyed because of him and he was amazed, he never imagined that cute pink haired girl would be capable of so much coldness.

Funny and interesting.

"I doubt you just get along with them," she continued, it was beginning to irritate her that he didn't get her disapproving signals.

He looked at her mockingly. "Jealous?"

She snorted. "Why would I be jealous?"

"I don't know you tell me"

She narrowed her eyes. "Don't you have to go back to work?"

"No one has called me so I am all yours," Jimin moved and sat next to her, she turned to look at him and their faces were too close. She leaned back although she couldn't help focusing her eyes on his lips, he had removed his lip piercing and for some reason she missed it. She had sudden memories of her first thoughts at knowing him in his parlor, a question big in her head: *how would it feel that piercing against my lips?*

What the hell was she doing?

"I don't want you to be mine, you're free," she hissed, hating the feeling of warmth in her neck and the alteration of emotions in her stomach.

"Then don't look at me as if you wanted to," he came over and whispered.

"Excuse me?"

Jimin laughed at her poor attempt of outrage. "You know, I thought you liked me, Chaeyoung, what happened?" he brushed the black, shiny edge of the piano with his fingers, Chaeyoung thought he would cut one if he touched a key and ruined her work to not think about the feeling of him brushing her skin that way.

"Sometimes my judgment fails me but I don't like you officially now," she finally told him.

He wasn't affected. "Why?" he asked curiously.

She frowned. "Would you mind?"

"It would surprise you"

Was he a masochist? Because Chaeyoung could see that this amused him and why the hell did he have fun with this? "It shouldn't, after all, we don't even have to talk to each other if we avoid each other"

"I will not avoid you"

What?

Definitely masochist.

"But I don't like you," she literally whined weakly, hating the idea of continuing close to him and falling. Jimin was like a temptation... very poisonous.

Jimin stood because of a client's call, Chaeyoung almost sighed in relief and wanted to look condescending, she didn't want him to know that he affected her, but her entire facade fell when she felt him lean close to her. His breath hit the hollow of her neck, free of blond hair, and almost made her tremble.

"Oh, Rosie Posie, everyone likes Park Jimin in the end," he whispered in her ear, creating chills that altered all of her senses and almost made her stamp her hands against the piano keys.

Her belly ached strangely and she found herself clenching her thighs, angry, sarcastically amused by his big as hell ego and... feeling hot?

"Isn't it dangerous to come home alone?"

Chaeyoung was startled, she had not heard him approach and suddenly had him by her side with a sweet smile. She blinked. "Excuse me?"

(a/n: if you thought they were liskook i'm sure i just realized it looks

like that)

"You're pretty when you do that," he pointed out, hands in the pockets of his black dress pants, a simple black t-shirt contrasted with his pale skin almost as much as his hair. He had class, Chaeyoung wondered if he was rich because he moved like he was a prince. "Now you look prettier with a frown"

She rolled her eyes. "This is harassment, Jimin."

"It's Oppa for you, I'm older"

"Park Jimin-ssi then," she smiled victoriously, thinking he was going to leave her alone.

But he chuckled. "You are very smart, Chaeyoung"

Of course or she was, Chaeyoung knew it very well and that's why she wanted him away, even if her body was against it. "You're not so much if you're still with me"

"I'm just being a gentleman, your knight for the night"

"I am not a princess who needs one"

"But you look like one"

Wow, that had been good, she let out an incredulous laugh. "Really?"

Jimin showed a cocky smile. "I never lie, princess"

pRiNcEsS. He had to be kidding.

"I'm surprised you don't call me kitten," she said though, most of the fuckboys did. She had become used to that typical and silly flirt after so many years, unlike Lisa who was still friendly, Chaeyoung was beginning to get annoyed and became politely cold. Everything turned ridiculous when they started with the kitten thing.

"Why would I do that?"

"It's the usual thing," she shrugged. "Are you really going to walk with me to my house? I literally live three blocks away," she pointed forward obviously, she wasn't even lying. Lisa and she literally lived there because of the restaurant, it was one of Mr. Manoban's restaurants chain.

"Anything could happen to you in three blocks," Jimin explained shrewdly, damn scammer.

"Seoul is a very safe city," she objected, she could even show him evidence, literally the city was very safe and they were even flattered because of it.

"And full of drunks, didn't you know that Jungkook had to save Lisa from drunken bastards?"

She widened her eyes, terrified. "What?"

"She didn't tell you?"

No, of course not, her best friend would never share that. Lisa hated worrying others although knowing her, not even herself was worried about that either. Ever since Lisa won that Muay Thai

championship at 15, she thought she was invincible and wasn't afraid of anyone. "God, she's so careless," she growled, annoyed. "I've told her a thousand times not to come back so late"

But Lisa had heard her? Of course not. Lisa didn't listen to anyone.

"Have you been told that you look like a cute squirrel when you get angry?"

"Don't flirt with me, I'm mad!"

"Don't be so pretty then, I can't control myself"

She opened her mouth but didn't know what to say, blinking incredulously, and walked stomping that made him laugh, following her with light steps.

"Think at least she has Jungkook"

That didn't help her mood, the sting of jealousy burned in her chest although it shouldn't, Lisa didn't like Jungkook. She said it all the time and she wouldn't lie to her best friend, right?

"And you have me"

"Oh, I'm so lucky," she rolled her eyes sarcastically. Her best friend had a sweet and hot boy protecting her and what did she have? A too hot and too annoying fuckboy.

"Is that sarcasm?"

"Maybe"

"You think I'm stupid?"

"No comments"

He nodded with pursed lips, with a funny expression, as if she were so dumb to think like that but he didn't correct her. "So, are you excited about the mural?"

"Are you really interested?" She had a hard time believing it, for sure he was only pretending interest to flirt, as he had done with the flowers when they met. Surely his mother's love for roses was also a lie.

He nodded, looking innocent suddenly. "Of course. Like you, I work with art"

True, tattoos. She sighed, well, she would believe him. "Yes, I am excited," the usual butterflies began to flutter through her stomach as dopamine overflowed her brain. That project was something she never imagined having and made her crazy with happiness.

"It shows," he pointed to her face, she felt embarrassed, she didn't want to show herself like that in front of him. "Aren't you lovely?"

"Flirting is a sport for you?"

"I call it making people feel good," he had an answer for everything with that playful smile. "Besides, I don't lie"

"Whatever I say, you'll flirt back, right?"

"If you ask me how I am, I may not do it"

She sighed, why the hell was she doing this? "Ok, how are you?"

"As fine as you"

She snorted, although a part of her laughed.

(a/n: this is nenecheyma in daily basis guys)

"Oh hi!" Lisa greeted them, arriving at the building's portal at the same time as both. Her best friend was returning from a photo shoot, carrying her camera bag and another larger bag (possibly larger than her) where she carried lights.

"Hi, Lisa," Jimin smiled at her warmly, a very different tone than the usual that was silky and seductive. Chaeyoung felt lost.

"Hi, Oppa, what are you doing here?" Lisa was friendly to everyone, her huge smile showing to him. There she was being nice.

Chaeyoung waited for him to say something like 'seeing beauties like you' but he surprised her: "I walked your Rosie Posie home, it's unsafe lately. Have you returned home alone again?" He sounded reproving, like an older brother scolding.

He didn't flirt with Lisa? What the hell?

"Don't worry, Oppa, I can handle it"

Yes of course, she handled it so well that he needed Jungkook's help. Chaeyoung sighed at the idea, Jungkook was so cute... with Lisa, this author reminds you.

"You should be careful, Jungkook cares about you. He's so dramatic, please be careful, seriously"

Lisa laughed. "What are you saying?" her voice became sharp and she hit his arm repeatedly but gently. "I'm a super problem for Jungkook, I thought for a moment that he was going to hit those guys"

"Those guys you didn't tell me anything about," Chaeyoung crossed her arms, with an accusing look. Lisa made a caught face, tense smile and big eyes, it was hilarious in some way.

"Oops?" She raised her hands.

"I'll leave you alone, girls," Jimin was amused between them and bowed. "Goodbye"

Both said goodbye, Lisa was more lively and added an 'Oppa' to what Chaeyoung judged. "How can you be close to him?"

Lisa looked confused. "Jimin Oppa is such a cutie, you should know him better"

"As if"

"Oh come on, it was a misunderstood, he likes you" Lisa teased her as they entered.

"Yes, like he likes Im Nayeon, Kang Seulgi, Mina..."

"Wow, you have a list of all the girls he likes?" Chaeyoung shot him a look and Lisa started laughing. "Oh come on, Mina and Jimin? Going out?"

"I never talked about going out"

"Mina sleeping around?" Lisa looked at her in disbelief.

Well, she had a point.

"But, the other girls?"

Lisa shrugged. "If he is single and they are too..." for Lisa it was very simple. "Besides, not just because you see them together means they have something"

"Have you seen Jimin?"

"Yes, he's such a cutie you should know him better"

"Lisa!" she yelled in exasperation in such a funny way, she was so dramatic, and Lisa laughed again. Chaeyoung knew how to erase that victorious smile. "So what are you going to tell me about those drunks, Lisa?"

Yup, it worked.

She was sick, that was what was happening.

During the week, Jungkook's balloon full of excitement had begun to deflate because Lisa was nowhere and his insecurities were talking louder inside him. But now everything made sense, she had had a bad week. He felt like an idiot for believing she was going to avoid him, he wasn't the center of her world and Lisa wasn't that kind of girl.

(a/n: istg im melting, he can't be this fucking naive and cute)

Was she going show up that morning? Jungkook hoped so, although he wouldn't blame her if she stayed at home, of course not. He had chicken out to send her a message last night but he swore he would do it that morning if she didn't show up at the library.

He fiddled with the pencil between his fingers, his eyes were fixed on the door although he was supposedly taking notes from a book on his laptop for his next lecture. He tried, I swear, but he had more important things to think about.

And then Lisa entered the library like a bomb, quick steps and an expression of pure determination on her face. She looked better after being sick for days even though he wasn't sure she was healthy and he was going to go crazy if she was there just for him, she had to take care of herself.

He had missed her so much, however. He was used to seeing her everywhere and suddenly she wasn't showing up as if destiny was trying to tease him as usual, now she was back with her pretty little face and huge eyes.

"Hey-" he greeted her but she interrupted him.

"I'm so sorry Jungkook, I swear to God it wasn't me, it was Drunk Lisa. She does those things all the time and it's so embarrassing, like

she once claimed she was the owner of Hongdae and tried to enter to a closed shop, it was a jail night I don't want to remember. Like, she's stupid and then I, Sober Lisa, have to solve her mess. Oh my God, this is so embarrassing. I promise to never ever again sexually harass you, promise, promise, pinky promise. Please, don't hate me"

...

...

...

What?

Sexually what?

W H A T ?

Jungkook burst out laughing, seriously, he started laughing and hard.

She couldn't be serious.

That kiss had been the best thing that had happened to him in the whole year and she thought he was going to hate her for it?

It was hilarious.

"Jungkook?" she looked at him confused, tilting her head to the side with a frown and those plump lips pursed.

"You once claimed what?" he asked, still trying to control the laughter because people started looking at him like a weirdo.

Lisa was still blank. "Being the owner of Hongdae but it was Drunk Lisa, actually"

"Drunk Lisa?"

"Yeah, I call that crazy bitch like that. She... she does things," she explained slowly, she really didn't understand why he was so amused with all this. "You know, like to harass big and tattooed guys in the streets"

She was adorable. Shit, she was the most special girl he'd ever known in his life.

He cleared his throat, biting his lower lip. "Lisa, I could never hate you," the phrase came naturally from his lips and she widened her eyes, she was genuinely surprised. Why? He was sure he never looked at her with nothing more than pure adoration, in the literal senses of the word.

"Really?" Her voice was soft and low, full of illusion.

"Yes," he murmured with a smile and she, literally, SHE, Lisa, jumped into his arms and wrapped his neck with her arms, letting out a cheerful shriek. Once again, her smell surrounded him like a sweet bubble and he saw fucking stars. He couldn't believe this was happening but it was, she was fully in his arms.

HUG HER BACK IDIOT.

Shyly, he raised his hands and put them on her back; she was really small, he could easily embrace her waist with his hands if he

tried and God, he wanted to do it, he also wanted to bury his nose into her hair, he was melting into a puddle, but he couldn't do anything because she pulled apart and her huge smile was inches away from his face. As close as the last time...

But then, something happening inside of her head because her smile tensed up.

Lisa walked away then, looking down. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she murmured quickly, why were she apologizing? "I know you don't like this, hehe, I'm sorry, I do it without thinking. God, I do many things without thinking, right?" she tucked her hair behind her ears and walked to sit down, leaving him confused and with his body eager to hug her again. What was she talking about? What did he not like? "I'm so sorry for crossing the limits with you," she told him seriously once he sat down again, too focused on her to notice that several people were looking at them strangely and even amused. Such a show had just been given.

"Crossing the limits?"

She could cross all the limits, she could do whatever she wanted with him, he was okay with it.

"Yes, you know, touch you"

Jungkook, she's talking innocently, Jungkook don't go to that side please.

"I know it makes you uncomfortable and it's so silly of me to apologize for being too touchy but then hug you, I'm really sorry," What? She believed that ...? Why? Jungkook loved having her around. "I won't do it again, I want us to be fine and-"

"Lisa, we're fine," he said without thinking although he congratulated himself because wow that was great and he managed to calm her down. "I ... I have no problem with you-with you being too touchy, I... I like it," OH NO, NOT THAT DIRECT FRIEND. He cleared his throat. "I like having you close. We're fine"

She relaxed, looking at him like a freshly petted puppy. Shit, she really cared to be fine with him and it was clear as water. No one was that worried about being okay with him, never in his life that happened till Lisa showed up like a bright daylight making him feel so special. Would it really be so hard to make her fall for him? Would it be hard to get her heart when Lisa looked so happy to be fine with him?

No.

Jungkook, come on, man up, it's time.

"I'm so happy about that," she reached out and took his hand, she was so affectionate, she was going to kill him. "I didn't want us to be uncomfortable with each other, haha, and now I think it's going to be less than before because now I know I don't annoy you," she

was so satisfied with that, he chuckled softly. Where the hell did she get those crazy ideas? "It was just a silly kiss, right? Let's forget about it and all, you know"

Oh.

It was like a damn kick in the stomach.

She wanted to forget it?

IT WAS A MIRACLE THAT SHE COULD REMEMBER IT BUT SHE WANTED TO FORGET IT?

He was a clown.

He was the biggest clown in the damn city.

Friend, you're just his damn friend, idiot.

The pressure in his chest threatened to suffocate him, it was like a huge fist squeezing his heart into ashes.

"Yeah," he forced a laugh even though he wanted to pick up his things and leave.

This is not Lisa's fault, you are the one to blame for your enthusiasm, you have no right to be offended, you are the idiot. What were you expecting?

He repeated it to himself while he acted as if everything was fine during the little class she gave him, he could barely think of anything else and the worst of all was that he couldn't stop seeing her and thinking that she was all he wanted. She could call him friend a thousand times and he would still want her.

God, degrading kink? Activated. Such a kinky bitch.

This had to stop. It was the best. If she wasn't going to want him, he couldn't keep getting excited, it was going to end so bad. He needed space... for a while of course, he knew he didn't want to cut all contact with her because Lisa was really amazing... Too amazing actually and he had to grow used to it.

It was what he was going to do anyway, so when they both left in silence, he finally said: "I think we should stop doing this."

Lisa's face dropped. "What? But I thought we were fine," her voice sounded sad, he almost regretted what he was going to say but he realized fast she was for sure just feeling guilty, still thinking she harassed him or some stupid shit.

"We're fine," he assured her although the smile didn't reach his eyes. "But it's the best, I'm getting better in English and I'm stealing your time."

"What are you saying? You don't steal my time, I like to help you"

Shit, WHY SHE MADE IT SO DIFFICULT?! SHE MADE HIM FEEL LIKE THE MOST SPECIAL BOY IN HER WORLD AND THEN BROKE HIS ILLUSIONS WITH A HAMMER TO THEN RETURN TO THE FIRST STEP.

Jungkook, focus.

"Lisa, thanks for helping me but I'm fine"

"But-"

"It's okay," he interrupted her. He had to run away. "Hey, I have something to do, see you around, okay? Bye"

Coward.

Damn coward.

His plan had been to help her but he shouldn't, he had to get away and calm down. He was confusing things and the lines became too blurry, it was all in his mind and-

Fuck.

He was so stupid for getting his hopes up just because a kiss. A damn stupid and drunk kiss.

He wasn't fourteen anymore, he shouldn't feel that way for just one kiss, he had made more things than just kissing... but nothing felt like kissing her.

Stupid.

Stupid Jungkook.

He didn't see Lisa's face of pure sadness when she saw him leave, it was as if a cloud had set on her head and rain began to fall. She kept standing in the entrance of the building, shoulders down and a pout on her lips.

She thought everything was fine...

If it wasn't there, when was she going to see him then? When could she talk to him?

Why, even though he told her they were fine, it felt like losing him?

(a/n: don't curse me yet, read the next scene)

Her mood wasn't the best, the dark grey cloud followed her around the whole day and it got worse when the next day Jungkook didn't show up to their English class.

It didn't feel that good to be avoided, right, Liz?

She looked at his empty chair with a pout for the whole hour. She wanted to send a text but she was feeling insecure and it was so weird of her, but she just couldn't. Everytime she was trying to type something, it didn't seemed correct enough so she ended up deleting, it was a cycle that repeated for like twenty minutes till she gave up.

And just then, a text showed up but it wasn't from Jungkook.

Lisa walked into the College Journal office with her head down, it was so obvious for everyone that she wasn't well and everyone glanced at her strangely. She didn't care, at least she smiled at seeing Jennie Kim sitting with her laptop and tons of papers around her in the desk, she was obviously stressed but still looking like a Chanel Queen.

"Good morning, Unnie"

Jennie glanced up at her for a few milliseconds while a smile grew on her lips, but she didn't stop typing and her attention was clearly on the screen. "Sorry I can talk more now, just called you to ask if you're interested in working for something big"

Lisa stretched her lips out, thinking. "It depends"

"It's about the art mural"

Okay, she got her attention with that.

"What about it?"

"It's a project that happens once every four years and it has to be in the final journal of the year, the one that documents the best moment of the year and stuff. Someone will write about it but I need the best pictures and you are the only one here who can take the best ones so, are you interested? I would need you there every working day"

Every day?

Jungkook was going to be there and she was going to be able to talk to him and make sure everything was really fine between them and see him more which was questionable but she swore to God it was in a friendly way, pff, of course... This idiot I swear to God.

You know what they say, when a door closes a window opens... or something like that.

"I'm in!" she said, actually she literally screamed. Jennie raised both brows, shooting a questioning look at her with those intense catlike eyes, making her feel nervous. Lisa laughed casually, trying to act cool while she was leaning on a pile of papers. "I mean, sure... why not? Haha"

And the pile of papers fell making such a big noise, some layers flying around her. Jennie blinked, opening her small mouth completely horrified.

"Shit! Sorry!"

But she couldn't care less, she was so fucking excited now.

well, i think it had that rollercoaster effect. **pls don't hate me istg it's not my fault they're so stupid**, i just can't control them as it looks.

if you're a writer, it happened to you that your characters end up doing what they want and you just describe what they do? it's weird.

if you like it, comment and vote💜 i'm ready to lose all readers tho🙄👉👈

but who knows, maybe jk gets his highs up again and start fighting for her, i mean no one gets so down after days hyping himself up... i mean yes it happens but I'm spoiling here. be sure

someone will wake him up. but also remember she's the one who ruined it☐☐♀☐

one thing sure: there will be more lk moments. we are starting the comfortable phase in the next chap

Chapter 16

how tf people name their chapters???? my mind was so blank for whole 5 minutes trying to figure out how to name this

btw this one comes dedicated to Koa_44 bc this chapter is up today thanks to him and also thank you for usually replying to my tweets, love you💖

Lisa loved Stranger Things, she could watch the three seasons over and over again without getting bored, but she simply couldn't focus without staring at one point and losing herself in her mind, missing valuable minutes of episodes she loved. First, she thought that maybe she was hungry, yes, she couldn't concentrate on something while being hungry, so she went to the refrigerator and stabbed a pot of Ben&Jerry's till finish it but even though her belly was full, she was still lost. Then she thought that perhaps she was tired, she was overwhelmed and her mind was simply going crazy, but, strangely, she wasn't sleepy. It was 3am and she had her eyes open as reflectors, Chaeyoung was sound asleep on the couch, curled up in a blanket after giving up at the beginning of the second season, and Leo was on her side, moving his legs in dreams. It was cute.

(a/n: I finally remembered about leo existence in this fanfic i promise to edit him in later)

And Lisa was still awake and restless, sitting on the corner of the sofa with her legs against her chest and the hood of her light blue hoodie over her head.

Finally, she took her phone and faced the truth, with Jungkook's chat on the screen.

Were they really okay?

Lisa drummed her fingers against her leg thoughtfully.

"Lisa, I could never hate you," his soft voice rumbled in her head once more, making her smile. Jungkook's smile was damn beautiful, it was impressive when he looked at her with those star-filled eyes and showed all those white teeth, wrinkles forming at the sides of his eyes.

She hugged him without thinking, he was hard and so warm, she could even graze with her fingers some of his hair and it was really so soft. He also smelled like his jacket but much better, he had a special fragrance of Jungkook in which she wanted to dive into. She

hadn't wanted to let him go and she was terrified of how much he liked it, she was even more terrified that he didn't like it but Jungkook calmed all her worries.

"I like having you around"

How could a phrase accelerate her heart so much?

She was now smiling like a fool, wanting to squeeze her cheeks because she felt them burning.

But the emotion couldn't last long when she then began to think about how suddenly Jungkook had moved away, cutting off the only thing that kept them meeting... Had it been on purpose? Was she overthinking?

She couldn't get it out of her head and she felt that if she didn't do something... she didn't know what would happen but it caused her anxiety, she wanted to hold him.

Why did she feel that way?

Was it because he was the first boy she couldn't understand?

The only thing clear is that she didn't want to let him go.

Jungkook

jungkooooooooooooo

He sure was asleep, she could wait until the next day and maybe she would get some sleep now that she had made the first step.

She moved and woke up Leo without wanting. "Sorry, baby," she whispered and petted his head and behind his ears, he purred loudly and got himself comfortable again.

Lisa then covered Chaeyoung's feet carefully and checked if her pillow was okay, she didn't want her to wake up with some neck ache. So, everything was okay.

She turned off the TV and was about to get up to go to her room but then her phone buzzed in her hand, scaring her, she almost dropped it and jumped on the couch. She looked quickly at Chaeyoung, worried about waking her up but her best friend was not aware of anything. Luckily, she was very exhausted after a whole week recruiting people for her project.

All calm, all great, now Jungkook.

She bit her lower lip, feeling a bomb of excitement exploding in her belly. Oh my God, oh my God.

Jungkook

yeah?

omgasnsj

you're awake!

or i just woke you up?

bc if it's like that im so sorry☐

no need to puppy eyes me

i was awake

NDKSK555

PUPPY EYES ME

555

what are you doing?

working

at this hour?

yup

what's the work about?

im painting

oh, it's for homework?

yes

it's a painting about the

pop art era

that one with the eccentric colors?

like comics?

well

it looks alike

they follow the same theory of colors

triad?

yup

how do you know?

i've seen that in my classes

i have to know about colors too in photography you know

I'm not the best at studying

but well

me neither

i just can't focus

BRO

SAME

i can't just sit down and read

it's so easy to get distracted

fjwjdk yes

once i watched a whole cooking

show instead of studying

i hate cooking shows!

i can't cook!

but, well, now i know how to

cook a good traditional lasagna

i wouldn't be able tho

my hands are cursed

i swear

i could burn an ice cube

i could cook for you

••

you know how to?

i don't wanna brag

but

i do the best ramen in seoul☐

i wanna taste

you

kidding

Yeah, she wasn't kidding at all but he didn't know that.

Jungkook

are you flirting with me?

Oh no.

He knew.

But she was good at this, she could save that one.

Jungkook

no

i though this was a business account

kkkk

you remember

ofc

bc it was when i met you

you keep flirting

sorry

it's natural

with hot guys like you

lisa

ok

ill stop

i like this tbh

what thing

chatting with you

ah

it's my fault

im not that good with fcae to face talk

*face

it's because im too pretty?

sorry

it wasn't my intention to

intimidate you jungkook☐

55555555

kidding

it's okay to be shy in person

but you're not shy

we could say so

how are you so extroverted?

i grew up around too many people
there were always friends of my parents
in home and their families
and my mom used to organize
many parties in our home
or take me to events with her
so i just... got used to strangers
and to make new friends
i've been always talkative too
too much actually
my mom hates it
she says i have a too long tongue
that sounds bad

it didn't sound bad till you mentioned it
5555555

so your parents are in thailand
or they live here
thailand
thank god
anyway
enough of me
this was about you
and me talking
i feel more confident now 😊

becauuuuse
you say you like to have me around
and bitch you don't know in where you
got into
you won't be free of me in your life

im not complaining
i didn't complain
the first time you told me that
neither

kxkwkdisk
but
we're okay, right?

yes
i told you so
we're okay

sorry im asking the same all the time
i just can't get it out of my mind
what thing?

The kiss.

That damn kiss was still a problem. Why did she say she wanted

them to forget it when not even herself could do it?

She was still salty about not being able to remember it well.

Jungkook

it's the first time

drunk lisa kiss a guy

idk what to do

it's okay

i told you i didn't feel harassed

it was

cute

kissing me was cute?

it was just a peck

kid's type of kiss

so it was cute

kdwkdkiw

im blushing

you think im cute

yes

JDKQ55

DONT BE SO STRAIGHTFORWARD

I COULD THINK EVERYTHING

well then

i don't think you're cute

you're lying 🙄

yes

you are thE SHY ONE HERE

DON'T MAKE ME FLUSTERED

i can't imagine you being flustered

why?

because you never were with other people

you're not "other people"

you're jungkook

thank you for reminding me that

for a minute i thought i was gong yoo

LMFAOKDKSKSKS

have you watched goblin

of course

(a/n: he didn't)

you're like the first guy

that admits that to me

sexy

should i mention i watched

boys over flowers too?

sexier now

jdkwkd but for real
do you like kdramas?
yes
but don't tell anybody
i have a reputation to keep
so you enjoy people thinking
you're a bad boy?
it's not like i can change that
they will think it just at looking at me
they should look more
bc you're more than just tattoos
they're amazing btw
im kinda changing my mind
about getting one
really?
no
actually not
im fucking scared
i could bleed to death
that's like impossible?
WHO KNOWS JUNGKOOK
you could end up with one
who knows lisa
maybe one day you will come
asking for one
you just want my money right?
yes
you caught me
after all the chocomilk i bought to you???
sorry
im a material guy
👀👀👀👀
you think you know someone and then
you discover this
hey it's almost 4am
you should sleep
OHMYGOD
TRUE
JFKWKDKW
time flies
you should sleep too
it's not good to be awake all night
...ironic
KDKSKDK

i know i know
but it's bad for our health
btw you do this regularly?
yeah
im a night guy
me too
sometimes i just have this weird
insomnia and i just can't sleep
even when im dead tired
same
some people recommended me
to listen to asmr
but it's creepy asf to have someone whispering to my ears
i thought i was the only one thinking that
too many terror movies i guess
i don't even watch those
im a pussy 🙄
lisa
yes?
you really should go to sleep
you too jungkook
but im doing homework
what are you doing that's so important to be up at this hour?
talking with you 😊
go to sleep
gonna have a kookie if i do? ♡ ♡
*cookie
that was on purpose?
yes
sorry not sorry
but ok
I'll go
just if you go too
how will you know I do
bc if you don't I'll know
and I'll have one of those dreams
in which your soul leaves your body
and ill travel to your room to scare you
creepy
can't wait to see it
JFKWKDKW
ok ok
goodnight jungkook
or you should say

good morning?

OK OK OK

I can't believe all this insomnia shaming 🙄

good morning jk 💖

good morning lisa

"Why do I feel that whenever you feel bad you add a new tattoo?"

Jungkook, sitting in Jimin's chair in his studio, looked up as his best friend traced the final details of the new addition on his shoulder, in the only space available between the tattoo on his chest and those that covered his entire upper arm.

Jisoo was in the frame of the door, crossing arms and ankles, that day wearing a black denim skirt and a black T-shirt tucked inside, converse on his feet and that thoughtful slash judging look on her face.

"I don't know why you say that," Jungkook replied with no idea, not even grimacing at the constant punctures on his skin.

"When you finished everything with Tzuyu, you got six new tattoos," Jimin said in an emotionless voice, concentrated to full percent. Jungkook raised an eyebrow, yes, he did that, so what. "In the same week," he added with a quick glance, Jisoo nodded arrogantly, happy to have evidence in her favor.

Jungkook raised a finger. "Four of those don't count because they are on my foot"

Jisoo rolled her eyes. "Is this a way to deal with pain? Physical pain covers the emotions of your broken, sensitive heart?"

"I doubt he has any skin sensitivity at this point," Jimin said.

Jungkook had to mentally admit that that was somehow true, the last time he had felt real pain was the phrase in his ribs due to contact with his bones. Of all, he wasn't using tattoos to deal with his pain because he wasn't suffering... that much. Not after the night before, he literally rolled around in his room across his room like a happy kid while texting with Lisa.

"I'm fine, I don't know what you say, and this was planned"

It was true, the messages of the previous night had put him in a better mood, just being able to finish his painting, it was for Monday but if he didn't do it on Friday he wouldn't have time during Saturday according to his mental agenda, full of work and studying and dying. But did it really matter to fail a little if the distraction was Lisa? Not much really.

"Was it planned before or after Lisa told you 'let's forget this', Jungkook?" her imitation of Lisa would have been funny if she wasn't accusing him.

"Why do I always tell you everything?" Jungkook recriminated

himself more than to her.

"You're quite talkative when you're sulking"

And Jisoo was always there to listen to him, although Jungkook swore that sometimes she didn't do it while studying, just looking up and muttering "hmmm" every ten minutes.

"I wasn't sulking"

He was.

"Call it what you want, it was dramatic," Jisoo sighed.

"Sorry for having feelings," he replied sarcastically.

"Ew, feelings," Jisoo wrinkled her face jokingly, making him smile. "Anyway, you should stop before we forget what your skin color is"

Or his skin could fall through some contaminated ink and star in live-action of that mang...

"Hello?"

Lisa?

That was Lisa's voice?

And it wasn't in his mind, Jisoo turned around while Jimin raised his head, separating the tattoo machine from his skin for obvious reasons.

"Is there someone?"

LISA WAS THERE.

WHAT?!

"Hi," Jisoo greeted her just as Lisa stood beside her at the door, eyes widening at the sight of him.

Well, Lisa had to shut her mouth before starting to look like an idiot.

This was something totally surprising and she needed some preparation before because there was no other damn way to deal with this and not start drooling like a hungry dog.

Upon entering the parlor, she had only followed the voices without expecting to find Jungkook lying in Jimin's studio chair, shirtless.

He had been hiding a hot like hell body under his loose clothes. She knew he had strong arms and thighs so thick and muscular in which she wanted to bounce like a fucking rabbit, but those abs? Six-pack were overrated, this motherfucker had a full hot eight-pack from the ribs to the band of his Calvin Klein boxers that could be seen over the waist of his black cargo pants. Then he sat down and his golden pecs showed more, a furious wolf with a skull coming out of its mouth marked the right side of his chest up to his shoulder, the kind of tattoo she had imagined on him but in real life it was a new experience, she wanted to lick each ink mark and every muscle relief on a path down to the band of his boxers and

see the effect that it would cause down there...

Look at his face, idiot, his face is not in his abs, look up.

"Uh, I'm sorry," Lisa could speak and smile shyly, it was faster than she would have expected from herself. "I didn't know you were... working?"

She really wished they hadn't noticed her oh-he-is-so-fucking-hot moment and it seemed to be that way, because they greeted her kindly. But even if her act was good, her mind was still full of images of devouring him with kisses, her tongue was hungry for those tattoos and she was beginning to feel kinda hot with the idea.

"Jungkookie is getting another tattoo," Jimin commented and Jungkook smiled, he was tense, almost uncomfortable.

Yeah, Lisa got the signals.

"I'll wait outside," she pointed back with her thumb.

"Great, it's going to be a few minutes because I'm just finishing"

"Are you?" Jungkook asked, leaning his head to see while part of his hair covered his face a little, his sharp jaw took center stage while the long piercings of his ear clinked a little.

Lisa wanted to get close and see what Jimin was doing to him, in fact she also wanted to inspect each tattoo better and count them... Recently she had noticed that in his arm, among the tattoos, he had some that were like paint strokes that looked as if he would have passed a brush with black ink there, they were beautiful and, being so simple, they said how much he loved his art.

"Come," Jisoo took her arm and led her out, leaving both of them in the studio.

"We'll get out soon!" Jimin yelled at them before she closed the door, Lisa snorted. Jimin really was so nice, Chaeyoung complained about him all the time and more since he was walking her home since they began to work together in the same restaurant but Lisa was delighted with him. He was sweet.

"He has an addiction," Jisoo sighed once they were alone, heading to her bright desk.

"It's a good addiction for me," Lisa shrugged and Jisoo looked at her without understanding. "I mean, everything he has on his skin is beautiful."

"Too many for me," Jisoo wrinkled her nose tenderly, she looked like a bunny, while taking a seat on the bench behind the counter, Lisa just noticed that it was tall and that way they were both at the same height. "But you know, he is happy like that"

"Doesn't it hurt?" she asked then, worried, leaning her crossed arms on the counter glass. She still had in mind the process of Chaeyoung's tattoo. She had tried not to look, those punctures and blood and then the swelling but it had been impossible. Lisa felt

chills, she hated needles so much.

"Nah, we could mark him like a cow and he wouldn't notice," Jisoo replied casually.

Lisa laughed. "He is strong"

The brunette looked at her for a few seconds with a small smile on her heart-shaped lips, Lisa stirred uncomfortably, feeling that she was being analyzed although she didn't know why. "You're always full of compliments to Jungkook, Lili," Jisoo commented with all the intention of getting a reaction from her.

"Because he's great," Lisa replied cheerfully, pretending not to understand the obvious implication that had just been thrown in her face. "I just came looking for him"

Jisoo tilted her head. "Why?"

"We are planning Yuqi's birthday, it's next week, and we haven't bought any decoration yet"

"Wait, you two are doing what?"

"Planning Yuqi's birthday," Lisa repeated slowly. So Jungkook hadn't told Jisoo anything and she could see the wheels spin in her head, her expression changing from a surprised to an amused one, a smirk unfolding on her lips.

"That's great, Lili. You have all the luck in the world because Jungkook has the afternoon off"

"Seriously?"

Jisoo nodded with confidence. "Totally free, you have him all day for you"

Lisa's smile shone in all its splendor, full of excitement. "Cool! I think he forgot that Yuqi's birthday is next Friday, he didn't mention it again but last night I got the place and we just have to buy the decoration," she already had everything planned, she had spent the rest of the night noting on her phone all the things they needed as a little girl writing her Christmas gift list. Lisa loved parties and it was the first time she could organize one, she refused to accept that she had possibly inherited that from her mother; the fact that it involved spending time with Jungkook and getting rid of that silly are-we-okay concern was a plus.

Lisa convinced herself that the more time they spend together, the more they would feel comfortable and, therefore, getting rid of the uncomfortable stuff, awkwardness and i-want-to-fuck-you feelings from her part (and his).

It wasn't that she just wanted to spend time with him and that's all, nope.

"He will be delighted, you have no idea"

"Yes, he loves Yuqi very much," her voice sounded soft, that was lovely ... and hot. Well, he was hot in every way but his protective

side caused serious things in her.

Sometimes Lisa hated having him so close but so far at the same time.

"Yeah, it's all for Yuqi," Jisoo said mockingly.

"Unnie, leave it," Lisa didn't have to be specific with the older to understand, they had talked about this before. Jisoo had had no obstacle to tell her in the face that she should try something with Jungkook, Lisa had looked at her like she was crazy... although she had spent all lunch talking about him.

Jisoo huffed like a horse, rolling her eyes, the childish act made her giggle. "Can I tease him at least?"

"Nope, leave him alone," Lisa said amused by the exaggerated disappointment of her Unnie.

Jimin's study door opened and they both turned around, sadly Jungkook had his shirt on again and Lisa wanted to pout of disappointment but she smiled instead, happy to see him anyway.

"She has plans with you," Jisoo said before she could even open her mouth.

Jungkook blinked confused, Jimin hanging on his shoulders smiled. "Really?"

Lisa nodded, walking towards him with her hands clasped over her chest. "Yup, I'm sorry I didn't tell you last night when we talked but I got this idea this morning," lies, she had planned it very well after lying to him that she would go to sleep, she was so happy after talking to him that she hadn't been able to close an eye. "Yuqi's birthday is next Friday and I thought we could go shopping all what we need"

He opened his mouth, totally taken by surprise.

"Uh, wow, I really forgot," he scratched his neck, looking at a spot on the floor. "But today-"

"You're free today, Jungkook is the perfect opportunity," Jisoo finished the phrase for him.

Jungkook seemed again as if a bomb had exploded in his face. "I am?"

Wow, he really wasn't aware of his appointments. Lisa found it strange if he was the one who answered all the messages on Instagram, even the comments... not that Lisa had spent hours checking the account, looking for a tattoo of him, admiring his art... nope, she didn't do that .

"You don't know?" Jimin told him then.

"But-"

"He will leave in a few minutes," Jimin interrupted him and took him by the shoulders, leading him to his own studio.

"Are you crazy? I have five-"

"You're going to go with her," his best friend literally ordered him, leaning against the closed door with that bossy look that reminded Jungkook of an ajumma.

Jimin was crazy, definitely. "She crushed my little and loser heart yesterday!" he whispered in response. Jungkook had almost exploded with excitement last night and it was serious, very serious, he wasn't going to be over her that way so he really needed space.

Spending the afternoon with her, and not doing his job, was practically emotional suicide.

Also bad for his economy.

"Are you going to let a stupid phrase throw you away? Jungkook you had a mission, you can't leave it as if nothing"

"I had a mission until she told me to forget it"

"And why the hell didn't you tell her that you didn't want to forget it?"

Jungkook was speechless.

Because he was a coward.

Besides, how was he going to be so vulnerable in front of her? What if she ran away? What if she slapped him in the face with her obvious 'you don't have a chance' again?

Jungkook had limits.

"You can make her change her mind yet, for God's sake, move your ass and get her heart or at least get in her pants because she looks at you like she wants to ride your dick till the end of your lives!"

He made it look so easy.

But- Wait she looked at him like what????

"She is here for you right now, use it in your favor," Jimin continued.

It was true.

Lisa was there for him.

Lisa had sent him a message last night.

Lisa still wanted to be fine with him.

And the way that kiss felt was still there, pushing inside of him.

There was still a ray of hope in his chest.

(a/n: but not a jhope in your life idk how you live with that)

Maybe he should be a little delulu and dare... Even if it cost his heart once more.

"What will you do with my appointments, then?"

Jimin smirked.

there's a question in the end, pls respond

sorry it's short fam, I decided to publish this like a transition???
koa called it a teaser and neejla just said just update sis, i don't get

paid enough for this so here it is lol. i just wanted to update sumn too tbh because I'm in the middle of finals of finals season and tired (i know it seems like im not studying but i am i swear) so I'm writing very slowly. hope you all like it tho, THERE'S STILL HOPE FOR THEM.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

be ready bitches, a lovey dovey date in hongdae is coming but she will swear it's not a date and he's not her boyfriend.

lol im so out of ideas for names that probably next chapter is "Lisa's Boyfriend Pt. 2"

btw november is over and i updated FIVE times in the same month, bitch that's a whole achievement, never before i updated more than three times in the same month. so, im proud 🥳

QUESTION: hope you're still there lol. **where are you from and what time is it there?** I'm curious about time zones.

Chapter 17

hi! it's been a while right? like, a whole mf month haha

im sorry

things happened, okay? btw i nailed finals 🙌 so your girl was being lazy but studying like a good girl

it's been hard to write and finish it this past three days, so **pls give me feedback and comments bc i need you all to feel alive** 🙌👉 also **all the cute stuff you're gonna read comes dedicated to you all for waiting and being there even though im a bad author**👉 i love you

WARNING: this is less proofread than usual, sorry for the mistakes

"I like Hongdae," Lisa said with one of her big smiles as they both advanced among the people through the busy streets of Hongdae.

It was cloudy but the weather was nice, somewhat humid but with a gentle breeze that sometimes blew some strands of her blond hair. Jungkook had to pay extra attention when walking so as not to bump into someone while his eyes were lost on her without him wanting to. But, c'mon, he wanted. We don't lie in this house.

Lisa was wearing that day a long plaid skirt and a jean jacket that covered a black top, sneakers on her feet, she looked feminine and pretty, more than usual, and he barely had brushed his teeth that morning, he had just taken cargo pants and a black sweatshirt. He felt ashamed of himself, how could he impress her if he looked like this?

Well, it was even official that he wanted to impress her?

Remembering what it felt like to get involved with someone who might never see him as he wanted was something that caused a pressure in his chest, he could tell he was full of terror and with the desire to run away. But he couldn't do it because he liked being with her, he liked it too much for his own sake. He was being dumb dumb.

But... okay, he was just realizing they were alone, not technically alone since there were half Seoul around them, but alone and walking together like... oh, no, don't think about it.

Don't go there, Jungkook.

This is about Yuqi.

"Gosh, Jungkook!" She pulled his arm with a force that he didn't

expect her to have and made him crash into her, preventing him from advancing down the street when the light was green and the cars passing in front of them.

Shit.

He was going to kill himself before he got the girl... because the girl was so cute that it made him forget to look at the sides. Hilarious, kinda flirty to say too.

"I'm sorry," he murmured in embarrassment, looking at her for the first time and noticing that, once again, they were stuck together, she squeezing his shirt into her fist in an adorable way. His body tensed at the contact, enjoying her little body too much against his once more.

"It's okay," she smiled calmly and, relaxedly, released him, smoothing the fabric of his shirt with soft pats. "Luckily I'm here to save you"

She was going to kill him.

He wish he could say something like "you're probably already saving me", but for now he was, for sure, red.

"Now we can cross I think," she didn't notice it instead, seeing the rest of the people around cross.

It was almost romantic how it sometimes felt like a music video, both stopped in time and all people moving around quickly.

Lisa pulled his sleeve gently to make him walk and he shook his head, reacting. He was acting like a fool, he had to control himself. Especially in the street, for the sake of his life, he couldn't condemn her to deal with the trauma of seeing him being hit by a truck. Besides, how was he going to explain it to his mother if it happened. "I saw an angel and forgot that I was crossing a street"? His mother was going to slap some sense of him.

She should, honestly.

At least Lisa dragged him all the way, she was damn cute and when he finally realized he let out quiet giggles.

She released him when they arrived and both were at the same point, her legs were as long as his and it was easy to walk together... yeah, they were walking together. Wow. It was such an improvement from all those times he saw her walk in front of him on the way home. "Can I ask you something?" She said suddenly, snapping her head up to him.

He nodded, shoving his hands in his pockets.

"The mural in your studio," she began and he tensed, looking away nervously.

Oh fuck

Oh fuck

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

She noticed.

She knew it.

What was he going to tell her?

What no-psycho explanation did he have?

"How did you start it? Was it planned?" She asked instead innocently.

Oh, my God.

He could breathe.

So she had not seen ...

Well, Jungkook had moved the couch and placed a plant there and was glad it worked no matter how much he had to water the damn thing every day, reconsidering his life decisions.

She asked something.

Yes.

That.

He smiled slightly before answering. "It was improvised," he responded, barely being able to avoid a couple that was about to bump into him. People were always walking so fast there, even thought it was a place to walk around calmly. "Too much people today," he complained but he took care to keep her in the side of the stores without she noticing, they weren't going to hit her like it happened to him if she was in that side. "What was I saying? Ah, the mural. It was... hmmm..." he pinched the little hair on his cheek thoughtfully. "Like, moments of inspiration. Every time I saw something I liked, I added it," he shrugged. Yes, things he liked, like his tattoos and her.

Lisa opened her mouth in a small oh, as if processing the information. "Since the first time I went there, I've been wondering that, it's like it calls me," she laughed as if what she said was dumb, Jungkook felt chills because it wasn't so silly to think that if she was there in the motherfucking wall, being the only colorful space of a black and white mural.

He laughed anyway, as if she were so hilarious.

Smooth, he patted his own back.

"Anyway, it's great, I could never do that," she admitted. "I really suck in these things, that's why I have Chaeyoung, she's like an artistic explosion," her eyes shone when she talked about her. "You are too, right? It seems that you are. I mean, it shows in all your tattoos and every time you draw. I'm sorry I've glanced at your drawings once or twice when you weren't lucky, I know, it's wrong, but I can't help it, and they really are so good," she chattered as if she were a little bird fluttering around him even though it was only the effect, she kept walking beside him and she wasn't even looking at him, although he did look at her and wanted to bounce out of

excitement. Shit, she was going to kill him with all her compliments and details about himself. He would never had imagined she was going to pay so much attention as he was doing to her.

"It's okay," he murmured although he was a little afraid that she had seen something she shouldn't... like the sketches of his manga. But, knowing her now, she would have asked if she saw them.

"Stop being so permissive with me, if you continue like this I will move into your home and you will not be able to complain," she scolded him half jokingly, patting his arm softly.

Jungkook laughed, shit he would love that... have her at home? All the time? They both knew that if that happened, they wouldn't be playing cards.

Actually, knowing Lisa, they would be playing Twister INNOCENTLY.

"But, seriously, you must be excited for the Art Department mural. Rosie told me you were the first to be in"

"You have no idea," it came out of himself with excitement in a way that he didn't even expect, shit, he was dying to do it. "It's something big and a great opportunity, did you know we could win a recognition and a scholarship in Kyoto?"

Lisa shook her head in response, intrigued as well.

Jungkook could be vibrating, he had spent time researching techniques and reviewing some books from the previous year and the following ones to have fresh ideas and make everything perfect. He didn't have great aspirations at studying art, he didn't believe that one day he would be more than a tattoo artist, but that didn't mean he would lose thrill for everything that his degree involved. Kyoto was one of the main art cities in the world, visiting it and its museums, its art, its temples, it was like a dream, not to mention that it was in Japan which was like the place he most wanted to visit in the world, It was the otaku corner of his heart. Also, with a prize or not, the mural still excited him too.

"What does Kyoto have?" Lisa asked with genuine curiosity.

Oh, she didn't know what she had just done.

Jungkook could usually control himself when talking about things he liked, USUALLY, but this time it wasn't one of those.

He literally began to speak with the enthusiasm of a five-year-old boy about the cultural center of Japan, the history of art of Japan and its influence in the rest of the East, until he ended up making a slight reflection that the anime was not the decay of artistic culture but a new perspective that even improved the economy, mentioning examples of world-wide and culturally famous anime such as Dragon Ball, Pokemon, Sailor Moon and Evangelion. And Lisa listened to him, literally, the girl looked at him as if he were talking

about something as interesting as some idol tea, which would have made him nervous if he wasn't so focused on making his point. Anyway, he was stuttering mess because he stuttered a lot when he got excited.

He knew that he should stop when she was only there, smiling and staring at him, a straw between her lips that was at the same time in a glass of iced orange juice and they were both sitting in a stonecutter between both streets... How had they got there?

And why did she look at him like that?

God, he had talked too much.

He was stupid.

"Uh... sorry, I'm kinda too... much," he ruffled his hair nervously, wanting to hide behind a trash can or something. It was embarrassing to talk that much for him, most of the times he did it he ended up being dissed or worse.

Lisa shook her head quickly, what the hell? That had been the most interesting talk she had had in a long time and it was strange but she remembered every detail he mentioned, she couldn't even do that in her classes. Jungkook had some kind of talent for this and it was damn exciting, it was the first time she could witness one of those moments when he talked a lot and he was charming, he had so much passion and love for what he did he could share it with her, he could make her feel happy for the things he liked. It was sexy, maybe she had some guy-with-passion kink but it was way hotter than a guy just living because he was breathing.

"Shut up," she scolded him and slapped his leg mockingly, resisting leaving her hand there because it would be crossing the line. "So, Naruto is overrated?"

She had no idea but she knew that Kai would be willing to fight to the death to discuss that point.

"Hmm... I mean, it got so long just because they wanted more money and it lost all sense so... it's not like I've watched it that much, you know? Just, sometimes, you know, when I was a kid and..." he said after describing each character and knowing specific details, Lisa pursed her lips and looked at him amused.

He had conflicts to admit that he knew Naturo as she knew Goblin?

She decided to save him. "So, aren't you really thirsty?" She asked again, Jungkook had been so immersed in his world that she was beginning to realize that he had barely registered that she had bought a natural juice and had even asked him if he wanted to that he had said no.

He looked at his glass of juice and seemed to doubt... His eyes said yes and he pressed his thin pink lips together.

"Here," she literally put it in his hand, she wasn't going to bite him if he asked, but since he seemed afraid to do it, she went straight to the point. Jungkook blinked half confused and was slow to react. "Drink, drink," she encouraged him.

"But-"

"Jungkook put that in your mouth or make you do it"

He raised his eyebrows and tilted his head, wanting to stifle a cheeky smirk as he obeyed, his eyes shone and small dimples began to show on his cheeks.

Oh, he also realized the double meaning.

Lisa started chuckling. "Yah, it was an accident"

"I said nothing," Jungkook said with fake, playful innocence with his eyes looking extra big and doe.

"Yah, but you're thinking about it," she accused him with narrowed eyes.

He looked away graciously and she laughed more, looking around casually. "I really like Hongdae, you know?" she spoke again, having the need to repeat it.

Like every day, and specially a on Saturday, that whole area of the city was full of people. The soft noise of their voices was the soundtrack of that cloudy afternoon. Lisa loved that feeling of getting lost in the crowd, hearing them speak freely around her and the nature of her walk. Sometimes she sat in a high corner to take pictures, wanting to reflect the simplicity of going for a walk with friends between the streets of Hongdae.

"Isn't like this in Thailand?" Jungkook asked at her side. Even though both were sitting, he was really tall and big by her side, it was like having her own bodyguard, Lisa knew that he would defend her like one if it was necessary and it caused some things in her belly to think about it.

"No, it's much hotter," Lisa replied with a smile as if there weren't thousands of differences. She missed her home. Adapting to Seoul had been difficult at first, especially because of the odd looks and attitudes towards her. Things were not like that in Thailand and she missed that.

"Do you miss your country?"

"Wow, now you read my mind?" she commented with a silly sarcasm but surprised by the coincidence.

"I wish I could do it," he told her with a mixture of seriousness and irony, making her laugh because he seemed really conflicted. Maybe he couldn't understand her as she couldn't understand him, it was cute they both wanted to do it anyway.

"Oh, you don't want, too many things at once, a disaster," also the amount of dirty thoughts about him was alarming, better if he

could never read her mind. "But yes, I miss my country but not my house," she made a face, God, leaving her house and flying thousands of miles away had been refreshing. "What about Busan? There are beaches, right? I have never been there"

She saw a glimpse of a smile form on his thin lips, he always did that when she asked him questions.

"I've been here since I was thirteen, I can't miss it so much anymore," he shrugged, sipping the juice. "Although the beaches are great"

"I'd love to go," she smiled at him, yeah, better if it was with him. Okay but how good would he look in a beach? Under the sun, tattoos and muscles at full display, golden skin and fluffy because of the salty water hair. The girl going there with him would be so lucky. "Anyway, I'm curious," she straightened, crossing her legs and taking back the juice to drink a little bit. Jungkook looked at her with full attention. "Why did you move here?"

He stretched out his lips, taking a deep breath. "My dad got a promotion to here so we moved," he said calmly, a little lisp showing in some words. "I remember it was a big thing for me, Busan is big but not as big as Seoul so I was excited. Of course, that was before entering highschool"

Lisa frowned, he was bitter about it. "What happened in highschool?"

"Nothing," he shook his head softly, sighing, and took the juice she was offering again. "Kids are dumb and annoying but nothing serious," it traumatized him for life but nothing serious, you know.

Lisa nodded, not pressuring. Maybe when he was ready he would share but for now, she got it. "Soooo, you got all your tattoos here, then"

A smile crept on his lips as he gave her back the glass, he nodded. "Yes"

"This place sounds inspiring to get tattoos," she said, she loved Hongdae because it was full of the most raw art, just people expressing feelings and making beautiful things with it. She saw tattoos the same way.

"Not enough because you're not getting one," he teased.

JUNGKOOK

TEASED

HER

She was giddy but was good to disguise it. "Yah, I told you I'm scared," she pretended to be serious.

Jungkook bit his lower lip, amused. At least he was getting her jokes now... while both were walking together and talking freely and it was such a good date.

NO

It wasn't a date.

No, no, no, Lisa, no.

It seemed like one but it wasn't.

She dolled up and was wearing an outfit which took her like an hour to choose like she was going to a date but IT WASN'T A DATE.

They were just two friends plannING A PARTY, OH CRAP, RIGHT, THE PARTY.

"Jungkook!" she called him alarmed as if he wasn't there by her side.

"What?" he was startled.

"The party!"

He widened his eyes. "Right! We forgot!"

"I know!" she took her phone from her red bag. "I know a place that sells great things for parties" she said, while checking her notes.

"How far?"

"Shop street," she replied instead and saw him glance around. His tongue pressed against his cheek, stretching and marking his sharp jaw. Hot. Lisa didn't realize that she was staring at him like a desperate fool until stood up and she had to do it too. "Do you have a gift for her?"

He glanced at her shocked. "Oh, fuck," he murmured, his expression was funny.

"I hope you have money in that wallet," she sighed with an amused smile on her lips while she was starting to walk in the right direction, Jungkook on her side.

"Luckily," he tilted his head slightly, shoving his hands in his pockets while subtly dodging a child running between them. The little ones did that all the time, as if you were an automatic supermarket door.

"I can help you choose something but you have to give me some information about Yuqi, I only know from Lucas that she hates romantic movies"

Jungkook frowned. "How does he know that?"

Lisa raised both hands. "Sorry, classified information," she wasn't going to tell him that they had both gone to see a movie together if he didn't know beforehand. Jungkook became a little scary, as well as hot as shit, when he took that protective side off him and Lisa couldn't condemn Lucas to some older brother's inspection.

He looked at her as if she were a traitor, it made her heart flutter and she giggled like a mischievous child.

"But, don't change the topic, I have to know about her," she returned to the point.

"His favorite color is green," was the first thing he could say after a minute of walking in silence.

"Green decoration will be then," Lisa nodded, noting it mentally. She looked down at the screen of her phone and read what she had written down. "We should buy balloons, those in number form are great, for my birthday Rosie bought some which were golden and-WOW"

"Yah, be careful!" Jungkook had just moved her before a guy crashed her, when he heard it he turned around and faced the angry stare of the dark haired guy. Lisa blinked in surprise.

The man, only a few years older than both, looked at him and then at her with a look that turned mocking. He laughed with hateful irony. "She should be careful"

"Yah!" Lisa exclaimed offended. What the hell did he mean by that? She expected it wasn't what she was thinking because who the hell did he think he was?

Jungkook sighed through his nose, tense jaw and narrowing eyes, but unlike her who was ready to jump to spit venom on that disrespectful man about manners, Jungkook shook his head. "Let's go," he told her and gently pulled on her jacket.

"But-"

"Forget this"

"But-"

"Lisa"

The tone he used almost made her sigh a dumb "what?". It was so sweet. She glanced up at him as an inevitable pout formed on her lips, she wanted to fight and he didn't leave her and it wasn't fair. But Jungkook looked at her sweetly, his lips widening in a complete smile that showed something that made her look at him suspiciously.

"Is this funny for you?"

He shook his head, nibbling his lower lip once more in that attractive way, a little and darker mark would end up in the corner of his lip because of it. "You should react like this when drunk idiots mess with you," he told her instead.

Lisa rolled her eyes. "Get over it!" She complained and started walking.

Jungkook laughed and jogged slightly until he was at her steps, his hair bouncing slightly as a sharp chuckle escaped from his mouth. Lisa put a hand on her heart, which was beating so much to be normal and it had to calm down.

She then noticed a detour, a street that was clearer than they were, and she smiled like a mad woman as she realized what street it was. "Jungkook, come!" She walked faster.

"Yo, what?" He was confused, focused more on following her than on looking around.

The Art Street Mural began around a corner, next to Hongik University, and she smiled excitedly, opening her arms to make him look at the painted and colorful walls that gave life to the usual typical neutral appearance of Seoul.

He muttered a little "Oh" and smiled silently again, all his white teeth glowing as small wrinkles formed next to his eyes. His hair shone brilliantly even if it was cloudy, silky only in sight and moving with his head as he approached her side, looking at the mural in front of her. Lisa wanted to take a picture so badly, her camera was screaming with emotion in her bag... metaphorically, although it would be adorable if it were.

"I have a favorite," he said shyly, she nodded to follow him.

One favorite became in two and then three and suddenly both of them were admiring almost every mural, Jungkook explained the background story of some because they were popular and Lisa was delighted, hands entwined in front as she followed him from here to there, collecting information about him as a vacuum cleaner. It was curious that although Jungkook always dressed in black, he loved colors and Lisa now wanted to see his paintings although she didn't want to press.

Her stomach decided then to show its presence with a little growl, she had not eaten anything since lunch and when looking at the time on her watch she noticed that five hours had passed since that. "Are you hungry?" She asked.

"Uh?"

"Hungry, you know, when your belly goes, like, grr?"

Jungkook snorted softly. "I guess?"

"I'm starving, we're going to look for something," she pointed her finger down the street even though she wasn't even looking at it, anyway, wherever they went they would end up on a busy street with some street food stall on it. Hongdae was just like a big maze.

Jungkook nodded and they both headed to the right. "What do you want to eat?"

Oh, he asking a question first? Lisa felt lucky.

"I don't know," she replied without importance. "I'm fine with anything. Do you want something special? "

He denied.

"But what is your favorite food?"

"Lamb skewers," he responded quickly, he didn't even have to think about it.

"How do you know it so easily? I always have to analyze and doubt and I always answer something different "

"I don't know, I just like them. What is your favorite food?" He asked almost amusedly, enjoying that little conflict she was going to have.

"You're bad," she opened her mouth in surprise, accusing him even though he wanted to laugh and she did so without being able to avoid it. "I won't tell you now"

"Then I can't buy it for you," he tilted his head.

He-

Well, he had a point and he was so chill that she wanted to jump like an idiot, but she could follow the game. "Maybe it's Gamja-tang or maybe not," she played along, a little bit hard to get when she was so easy for him actually.

Jungkook smiled, almost happy that she wasn't looking at him because he looked like a fool.

Lisa went to the first truck of lamb skewers she could find, determined to satisfy him, Jungkook followed her without being able to stop her because she was like a determined bomb and they both stood in a small queue, behind two teenagers chatting animatedly. Around them, people sold typical handicrafts of the Free Market.

"Ugh, it's hotter here, right?" She lifted her hair on the back of her neck and blew some air there with her hand. This was weird to think about, but she had a pretty nape, it looked so soft like the rest of her, surrounded by a thin golden chain. Jungkook wanted to kiss her there, it was a tempting spot because he knew what it could cause... a slap or a sigh.

Yes, she was right, it was hotter there.

And then she took off her jacket, showing fine shoulders and smooth shiny skin, Jungkook was going to hyperventilate right there and he couldn't explain why. Shit, he was showing the most mortified expression his face could make for sure.

Lisa stopped when she noticed that she couldn't take off her garment with her bag around her body. "Can you hold it for me, please?" She handed him her red bag, he nodded like the good boyfriend he would love to be. "Be careful, my camera is there"

He tilted his head and looked at the actual small bag, choosing to focus there instead of the image of her pretty shoulders. How did she fit a camera there? And her phone? Probably, a wallet too? "Do you always carry your camera?" He asked after having the same doubt for months, yes, she worked on this but even in the middle of a normal day he would see her with the camera in hand or hanging from her shoulder, she was ready to capture any moment that caught her attention.

Just as he was ready to draw.

Lisa nodded vehemently, folding her jacket on her arm. "Always, it's totally necessary," she added and took her bag from his hands to take out her camera. "This is my favorite," it was a fairly common camera for him but she was very excited. "It's a Leica M6, the best you can have to take pictures for when you walk around or casual days, it's all you could want in something as tiny as this," she put it in the palm of her hand and flew the other hand around it, doing an invisible circle, worthy of working in infomercials.

(a/n: my ass watching a whole leica m6 review dont say im not dedicated)

He would buy the camera if that made her happy.

How much could it cost, by the way?

"It has a great lens and it makes that little vintage noise that I love," she scrunched her nose cutely while her voice was getting more high-pitched, like someone talking about a baby. If he asked her what she would take if her house was on fire she would probably answer her camera. She was beautiful, especially at times like that. "I don't use it too much to work but it's great for my life," she commented and then brought it to her eyes, pointing at him.

Jungkook opened his eyes in panic and put a hand in front of his face. God, he looked bad that day, probably worse than normal days.

Lisa laughed mischievously. "I'm sorry, it's the habit," she lowered the camera and smiled at him, round cheeks accompanying the childish glow of her face. "Although I would love to take you pics, you're too handsome, Jungkook."

Jungkook pursed his lips, she was going to kill him, it was official. Her honesty wreaked havoc on his heart, it was going to accelerate so much that it would explode someday. He was being fatalistic but he felt that way.

"Girl," the lady behind the counter with a pink apron called her.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lisa turned around, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear while putting her bag crossed on her body, Jungkook was tempted to fix the strap on her back but there was no way he could touch her.

The woman gave her a smile and then looked at Jungkook, raising both eyebrows. "What a scary boyfriend you have, honey, I bet nobody mess with you"

Lisa blinked and when she finished capturing what she had just said, a shrill, embarrassed giggle escaped her lips as she denied. "He doesn't-We... I mean"

"We don't-" Jungkook behind her tried to say, disturbed that whenever they were in public people seemed to believe they were dating. He didn't complain anyway, the lady was right, nobody

would dare to mess with her if he were her boyfriend.

"How many you two will want, then?" The lady interrupted them both, not at all interested in their sentimental state.

"Two... or three?" Lisa turned around a little to ask, the smell of her shampoo flooded his nose pleasantly.

"Two are fine"

"Two," she confirmed, the strap of her bag catching his attention again in such a way that he felt almost anxious to fix it although perhaps there it was a hidden desire to brush the silky skin of her back.

God, he was behaving like a victorian man when seeing ankles, those were just shoulders! It was just a back!

But it was all part of Lisa and he was going crazy with desire for her, not just her body but her whole self.

It didn't help that the more he knew her, the first image he had of her changed but improved. Lisa no longer seemed to be just a beautiful rich girl who took photos, she loved her photos, her camera and her best friend, she shared warmth with each easy smile, she paid attention to people as if they were so damn special and she was so full of light . She was special, way better than his loser ass could never aspire to have but he wanted her...

"Try this," she told him, getting him out of his reverie, a fork with a piece of meat soaked in a sauce that seemed to be kimchi on the tip.

He was startled somewhat surprised but opened his mouth without thinking, Lisa fed him naturally, as if they were both used to this... He could get used to it.

"It's great, right? Ahjumma said it's the best," her voice trailed off.

The closeness was suffocating, he stopped breathing after inhaling the sweet smell of her perfume, his heart skipped a beat and he felt a strong heat in the back of his neck. It had been intimate and natural, as if they were simply made to act like this with the other, probably destined to be together.

He could put a hand on her waist and bring her closer, he would love to keep her there and feed her too, then kiss her when she finished.

Someone rang the little bell of the place and woke them both from the little moment, Lisa put the fork in his hand and turned around quickly, taking the lamb skewers that the lady offered them with a funny smile. Jungkook finally chewed the small piece of meat in his mouth, which aroused hunger in him while an explosion of salty and spicy flavors was provoked in his taste buds.

"It must be your husband if he is not your boyfriend, then," the ahjumma teased.

Their faces burned like pure fire, dying red. Jungkook almost choked when swallowing.

"They could stop flirting and leave," a teenager behind them commented out loud, like who obviously wants to be heard.

"Oh, but try some more before you go, I like you, kid," the lady offered another fork with a piece of meat.

Why did she like him? He didn't know, but he wasn't going to refuse a free piece of meat that was also delicious. At least she was being nice instead of accusing him with her look like most ladies.

He raised a thumb and smiled at her, after taking the piece in his mouth. He moaned and Lisa giggled next to him, he didn't dare look at her, he couldn't.

"It's delicious," he flattered, returning the fork. "How much is it?"

"What? No! "Lisa exclaimed but Jungkook had already taken out his wallet long before. "But I was going to invite," she complained.

"Too late," he shrugged, enjoying this thing of paying for her maybe too much.

Lisa sighed but didn't argue, he didn't expect her to actually.

"Will they leave?" The teenager said again.

"Suhee," her friend scolded her in murmurs. "He is dangerous," she whispered even though they both heard her very well.

Jungkook was sure that a little rabbit would be more dangerous than him but if they wanted to believe otherwise...

"I don't care, I want to eat!"

"We're leaving," Lisa smiled politely but she didn't like that attitude, it was obvious in the venous glare she shot to the girls, but she pulled his sleeve once more, gently. "Thank you, ahjumma"

"Thank you," Jungkook imitated, bowing respectfully. The lady shook her hand and the change of expression on her face was almost funny as she faced both disrespectful teenagers.

Jungkook looked straight ahead and didn't find Lisa, where had she gone? He looked both ways confused and found her in front of a small stand of bucket hats of different sizes and colors, totally interested.

"What are you doing?" He asked, genuinely curious that she was distracted so quickly.

She handed him one lamb skewer and took a black bucket hat, it was big. "Look, it's your style"

He was surprised that she was right. It really was his style. Jungkook had several bucket hats, all black, none as big as that but it looked tempting.

He leaned his head down without thinking and she put it on it, making him smile. She laughed, covering her mouth.

"You look like a lamp"

Well.

That was unexpected.

She was always so flattering to him, like calling him dog or lamp.

Degrading kink: activated.

"A hot lamp?" She added when she saw his slightly offended face, Jungkook literally choked with the lamb meat. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She patted his back, too strongly actually, where did she have all that strength? It was a serious question.

Jungkook put his hand to his chest, god, what a shame.

What the hell was wrong with his body?

Couldn't he just eat without choking? He had been doing it for the past 22 years! But nooooo, he was malfunctioning just when he was with the girl he wanted to get.

10 points for Jungkook.

He took off the hat shamefully, noticing that the girl sitting there was trying to stifle a laugh.

Now he was also embarrassing himself in front of a stranger.

The things he did for Lisa, God.

"This one would fit you better," she said taking a black cap.

Jungkook allowed her to put it on him and she looked at him in such a way that he quickly recognized that it was the same as when she entered the studio and that time in the ice cream shop... That was desire, pure lust for him... A heavy hot look that caused chills and some movement in his pants.

Maybe he had a chance to get in her pants... but he wanted to get in her heart.

(a/n: yo fucking romantic idiot)

Lisa smiled though, acting as if she wasn't doing what, he now realized, she was doing.

"It fits you very well," she told him honestly.

Jungkook wasn't going to take off the damn cap anymore in his whole life.

"You like it?"

Jungkook leaned down to face the mirror that was there on the stand, it didn't really look bad and she thought he looked good with it on. He nodded, determined to buy it and wear it. He wasn't kidding, he was going to wear it, maybe it was his new way of seduction.

What else did she like him to wear?

"It will be a gift, then" and she paid for it in front of his wide eyes.

What the fuck.

"Don't look at me like that, you bought me food and I want to make it up to you," she explained happily.

THAT WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT!

He opened his mouth but she put a finger in front of his lips, thank God she didn't touch him, he was going to combust there. "Nope, you won't complain"

But-

But but-

Shit.

"Oh no!" Lisa exclaimed then.

What the hell had happened? Jungkook looked at her alarmed.

"The party!" She repeated exasperatedly.

Jungkook lifted a finger... shit. She was right.

Right, this wasn't a date, they had a mission.

Buying decorations ended up being much more fun than anyone would have expected. Lisa made it fun, she tried on every hat or wig she had on hand and made faces and dances with everything, Jungkook came up to wear a wig and dance a little but he was dying of shame, he didn't want to look like more like a dumbass in front of her. He had already choked enough. But, if admiring her was a sport he wanted to dedicate himself on it for life. He could participate in the Olympic games and win a gold medal, of course, without bringing up that other guys would also play that sport, he couldn't blame them, though. She was a star and stars had to be admired.

They had finally been able to buy necessary things, Jungkook was totally broke now but it was worth it, at least his sister would have a super birthday party and Lisa was ecstatic, totally in love with the green streamers and the silver balloons.

"I hope they don't go crazy and stupid at the party like in the dramas," Lisa commented, they were both heading to their bus stop with bags in their hands. "You know, the cliché with alcohol and she ends up drunk on the boy's back"

That hit close to home, it was almost funny that she didn't even connect the dots with what had happened last week. Apparently she didn't remember it.

"Have you watched Suspicious Partner, the drama?"

It was famous a few years ago, Jungkook could remember it because Yuqi talked about it all the time, but he hadn't seen it because he didn't have time, he was working on his finals to graduate at that time. However, Lisa looked at him hopefully and he couldn't say no.

"Sure, the best of that year," he lied shamelessly once again. He could handle this anyway, Yuqi had filled his head with enough data and he still remembered.

"Yay! You know it then!" she clapped, the bag rolling down her arm and he was about to offer himself to carry it too. "So, you remember what a mess Bonghee was at being drunk"

No, he didn't. Who was Bonghee?

"Ah, yeah," he nodded. "Wasn't she the one that got drunk and made a whole drama because she wasn't pretty?"

Lisa frowned. "No, I think that's the girl from She was pretty"

Oh.

Hahahaha.

What a dumbass.

"Oh! Hold on, I remember, now! She jumped on Ji Chang Wook!" he was risking his while dignity, he did hope he was right this time.

Lisa made a lil jump. "Yes!" she closed her hand in a fist excitedly. "She was so funny and always getting in trouble, and he was always ready to, like, kill her but we all knew he was so whipped," she clasped her hands together with a dreamy expression, Chaeyoung didn't lie, she really loved romance.

He should take some notes.

"Anyway, my point was that we're lucky Yuqi and her friends won't drink alcohol and-"

Drop.

Drops, actually.

And more drops.

He loved the rain, it was refreshing on that wet afternoon and instead of running away he just looked up.

"Damn it," Lisa muttered and started running. "Jungkook, come!"

He just ran for her although he began to laugh, excited by the cold drops falling on him and, at seeing him, she frowned but his laughter became infected and she also giggled. "Hurry up, my hair is going to swell like a lion and it will be your fault," she scolded him jokingly.

The stop wasn't too far, they didn't get too wet on the road but it was fun.

"Aish, I will leave before you see me in lion mode," she played to leave but it was impossible if her bus was not there.

Jungkook shook his head and ran his hand through his hair, apparently it had gotten wetter than he expected. Lisa laughed at him, after being splattered by droplets.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, terrified of what he had just done.

Wasn't he tired of embarrassing himself? Jungkook wanted to slap himself.

"It's okay," she comforted him, wiping the drops of her cheeks. Her bangs had stuck to her forehead but she still looked cute, this time a messy strand standing up triggered his fixing side enough to

raise his hand and softly release it so it would be down and properly fixed against the rest of her hair.

Her hair was really soft and in some way they ended up closer than expected, the air thickening between them once more...

"Thank you," she whispered.

He wanted to say you're welcome, but he was thankful too, this had been such a great afternoon and all thanks to her.

But his brain messed up: "Welcome too"

Lisa snorted.

The moment just broke.

Jungkook blushed terribly, it was embarrassing... again.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

"I-" he scrunched his face, gosh, the cringe. He had to leave, this was too much. "I should leave, right? Yeah, and take-take this to my mom's place"

"But your mom lives in my way, right?" she stopped him, putting a hand on his arm.

Hold on.

So, she didn't remember he carried her on her back and she didn't remember a whole night he took her home a few months ago, but she remembered that stupid lie?

Comedy, pure comedy.

"Ye-yeah! Right! But-" THINK, JUNGKOOK THINK. "But I have to go back to the parlor first!"

"Oh," she muttered, disappointed.

Jungkook slapped himself mentally.

He was running away again.

Yes, he was cringy and a mess but he couldn't keep being a coward too.

"I don't think I could leave now," the rain was a little bit more heavy around then, the sound of drops was more intense and he for sure was going to get wet like a dog. "Would you-would you like to wait with me till it stops?"

"Yes!" she said, like, too fast.

Gosh, his heart.

sooyoung💕

lisa and jungkook are dating?

what??????

that was long long looong. hope that not boring too bc oh, shit then. i know it's not my best but i really hope you like it☐ it's been so weird and mind-blowing to write these two being fluffy that even

myself got excited

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

how much do you think it will take for lisa to ruin it? im tempted to do a poll fkwwkj

btw follow me on twt in you don't (it's tukkilisa), I'm active there 🍷

merry christmas for all the people who celebrated, hope you had an amazing day. **and if you didn't celebrate, i hope you had a good normal day too** 🍷 **happy new year too** bc we both know i won't update before so lol, **love you all** 🍷 enjoy this season with your friends and family or with yourself if you don't like your friends and family, **use this time to rest and start 2020 healthy and like the bad bitch i know you are** 🍷

Chapter 18

sorry i couldn't keep answering comments, im really tired. i promise ill finish later okay? love you all and thank you for commenting, reading you all is the best part of this and you always bring tons of smiles to me♥

TRIGGER WARNING: lisa is stupid so we're lucky this one is short

"Are you going to look at me in silence all day? Because it's creeping me out"

Chaeyoung, with her chin resting on her delicate intertwined hands, raised her eyebrows. "Uh? What? I'm not looking at you"

Lisa blinked several times, questioning the sanity of the girl sitting in front of her, on the kitchen island that Sunday morning. "You've been looking at me like that since I woke up"

Chaeyoung then proceeded to drink from her cup of tea, looking tense and conflicted. Lisa could see the wheels spinning in her head, something strange was passing by and something kept Chaeyoung from speaking.

Lisa put the bowl of cereal and milk on the island and put her hands together. "Now, tell me what happens"

Her best friend tensed her jaw, refusing to look at her, she still had a hard time talking and it was so weird, they always told each other everything ... so that made it clear that there was a problem and it had to do with Lisa. Lisa knew the signals very well.

She started thinking about what she could have done that would have bothered Chaeyoung. Leaving her dirty panties lying in the bathroom? Forgetting to wash the dishes? Forgetting to take clothes off the washing machine again? Leaving her shoes thrown at the entrance, which caused stumbling? There were many possibilities and Lisa was sure that, maybe or maybe not, she did all that between Saturday morning, when they had breakfast together and were perfectly fine, and that Sunday morning.

"Rosie?" Lisa insisted, tilting her head down, looking for her eyes.

Chaeyoung sighed and finally made eye contact, her cup was laid gently on the island and she wiped her fingers with a napkin, lengthening the wait.

"Yah! What's wrong with you ?!" Lisa got tired of waiting, exclaiming exasperatedly.

"Yah! Don't yell at me!"

"I didn't yell at you, I speak loudly!"

"You definitely yelled at me"

"Yah, Chaeyoung, what are you thinking? Me? I never scream," Lisa put a hand to her chest.

"I can count on my fingers the times you haven't shouted since we met"

"You should be grateful that we know each other at least," Lisa replied, raising her eyebrows and stretching her lips.

Silence.

A long silence

Chaeyoung blinked, slightly surprised, but inevitably began to laugh. Lisa was being ridiculously funny somehow, as always, and, quickly, the other blonde let out evil giggles, as if she had planned all this.

"You're an idiot," Chaeyoung complained with laughter.

Lisa smiled, pleased to have lightened the mood.

"Well, now tell me what's going on"

The cheerful smile faded so quickly that Lisa got nervous, well, something bad was happening ...

Oh no, shit, for sure it was her dirty panties.

Chaeyoung sighed again and brought a finger to her mouth, that habit of her that could show happy anticipation or nervousness. The silence was tense and heavy, even Leo had sat on the back of the sofa to look at them.

"I swear my panties-"

"Jungkook and you-"

They both stopped and frowned in confusion.

"What's up with your panties?"

"Jungkook and I what?"

Luckily it was not her panties but now she knew that it involved Jungkook for some reason and Lisa couldn't understand what the hell he had to do and how it altered Chaeyoung.

"Nothing, forget my panties, what about Jungkook?"

All the sirens in her head were like *wee hoo wee hoo*, that strange feeling that closed her stomach growing slowly in her body. Lisa didn't understand why it was happening.

Chaeyoung pursed her lips and stood up from the tool, taking her cup. "Lisa, you..."

She what?

Damn it, why couldn't she talk for once?

Lisa turned on her stool, following her with her eyes as she left the cup in the sink. She was growing more impatient, what was happening with Jungkook and her?

"Speak!"

Chaeyoung squeezed the sponge she just had taken, the foam overflowed from her fist. Her thin back was tense, straighter than normal. "You know that I like Jungkook, don't you?" she murmured after a few seconds.

Shit.

There it was finally admitted, lying on her face. She already knew it for God's sake but hearing it was like a kick in the stomach because there was still a tiny tiny tiiiiiny chance that maybe Chaeyoung didn't like him back... But now that chance was now in flames, disappearing in ashes.

But she didn't have to feel that way, she knew it damn it. It didn't matter that he was sweet as a candy or that they had both gotten closed, it didn't even matter that they had spent the afternoon together feeling so comfortable that her heart was miserable failing in keeping calm around him, Chaeyoung liked him and she was winning... because Lisa knew the truth about Jungkook's feelings.

After all... that was what she wanted, right? Getting closer to him in a friendly way and... that's all.

(a/n: she irritating istg)

"Of course I know," Lisa said lightly, turning back to look at her cup. She then met her cat's greenish gaze, he knew she was being stupid and judged her from his position on the couch.

"You, stupid bitch," was Leo saying in the name of all of us.

"You're so obvious," Lisa forced a laugh, she had a huge knot in her throat and the hunger had faded, if she tried to eat she would want to throw up.

God, this was silly, she had to calm down.

She knew this would happen since the beginning, when he was tattooing Chaeyoung and treating her so sweetly... when he asked Lisa for her number... and when Chaeyoung started to talk more and more about him and how cool he was.

She knew it.

But why was she feeling like a squeezed ragdoll?

"But you and him ..." Chaeyoung walked slowly and stood beside her, tucking a lock of long blond hair behind her ear. "You went out with him yesterday and you didn't tell me"

Lisa snorted in disbelief, pretending a good mood she didn't feel. "When was I going to tell you? We didn't see each other yesterday"

Lisa had worked in the morning until 2PM, then she had gone back home while Chaeyoung was locked in her room making sketches for the mural and she had barely answered the greeting so she had not wanted to disturb her, and then when she returned at night when the rain had stopped and she and Jungkook separated,

Chaeyoung was working in the restaurant.

"But... It was a date," Chaeyoung looked into her eyes, her voice was soft but there was something else there.

Lisa wasn't going to lie at least this time. "It wasn't a date, I accompanied him to buy things for his sister's birthday. It's next Friday. I told you about that," she was honest, feeling a little discomfort for some reason. It's just that she was accusing her, definitely. "We're friends, just friends," Lisa repeated, hating to say it now more than ever.

It didn't matter that damn fantasy of Jungkook and Lisa holding hands for Hongdae sharing a damn orange juice, the reality was that and she had to keep it in her head. She went out with him with the solid reason to close that "kiss" issue and be comfortable with him AS FRIENDS.

She knew it, but now she was feeling like a traitor because maybe... maybe she shouldn't go out with the guy Chaeyoung liked.

"But you-"

And she didn't continue.

"But what about me?"

Was she really thinking Lisa was a traitor?

Lisa felt so anxious.

Chaeyoung shook her head, smiling a little, embarrassed. "Sorry, my head went crazy last night"

"Why?"

"Sooyoung asked me if you two were dating, for the photo on your Instagram"

"It's my account ... of photos ... I upload photos of people there," Lisa said clearly, but now she was seriously confused. Was she really questioning that?

Yes, Lisa loved that picture and she had posted it with a smile so big she looked like the damn monster Momo BUT she wasn't claiming him or something.

Yes, their friends made jokes about it and generated some questions, but that damn picture said nothing (although it did mean a lot).

"Yes, I know, I just-" Chaeyoung laughed dumbly. "I'm sorry, I thought ... no, you would never do something like that knowing how much I like him"

Something like that? Do what?

It was unfair that she was behaving that way, doubting and looking at her weird in the morning, when Lisa was the first person there to scream at the four damn winds that fucking Jungkook fucking liked fucking Chaeyoung.

She was trying so hard to see him as a friend and be just that, she

was doing everything to make things easier for her, Chaeyoung and Jungkook, she was forcing herself to forget a kiss happened, she was forcing herself to keep her mind in the friendzone when she just wanted to climb him like a tree and kiss the shit out of him. She was trying so hard not to fall for him just to be a good friend for Chaeyoung, for this?

And now Lisa was doubting herself, was she being a bad friend? Did she do something really bad?

Her phone, next to her bowl, vibrated, drawing her attention to there and fortunately distracting her.

It was Jennie, sending her the details of the photos required for the project that started the next morning, Monday. Oh, right.

She would have to work with the guy from the Films department, he would make a small documentary and the photos and videos would have to match. To them, Jennie would send a third-year Journalism student to write about the project and also help the film guy with the documents and history of the previous projects. Apparently, the mural art project was celebrating its first decade that year.

All this improved her mood as fast as pressing the enthusiasm button on her. Although her main motivation had been to spend time with Jungkook and end that silly awkwardness between them, he had somehow inspired her with his words the day before. The art mural was really something big, more than she had thought at first.

Ar taking the best pictures she could, she could definitely open new doors for her. Maybe she could propose the idea of exposing the photos in the presentation of the mural, instead of just presenting them on the official website of the university and in the video. Lisa was confident that she could create her own art there.

She was thinking about it the night before, between dumb giggles for thinking about Jungkook and his inspired by art moments, she got also inspired.

"What is it?" obviously that Lisa's huge smile aroused Chaeyoung's curiosity.

Forgetting the previous matter, Lisa replied cheerfully: "It's for the photos of the project. I'm so excited."

Her best friend made a little cute jump, lighting up like her. "Right! We'll be together!" she took her hands in her much smaller ones, those gold rings that they shared since last year brushed between their fingers. "Oh! OH! You should upload some photos, like teasers, on your account! That would attract more followers because the whole art department wants to know!"

OH MY GOD!

"You, damn genius!" Lisa jumped in to hug her and they both jumped in circles.

That would give her more work, more opportunities, God, it was great!

"I can't wait," Chaeyoung muttered as she parted and smiled at her. "And I'm really sorry for being a bitch," she made a guilty expression, so pretty and sweet. "I shouldn't be this way, I'm really sorry, I know you and him are friends and of course you two would spend time together. I'm just... dumb. I'm sorry, Lisa"

Lisa shook her head. He was altering their emotions, it was obvious, but he was just a boy, there were millions more ... this one was of Chaeyoung and just for her.

Lisa had to bury all her emotions and accept it, she had Jungkook as a friend at least... like she had many friends more.

"Forget it, it's fine," Lisa reassured her. "I already told you, we are just friends, besides... I already told you, he likes you"

Her round cheeks colored and she looked down, releasing an incredulous laugh. "I think so, you know?"

Yes, she knew very well.

Yay.

Now she wanted to jump out the window.

No, Lisa, no, focus.

But fuck, it was hard.

"But he is very shy," Chaeyoung commented, as if she found it cute and for sure it was that way. She took Lisa's empty bowl and took it to the sink, Lisa went to pet Leo, unconsciously seeking for the comfort of his purrs and his soft nuzzles against her hand.

She hated that Chaeyoung also noticed that he was shy and thought he was cute, she hated that she might know him better than she, shit, she was going crazy. This has always been the case, she knew it, damn it! She was a good friend, she respected it, maybe Drunk Lisa didn't but she did.

"Do you think that..."

Lisa raised her head, trying to get rid of those silly thoughts she couldn't understand but she knew very well what they meant.

Chaeyoung pursed her lips for a few seconds, a mischievous smile growing on her lips. "Do you think you could help me?"

What?

"Help you with what?"

Oh no.

Please don't say it.

Don't say what I am thinking.

Please.

Please.

"You know," Chaeyoung shrugged playfully. "You could help me with him"

SHIT.

SHIT.

SHIT.

THIS WAS NOT HIGHSCHOOL ANYMORE! SHE COULD DO IT ALONE!

THE ROMANTIC LISA, WHO WOULD HAVE LOVED THE IDEA, WAS DEAD FOR THIS ONE.

But what could she say?

Lisa started laughing, to not scream in frustration. "Sure"

She was such a good motherfucking friend.

She better got in heaven with that title when she died because she fucking deserved it.

don't hate me, this is all lisa's fault
but **remember there's a big lk shipper here, his name start with j and ends with k.**

serious question: her self conflict has sense? im really confused with my own writing lol

if you like it (im sure you didn't this time), **comment and vote** 🍷 so we know jk is a human being with his own mind, **how do you think he would react after knowing lisa wants to bake a cheesecake?**

next chapter is sooner than you think, and don't feel sad bc it will be like jelly jelly again jdjsj

Chapter 19

okok calm your tits fam, this one is better, I SWEAR
jungkook is coming to save the day

"Good morning, everyone!"

This must be a joke.

Definitely.

It was a joke.

He was dreaming, surely at some point Sailor Venus would show up and would take off her shirt, showing big anime tiddies. He just had to wait for it to happen because it would surely happen. Jungkook was dreaming, yes, he was dreaming and Lisa had not just entered the classroom where the mural team was going to work for the next two months.

"Hey, there beautiful," Yugyeom, who was sitting next to him, greeted her in a loud and clear voice.

Her big brown orbs focused on both of them and her smile widened, pink and full lips spreading beautifully.

All right.

And when she began to undress?

Because this was a dream.

Yes, it was a dream.

Although there were some suspicious things that made it clear that perhaps this was not a dream, like he remembered having breakfast and nothing strange had happened that morning like Shoto sitting next to him on the bus, Jungkook refused to accept what the situation was starting to involve.

Chaeyoung, who had been in a corner working with the sketches offered by some team members, turned around at hearing some voices greeting Lisa and walked towards her. Lisa opened her arms and hugged her neck, both swinging from side to side as they giggled softly, saying hi and hello.

THIS STILL COULD BE A DREAM.

THEY WEREN'T FOOLING JUNGKOOK.

UNLESS...

"Guys!" Chaeyoung called them all, raising her arms and waving them to call everyone's attention. "This is Lisa," she introduced her, the named one waved softly. In his dreams she was still ethereal, wearing a white Celine tshirt tucked in the tiny waist of her jeans

which just made her legs look deliciously long and was outlining the pretty curve from her waist to her hips. "I know must of you already know her, she's popular," Lisa covered her mouth, laughing, kinda shy? "She comes from the college journal and she will be taking pics for the presentation, so don't feel shy"

HOLD ON.

WHAT?

THAT MADE SENSE.

SO IF IT MADE SENSE, IT WASN'T A DREAM.

OH.

OH FUCK.

SHE WAS REALLY THERE.

"Yup, I'm not a psycho, just a photographer," Lisa said, nodding with closed lips, she made some laugh with that. "If you don't wanna be in a photo, just tell me, I don't want to make you all feel uncomfortable"

"That's all, thank you for the attention," Chaeyoung showed a lovely smile and took Lisa hand, dragging her to the table in which she were.

Jungkook followed her with a horrified look.

Oh no.

This was horrible.

Absolutely horrible.

And fascinating.

Fate was doing him so dirty.

"This is great, don't you think?" Yugyeom said, elbowing him.

No!

It was not!

How was he going to concentrate?!

He could trip over a jar of paint and die! Of embarrassment!

He could ramble about things again like a dumbass again, he could disappoint her with his stupidity, he could screw up in so many ways.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

Jungkook opened his mouth but couldn't say anything, he was literally speechless, stunned, terrified and slightly excited.

Too many emotions together in one person.

He sighed and buried his face in his hands, his fingers then lost in the soft dark strands of his hair.

"You feel good?"

No.

He needed a moment.

"Bro, you're scaring me," Yugyeom let out a worried laugh, leaning down to look at him better.

"I'm okay," Jungkook raised a finger, nodding, and sighed, resting his face on a fist as his mind flew through a complete new crisis.

What was he going to do?

He couldn't run away or hide, things were said, he would have to spend time with Lisa the next two months and avoid dying, making mistakes or acting like a loser.

Difficult situation, he was a damn loser already.

You didn't have to be a genius to know that it was a lost game when you started with all things against you.

Although, he just realized, something good was in all this.

Lisa was there ...

Lisa would spend two months there with him...

Oh...

OH!

He could feel more confident, right? Both had spent a good afternoon on Saturday, although Jungkook had spent the entire night suffering cringe attacks because oh God, the things he had said, he had talked too much, he had been a damn and annoying talker about things that nobody cared about and... oh no.

There it was coming back.

It was coming.

God.

It was coming.

He closed his eyes, terrified to face it.

Oh no no no no.

Noooooooooo

"Welcome too"

AAAAAAJJJJHHHHHHH.

Jungkook squirmed like an altered octopus, possibly close to dripping ink. Shit, what a shame he was.

"You're acting so weird," Yugyeom frowned, really judging him.

Jungkook couldn't blame him. "I just... I'm having war memories," he gasped, scrunching his face. Gosh it really caused him pain.

He could have done worse if he was honest, at least she didn't saw him during his cosplay era, he had worse eras he was lucky that now were buried in the depths of hell but he couldn't bury his own stupid words.

"Hello~"

He fell.

I'm not kidding, he fucking fell down. The stool wasn't big enough for his dumb ass so once he got startled, he fell.

"Oh my God, Jungkook!" Lisa literally ran around the table to give him a hand, Yugyeom on his side snorted in the most ugly way, losing it.

"I'm okay, I'm okay!" Jungkook jumped up on his feet... knocking Lisa, almost, out.

Like it was in a dumb kdrama, the next scene developed in slow motion for him as she was stepping back clumsily. He was fast enough to round her waist with an arm and prevent her from falling to the floor after stumbling because his head had hit her so bad.

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry!" he cupped her round cheek to raise her face and check if she was okay, concerned and regretful, he felt like the biggest idiot in town.

Lisa was frowning, with a hand on her eyebrow, letting out the softest painful whine.

"Ouch," she whispered, pouting and her eyes looking extra big and cute under long eyelashes, teary orbes behind her specs.

"I'm so sorry, Doll," he muttered and moved her hand to check if she had a wound. Fuck, Jungkook knew his own head was a danger for humanity.

There it was just a small red mark, nothing too serious, but it must hurt for her. He grazed it softly with the pad of his thumb, trying to ease all type of pain for her. He couldn't think in anything else but her wellness.

Her eyes fluttered confusedly, staring at him in a way that was giving him a hard time to not lean down and kiss her.

"Doll?"

Oh.

OH!

WHAT THE FUCK HE JUST DID????!

LIKE...

DOLL?

IN PERSON??

WHEN SHE WAS SORBER?????

HOW WAS HE GOING TO EXPLAIN THAT?

"Wow, I didn't know the kdrama department was also working on this, great!" that freshman girl, Chaeyoung, clapped with a sarcastic smile.

Like deers caught in headlights, Jungkook and Lisa gave two steps away of the other with embarrassed faces. Yugyeom laughed again and bumped his fist with the girl's, she was sharing with him that shit eating grin, both so amused with this romcom.

"Anyway, I need you two there," she told him and Yugyeong, pointing to her back with a thumb, and just walked away, her short platinum blonde swaying around her head, like she just knew they were going to follow her. A very confident girl to be that young.

"I-," he couldn't look at Lisa, he just couldn't. He already fucked up, the heat in his neck and ears was burning like fire. Doll? What

the fuck was he thinking? "I'll go.. But, hmmm," but his eyes just went back to her alone, seeing the small red mark on her eyebrow, in the visible corner under her bangs. He felt like shit. "I'm so sorry, Lisa"

"It's okay," she comforted him with that relaxed tone again and showed him a smile, he inevitably sighed.

When was he going to stop acting like a fool?

I mean, one thing was saying stupid shit and other thing was killing the girl because he was a clumsy big mess.

"I will-I will go, yeah," he walked to Freshman Chaeyoung quickly.

"See you around, Lisa, be careful," Yugyeom winked at her before following Jungkook, trying so hard to control the laughter. Lisa just giggled, embarrassed.

The blonde small girl was waiting for them with paint rollers and big white paint buckets at the side of the door. She looked like a gnome in front of them but she was standing with confidence, big doe eyes looking up without any type of fear. "We need to paint the old mural and with *we* I mean *you two* because what's the point of being that big if you won't work hard," she said and crashed both paint rollers on Yugyeom chest and pointed to the bucket. "Could you carry it, Mr. Tattoos?"

How old was she, again?

Like, why that authority? Who give it to her? She was too small to be that bossy and disrespectful, to be honest. She could say please or-

"Gosh, move! We have to finish before midday!" she exclaimed for their raised brows and quietness, and for some reason both guys obeyed like peons.

Jisoo, his mom, Jennie, Freshman Chaeyoung... Jungkook's life was so full of bossy short girls. Gosh, he just wanted anime tiddies... or Lisa tiddies. Whatever that came first.

"Move your arm a little bit to the right... Yup, just like that... Oh, you're so handsome! Yes, like that! You're doing amazing sweetie"

This guy, Jungkook didn't know who the fuck he was, was having the moment of his life. He couldn't stop laughing, being the main focus of the beautiful girl behind the camera.

Jungkook was taking a break after a two hours of painful up and down movements through a 4m tall wall; he was used to work his arms but Freshman Chaeyoung was a small army general ready to kick his ladder if he dared to stop for a small second. He glared at her several times, he even used his so-hated bad boy intimidating looks on his favor but she didn't even blink, she was like "Okay, bad

boy Jungkook, go back to work and you forgot that corner. I don't care if you don't reach it and could break your back while trying".

Not even Jisoo was that bold.

But she finally felt pity of them and gave them a break when she left to work with sketches, Yugyeom was a sweaty and long dead body on the floor. Jungkook was sitting on the floor, knees up and hands hanging from his thighs, hair wet and curling around his face as his neck and arms were glistening with sweat.

And he was... jealous.

What the fuck was wrong with that senior? Wasn't he like 25? Why was so like hihi and hoho, like a dumb teen girl? Embarrassing.

Jungkook was tempted to mock him but his body was too tired to do it; he was sending glares though.

Lisa was too beautiful for this world and the outfit of today was causing several problems in his heart, he would need a doctor in the end of the day. The way her jeans fit her legs was just too much, they were loose from the knees and down, but the way it wrapped her precious thighs...

And her waist... He had it in her hands not long ago and it was magnificent, she fit with him... She fit so well.

Their gazes met then, she looked up the small len of her camera and her eyes caught his, she smiled and waved. Many people crossed between them but it was like they were alone in the big Art Department entrance.

He was genuinely whipped, for the light in her dark amber eyes and the cheerfulness of her smile. A yellow ray of daylight in a cloudy day was she.

Lisa went back to her camera and she smiled to the guy, Jungkook could feel like a jealous piece of shit, but he loved to see her in this way too. Like in the last Saturday, she was passionate for her camera and her job. She enjoyed making the guy laugh and feel comfortable, Lisa was so good in that.

He noticed then that she was pointing to her camera while doing signals to him, he frowned not understanding what she was trying to say but Lisa muttered: *Smile!*

And he just could obey but shyly because oh gosh, why was she doing this? He was going to look so bad but this time, he couldn't put his hand on his face because he thought he was going to ruin it for her.

And maybe he won.

Lisa smiled to the screen of her camera after taking the pic... gosh, if she looked at him that way on his face... if she did it just once.

She raised her thumb and winked.

SHE WINKED.

AT HIM.

He was so ready to die right now.

God, just take me, I'll die happily. But if you have plans for me to clap those cheeks and kiss the other ones everyday I accept to stay, you know.

Jungkook stood up, he wanted to go to her and say something... but what? What could he say to lead to some interesting talk with her?

Japanese Art Culture was a no-no, not again, he was boring with that one.

But what he could talk about?

Tattoos? Animes? Art? The raise of prices in the supermarket?

"Hey, I guess you're tired," Chaeyoung melodic voice dragged his attention to her, in some moment she reached him and was offering a water bottle.

Drops falling down the plastic and that small vapor inside, showing the coldness...

Oh fuck, that looked orgasmic.

"Thank you," Jungkook gulped water till the bottom like a man after going through the Sahara for six days. He felt the cold water running through his body and it was, literally, orgasmic. He sighed and closed his eyes a little bit, wow, he was thirsty.

For Lisa.

But for water too.

"God, you're an angel," he gasped dramatically and smiled to her.

Chaeyoung took back the empty bottle, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear and looking down shyly. Why was she feeling shy? Like, she knew she was an angel, she was called that by everyone.

Anyway, Jungkook remembered what he wanted to ask her since he went down that ladder. "Can I leave, now? I have to finish an essay for next class" he was embarrassed about it, it wasn't a good impression for the first day but he had to do that... Even though he really didn't want to leave, not if Lisa was staying.

He wanted to keep staring... like the stalker he still was. But for real, how many more opportunities to presence the beautiful show of Lisa taking pictures would he have in his life?

Exactly, who knows.

He wasn't going to waste any of them.

"Oh," Chaeyoung was shocked for it but nodded. "Yes, of course, you have worked hard today... really hard today," her look slid down his neck and chest, probably noticing all the sweat but she didn't make one of her legendary judging frowns. Well, that was

good because that may meant he didn't look as bad as he was thinking.

"I've worked hard today too, thanks for noticing," Yugyeom said from the floor.

Jungkook chuckled and offered him a hand to stand up, the black haired boy was really exhausted and his pale cheeks now were blushed and sweaty. Yugyeom groaned and made a whole scene to stand up.

"C'mon, you're embarrassing me," Jungkook teased.

"Shut up, whipped shit," Yugyeom buffed, stretching his pained arms.

"Good morning," a familiar voice greeted them, Jungkook turned his head surprised to find him there.

Jung Jaewon was there, showing a smirk, lively eyes and hands in the pocket of his black jeans. His straight long hair was messy but looking good at the same time, Jungkook could never.

His own long hair was a mess.

(a/n: cmon, look at me in the eyes and try to deny it)

What was he doing there?

"Hi, hyung" Yugyeom greeted him with a small hug, Jungkook imitated him.

"You two are working on this too, I'm not surprised at all"

"Too?"

What did he mean with "too"?

Jaewon then glanced at Chaeyoung and bowed. "I'm Jung Jaewon, Films Department," he introduced himself.

That was why Jungkook and him got along so well when they met last year, Jaewon was filming a small vlog of the tattoo content in which both were and Jungkook was curious about it so he asked once he could swallow some anxiety. But that didn't explain what was he doing there.

"Oh, you will do the documentary!" Chaeyoung said. What documentary? "I'm Park Chaeyoung," she bowed too. "It's a pleasure Jaewon-ssi"

"Yeah, I know who you are, you're popular Miss Chaeyoung," he teased kindly, Chaeyoung laughed, embarrassed. "Sorry for being late, though. I had a problem with my class schedule"

"Oh, no, no, it's okay," she frowned, being the angel everyone knew she was. "We're leaving at 1PM for lunch so you can get comfortable and meet us," she offered and pointed to the door of the classroom.

Jaewon turned around and once he saw that familiar blondie, he didn't give a fuck anymore about the rest.

"Lisa is here too?" he asked Jungkook and Yugyeom, surprised.

Oh...

Oh, no.

"Bro, she's everywhere blessing our days," Yugyeom put his hand together, like praying.

Jungkook rolled his eyes but anxiety grew in his bones. This was bad.

This was terrible.

Jaewon walked to Lisa after bowing as a small goodbye and Jungkook couldn't stop him, what excuse was he going to use? He just wanted to bark "DON'T" and lick Lisa cheek.

"He knows Lisa?" Chaeyoung asked, crossing her thin arms, at his side.

Yeah, he did.

And he liked her.

"Yes, he does, they met in a bar like, two weeks ago?" Yugyeom explained it to her.

"Oh, Lisa talked to me about that," she said, just remembering.

Wait, Lisa talked about Jaewon? To Chaeyoung? What that meant? Girls talk about boys when they like them, right?

"Really?" Jungkook murmured, not really wanting to know.

But he had to.

"She said it was such a good night," Chaeyoung added with a amused smile. "Now I know why"

Jungkook felt that annoying knot in his stomach he knew so well and hated so much, anxiety making him bit his lower lip hard in order to control himself.

Ouch.

Chaeyoung could just kick him in the balls if she was into it that much.

So Lisa wanted to forget the kiss but not Jaewon...

At seeing Jaewon, Lisa said hi loudly and Jungkook would had busted a motherfucking vein on his forehead if she jumped of him to hug him as she did before with Jungkook... But she didn't, gladly.

Maybe he was still a level over Jaewon. He was getting hugs, at least.

They both started to talk animatedly, he couldn't hear what were they saying but he wanted to. Gosh, he wanted to get in the middle and move him away... He was feeling threatened. Jaewon was better and more handsome and playful, he could get the girl with just a smirk and... Jungkook didn't know how to smirk to begin with.

He couldn't even wink and that was enough to say about the topic.

Really, couldn't his mom raise a flirty child?

"Jungkook?" Chaeyoung called him.

"Uh? What were you saying?" he asked but his eyes were still on them, it took him a lot of strength to move his head and glance at the girl on his side.

"Your essay? I was saying I can help you with that," she offered.

She was so nice.

But Jungkook didn't care about the essay anymore, he was going to fucking stay there and keep an eye on that sneaky flirty bitch Jaewon.

Jungkook was refusing to give up, nop, no-not today. Jealous Jungkook was controlling him and Jealous Jungkook was a bad bitch.

"I just decided to stay"

"But... Your essay?"

"It's okay," he said like nothing, like he wasn't going to get a bad grade that would fuck him up or something. He could make up that grade anyway. "Bro, let's introduce Jaewon to people," he told Yugyeom.

Yugyeom looked at him like he was crazy... Introducing Jaewon to people? Introduce? Jungkook meant social interactions? Like... doing social interactions? Jungkook?

But Jungkook was already on his way.

He had a new mission.

"Hi!" he hung on Jaewon shoulders, showing the sweetest smile and subtly moving him back a little bit... You know, he didn't have to be that close to Lisa.

"Meet my new partner, Jungkook," Lisa said cheerfully... New what?

Jaewon nodded. "We're working together on this, photos and videos," he explained. "We have to make a documentary for the mural"

Working together?

Like, spending time together?

Together?

Jaewon and Lisa?

"I must say I'm so lucky for this chance, I've seen our Barbie's Instagram account, she's talented as fuck"

HAHAHAHA

SO

Then he saw Jungkook there too because Jungkook was there, in her account, looking handsome and showing that he was with her and that he was close to her, Jungkook and Lisa like IT SHOULD BE, BECAUSE he was the only J in her life... So many hints Jungkook was expecting Jaewon to get and quit that flirty

demeanor.

"I think you are talented too if you're here," Lisa teased him, poking his chest like a cute kid.

Jungkook gritted his teeth.

She's just being nice.

She's just being nice.

She spent the day with you not with him.

She smiles that way just to you, not to him.

Jungkook 10, Jaewon 2.

Jaewon just laughed. "So, you could show me the place then, Barbie"

HAHAHAHAHAHA.

No.

"Ye-"

"She's busy, I'll do it"

"But-" Lisa tried to object, obviously confused but Jungkook didn't give her a chance.

He took Jaewon shoulders and moved him. "Hyung you have to meet that little general army, she's the devil. Bye Lisa, keep going with the pics, you're doing amazing" he waved his hand innocently to her.

She was really talented, she could make him look so handsome that it showed clearly she was a good photographer or a very well editor.

Jungkook was kinda liking himself more nowadays and it was all thanks to her. Not even while having sex with a girl, he could think as himself as handsome but Lisa was making it possible with just pictures of him when he wasn't paying attention... Which was something he was against of but not that much now.

And maybe it was the excitement but he found himself being so bold again.

love of my life

should i sue you?

Wait... what?

What way of starting a conversation was that???

Go get the girl, Jungkook, with your lawyer too. Sue her for being beautiful, she will feel flattered, of course.

love of my life

5555

what have i done this time

im sure i didn't claim your

parlor as mine

but who knows

im talking about the pics

oh

im sorry



ill delete them

nooooooooo

it's okay

i was kidding(?)

like suing you for taking

pics of me

but it ended up wrong

oh

jxkqk

so you wanna sue

me for being a stalker

THE IRONY.

She should sue him for stalking, actually. But at least she didn't notice. Jungkook laughed because it was damn hilarious, c'mon.

love of my life

should i?

(a/n: the audacity of this fucker)

5555

sir im just a photographer

that's ma job

ig ill have to believe your words

theres not other option

sorry 🙄

are you working now?

yes

my shift us about to end

it's kinda empty right now

same here

so we're not being bad workers

that are texting instead of

selling ice cream and doing tattoos

we're good workers☐

i knew it☐

glad im leaving soon

"Should I?" he murmured to himself and nibbled his lower lip.

It was a good chance and he didn't want her to go home alone, not knowing what that could imply.

C'mon Jungkook, you can.

It's easy.

Type.

TYPE.

His fingers were trembling.

love of my life

im leaving my parlor now

would you like me to wait

for you?

to walk to the bus stop

...

...

...

...

FUCK, WHAT WAS SHE TYPING?

WHY WAS SHE DOUBTING?

Oh God, his heart.

He couldn't take this.

No, he was ready to throw his phone to the toilet and dig his grave.

This was embarrassing.

She was looking for an excuse to say no.

Shit.

He should have stopped.

He shouldn't have talked to her.

Gosh.

His phone buzzed and Jungkook jumped up.

His heartbeats echoing in his ears.

love of my life

sure!

sorry i took long to reply

i was taking off my uniform

WAS IT NECESSARY TO PUT THAT IMAGE ON HIS HEAD?

What color of bra would she wear? Pink? White? Black? He was drooling for her wearing black... Oh, she would look so...

Jungkook, focus.

love of my life

im closing

Oh fuck! He had to run!

But first, he did a little victory dance, some hip moves here and there and a lil joyful scream. Yup, he was ready.

He found Lisa waiting for him in the entrance of the closed ice cream shop, same outfit, same as beautiful.

"Hey," he said, burying his hands on the pockets of his ripped jeans.

"Hey," she replied, one hand holding the strap of her backpack. The keychain tinkled as she started to walk with him. "So, how was

the first day?"

She was obviously talking about the project.

The pain in his arms came back just with the memories. "Tiring," he sighed, he wanted to sleep so bad. His back was tense too.

"You should take a warm shower, to relax"

They both should take a shower... together... naked and dripping... water, of course.

(a/n: yeah, water)

Maybe she was calling him nasty because he smelled bad but who knows. He preferred to fantasize a little bit.

"I just want to get to my bed and sleep"

Yeah, like the nasty man he was. He really needed a shower but who was going to smell him in bed... not Lisa, so who cared.

"Me too," Lisa smiled. "But I have to keep working on the pics and then there's an essay to do," she scrunched her nose, not so happy about it.

"Me too," he had a special chance to present that essay he didn't finish that morning for staying to keep Jaewon away from Lisa. Maybe the world wasn't that bad with him. "But I'm confident about finishing it tomorrow morning"

Lies.

Pure lies.

And Lisa looked at him suspiciously. "You won't do it, right?"

"Nope," he was honest and she giggled in response.

Ah, what a beautiful song for his ears.

"Would you do it if I dare you?"

She touch a spot there.

"Maybe?" he played along.

"Five thousands won's that you won't finish it tonight then"

(a/n: that's almost five dollars apparently and if google is not lying to me)

"Deal," he nodded. "That's how you tutor the kids you take care of?" he loved the way he was being so natural. It was a good night for him.

Lisa laughed again. "Yes but with toys and phones. Kai could write a 10 pages essay about Joseon Dynasty for his phone"

"Oh... well, same"

Him? A comedian. Lisa was laughing so much.

"Fair point," she accepted.

"How do you manage your jobs? With the mural project, I mean" he asked then. "You didn't tell me you were on this too, by the way"

Lisa smiled like small bad girl. "I wanted it to be a surprised," she teased. Oh, she achieved that, she was a motherfucking surprise that almost made him have a stroke. "Aaand, well, most of my

mornings are class free so I just had to change some shifts to the night and that's it," she explained simply.

More shifts to the night?

So she was going to go home, alone, more times???

That's it, he was buying that box, he couldn't leave her alone anymore.

Should he...

Like, should he finally dare to...

Fuck.

It was hard.

It was trapped in his throat.

What if he looked at him weird?

But she didn't when he texted her so...

And Lisa would never do that, to be honest.

He had to keep going.

Jaewon was in the zone now.

He still had plans to make her change her mind.

So...

"Can I go home with you?"

"Uh?"

"Uh?"

WAIT.

THAT SOUNDED WRONG.

"I-I mean, walking you home... Walking you to the bus stop... walking! Just walking!"

And other things but those not yet.

He was such an idiot.

"I know, I know, I got it!" she moved her hands to make him shut up. "I... I-I..."

Was she stuttering?

Lisa?

Stuttering?

Lisa?

Why was she stuttering?

She pressed her lips closed.

Was she going to reject him?

Oh.

Oh no.

He was anxiously waiting.

He wanted to run but he couldn't move. His heart was beating faster, his throat closing like he had a fist around it.

And Lisa seemed in the middle of some intern war.

What was happening?

"I... Sure!" she finally said, like sighing. "It's not wrong, right?"

Wrong?

Why it would be wrong?

"We're just walking, walking, normally walking, like all people around us, yeah, just walking," she rambled, was she trying to convince herself about the deep meaning of the action of walking?

"It can't be wrong, because it just innocently walking"

"Yes?"

"Yes! It is!" she said excited. "I mean, I'd love that. Yup, let's do it!"

Oh, okay?

Weird.

BUT GREAT BECAUSE SHE SAID YES.

Jungkook 11, Jaewon -2.

"Good morning!"

Jungkook was happy and better that morning, he was prepared to see her and it wasn't shocking, he still was nervous but her smile made it better, the straw of her chocomilk between her lips was such a hot plus.

Lisa was early like him, she probably arrived with Chaeyoung but she wasn't on sight so it was just them in the classroom.

"You're speaking English, now?" she teased.

"I'm studying," he really was, he didn't think he was learning with her but once he sat down to read all the notes and help he got from her because he remembered the midterm and the fact that he literally dumped her (for fair reasons in that moment you can't judge him), he realized he knew much more than before. Apparently he wasn't just staring at her lips and popping borners in every class.

"The exam is this Friday," she commented and offered him some of her chocomilk.

He accepted while nodding. "You... You really helped me a lot," he said before sipping and looked away.

He could catch her smile from the corner of his eyes, though.

"Don't you need more help?"

He did but he couldn't say yes after being so clear about finishing with the tutoring, he was going to look dumb. But there was still another chance...

"No but Chaeng told me you're doing Introduction to Visual Culture again, I can help you with that"

Lisa widened her eyes so much, wow, they were really big... Her face was really 60% eyes and 40% mouth but looking more cute than you could be picturing right now.

(a/n: i literally pictured the annoying orange and im laughing so hard

i need a moment)

"Chaeng did that?" she asked, like he told her Trump said not her best friend.

"Yeah"

"Why?"

Oh.

So she didn't need help?

She looked genuinely confused, like the idea of getting help was so weird because she didn't need it.

"It's okay-It's okay if you don't want to, I-I was too bold, sorry"

"No! I mean, I was just shocked. Chaeyoung told you that?" she asked again.

"Yes"

She looked at him with a frown on her forehead a few seconds more, then she stretched her lips and shrugged. "Oh... Okay," she nodded and smiled. "I'd love you to help me and I'm sure you will do amazing, I still can remember all you said about Japanese Art History"

"Really?"

Why?

It was boring?

"Yes! I was bored the other day and did some research, you were right about Ukiyo-e prints during Edo era, they definitely were about hoe culture"

He talked about Ukiyo-e prints being about hoe culture? It had sense, he always did that when talking about it but why did he mention it to Lisa? Why was he so weird?

At least she was laughing.

"By the way, you owe me five thousands"

Lisa pretended to be so disappointed, slapping her thighs exaggeratedly. "Damn!" she puffed.

Jungkook just laughed and got the money, knowing perfectly well he was a cheater. His essay was almost finished when they made the bet.

"Oh, you're here Jungkook," Chaeyoung entered with a box of small paint buckets. She was struggling, her cheeks were red and a drop of sweating was going down her temple.

Both, Lisa and Jungkook, moved to her to help but Jungkook was faster since he was closer. "Good morning," he said, taking the box for her without much effort.

"Thank you," Chaeyoung guided him to the table in which she wanted the box.

"There's more to bring here?" he offered more help, it was obvious she wasn't going to be able to take more boxes alone.

"Yes, come with me," Chaeyoung said, cheeks puffing sweetly as she smile so big to him.

"I'll go-" Lisa's voice trailed off as she made eye contact with Chaeyoung.

Jungkook raised both brows, confused.

Lisa forced a smile, maybe he was too observant with her but it was so obvious when she was doing it. "I'll go to go for more chocomilk, you two want more?" she finished the sentence.

"Take one banana milk for Jungkook, that's his favorite," Chaeyoung said with a small shrug of shoulders, proud of something but she didn't know of what. "He's not a big fan of chocomilk," she added.

Jungkook looked at her like she just exposed him naked to the world.

BECAUSE SHE JUST DID.

"I like chocomilk"

"You don't? You told Yugyeom you were tired of it"

"I didn't"

"You did?"

"I was high"

Chaeyoung burst out laughing, he was hilarious for her.

Yeah, laugh sis, you just ruined my game here.

Lisa opened her mouth in a small o, blinking.

HAHAHAHAHA.

This is awkward.

"I-I like chocomilk, I swear," he tried to assure, because he liked it!

Lisa pressed her lips, eyes shinning with amusement, she was trying hard to not laugh.

Oh no.

Not again.

He was being embarrassing.

Damn.

"You could have told me," she told him and giggled softly. "One banana milk for you, then?"

He pouted.

Damn.

He was just... caught in a lie.

He couldn't keep lying anymore.

"Yes, please" he muttered.

Lisa laughed loudly and left.

For her part, Chaeyoung didn't understand anything about the chocomilk and why it was a big deal, and she really hated it.

im not as concerned about the drama as you all are?

QUESTION: for the new readers that read it all at once (and the people that reread), how it feels? like, too much? too long? too slow?

sooooooooo, i hope you all are still there after last chapter lol sorry for creating this mess but BUT BUT stop anticipating drama gosh it won't be the end of the world soon

if you like it, comment and vote💕

jimin is coming to save the day soon🙌👉👉

btw thank you for sending boyfriend jk pics. ill use them. lisa gonna start a whole #JK section in her ig.

Chapter 20

ALMOST 800 COMMENTS IN THEM LAST CHAPTER AND MOST OF THE WERE FOR JIMIN! you all love my boy so much☐

also my whole intention was updating today but life was really like: no, bitch.

ok this one is long asf but i can't promise it will be good or entertaining so... I would say sorry but I'm so stressed and tired that im just publishing this to get rid of it and keep going with other things lol

"What are you doing here?" Chaeyoung asked her best friend, who was walking around the same hall without stopping, looking at a blank spot, she was very anxious and how not to be in that moment, her kid was struggling inside a classroom. "I thought we'd meet at the coffee shop across the street"

Lisa stopped and turned to look at her, frowning in confusion. "Oh, yeah?"

What? When that happened? Where? Why?

Chaeyoung nodded. "We talked about it this morning, you said you wanted to tell me something, but since you didn't arrive I thought you were still doing your exam," she explained simply, lightly. Her delicate shoulders shrugging and showing off sharp collarbones, she was wearing a blue short dress with an off-shoulder collar that morning.

"Oh hell! I forgot! I'm sorry!" she approached dramatically and hugged her.

Her Rosie Posie just laughed. "Nah, that's fine. I brought you coffee," she added, showing her a closed cup with the logo of the familiar cafeteria in front of the campus. Chaeyoung could make a whole melodrama for panties on the floor but she was okay with being stood up.

God, Lisa loved her so much, she was annoying sometimes but Lisa was annoying too sometimes so there was a balance. "Thank you!" she squeezed both cheeks with one hand and planted a huge kiss in the center of one.

"Yes, you know, I am not that good and I ate all the macarons that were given to me," she admitted with amused honesty but not at all regretful.

Lisa rolled her eyes, that fool pretending to be mean when she

knew perfectly well that Lisa wasn't exactly a fan of those French cupcakes.

"You're an evil being, Park Chaeyoung," she accused her anyway, narrowing her eyes.

Chaeyoung pursed her lips, a look full of dramatic, fake sadness in her eyes. "I know, I hope God can forgive me for these sins," she said dramatically, pulling out another pink macaron that was wrapped in a napkin, in the pocket of her bag.

Lisa started laughing at her.

"I don't think he will, I think I once read a verse that said: you must not covet your neighbor's macaron," Park Jimin's silky voice said mockingly, appearing at her side. He full of silver rings fingers curled with delicacy around her wrist to raise it to the height of his mouth and he took a slow bite of the macaron. His thick lips brushed the tips of her fingers and Chaeyoung felt those annoying but thrilling chills from her fingers to the tip of her toes. The eye contact got thick, as it got the air.

He smirked at her, so cocky, so annoying.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Chaeyoung laughed though she wanted to slap that damn smirk out of him, but she jerked her hand out of his grasp instead.

"I'm talking about macaron, chill cheesecake," he told her sweetly as if she were dumb.

Chaeyoung narrowed her eyes, throwing burning daggers that Jimin apparently loved to receive. He seemed to enjoy all this.

Lisa raised both eyebrows, slightly amused. She herself loved bothering her best friend to make her whine like a little girl but she had never seen her so angry about something as simple as a joke. He seemed to know how to press the right buttons... Well, he knew how to press all the right buttons if the rumors were true.

Lisa could believe everything they talked about though, you know, when there are so many rumors, there is a truth there.

*(a/n: *wink wink*)*

"Hello, Oppa," Lisa greeted him, wanting to cut with that little duel that was only irritating her best friend more and more.

A complete smile formed on Jimin's tempting lips as his eyes began to radiate that warmth that made you feel at home. Jimin was a fuckboy too nice to be a fuckboy. He was polite and charming, a prince.

"Are you also waiting for Jungkook, Lisa?"

Lisa nodded and coughed, feeling a little nervousness in her stomach, she didn't want Chaeyoung to misunderstand this. "You know, I'm his-I was his tutor," she corrected emphatically, for her best friend. "I just want to know how it went," she shrugged as if it

wasn't the big deal, but she was dying of nerves to see him and ask how it went.

She had seen him during the exam as a vigilant mother and Jungkook seemed on the verge of a panic attack. Lisa felt very guilty, she had ruined their classes for her stupid kiss that made him uncomfortable (though he said it wasn't like that) and now he was going to fail because he hadn't helped him enough. Yes, he had said he was fine but Lisa believed that he had lied now that she was seeing his face at reading the items of the exam.

"You're such a good tutor, Jungkook will pass," Jimin tried to calm her down.

Lisa laughed nervously. "I don't believe it that much anymore, but I hope so. He's very smart," she trusted that at least. Jungkook had learned many things at an impressive speed, even if he doubted his own abilities.

"He is, that's why he chose you," Jimin added and Lisa froze.

Oh, damn, Jimin.

Don't.

Not in front of Chaeyoung.

This was to be misunderstood and could cause more silly jealousy on Rosie's part.

No.

Shit.

"As a tutor," Jimin added, with fun in his voice. As if he just realized what he had unwittingly involved but the glance he shoot to Chaeyoung was suspicious.

Lisa didn't notice it because she was nervously waiting for that heavy stare from the blonde standing in front, the same look she had received that morning, but when she raised her eyes she only found Chaeyoung chewing on what was left of her macaron with her eyes fixed on Jimin.

"Stop, you make her feel uncomfortable," she practically growled at him.

Lisa blinked in surprise.

Wait, what?

He wasn't?

Jimin smiled wryly. "I am doing it?"

He wasn't!

"Yes, you are. What are you doing here anyway?" she put a hand on her waist, resting all her weight on one foot in a way that further marked her perfect thin figure.

"I come to take my brat from kinder," he joked, Lisa smiled amusedly.

Chaeyoung frowned even more. "Don't call him a brat, he's not a

kid"

Jimin raised his eyebrows. "Look, I've been taking care of that brat for six years, I have rights to call him a brat," he objected seriously.

But her best friend rolled her eyes. "You only abuse of his kindness because you are older"

Jimin's dark eyes sharpened but he smirked, after licking his lips, as he approached her slowly, like a panther. "Your disrespectful tongue should remember that I am older, if we are going to talk about formalities and honorifics," he said, inches from her face with an insinuating tone that even Lisa felt chills and then she noticed Chaeyoung's tense appearance.

"Oh, she has trouble remembering honorifics because she grew up in Aust-" Lisa tried to explain in defense of Chaeyoung but the blonde interrupted her with new courage.

"I only respect who deserves respect," she spat with venom, sharp as a knife.

Oh no, she was being disrespectful. Lisa couldn't believe it, Rosie wasn't like that. Yes, she was bold when angry but this was another level and Lisa knew Korean men could take it way worse than-

"Oh, should I teach you how much I deserve your respect, brat?" he tilted his head, looking at her lips for a second that made her hold her breath between indignation and the sudden desire in her stomach. A part of her clearly wanted to learn some of the respect he was offering.

"Don't call me a brat," she murmured firmly, glaring at him with her cold eyes.

Well, haha, this was awkward.

Lisa was like... thirdwelling.

She was thirdwelling Jimin and Chaeyoung? What?

"Call me Oppa and maybe I'll reconsider," he teased then, he was a cat who knew he had the little but angry hamster in his claws, ready to play.

"I won't feed your fantasies, pervert," she screamed offended, making him laugh.

"Am I the pervert when the only one who is sexualizing this is you, Rosie Posie?" he was smarter than her with that simple phrase, taking her by surprise because she was definitely angry but also thinking about other things.

She couldn't help it, no matter how much she hated it, and he knew it and played with it. God, Chaeyoung hated him so much because she was definitely a hamster trapped in the cat's claws.

But now she couldn't speak, she didn't know what to say because she felt embarrassingly exposed. "I-I don't-"

"Do you have any fantasies in your head that involve Oppa, brat?"

Lisa swallowed, stirring in her place nervously. They seemed about to throw into the throat of the other and that could end in blood... or something else not suitable for children audience.

Weeeeiird.

That is, her best friend was very disturbed by him and Lisa was beginning to believe that she would get on her knees and give him an angry BJ or something, then slap his balls. Kinky

She didn't know how tense things were between them till now.

Jungkook came out then, ruffling his silky black hair, Lisa couldn't be more grateful because he had just saved her from a porn or gore movie. She literally jumped in front of his eyes, scaring him, and asked: "How did it go, you brat?"

Wait, what?

Jungkook looked at her confused, blinking several times.

Yeah, she had just called him a brat. He didn't imagine that and now Lisa was more embarrassed.

"Oh, no" she whispered, her eyes were as big as his.

"Damn, Jungkook, you ruined it," Kim Taehyung complained, walking slowly to them with hands on the pockets of his dress beige pants. "That was definitely hot," he winked at Jimin, who chuckled.

Chaeyoung gasped, alarmed. "What? Of course not!" she whined, feeling outraged, Lisa knee that panicking aspect.

God, this was too much. Lisa bowed to ninety degrees. "Hi, Sunbaenim, nice to meet you. I'm Lisa, she's Chaeyoung," she hurried to speak and her friend had no choice but to imitate her.

Taehyung smiled slightly and raised two large but delicate hands, stopping them. "You don't need to show so much respect, I'm your Oppa," he was warm, as well as extremely attractive. He had multiple moles as beauty marks and a face that touched perfection, angular and almost symmetrical, dark but sweet eyes and lips in a particular but no less beautiful way.

He wore a Celine shirt identical to the one she had in her closet, tucked into his stylish pants, and expensive brown sunglasses on his eyes. He had the strip of a bag crossed over his chest, marking thin but remarkable muscles, and he looked like a runway model. He was charming and almost surreal, Lisa could imagine so many photos with him being the center of attention...

"Wow, you're so handsome Oppa," she stammered. He was popular in college but Lisa had never before had the opportunity to see him closely or interact with him.

He widened his eyes in surprise and Lisa felt immediately ashamed for that outburst.

"Oh damn, I'm sorry, I am a photographer and all people look like

potential models to me. It's like super weird but I imagine sessions and makeup and backgrounds and... I'll shut up, I'm talking too much," she closed her lips at the end with a raised finger, even more mortified.

"You're really cute," his raspy low voice had something special, Lisa almost blushed, but she laughed silly instead. "How did it go?" she asked Jungkook to cut with that awkward teenage feeling of being recognized for her favorite idol. This was more important.

She was literally jumping from one guy to another to feel less awkward and it. wasn't. going. well.

Jungkook huffed, scratching a spot behind his ear. The long earring of his ears clinked between them, Lisa was already used to the small noise. "I think fine," he said although he didn't look very hopeful.

"Oh," Lisa pouted worriedly. She felt so guilty.

Jungkook hurried to change that sad face. "No, no, don't worry. It's my fault if I don't pass"

That was a plain lie, Lisa was responsible of this.

"Totally," Jimin nodded, Jungkook glared at him.

"He will pass, don't worry," Taehyung was on his side, not like some other traitors.

"Surely yes!" Chaeyoung exclaimed smiling at him.

"How did it go for you?" Jungkook asked Lisa, which left her blinking in shock.

Uh?

She?

It would sound silly, but she didn't expect anyone to care about her since they all knew she spoke English. Her heart raced like a fool in her chest, about to explode with warmth. "Oh, it was fine, thanks for asking," she replied softly, feeling shy but somehow happy.

God, Lisa, no, control yourself.

HE'S KIND, BITCH, HE IS KIND. KEEP YOUR MIND ON IT.

"We should celebrate!" Jimin said.

"We have to work," Chaeyoung cut him off dryly.

"And we have to decorate my sister's party," Jungkook reminded Lisa. They talked about it a few days ago, when she confirmed the place to him and he shyly invited her to help which was amazing because she definitely wanted to be part of that till the end and see Yuqi's face. Her mom's blood was running through her veins and it was triggering for her but at least she would enjoy the feeling.

"What?" Chaeyoung asked, frowning at her.

Oh shit, right. That was what Lisa was going to talk about with her in the coffee shop, she needed to explain it was nothing serious

and she didn't have to think otherwise.

After her complaining about Lisa not telling her about her not-date with Jungkook, she really wanted to do things well and leave clear that she wasn't doing anything suspicious.

Her thoughts were suspiciously whipped and horny for him but no one had to know that.

"It's just a teen party," Lisa didn't know what more to say, honestly. She really had to justify it?

"We would love to help but as our Rosie Posie said, we have to work," Jimin was enjoying this, Lisa didn't know what was so funny for him. "Isn't it sad, cheesecake?"

"I don't really like you," she was bold, oh gosh, Lisa didn't understand her anger towards Jimin but it was so serious. Chaeyoung was fuming and worse after seeing his cheeky smirk.

"Let's go eat something," Lisa took her hand to drag her away, she had to feed her Chaeyoung and then water her to get a happy Chaeyoung. "See ya guys, it was good to see you all" she smiled kindly to the three guys there.

"See you at 7?" Jungkook asked suddenly.

Lisa nodded and left, dragging her friend who was mumbling insults in English that would make an Australian blush.

"I came her with mommy the other day, we gone to that shop," Soomin was saying, her little hand wrapped around Lisa's palm.

"Did you two buy something?" Lisa asked, helping her to do a small jump on the first step of a shop and keeping her hand safe while she started to walk along it.

"Yes, a pinky dress and a blue one and another one that was..." her voice trailed off, she was thinking with a finger on her chin. "What's the name of that color, Unnie?" she stopped to point to a poster in the street and Lisa followed the direction of her finger with her eyes.

"Lilac"

"It was a lilac dress," Soomin said and jumped from the small step, taking Lisa by surprise who gasped, trying to not lose balance.

"You're gonna make us fault, cutie," Lisa scolded her, but the smile on her lips was taking away all seriousness.

"Oops," Soomin covered her mouth to laugh devilishly.

The little girl was with her that evening, unusually since Lisa used to take her home directly from school, because she really needed someone in the middle between Jungkook and herself and who was better at stealing the spotlight than Soomin? Exactly, no one.

Lisa just knew Soomin was going to keep Jungkook for herself

which meant she was going to keep him away from Lisa which also meant she wasn't going to ruin it for Chaeyoung. It was a win-win situation. Chaeyoung was delighted when Lisa told her she was taking Soomin.

The karaoke place showed in front of their eyes sooner than Lisa thought, probably because Soomin was good at making every walk a whole funny experience. The two floors local was pretty big and quite popular, for the good appearance and glass windows on the second floor especially. The owners, thankfully, were the parents of a very good friend of Lisa: Sana.

"Hi, Unnie!"

Sana smiled at her from behind the counter, just putting her phone aside to lean over and smile at Soomin as well. "Hello! You have brought a friend, I see"

"Hello," Soomin moved her hand, showing the front teeth that were still growing. "I am Soomin"

"I'm Sana but it's Unnie for you, little one," the blonde girl introduced herself, leaning even more on the counter.

"Your eyes are so big, Unnie," Soomin said surprised, to which Sana smiled more. "You're very pretty, like Lili!" She pointed to her babysitter by her side.

Sana looked at Lisa amusedly, who only smiled in resignation, as if saying "she knows that I am beautiful and I have to accept it", to which Sana laughed delightfully again.

"Jungkook ssi has arrived about fifteen minutes ago with many bags," Sana told her, acting all of which made her look somehow childish but pretty. She was capable of doing the cutest aegyo without even trying.

"Ok! doki, let's help him, Soosoo," she told the girl cheerfully who screamed excitedly jumping.

"Oh, and I think the lady with him was his mother"

His what?

Mother?

What?

Oh no, this was not good.

Not good at all.

But she was already in this and she couldn't go back, she only had to walk to the fifth room on the second floor with Soomin by the hand and close her mouth because she would probably say something stupid in front of the lady.

One fact was that Lisa didn't get along with mothers, not even her own. She was the kind of problematic daughter that made all moms shake their heads in disappointment. From talking inappropriate topics at dinner to escaping from home, she had done everything. In

short, Lisa knew she was a disappointment and especially when she talked about her career choice; her parents made it very clear every time they were in the same room.

And although he had learned not to give it importance, this was Jungkook's mother and she didn't want to make a bad impression.

"Soosoo?" Lisa stopped her before entering, leaning down to see her in the eye.

"Yes?"

"Could you please not talk about boyfriends and girlfriends today?" she asked honestly because God that would be chaos.

Things were already a chaos right now, imagine in front of Jungkook's mother.

Soomin tilted her head. "Why?"

"Because it could bother the lady in there and you don't want to make her feel bad, right?"

The little girl thought about it for a few seconds but finally shook her head. "No, you told me to be good to people"

That was her baby.

"Exactly, baby, so don't talk about it in there, okay?"

Her pigtails bounced when she nodded with a determined smile. "Ok"

"Well, you're the best girl in the world," Lisa planted a huge kiss on her cheek which made her giggle. She took a deep breath as she got up and forced herself to open the door, well, she would behave.

The spacious room with a big window facing the full of lights street was half-decorated already, Jungkook and his mother had moved quite quickly apparently. He was on the couch hanging green decorations, wearing the black cap she bought for him. She would have admire him more in order to appreciate more how hot he looked that way but a lady was also there, who had been giving her back to the door, turned around with a balloon between her lips. She was beautiful and looked so young. She didn't even had white hair, she had a bob cut with onyx black hair and vivacious round eyes, Jungkook got that from her Lisa could see it.

"Hi!" she smiled kindly. "Did you get lost?" she didn't sound rude, but she couldn't even finish the sentence that the loud squeal of Soomin shut her up.

"OPPA!!!!" she ran to the couch in which Jungkook was, luckily he put a foot on the floor just in time for her to hug his leg like a tick because otherwise, she would make him fall.

"Soomin!" Lisa scolded her, damn, she was happy for seeing Jungkook too but the point wasn't to kill him with all that joy.

"Sorry," she told Jungkook and his mother.

"It's okay," Jungkook caressed Soomin's head, the kid giggled, she

was in fifth heaven for him and well Lisa could get understand that. She could feel kinda jealous too.

"Oh, so, we have visits, sorry, I was rude," his mom laughed of herself and walked to Lisa with hands on her waist, she almost walked back nervously but bowed repeatedly.

"I'm Lisa," she introduced herself shyly, that's it Lisa, don't say anything else, that's all, shut up, don't start to ramble.

"I'm Areum, you can call me Unnie," the woman was surprisingly kind, no bad looks to her foreigner face or derogatory tone. She was nice. "Are you Yuqi's friend?"

"We could say so?" Lisa said in a low voice and the woman looked at her without understanding her words. "I mean, I'm Jungkook's friend and I know Yuqi because of him and-"

"She's the girl that got us the place," Jungkook saved her.

"Yeah, I'm that girl, the girl, a girl"

"Yes, you look clearly like a girl," Areum nodded.

Damn.

"I mean-haha, hmmm..."

"Is she your girlfriend and you're hiding it from me?" SHE WAS FUCKING BOLD, GOD.

Lisa would have choked if she had something in her mouth besides a tongue and teeth. But nope, so she just gasped at the same time Jungkook's eyes widened.

"Mom!"

"Yes, Ahjumma! They're dating!"

Both looked at Soomin, horrified.

That damn kid, Lisa was going to... Okay, no, she couldn't do anything to that angelical face but damn, that was why the devil was always getting away with bad things, he for sure was the cutest baby too.

"We're not! We're just friends!" Lisa exclaimed nervously.

She didn't realize that she said it in Thai and the three people there looked at her strangely.

"Are you Thai?" Jungkook's mom asked surprised.

Lisa swallowed nervously.

Shit, she hated that question coming from old people's lips. Especially Korean moms.

"Yeah," she mumbled, it's not like she had other options.

But, again, she didn't get a judging or ugly look, just a smile. "I used to have a Thai friend when I was young," she commented with melancholy and a hand on her chest, it must have been a really close friend.

"Really?"

Lisa wanted to sigh in relief, so that meant the woman wasn't

going to look her down for her nationality. Many old people used to when they found out from where she was, sometimes they just used to think she was a Gangnam beauty or European and treated her better.

(a/n: a gangnam beauty is a pretty girl that looks like she had many plastic surgeries on her face, body or both)

"Yes, she was so funny and pretty," and that was the start of a really long talk about her Thai friend and Thai culture in general. Jungkook's mom was officially the most easy-going woman she had ever met.

Lisa felt at home after some minutes. It was like talking in Thai with Bambam or Sorn about the old days or about something as simple as the food that they used to eat in some restaurant after school. Jungkook's mom knew many things about habits and culture and she was so open to be explained things she couldn't understand about her friend when they were young.

Honestly, Lisa forgot about Soomin and Jungkook's existence while chatting and decorating.

"So then my friend Sora said 'your draws are so ugly' and I told her 'you're ugly too but I'm not telling you that' and she cried! She's so dumb! She made the teacher scold me because I call her ugly but I did not! I told her! I'm not telling you you're ugly!"

"But you two are still friends?" Jungkook asked, the kid was sitting on his shoulders while she was sticking green balloons on the corners of the room. She really was interesting to hear, Jungkook was sure he could talk with her for hours.

"Yes but Sora is annoying," Soomin was so done with Sora and it was obvious. "But Lili told me 'Soosoo you have to be nice with people, no matter if they're dumb'," she moved her index finger, imitating Lisa. "So we're friends," she sighed like it was such a hard work to be nice with people. Jungkook chuckled, the kid was a whole one-woman show and she reminded him to Lisa so much. She was like a mini version of her and it showed the amount of time she was spending with her, they had the same mannerisms and cute habits like the dramatic sigh or that little habit of laughing like kkkkk when she had done something wrong.

"I think-I think you shouldn't be nice with people that are not nice with you," he said finally and his eyes went to Lisa, who was immersed in a talk with his mom.

He had seen the way some classmates were treating her the last days, not all young people were open-minded since they were raised in such a closed culture but Lisa was still nice with them. Chaeyoung was glaring at them just like Jungkook but Lisa would just nod after some poisoning comment thrown at her face and then

keep herself away from them, still giving nice replies and a warm smile if they talked to her after when those assholes just needed a punch in the damn face.

"I know! But Lili is telling me that," Soomin complained and Jungkook put her down, or tried, because she wrapped her legs around his waists very comfortably so, well, he let her be. "You're nice with her, right?"

"Yes"

Soomin narrowed her eyes. "You better be or else," was this small kid threatening with him with small accusing index finger?

A cutie.

"I swear I treat her good," he said, acting scared of her.

She nodded but her piercing gaze was really daring him to lie. She loved Lisa and it showed. "Protect her for me, okay?" she asked then, her voice was soft and cuter, now looking like the small child she was.

Damn, she could ask him to rob a bank and he would do it for her, this small angel was powerful. But in this case, her ask wasn't crazy, it was cute and something he was already doing.

I mean, accidentally throwing paint to a racist ass' drafts wasn't that violent as a punch in the face but he really enjoyed doing that.

"I promise," he offered his pinky for Soomin to wrap hers. "And, could you promise to me you won't be friend of someone that tells you your drawings are ugly?"

"Yes!" Soomin was ready to stop being friend of Sora.

Jungkook was okay with it, she could send Sora's to hell. Soomin didn't need childhood traumas caused by a cocky annoying kid.

"Your mommy is cool, Oppa," she said then, after glancing at Lisa and his mom. Well, her mom had just found a chatty soulmate there and Lisa was so comfortable that Jungkook could agree. "Mine is cool too, she's so pretty, her hair is like one of a Barbie and her eyes are like the sky..."

Fifteen minutes later and Jungkook knew more about Soomin's mom than he knew about his own mom. Awkward facts included, for real, kids were able to share such intimate details without blinking an eye and it was hard for him to realize they were really that innocent.

Now, he knew Soomin's mom "played Twister" with Soomin's dad a few nights ago.

"But Lisa taked me with her to do the lawdry and I saw her undies and I was so confused because that is so small so I ask her 'how you wear this? It get in your botty, right?' and she did not say nothing but it was cute though, I like yellow," she said like nothing while passing him the platin garlands for him to hand under the

balloons. Just like that, like she didn't just put that image in his head.

Fucking

Holy

Hell

So... Lisa was wearing small cute yellow thongs?

He turned around to change the tape he just messed up and glanced at Lisa, his gaze going directly to her wrapped in black jeans ass... Maybe it was because he had been drawing for years, but it was easy to picture it and fuck, it wasn't the right moment.

He was a damn pervert and he forced himself to turn around again and stop imagining that...

But how could he get that out of his mind?

"Jungkook?"

He was startled. "Thongs what?!"

What?!

"I mean-I mean I bit my tongue and I was thinking about it, sorry," he stuttered, panicking internally because he JUST DIDN'T SAY THONGS ON LISA'S FACE.

But he did.

Once again, Lisa just chuckled, showing all her perfect teeth. "I just need your help there," she pointed to the wall in which the big letters of his sister's name were going to be. "Could you hang the balloons there? I was going to do it but Lucas just texted me, he has the ice cream," she explained to him, showing her phone's screen even though he couldn't see anything since she was moving it while talking.

"Ye-yes," he nodded obediently and walked pass her fast, he had to be away for a few minutes and stop thinking about yellow underwear.

Lisa didn't notice his shaking like a vibrator state and glanced at Soomin. "Be good, okay? I'll be back in a few seconds"

Soomin nodded, not paying that much attention since she was entertained with taking off the tape stuck on the table.

"Unnie, could you keep an eye on her? She's sneaky"

Jungkook's mom nodded with a smile and walked to the kid, Lisa really prayed she wouldn't say anything about Lisa's boyfriend topic again and even glared at her as a warning once she could catch Soomin gaze, before leaving. Soomin, of course, smiled innocently as always which was kinda triggering but Lisa couldn't do anything about it. She just had to trust her.

"I can't feel my arms," Lucas complained a few minutes later, following her to the refrigerator of the local. He was too whiny to be that big and strong.

"Sorry and thank you for helping," Lisa replied and opened it, Sana had left for her a corner free for the boxes of ice cream popsicles and the ice cream cake Lisa decorated for the occasion. "Where's Yuqi?" she asked, squatting down and starting to put the boxes inside as Lucas was passing them to her.

"Her friends take her off for a walk after school, she's angry as fuck with me because I told her I couldn't go and she will kick my ass when we meet," he said so calmly like he was used to it. Lisa could figure out why every time she saw them together they were bickering and fake fighting like they were more enemies than friends but they were still inseparable. "But," he then said with a proud smile. "I bought her such a good gift, you can't imagine"

Lisa froze.

A GIFT.

OH MY GOD.

Jungkook and she forgot to buy a gift the last Saturday. Did Jungkook buy a gift on his own? Did he?

"Keep doing this, I have to go," she pressed a box against Lucas's chest and ran down the corridor.

She opened the door, agitated and panicking, surprising Jungkook and Soomin. "Did you buy a gift?"

His face said it all.

"Oh f-frick!" he corrected himself in front of the kid.

"Yes! Frick!" Lisa nodded and then frowned. "Where's your mom?"

"Her shift in the restaurant starts soon so she left," he explained.

"She sent kissys kissys, mwaaah," Soomin said cutely, blowing kisses with her hands, and Lisa smiled a little to her.

But then she frowned more. "Won't she be here for Yuqi blowing the birthday candles?"

Areum looked like those moms that were capable to stop the world for their kids and she showed it through the talk they had, always mentioning Jungkook and Yuqi here and there.

"We did that this morning, my mom made a cake for her"

"What type of cake, Oppa?"

Oh, of course they did, that explained why Jungkook wasn't that morning working in the mural.

That was cute.

Too cute actually.

Especially for someone that spent most of her birthdays in an awkward but expensive party, in where no one really cared about the birthday but being there, talking about business or bragging about summer holidays in Paris.

It wasn't the moment to think about that, though. It was useless.

Lisa focused and interrupted their conversation about cakes. "We

have to get her a gift, ASAP!" she shook her hands and checked the hour in her watch. "She must be having dinner now, so we have an hour to figure out what to do," and just when Jungkook was about to talk, her phone began to ring, it was Kai. "Hi!"

"I'm outside the karaoke, Noona," he said so Lisa remembered he was going to go for Soomin after finishing with his study group.

"Right, right, we're leaving, wait there" she nodded and hung up. "Soomin, your brother came for you"

Soomin frowned, pouting. "But I don't wanna leave"

"We have to leave," Lisa told her softly, taking her hand, but she pulled it away and hug Jungkook's leg.

"No, I don't wanna," her cheeks was puffy against his leg, pouty lips showing along with big eyes.

Oh no, it wasn't a good time for that.

"Soomin-" Jungkook mumbled but he didn't know what to do.

"Soosoo, we have things to do," Lisa tried to explain, kneeling down for her. Lisa knew it was easy to talk with her in that way, Soomin would think they were in the same position.

"But, why can't I go with you?" Soomin whined softly.

"Because you have to go home, your mommy will come soon"

"But I wanna stay with Oppa," she was scrunching her face slowly, oh no, that was bad bad so bad.

Lisa should have known.

"Soomin, please," she asked softly. "I promise I will take you to Oppa's place another day, okay?"

"But I wanna be with him now!" she stomped, stubborn and grumpy as just she could be.

"Soosoo, listen to Lili," Jungkook told her softly. She rose her head and looked at him with teary eyes, she knew how to work her tricks so Lisa wasn't surprised when she heard him say: "Can't she stay?"

She glared at him, it was probably the first time she did it seriously and that made him react.

"I mean, Soosoo, go, I promise I'll take you to whatever you want to go another day," he told her, Lisa wanted to facepalm because Soomin wasn't going to forget that so that meant he was officially committed to doing it.

"Really, Oppa?"

"Yes," he caressed her cheek with his thumb, melting Lisa's heart.

That kid was such the devil in disguise, she could get whatever she wanted.

"But, I still don't wanna leave"

Lisa sighed. "I'll go see you later before you go to sleep, what do you think about it? I will bring you candies," she said while

clapping her hands like begging, hopeful to convince her.

"You won't leave with me?" Soomin asked, frowning.

"No baby, I can't"

Lisa thought she was going to start crying after that but Soomin got in deep thought, glancing between her and Jungkook, what was going inside that head with pigtails? Who knew.

"So you will stay with Kookie Oppa?"

Lisa blinked confusedly, what was the point of that? "Yes," she nodded still.

"Fine then," Soomin smiled like she wasn't about to burst out in tears a few seconds ago and took Lisa's hand, ready to go.

What?

"Don't forget to buy M&M, please," she added and dragged her out softly.

"Did she-" Jungkook frowned, kinda amazed.

"Yes, she did," Lisa nodded in resignation. "Let's go get a gift," she whispered to him.

"You look familiar," it was the first thing Kai told Jungkook after being introduced.

Lisa swore to God she was going to confiscate his phone for a week if he was saying that in order to embarrass her. She saw the way mischief in his eyes when she introduced the infamous Jungkook and she knew him well enough to know he was going to get the chance to imply something in any moment. But, looking at him better, Kai seemed serious, staring at Jungkook deeply.

"He's Oppa, of course you know him!" Soomin said like all the world knew Jungkook just because she knew him.

"Really, it's weird," Kai said with narrowed eyes. "Did we meet before?"

"I don't think so," Jungkook said, also confused.

Kai ended up shrugging. "Sorry, then, maybe I know someone that looks like you and I'm just mixing faces," he said while taking his sister's hand, Soomin was more than happy to go now that she had a promise from her favorite Oppa and another one from her favorite Unnie.

"I'll see you two later, okay?" Lisa kissed Soomin cheek sweetly, not resisting to make her giggle with some tickles on her neck. "Do your homework before reading," she said to Kai.

"Yes ma'am," he did an army gesture. "Do your homework before hooking up with 'Oppa'," he winked at her, thankfully speaking low enough so just Lisa could hear.

He was lucky they were in public and she couldn't slap his nape. He laughed mischievously and left with Soomin, walking to their

dad's car. The beautiful kid didn't stop waving her hand and blowing kisses till they were in the car.

"Fine, we need a gift," Lisa went again to the main problem.

Jungkook was as clueless as her. "Should I buy her a dress?"

"That could take us hours," Lisa shook her head, starting to walk side to side in front of the entrance door, deep in thought. "I'm trying to think what I wanted for my 18th birthday, probably a camera but my mom was so done with me playing with my old camera that she bought me earrings, which were super pretty, I still wear them," she pointed to her left ear, where the famous star-shaped gold earring was, oh, so that was a gift from her mom. Were her other jewelry also gifts? "But I really wanted a new camera, mine was ready to expire if cameras can do that. You know what I mean. Anyway, it was a kinda shitty birthday and I don't remember anyone told me-" she was interrupted by him since Jungkook moved her to a side before a couple leaving bumped on her. "Thank you," she smiled at him, it was really curious how he was all the time tripping over things and hitting things but was always keeping her from bumping into people or hitting something just in time. And it was another thing that was able to make her heart flutter like crazy.

She felt taken care of but she was just seeing things that weren't there and she had to remember that. She had to bring back to her mind all those times she saw him and Chaeyoung talking closely and smiling and laughing and all those times he was helping her to take things so she wouldn't use strength or exhaust herself.

"I think she told-told me she wanted a puppy," Jungkook snapped her back to earth.

Lisa pushed away all that angsty shit to focus on the important: Yuqi.

"From where we are gonna get a puppy?"

And the puppy just walked off the karaoke, tall with a really big smile and cute brown eyes. Lisa saw the light there, a choir of angels singing and God saying "oh yeah, sis" in the background.

"He's the gift!" Lisa pointed at Lucas animatedly, Jungkook turned around and then looked at her in disbelief because she couldn't be serious. But she was.

Lucas and she had talked about it several times, Lucas was really in love with Yuqi and he wasn't afraid to admit it but he was chiking out because of Jungkook. He knew the pair of Jeon siblings had a very close relationship and he didn't want to cause problems between them, and he knew it was going to be a problem since most of the times Yuqi and him were going to "not-dates" it was like doing drugs since both were sneaking out and keeping it in secret from him and their mother (just because she was going to tell

Jungkook). So now, it was the right moment, Jungkook was there, Lucas was there, and Lisa The Cupid was there to save the day.

"No," Jungkook was sharp, it was probably the first time he was that serious with her and, I don't know, it kinda hit a nerve here and there.

"Oh c'mon, we don't have anything better!" she took his arm to shake it slightly, trying to convince him.

"That's flattering," Lucas raised his brows with sarcasm.

"No! I won't gift my sister a boy!"

"It's what she wants!"

"She wants a puppy!"

"He's a puppy!"

"Lisa..."

"Jungkook..." she imitated his tone but pouted.

"Lisa, no"

"Oh c'mon, don't you want her to be happy? She's happy with him, in some S&M weird because they are fighting all the time but still, we stan that"

Jungkook sighed, frustrated. "She's too young"

"We all are too young but never too young to be in love," she teased him playfully.

"That's deep"

"Shut up, Lucas"

"But-" Jungkook was really against it but for Lisa, it was an amazing idea.

"Listen, he just wants validation from you, I think that says so much about how respectful he is," she started to point out. "He's been holding himself back just for you, he's a good boy so give it to him. I promise he's the best guy ever, he will take care of her and love her, right Lucas?"

"Yes, sir"

"Don't call me sir, I'm 22"

"Sorry, Hyung"

Jungkook opened his mouth for sure to tell him "Don't call me Hyung" but Lisa was faster. "Please Jungkook, please, please! It's for Yuqi, remember," she begged, palms together and a pout on her lips.

He took a deep breath, looking away, Lisa whispered more "please"s to him till she, of course, melted his heart down.

"...Ugh, fine"

Lisa did a little jump, super happy. That was such a win for Cupid Lisa. "Yay! Go for her tiger!" she cheered Lucas.

"You just didn't say that" Lucas cringed.

"Yes, I did," Lisa nodded proudly.

"I will regret of this," Jungkook whined dramatically.

"Oh, c'mon you can take all the credits!"

(a/n: thank you koa for the idea, love uuuu)

"Oh my God," Yuqi exclaimed excited, covering her mouth while her round pretty eyes were shining like stars. Her friends, a total of 10 girls and boys around her age, were as amazed as her.

She turned around to see Jungkook and hugged him tightly. "Thank you!!!" she was so happy, she barely gave him time to hug her back that she was already jumping on Lucas, wrapping his waist with her legs.

Lisa had to hold Jungkook shirt to keep him in where he should stay.

In the end, and while Jungkook was cutely grumpy and glaring at Lucas, they decided to finish the decorations of the room and make Lucas stand in the middle of the room with a cute but funny green bow on his head while holding a small paper which had written on it: "We're not friends anymore". When Yuqi saw it and read it, frowning because what the fuck was he saying, Lucas threw that paper away to show the one that was behind saying: "If you accept to be my girlfriend".

It was hilarious and completely his style. Lucas pointed at Jungkook, who was in the corner like a dark shadow, giving him all the credits and now they were there.

"We should leave, don't you think?" Lisa pulled his shirt to make him look at her, just when Lucas was kissing Yuqi. Oh man, he better not see that.

"What? No! Don't you know what happens in Karaoke?" he was way more chill at being annoyed, and hotter. His shy and stuttering side was cute, but this Jungkook she was seeing was causing something in her panties and she knew she should leave but she just couldn't right now, she could think in a million excuses to justify herself.

For example, keeping away Jungkook so he wouldn't ruin the moment for the new couple.

"Jungkook, they're teenagers, they won't do an orgy," she whispered back, leaning closer so he could hear her, and he really smelled good by the way. "There's also a big window"

"That didn't stop them in that porn"

"What?"

Jungkook gasped. "I mean-I mean!"

"So you're into orgies?" she teased him. And then she saw it, the blush on his ears, it was more obvious with the cap and she giggled but felt really bad for making him embarrassed. It wasn't her

business. "Sorry. What do you think if we go to the terrace? We will stay close in case something happens," she changed the topic, pointing to the door at the end of the corridor. She was a current client with her friends, because of Sana, and she knew every corner.

Jungkook was reluctant, Lisa could see but it was for the best so she dragged him by the sleeve of his sweatshirt even though he was turning around to glance. The only thing stopping Lisa was a hand taking her arm.

"Uh?"

And then she had Yuqi hugging her. "Thank you so much," she told her once she leaned back, she was so pretty but going for the cute side, her eyes were the most soft thing ever. Lisa didn't expect her gratitude, she didn't even expect Jungkook to tell her she was helping and now this was making her feel so good.

It wasn't just the gratitude of being invited to the birthday of the daughter of the Manoban couple because of the privilege it was or an obligatory gratitude for doing a well job, this was real gratitude for her effort, no money or hidden intentions involved, just thanks and a smile. It was heartwarming.

Lisa really had to blink off tears. "It's okay, go enjoy your party, you deserve it," she smiled.

"Thank you, really," Yuqi repeated and then left, running down the hall in where a friend of hers was waiting.

"Are you okay?" Jungkook asked, Lisa felt naked in front of his starry eyes, something she wasn't used to feel because she didn't like it. Lalisa Manoban wasn't the type to feel emotional for something like this, so she nodded, forming the biggest smile she could.

"Of course I am, have you seen the result of my amazing mind and hard work? Pffff, me? A professional birthday planner, I'm ready to be famous," she winked at him playfully, enjoying the way he chuckled quietly, shaking his head. "Let's go up, I know I'm the brightest star and all but we should let my sisters shine tonight"

Lisa loved the terrace of the karaoke, since the first time she knew about its existence, she was in love with it. The building wasn't much tall but it was tall enough to let her see the stars, without the street lights overshadowing the sky.

Luckily, that day it wasn't cloudy and she smiled proudly to Jungkook, happy to be able to show him this.

He really was curious, who wouldn't be at seeing a girl climb a big water tank and more when she was there asking him to climb too. He was agile and could do it, Bambam almost lost a leg when he came with her. He was also drunk, so that explained that better.

"So, we can lie down here," she said while doing so.

Some people would stare at her weirdly, but Jungkook followed her steps and then he was lying next to her, on the floor.

"Wow, I can really see the stars," he said with a childish joy that made her feel more comfortable, because she wasn't the only one excited about something dumb there.

"I know, I'd love to see look that's the Aries constellation or that's the Taurus one, but I don't have idea about stars"

"Me neither"

"So we're okay with it"

"We are," he nodded, making her giggle quietly.

They silently stargazed for a few minutes and it was so comfortable to just lie there together. But it didn't take her long to start to notice him struggling to bring up a topic between them, like he wanted to talk with her but didn't know about what and it was so cute. Jungkook could get stressed about such simple things and it was cute this time, because it was just the desire to talk with her.

"Hey," she said when she got something in mind. He moved his head fast to look at her and his cute front teeth showing up as he opened his lips without noticing were too cute, it made her smile. Lisa glanced up at his attentive eyes then. "Are you going to give Chaeyoung a sketch? She told me something about getting ideas from all the team to do the final drawing"

And just like that he lit up excitedly. "Yeah, I've been drawing a few things," he nodded and brushed the tip of his nose with his finger. "I don't know exactly what to do by the way"

"Well, something related to flowers is good," she shrugged, thinking that at this point, her best friend would accept anything from Jungkook and it was better if it was something that she liked since forever. Although, Lisa knew that whatever he made it was going to be amazing, so with a smile she told him: "I trust you doing the best sketch, Jungkook"

His smile was so beautiful, the type that could make you happy just by looking at it and it was easy to get dazzled, wishing to make him smile more and more, loving the wrinkles at the side of his eyes.

And this was moving to dangerous places, again.

And gladly, but disappointing even though she wouldn't admit to herself, Jungkook looked back at the sky and talked a little bit more about safe topics, like his ideas. Lisa found herself loving his passion and that special tone he used to save just for what he loved to do, it was inevitable not to smile like a fool while hearing speak.

And then he said: "I guess I will have to steal a few flowers from my mother's garden for some inspiration, more or less hits in the

head don't make a difference when you're dumb already," he said with a little bit of drama, with a sigh, like it was such a hard work to be a dumbass.

Lisa burst out laughing loudly and slapped his arm softly. "Yah, don't say that. You're not dumb"

"Then why are you laughing?" he arched a brow.

"Because you're funny!"

"I don't see you calling me smart there"

"You're clowning me right now very smartly, young man," she clapped back, proud of herself.

"I'm a clown myself, it doesn't count," he still refused to lose and made her giggle again.

He moved a little bit and something fell from his pocket, brushing Lisa's hand. She took the small box in her hand out of curiosity.

"Do you smoke?" she asked.

Jungkook opened his mouth but he didn't say anything, like he was trying to look for an excuse. Why was he doing it?

"I don't have a problem with smoke, you know?" she admitted and gave him the box back. She did hope that helped him to calm down, she wasn't doing to judge him. Smoking was common in Seoul, her own father was an avid smoker even. "My dad smokes," she commented, out of nowhere which was weird because she didn't use to talk about her parents. "He buys french cigars... or he used to, I don't know if he keeps doing it or my mother finally convinced him to stop so he won't make all his sweaters smell like smoke," she said amused, having memories of her mom walking behind her dad while scolding him all the times he was back from his smoking break in the balcony or the garden.

Her mom could be annoying as hell when she wanted, which was all the time, but her father acquired such a good skill after being married for 30 years: the skill of turning off his ears.

Lisa was terrified to end up in a marriage in which he would pretend to be deaf to not deal with her chatty self.

"I like the smell of smoke, though," she added and smiled to him.

"I love when it mixes with men perfume"

"So, I can smoke?" he asked like a child for validation.

He really was so into making her feel comfortable, he could make her heart skip so many beats when he was like this. It was unfair.

"Of course you can, we're outside anyway," she shrugged but he didn't move, he kept staring at her till all the street noise around them was nonexistent, once again, it was just them and their eyes meeting each other in comfortable silence.

Never before silence felt that way.

"Thank you," he whispered.

It sounded deeper than just gratitude for her help for the party, Lisa just knew but she didn't know more than that. She wasn't going to ask, it was okay with understanding it emotionally.

Sometimes, it was better to keep quiet because someone could say something stupid... sadly, the silence between their eyes was full of words.

"Your problem," she just couldn't help it anymore and she loved the way he cringed, making her burst out laughing.

ok im just damn done, this has been the most frustrating chapter to write and i. fucking. hate. it. i hate EVERYTHING. but well at least Jimin and Soomin showed up, that's a win for us.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

im just speechless bc for real i hate this shit so much you dont have idea, im doing the most disgusted face in this moment. i really hope i can get over this damn writer block fast bc im about to throw my account out of the window and then throw myself too.

Chapter 21

WELL is not as good as i wanted but i think is better than the last so lol hope you enjoy it. my boy jimin comes back to save the day and im sure you won't expect what's gonna happen hehe

Many times in his life Jungkook saw scenes in movies where some character got into a taxi and said "follow that car!", many times he imagined himself doing it because it was something so cool to do at least once in a lifetime but he really never imagined telling a taxi driver "follow that POLICE car!" because the girl he liked was being taken on it after causing a scandal in the streets.

Since Lalisa Manoban was part of his life, nothing was as he had imagined to be honest.

But all this started on a Thursday, two weeks after his sister's birthday.

As he promised, Jungkook was explaining Introduction to Visual Culture topics to Lisa in a corner of the big classroom where the mural team was working. Freshman Chaeyoung had freed him from climbing a ladder doing the first details above (only he seemed to be able to do it because the rest was afraid of heights... or of dying except Jungkook) and Lisa had approached him to ask for help.

He had literally sighed a "yes", mentally adding "ask me to bring you the moon, I'll get you Mars and even Pluto too".

It was difficult because she was looking at him intensely all the time, she didn't even read anything from her book for two seconds at least, nope, she had her pretty eyes fixed on him and between nerves, fears of fucking up and excitement Jungkook's brain was on the edge of a stroke. But he was handling it, you know, at least this time he wasn't talking about thongs.

And everything was great until he appeared. "He" was Jaewon, who seemed to always have an excuse to talk to Lisa just as Jungkook always had an excuse to end those conversations.

This was like real life Overwatch, college version.

"Oh my God, your hair looks amazing!" Lisa exclaimed when she saw him lean on the table with his arms crossed.

Oh, he was blond now, or something like that. Jungkook did not understand, what was the point of dyeing only one part of his hair?

(a/n: im laughing at my own stupid jokes)

"Seriously? Thank you, "Jaewon smiled at her in a way that made

Jungkook nervous. The damn bastard was too hot. "What are you doing?"

While sitting at a table with books and notebooks? What could they be doing? Oh sure, pffff, obviously they were doing origami.

"Jungkook is helping me with a subject, I am kinda dumb and I failed it last semester," Lisa explained sympathetically, rolling her eyes slightly as she always did when she was talking about something.

"You're not dumb," Jungkook told her honestly.

"Is this like when you say you're not so pretty? Because Barbie, we all know that is not true," Jaewon flattered her, the words sliding from his lips like silk.

Jungkook rolled his eyes.

bArBiE.

Pffffffft.

Unlike him who had swollen balls because he was so done with him, Lisa laughed quietly, scrunching her nose. "Oppa ~," she whined.

Damn, why did she always have to do that? Jaewon would arrive and say compliments and she would be like "oPpA~~" as if it weren't true that she was beautiful and, even worse, raising the ego of that poorly dyed blond. The only thing Jungkook was getting when he could manage to spit something nice on her face was a laugh and for her to change the subject... oh, no, he was the one changing the subject to avoid embarrassment.

Well, well, maybe that one was on Jungkook.

That didn't save him from getting cringe attacks at night, anyway.

"Surely you will pass, Jungkook here is very good at these things," Jaewon put an arm around his shoulders.

Jungkook might hate him but this Hyung was too cool and nice. But he did hate that Lisa could see that, it was so obvious who was better between them.

"He is," he was going to blush under her gaze... possibly he was already doing it.

"Hi guys," Chaeyoung's singing voice was present in English, in the middle of Jungkook and Lisa in the corner of the table. "What are you doing?"

Why everyone was asking that? It was obvious what they were doing!

"Just studying," Lisa replied, sliding the stool on which she was sitting a little to the right. Jungkook's foot, which was resting there, was suddenly suspended in nothing, while Chaeyoung slipped between them. "Do you need something, Rosie?"

Chaeyoung shook her head, a lovely smile plastered on her glossy

lips. "I was just asking. I just finished with the final sketch by the way"

"That's great!" Lisa cheered up, circling her neck with one arm to kiss her cheek. "You did so so well, Rosie Posie," she babied her between loud kisses.

She was very cute. Jungkook found himself smiling like a stupid, as usual, resting his face on his fist. Jaewon was looking at her like that, Jungkook glared at him because of that.

"You worked hard, Chaeyoung, I think all the shoots I have of you are in pure stress," Jaewon teased and she nodded slowly, biting her lower lip.

"I know but I'm done and we just have to paint," she put her hands together, very proud of herself. "In fact," she looked at Jungkook. "Could you come with me? I would love to know your opinion"

His opinion? His?

Oh, my God.

Jungkook was going to die right there, literally. He had been dying of curiosity for the past few weeks, Chaeyoung had asked all of them for ideas and small sketches to make it all a complete teamwork together, and he wanted to know if he had achieved anything with his. Chaeyoung had chosen the theme of flowers, oh wow unexpectedly, and Jungkook had really spent many full nights awake designing different types and sketches until he achieved something that grazed the perfection. And he just said "grazed" because he would never be completely happy with his work. He was just too perfectionist.

"Sure," he murmured though he wanted to jump and scream.

"Can we see, too?" Jaewon asked, also interested.

Chaeyoung's smile weakened a little but she nodded. "Come on," she gestured with her hand and set off toward the back of the room where her table was with a drawing board tilted on the stand.

"Do you think she's chosen yours?" Lisa whispered at his side in complicity. Both had talked about this before although Jungkook had not shown her anything, it was a very vulnerable point of himself and he didn't want to expose himself or disappoint her.

Jungkook shrugged. "I don't know, I think whatever she chooses will be great," although it would be a thousand times great if she chose his design, that would mean it was good.

"Nah, she chose yours, she loves your art," she shrugged.

But did Lisa love them too?

Would Lisa like his sketch if she saw it?

He remained silent, too shy to be bold and get an answer. Maybe, he was also afraid of getting it something he wouldn't like to hear.

At seeing the final sketch, Jungkook wanted to scream like the craziest fan in an EXO concert.

One sunny afternoon, not long ago, Jungkook was sitting at the bus stop. A little boy sat next to him, there was nothing particular about him except the way he had his hands curved upward, circling a butterfly that fluttered in the middle space. He wanted to catch it but every time he was close to achieve his goal, the butterfly flew a little higher and made him jump in his seat to reach it although it was impossible.

It was a playful butterfly, he smiled amused with the cute scene. Jungkook didn't know that they did that although surely its intentions were not as malicious as bothering a small child but rather, escaping from him... But if its goal was to escape and stay safe, why was it still there?

The sight of Lisa approaching the bus stop distracted him. She was shining in the yellow sunlight, her clear skin shone in new tones, and then she did that little thing that made him smile all the time: she stopped a few seconds to close her eyes, tilting her head back to enjoy the light of the sun. Like a sunflower looking for the warmth of its source of energy in the morning.

Jungkook understood then that he was not very different from the boy next to him, they both wanted to catch something that moved a little away whenever it was about to be caught, but they kept there... as if they were mocking them. But both, Jungkook and the kid, kept looking at them with bright eyes, mesmerized by their beauty.

That night, he drew what he felt and then painted it, tried so hard that his hands cracked and his neck burned in pain, after being ignored for so long.

And now, Chaeyoung was using his idea. Two slightly curved hands pointed upwards while flowers floated up. Were they falling? Were they ascending? That was left to interpretation, for Jungkook it was the thrill of trying to reach a sunflower that the wind was making float around.

"So? What do you think?" Chaeyoung asked with emotion contained in her voice, after presenting the sketch with a soft "Ta-da".

"Wow, it's great," Jaewon was the first to speak, impressed. "It's like that painting, the one that is famous, in which two men stretch their hands to the other"

"The Creation of Adam," Chaeyoung told him.

"Yup, that one"

"Jungkook?"

He looked at her, his smile was so big that the dimples were visible in his cheeks almost as much as all his teeth and that glow in his eyes. "I can't believe it," he said excitedly. Even looking better,

Chaeyoung had added color to the hands and it was as if they were stained with paint but not grotesquely. "It's great, Chaeng"

She nibbled her fingers in the middle of a smile.

Beside her, Lisa was quiet and Jungkook looked at her, slightly anxious and afraid to know what she thought. She stared at it, as if she were analyzing it, he again appreciated the beautiful outline of her thick, half-open and pink lips, and the long length of her eyelashes around her big eyes.

"It's beautiful, Rosie," she murmured and then her eyes traveled to Jungkook. "You designed this, right?"

He blinked stunned. "How-how do you know?"

Lisa shrugged but said nothing, her lips clenching in a smile of complicity. "I'm proud of you," she said with a little voice, like she was feeling shy to see it, like it was too big to say it louder and thank God, if she talked a little bit more loud she would kill him because with that little phrase his heart raced.

Jungkook had to look down so his smile wouldn't be too obvious, as he covered one ear.

"So," Chaeyoung spoke again. "I think we'll start tomorrow," she crossed her arms. "Do you accompany me to do the measurements?" she asked Jungkook. "You're better with this than me"

And he could climb a ladder and be suspended without fear, Jungkook understood that point. "Yeah," he nodded and started following her but his ears caught something else.

"Do you think you are free this Saturday?" Jaewon suddenly asked Lisa.

Oh no, the alarms began to sound.

Jungkook was quick to duck and pretend to tie his shoes.

Lisa looked at Jaewon carefully. "Sure, I work in the morning. Do you need help with something?"

"Do you remember about Rap Night?" Lisa nodded. Oh no, shit, Jaewon was starting to move. This was way more than flirting with Lisa. "The boys keep asking about you and even more since I told them we're working together," was that true? Shit, Jungkook didn't know, he hadn't seen Bobby and Hanbin since that night when Lisa kissed him. "Would you like to come for a drink?"

Say no.

Say no.

Say no, please.

Lisa looked surprised, she opened her mouth and took a few seconds to respond. "Su-sure," she babbled.

Shit.

No! Shit!

Now Jungkook would have to go take care of her, which wasn't

too bad to tell the truth if one took into account what happened last time.

There was no way he was going to let her to go alone with Jaewon to drink and, as he was very intelligent, an idea shone in his head.

"Take your friends too!" he jumped to his feet, saying that, leaving in evidence that he was literally listening to the conversation.

They both looked at him.

Jungkook scratched his neck nervously. Shit, he was a dumbass. "I mean, hmm, Rap Night is great and your friends will love it. Take Chaeyoung too."

Lisa smiled. "That's a great idea, Jungkook."

Of course it was. Who else could keep those two away than many friends in the middle? Exactly, Jungkook. Also, Chaeyoung was always over Lisa when he was with her, for sure she was going to do it too with Jaewon.

Psycho? Yes!

But he couldn't think correctly with JealousKook taking control, JealousKook's dumb ass wasn't aware that he was giving her all the wrong ideas.

"Will you go too?" Jaewon asked, arching an eyebrow.

Maybe it was only JealousKook that was tense, but he seemed to see something in his Hyung's gaze, something like suspicion.

"Yeah, I think so," he replied as if he wasn't already planning what he was going to wear.

"You're such a weirdo," Jimin teased him like for the tenth time that night. "Take off that cap"

Jungkook shook his head. "I haven't washed my hair"

"Let's see, when you wash your hair to begin with?"

"AH HAHHAHAHA, YOU'RE SO FUNNY!" he did the greatest sarcastic act he could and ended up glaring at him. "What's next? When do you shower, again?"

Jimin pursed his lips, raising his eyebrows. "You showered today?"

Jungkook rolled his eyes, sighing.

No, he had not showered, but how the hell was he going to do it when that thing who was sitting in front of him took six hours to take a shower, put on perfume, comb his flawless hair and take six hundred pictures.

He had barely had time to go back and change his clothes to something less Jungkook and something more Jungkook at night,

which were black ripped jeans with a gray shirt (of his size) tucked inside, leather jacket and black Balenciaga trainers that had been his birthday gift last year from Jennie. And the cap. Of course he was wearing the cap.

He looked decent, not as good as he wished, but it was something better than usual and not as exaggerated as it could be. Beside him, Jimin looked as stylish as ever, smiling coquettishly at a girl at the bar since they had made eye contact.

"Anyway, you say Lisa will come with Chaeyoung?" He asked, running a hand through his black hair.

Jungkook nodded, grimacing after a cold long sip of beer. "And with the rest of her friends too, I guess," he hoped so, although noticing how Bobby had asked her about Lisa when he gave him their drinks, he also had plans to be in the middle ... although Jungkook didn't want TWO guys over Lisa. Girls were a safe place.

*(a/n: *gay silence* *sips her water*)*

"Been there, done that," Jimin muttered ... Jungkook looked at him strangely. What? "But you know what I can't do?" Jungkook raised an eyebrow, not knowing what the hell he was talking about. "Fuck that little peachy ass till she forgets she hates me"

That sounded like a song.

"You mean Chaeyoung?" Jungkook tilted his head, still lost but now interested in those frustrated feelings in Jimin. Jimin was never frustrated because Jimin never restrained himself from getting what he wanted, something different from the boy sitting in front of him. Yes, the one with the black cap.

Jimin gritted his jaw, glaring at a spot on the table, there was a small stain he scratched with the short nail of his thumb distractedly. "She hates me," he said out of nowhere, which wasn't new to Jungkook but it was still weird coming from Chaeyoung. "And I haven't done anything to her to hate me and you know what is the worst part?"

"You like it"

"I like it," he nodded and an incredulous smile slipped on his lips. "It's fun, you know, she says she hates me and then she's looking at my ass"

Well, he had a nice ass. Jungkook wasn't going to lie.

"She wants to fuck me but she hates my guts"

"Kinky"

"Yeah, like your thing for girls that friendzone you"

Jungkook shrugged, unaffected, he was accepting his degrading kink. "What can I say? I love suffering," he showed an empty smile.

Jimin laughed softly. "She thinks she knows me and she hates what she believes I am, apparently it's her and Lisa's thing to have

an idea in their heads and never get it out"

Jungkook frowned, what did he mean by that?

What did Lisa have to do with this?

"They see what they want to see," Jimin continued and took a shot of soju, he didn't even make a gesture at the burning alcohol going down his throat.

Jungkook drank more beer thoughtfully. "They... see what they want to see?' What did Chaeyoung see? What did Lisa see?

His doe eyes caught a familiar sight entering the bar then. Sana and Momo had their arms intertwined, behind them was Mina with Bambam and behind them finally Chaeyoung, Sorn and Lisa. His eyes could only look at her, she looked like a pretty angel with her white blouse and jeans, simple but with that smile of her that could lit up a dark bar with neon lights like this one.

Bambam saw them first, he shouted alerting the entire bar and guided the girls to them, they all greeted sympathetically, Jungkook almost choked with his beer just because his throat was a bitch at this point. He waved his hand dumbly, full cheeks, probably looking like a fool.

Nervously and for some reason, he paid too much attention to where Lisa was going to sit while she and her friends were adding more chairs and settling themselves. She ended up sitting right in front of him while Chaeyoung sat next to him.

"Hello," she smiled warmly, Jungkook nodded, swallowing the cold beer with difficulty.

"Hello to you too," Jimin, at Jungkook's left, leaned forward.

Chaeyoung's smile faded. "What are you doing here?"

"Sometimes I get out of your dreams to walk through the real world," Jimin was having fun with this. Jungkook stifled a laugh just because Chaeyoung looked scary.

She scoffed, rolling her eyes.

"So, girls." Lisa cut the talk between her friends and looked at Jungkook. "This is Jungkook, Jungkook these are Sana, Momo, Mina and Sorn," she pointed to each one although he already knew two of them. "Oh, and I forgot, girls he is Jimin," she added.

"We know him," Sorn pointed out and nodded at Jimin, he smiled with amusement.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Lisa's friend," Momo told Jungkook with a mocking smile, next to him Mina snorted softly.

"Lisa's friend who likes-Damn Lisa," Sorn complained, she had just been kicked hard under the table.

Jungkook was confused and lost, there was a joke that he didn't get. But he smiled, you know, uncomfortable because he didn't know them but they looked nice. They must be if they were Lisa's

friends but he couldn't help but feel awkward.

"Told you all he was really nice," Sana told the rest as if he wasn't there, Jimin laughed beside him.

"He is, he's good boy, Bambam learn," Sorn nodded, pursing her lips.

"You are annoying," Bambam huffed but changed the topic with a huge smile, showing white teeth. "We should ask for something to drink"

"It's such a coincidence I'm here, oh my God," Bobby stood beside them, joking and laughing. "Goodnight, ladies," he displayed pure charm with that bunny smile and hot bad guy appearance of his, the girls had their attention on him in seconds. "What would you like to drink tonight? The house pays, y'all owe it to our Barbie," he winked at Lisa.

Jungkook's eye twitched.

Sorn asked what they were offering and after Bobby told them, they all ordered sweet or fruit drinks, and Chaeyoung, Bambam and Lisa were going to share a bottle of Soju.

"This place is great," Sorn commented, looking around. "I've never seen it before and that I've walked past here millions of times"

"Me too," Momo nodded. "I thought it was a tattoo parlour"

"It was," Jungkook said distractedly, looking at Lisa although he should avoid it before she felt it.

Jimin then explained, causing her to turn to look at him and therefore Jungkook looked down at his glass of beer: "The owner was a tattoo artist, he became rich and started traveling so he turned the place into a bar"

"Aren't you all rich?" Sorn asked wryly. "Your work is expensive," she added to explain.

Yeah, but both Jimin and he helped their families, paid expenses, taxes, books and materials for their respective careers. The amount of money they both spent on pencils and markers was simply ridiculous.

But Jungkook wasn't going to talk about it, he didn't know them enough to speak more than two words being honest. "Life's hard"

"At least we can pay for alcohol," Jimin joked charmingly, pouring himself another glass of soju. "Someone wants?"

Lisa nodded and received the glass.

Here we go again...

"Don't drink too much," Chaeyoung voiced Jungkook's thoughts, frowning.

"Nah, it's okay," a glint of mischief showed on her eyes over the glass, directly on Jungkook.

Damn, he bit his lower lip, loving the sensation of things between

them that just they could understand. It was like being in the bubble of just Jungkook and Lisa with a sky full of stars over them, both being closer than they'd like to think.

"You should drink, cheesecake, to relax and look prettier" Jimin said, smirking at Chaeyoung.

"I'm pretty now," she replied, looking at him up and down. Jungkook felt like a kid between their parents fighting and talking about divorce, she was sharp and lethal like a knife and the tension was thick and Jungkook was in the middle... not in a funny way.

"Soooo," Lisa spoke loud, like using a strong scissor to cut the visual contact between them. "What is that cheesecake thing?"

"It's my favorite cake and he thinks he has rights just because he gave me a portion when we left on a shift" Chaeyoung rolled her eyes again while explaining.

"That is my favorite too," Jungkook said without thinking.

Chaeyoung shone for him like a Christmas tree, making obvious she liked Jungkook more than she liked Jimin. "Seriously? Wow! You should come to the restaurant and try it, it's delicious"

Well, if he weren't broke he would...

His gaze rose to Lisa then, he'd do an exception for her though.

"It's a recipe from Lisa's grandmother which was passed to her father, like all the desserts that are served in the restaurant," Sorn explained and Lisa glared at her, meanwhile Jungkook paid whole attention. "That's her family's restaurant. Her father has a chain of restaurants"

"And hotels," Bambam added, smiling mockingly at Lisa, who seemed annoyed with them for saying it.

So she really was that rich, but, why was she working that much if it was like that? That was such a big question that was rounding in his head since he noticed how hard-working she was. Why was she wearing expensive clothes and jewelry but at the same time working every day in different places and saying she was broke?

Lisa was such a mystery and it was amazing for him how someone that was so talkative, could be as mysterious as someone that was as quiet as himself.

"You should ask Lisa to cook you one, she makes delicious cakes" Sorn added with an insinuating face like she was talking about going to Lisa's home to eat ramen.

(a/n: from what i know from kdramas, going to eat ramen to someone's place (specially at night) is like a slang for sex in korean)

He would love to go to Lisa's home to eat her cake, but he knew the main topic wasn't in that sense.

"And give us all too, we are hungry" Momo pouted, puppy eyes on Lisa.

Yeah, it was that innocently and he better washed his brain with soap.

"You said you didn't cook," Jungkook said in a low voice then, remembering their texts at 3AM. She said she couldn't cook anything even when she was watching a cook show.

"And I don't," Lisa confirmed. "They are exaggerating because once I made a chococake that was good"

"It was delicious," Sorn told him honestly.

"I remember! It was for Black Day, we had a small meeting because we were all single" Sana jumped up with excitement.

(a/n: black day is on april 14th in sk, it's like valentine's day for single people bc february 14th is valentine's day and on march 14th is white day in which women spoil men. in short, they eat black noodles and celebrate being single... or are bitter about it and needed a day to feel special bc they're single, idk)

"Lisa destroyed the kitchen but it was worth it," Chaeyoung chuckled softly but then glared at Lisa not so seriously. "You have to stop saying that what you do is not good"

She had a point there.

The only thing in which Lisa was confident about was her photos and she had all rights because she was really so good.

"I didn't say it wasn't good, it just wasn't the best as you say," Lisa shrugged.

"You should make Kookie a cake, as a reward for passing his exam" Jimin elbowed him playfully, Jungkook removed with an awkward smile.

That hyung was looking for a kick in the ass, he should stop pressuring Lisa and playing games to push them together. I mean, it was kinda giving good results but it was still weird and Jungkook was afraid of Lisa noticing.

"I should!" Lisa smiled at him so brightly, suddenly happy.

After that, Jungkook was ready to sneak in the professor's office and change his grades. He wanted the cake and the girl.

"Have you done a special exam?" Sana asked, frowning.

"The English one, you know, I was his tutor" Lisa replied before he could do it.

"You were? Why aren't you anymore?" Sana asked again.

Good question, we all are wondering that too.

There was a silence, Jungkook suspected that Lisa knew what he did and was trying to cover up his ass. What an idiot he was. He regretted it every day, especially since Thursdays were so lonely without her.

"I didn't need it anymore," Jungkook said, looking serious to keep going with his lie. He wanted Lisa to believe that instead of the

truth, which was that he was a coward. "But now I am helping her with another subject"

At least he still had an excuse and he smiled because of that.

"That's good payback," Bambam nodded.

"Here are your drinks, beautiful ladies" Bobby showed up with tray and served their drinks on the table, smoothly and careful enough to not invade their space.

"Thank you," they all said in chorus.

"Hey! You came!" And the devil finally appeared, a shirt tucked inside his jeans and boots, looking like a rockstar, especially with that blonde weird hair Jungkook was judging. "Aaaand, you brought many beautiful friends, wow," Jaewon added, smiling widely to all of the girls.

Jungkook almost laughed like an old witch from a Disney movie, noticing Jaewon's turned off reaction. But you know man, if you get the girl, you also get the friends. And Lisa had so many friends there.

"You all are this flirty here?" Sorn commented.

"You all are this beautiful here?" Bobby replied.

"That one was amazing," Jimin lifted his glass, proud.

"So, there's a place for me, ladies?" and the asshole still had the audacity.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes.

"Here, but I don't claim my actions when I'm drunk so you already know what's going on if touch you" Sorn moved to a side, SHE FREED A PLACE FOR HIM BESIDE LISA, DAMN IT.

"Oh my God, Sorn!" Lisa laughed and then smiled to Jaewon, too close for Jungkook's taste.

So, they were too close. Jungkook hated it so much. He couldn't focus on anything else but Lisa talking with Jaewon, Lisa smiling at Jaewon and Lisa laughing at Jaewon jokes. Jungkook wished he were that funny, he wished he could speak normally with her at least. And there it was that bastard, having everything so easily.

He was bitterly drinking his beer and staying quiet, probably spreading a dark aura around him, darker than his clothes. He hated that his plan failed, because Lisa's friends were also completely interested and talking with Jaewon but not keeping him away. Jungkook also was feeling like a party pooper, he was annoyed and not talking, just being a very visible ghost and probably ruining it for everyone. Chaeyoung was being a sweetheart at trying to include him, throwing some questions here and there, but all she was getting were dry short answers.

"Really, you should relax, princess," and Jungkook was still third-

wheeling these two.

Why couldn't they just shut up and fuck for once?

"You should leave me alone, don't you think?"

That's it. Jungkook was fucking done. It wasn't just the bickering, he was tired of her treating Jimin like shit when he was just being himself, he wasn't even being offensive or some shit.

"You could stop being a bitch, don't you think?" he snapped, glaring at her.

Chaeyoung gasped, eyes widening in shock.

Yeah, he was being an asshole.

It wasn't that hard.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

The rap show was just starting but he couldn't be there anymore, so he stood up and left.

The bitter taste felt much stronger in his mouth, perhaps it was because he had not smoked for weeks. However, the soothing sensation of smoke caressing his mouth was as relieving as ever.

(a/n: my ass like google @ how smoking feels)

He needed a break, he felt like drowning in jealousy. He also felt like an idiot, maybe he was being too dumb to be excited, it was a fact that he was too dumb to confront and confess, too weak to simply be more obvious with his feelings.

The "What if's were killing him. No matter if it was negative or positive, he could only stay in them and overthink about it until he was fed up.

He was just a jealous fool.

He couldn't catch the sunflower because he was too coward to jump and reach it.

So he was now alone, leaning on a wall while people were walking in front of him in a busy night in Hongdae. The city was alive, full of the common LED lights from promotional posters and stores, the murmur from people and a kpop song sounding in the distance.

"Jungkook?"

Lisa was there and his heart raced, excited. She was looking for him? Why?

He leaned forward so she could see her and the way she smiled at him (happy to find him) melted his heart in a puddle on the floor.

"Oh, there you are," she approached with her beautiful way of walking, her short hair swaying a little and the words dragging slightly because of the alcohol. "I turned around and suddenly you weren't there and I was like 'Where is he?'," She acted, scratching her head.

Jungkook laughed and threw the cigarette on the floor, it wasn't even close to being finished but he could never smoke in her face. She said she was okay, but he didn't want to. "I just went out for some fresh air"

She nodded, watching him closely, and he put his hands in his pockets. "I thought you were gone," she murmured, pouting like the idea of him leaving was so sad. "But it's great that you're still here! Don't leave without me, huh?" She hit his arm playfully, staggering. It was funny, he would never leave her alone in that state on the streets... even if she was with another guy in there.

Sad, right?

It was still the same old shit, but Lisa was searching for him when he wasn't there. That would never have happened before with Tzuyu and maybe that was the special thing about all this messed up situation.

"Inside is cool but not without you," she winked, Jungkook laughed, looking away, trying to hide his heartbeat because he was sure she could listen to it if she paid enough attention. He couldn't take her seriously if she was somewhat drunk, but shit he wanted to do it. "Because you are the coolest"

"You think so?"

"Yup! Yup! You are!" She laughed then and stumbled. This was already a habit, Jungkook held her waist with both hands and could feel her skin under the tips of his fingers, these tickled with excitement and his stomach exploded with a zoo.

Oh, my God.

She was fucking soft and so close.

He swallowed hard when he noticed she was looking at him intensely, the funny smile was far away. She was holding her breath, he was too. Unconsciously, he leaned closer and got drunk with her soft, fresh scent, licking his own lips, full of desire to kiss her.

He should do it.

Close the deal by putting their lips together and claiming them, in every possible way.

He should.

Not a foolish kiss, not something she could or would like to forget. He could give her a kiss that left her breathless and then hold her in his arms until she stopped feeling drunk, so he could get her drunk again with another kiss.

He wanted that sunflower so much and he was close to reaching it.

But his phone rang and startled them both, Lisa stumbled back and he was going to take her arm but she could pull herself

together.

"I-"

"It's okay, reply," Lisa nodded without looking at him, she was flushed and Jungkook too, for sure.

He replied, nervous and restless. He had screwed up? Lisa wasn't as drunk as last time... "What?"

"Wow, hi to you too, brother," his sister said with irony.

"Sorry," he shook his head, trying to think straight even though her smell was still numbing his mind. So he took some steps away to focus, Yuqi wouldn't call if it weren't important. "What's going on?"

"I went out with some friends," she said.

Jungkook grew impatient, still restless and with his heart beating fast. "So?"

"Lucas wanna go to the Han river before taking me home, can I go?"

"Since when do you ask me?"

"I want to do things right! I know you're still annoyed I was going secret with him"

"The answer is no," he said sharply, yeah Lisa convinced him to accept them dating but he never agreed to be lemon squeezy easy peasy with it.

"And then you wonder why I was going secret," he could picture her rolling her eyes.

What was she expecting? It was almost 1 AM. "Yuqi, no, it's late"

"It's just the Han river! Everyone is there, nothing bad can happen"

She was crazy. A million things could happen in Han river, like fucking in a bush with the dumb face of her boyfriend.

"No, go home, mom must be waiting for you," he sighed and started to hear some people arguing at his back so he took more steps away to listen to his sister better.

"She's not, I told her I was going to call you in case of emergency"

"Oh, c'mon, you know her. She's waiting for you at home"

"Oh, c'mon, it will be just a little walk," she mocked him.

"Are you a dog?"

"Jungkook~, " she whined, which was weird, she never did that.

"Yuqi, no-" and then he had to blink twice to realize that what he was seeing was right, the sight in front of him once he turned around back to look at Lisa was just unbelievable. "Oh, shit!"

"Take her, official! She started!" Lisa was kicking because a police officer was holding her arms, while another police officer was holding the other's girls arms. Both were disheveled and fucking angry. Jungkook recognized that girl, she was with her boyfriend in

the bar, but why were she and Lisa fighting? And why the damn idiot of the boyfriend was just frozen there, just watching?

"You're such a hoe! Hope they deport you back home!" the other girl screamed.

"You have no room to talk when you behave like a fucking crazy bitch! Go back to the animal shelter!"

Jungkook gasped, shocked.

That was Lisa? His Lisa?

"Jungkook?" Yuqi was calling him for the fourth time. "Jungkook, what's happening?"

"Lisa is in trouble, I think," he had to add, the police seemed more in trouble there... and Lisa was wild wild WILD. She was fighting hard to get free and, well, fight the other girl. "Go back home. I have to go"

"I'll go after going to the Han river, love you bro, kisses and hugs for Lisa, bye-bye"

Yeah, whatever.

Jungkook walked fast to them. "What's happening?" he asked horrified, trying to get closer to Lisa as she was still kicking, glaring at the other girl.

"This bitch-" Lisa started.

"Shut the fuck up hoe!"

Who the fuck she thought she was to call Lisa like that?

Jungkook was now offended and he would fight that woman if he weren't a man.

"You're the one here talking shit here! You should shut up!"

Yeah, tell her, doll.

The other girl scoffed and Jungkook was trying to hold Lisa because the police officer was gripping her arms too hard, he was already seeing red marks on her skin and he was triggered. "Do you know her?" the police asked him, agitated, dragging her back.

"Yes. Can you release her?"

The man laughed. "Of course not, kid," he said louder because it was hard to hear, Lisa and the girl were still screaming insults. "Go for her to the station"

The station?

What station?

DID HE MEAN THE POLICE STATION?

WHAT?

And the police were already dragging both to their car without Jungkook could do anything to prevent it, damn, what he should do? It was too late.

Damn, why was Lisa so angry? Why was she fighting on the streets? WHO CALLED THE POLICE, TO BEGIN WITH?

He looked around, bringing his hands to his head. Their fight called the attention of more people, of course, one of them should have dialed 911 but why? It wasn't that big. Lisa didn't seem hurt and-

WHY WAS HE STILL THERE FOR GOD'S SAKE?

Jungkook reacted and ran to stop a taxi.

And that's how he ended up saying "follow that police car!".

Amazing story for the grandchildren.

[Extra]

"Aren't you tired of wanting something you can't have?"

His silky voice caused hot chills down her spine like a breeze of air. She rose her gaze from lips on the mirror to his reflection, behind her. The red lights of the corridor were making him look like a demon, and she knew very well he could be as tempting as one.

"You should tell that to yourself," she could pull herself together and spit back, straightening her spine and raising her chin to show him he couldn't affect her as much as he was thinking.

He chuckled and leaned forward, hands resting on the narrow table under the mirror, pinning her against it. She still could keep her composure, even when her blood was heating up because of his breath against the delicate skin of her shoulder.

"There's nothing I couldn't have, you should know that," he whispered against her neck.

For some reason she didn't want to recognize, she had to hold back a moan which made her hate herself for reacting this way. But her body was weak and she had to force herself to turn around and put her hands on his chest to push him away. Surprising for her was realizing she just couldn't do it once their lips ended up in such a short distance that she gasped and the delicate skin of her mouth tingled.

Suddenly, she was so conscious of every small part of her body, especially the ones that were too close to his body.

She hated that he was so magnetic.

The silence grew thicker and she didn't know why or how, but when he kissed her softly, she kissed him back, moaning in his mouth and moaning more when he held her waist to pull her closer.

Oh, she did hate Park Jimin so fucking much.

well well WELL

a bitch is updating fast and she came extra asf. my theory is that she's been hacked again. ok funny story one of my google account did get hacked a few days ago lol

so this one happens fast but i hope it doesn't feel rushed or too

simple? ugh idk what am I saying is almost 6am here

if you LIKE it, comment and vote💕

in next chapter it comes lisa's side of the story and **let's see if you can guess why was she fighting that girl**. im sure you'd love the reason

im coming back home tomorrow so i guess i'll be able to write without family interrupting every time i sit to write lol

Chapter 22 • Pt. 1

enjoy this inspired bitch, fam, this doesn't happen usually. i mean im damn excited bECAUSE i have all planned, like from this chapter for the next ten, and im VIBRATING.

i also have a new au coming, smutty one. i'll regret saying this bc i don't know when will i publish it but anyway. i'm excited now. and i was thinking in posting it on valentine's day but dispatch could ruin it.

"He doesn't like you," it was the first thing Jimin told her after taking all her breath away with one small kiss.

It was like cold water. It hurt her ego sharply like he used a knife. But she couldn't show it, not to him, enough weakness was showing her body.

Chaeyoung put on her mask and showed an arrogant smirk. "You just say it because you like me," she said sweetly, like talking to a silly delulu child. She thought it was true, though.

"I say it because it's the truth," he refuted frankly, he would have look unbothered but the tension in his jaw was betraying him.

He was so jealous and it was obvious. He hated that she could look someone else than the big Park Jimin even when he was at centimeters from her mouth, even when he just kissed her.

Chaeyoung started to enjoy this, she was winning for the first time. "It's not, he likes me"

Jimin chuckled bitterly, eyes narrowing and all teeth showing. "You're literally the first girl I know that is completely confident about a guy's feelings, and I would admire it but you're so wrong"

And he was laughing at her when he was the one being wrong there. He thought he was smart when he was in fact just a handsome dick with a nice ass, Chaeyoung knew him better.

"He wouldn't treat me like he treats me if he didn't like me," she objected arrogantly.

"Oh, he was so sweet when he told you to shut up"

Chaeyoung clicked her tongue. "He didn't say that and he apologized," and she knew Jungkook was just having a bad time, he wasn't like that. He was decent enough to look regretful. "You don't know how he treats me when we're alone"

He was sweet and kind, a whole gentleman and better than the man in front of her.

Jimin raised both brows. "Treat you like what? Like a friend?" her smile faded, she was growing more and more annoyed. That wasn't true, even Lisa could see it. "Don't think kindness and attraction are the same," Jimin added.

"He likes me and I like him, accept it," but why it sounded like she was trying to convince herself too?

He was getting in her mind.

"Oh, that's why you kissed his best friend?"

That was a low blow.

"You kissed me and you're his best friend, you should respect him more," she hit back with venom. She had a point, though.

"But you kissed me back," he leaned closer again, and her body didn't move back to avoid the closeness and the warm feeling of his breath grazing her lips. "And you're dying for one more kiss"

Chaeyoung scoffed. "You're delusional"

"Oh, the pot calling the kettle black, funny"

(a/n: that's when you criticize someone else for a fault that you also have)

Chaeyoung put both hands on his chest and pushed him back softly, already tired and confused but never showing more than anger because he was so good at making her angry, he was a good kisser too but he shouldn't need to know that and boost his ego more. "Really, leave me alone"

Jimin raised his hands in peace. "You can just go, I'm not stopping you, cheesecake," and there it was that stupid pet name again with that silky, teasing voice of his.

"Don't call me cheesecake, stop assuming things about me and Jungkook, and forget about this," he had to do it, she wouldn't allow him (or her body) to interfere more.

Jimin was just offering lust and arrogance, Jungkook was being the guy everyone could dream. The decision was taken.

"But could you do it too?" she heard him say, probably with a smirk on his lips.

Oh, that arrogant ass...

"Could you stop flirting with my boyfriend?"

Lisa, who was with her arms crossed over her chest, waiting for Jungkook in the entrance of the bar (because she was honestly kinda afraid of falling down the stairs if she tried to go down alone), snapped her head up and regretted it, feeling dizzy. "What?" she mumbled.

A drunk girl was standing in front of her, black hair, dark eyes, a very well done makeup. Lisa remembered her because of the makeup, she and her boyfriend were sitting in the bar when she

stood up to go for more soju (before Jungkook left) and the guy gave her place to pass.

"Are you deaf?" the girl spat again, looking at her like she was dumb. "Do you speak Korean even or should I say kumusta ka?"

That was Filipino?

Damn, she was savage. Lisa blinked, offended and shocked. What was her problem?

"Listen, stop being a hoe and flirting with my boyfriend!" she said slowly like Lisa was dumb.

Lisa glanced at the boyfriend, she didn't know from where all this was coming but her tipsy self was ready to be sassy. "If your boyfriend is staring at me, that's his problem"

It wasn't the first that situation was happening.

And that pressed the mad button on girly. "No! You were flirting with him and you keep doing it!" Lisa wanted to laugh, seriously, what was her problem? Why was she bringing her to her relationship issues? Damn delulu, she should love herself more and stop being that insecure. "Hoe! Why don't you come back to you junkie boyfriend and leave us alone?"

"The fuck you called Jungkook?!"

And girly pressed Lisa's mad mad MAD button.

Who the fuck she thought she was??!!

"You're really deaf and dumb and a hoe"

"Repeat what you said!" Lisa literally yelled at her, approaching. Girly didn't even blink, starting an angry staring contest.

Lisa wouldn't let her go after what she said.

You shouldn't let two drunk angry girls alone, they said.

"I called him junkie! It is what he is!"

THE BITCH HAD THE AUDACITY.

Take a deep breath, Lisa, take a deep breath.

You're better than this, baby, you're better than this.

Tipsy Lisa was more rational than Drunk Lisa, she still could control her.

"Listen, if you have a problem with me, don't involve my friend," she was giving the last piece of her patience.

"He's involved because he should put a slash on a bitch in heat like you!"

Did she think she was the first one calling her a bitch or something? That wasn't an achievement.

"Oh I'd love that, hon, it'd be hot as fuck," she laughed at her face, which just made her angrier.

"See? You're such dirty slutty trash like all Indonesians," she spat, smiling like a psycho bitch.

Lisa lifted a finger. "First of all, I'm Thai"

"Ah, your boyfriend pays you more for that? Or you bring him coke and he fucks you?"

Drunk Lisa took control then.

"Yo! Stop calling him a junkie!" she snapped at her, yelling in a deep tone.

"And you. stop. being. a. hoe!" and the bitch just started to pull her hair.

Luckily Lisa wasn't wearing extensions that night but damn, she wished she was because she could have choked her with them.

Well, Lisa was honestly surprised this was like a scene from a drama. They both really were sitting in front of an officer in the police station with messy hair and some wounds, gladly less drunk after a bottle of water and now a bitter as hell coffee.

"This is not acceptable for ladies like you," he said like a scolding father, like her own father actually. That man would say something stupid like that after her and her mother yelling around the house.

Was he serious?

"Sorry for not thinking in keeping my hair tidy and watching my mouth when this..." don't call her a bitch, don't call her a bitch, Lisa. "...person was calling my friend a drug addict"

"Maybe if you weren't a hoe"

That was all she could say? Was she a talking teddy bear?

"See?" Lisa pointed at her childishly. "She started this!"

"You started!"

"Damn, I don't wanna fuck your boyfriend!"

The person Lisa wanted to fuck was the no-junkie Girly insulted but she was too dumb and insecure to see that, of course. Did she think she was dating Gong Yoo?

"I don't care who started it," the officer he raised his voice to shut them up. "You both created a disturbance in our peaceful streets, in front of many citizens and I'd love to know the reasons behind this problem"

"Because she's a hoe! Can't you deport her, please?"

"Why would he deport me?" Lisa asked in disbelief.

"No, I can't deport her, miss"

"Why?" Girly pouted like a sad spoiled child.

"Because the crazy racist bitch is you!" Lisa exclaimed. How the hell her boyfriend could stand her? She was making all this mess because he was just staring at another girl! And she was also insulting the girl! She should argue with her damn stupid boyfriend!

This was damn ridiculous and Lisa couldn't believe she was involved in this with this racist crazy bitch.

"See? She's offending us as a community!" Girly tried to argue.

"No, I'm just stating facts ABOUT YOU!"

"You two stop. We can't resolve this conflict with just an apology"

"Why would I apologize when she came out of nowhere calling my friend junkie!"

You can tell she was more offended because of girly insulting Jungkook than something else. She was used to the racist stuff, but how could she dare to mess with Jungkook? He was way more sane than that stupid ass bitch; he wasn't racist, to begin with.

"Because you're a hoe"

And she was again with bEcAuSe YoU'rE a HoE, and yes, Lisa was mocking her in her mind.

"She keeps calling me hoe!" Lisa planted both hands on the table, making the officer startle. "Sorry," she smiled apologetically. "I deserve an apology," she finished calmly but not less seriously.

The girl scoffed. "As if"

Jungkook entered the station and found them in the entrance just then, agitated. He had his jacket on his hand, showing the tattoos of his arm, while taking off his cap with the other hand, drops of sweat were falling down his hair and he seemed in panic.

Lisa had two thoughts in mind: 1. *what is he doing here?* and 2. *damn, when you think he can't look hotter, there he is, like burning hell.*

"Are you the jun-the boyfriend?" the officer asked.

"Whose boyfriend?" Jungkook pressed the jacket against his cheek, like trying to wipe off sweat. Why did he look so hot?

"Yes! He is!" Girly pointed at him with her red sharp nail. "Arrest him, officer! He's doing drugs!"

She couldn't be doing that... seriously.

"Your last brain cells died when you were still a baby, right?" Lisa asked her, but it was a rhetorical question full of disappointment.

"Why is she accusing you of doing drugs?" the officer then asked Jungkook, Lisa looked at the older man with wide-open eyes.

What?

"Because she's a crazy bitch!" she exclaimed, incredulous.

"Check his pockets! I'm sure he has drugs there! Weed or cocaine or amphetamines"

"Shut up!"

"Sorry sir, I have to," another officer approached Jungkook after a small signal from the officer in charge of the case of Girly and Lisa. Jungkook looked at him horrified, gasping.

"Wait, what?! Why?!" Lisa asked, getting up. "He doesn't have anything!" he shouldn't have been there, to begin with! And how could they think that about him but Jungkook was showing the biggest lost puppy face?

"But we have to be sure"

Lisa scoffed, full of indignation. "Just because he has tattoos? What's next? You're going to search for me on your computer because I'm Thai just to check if I am a prostitute?"

"Miss, no-" the officer tried to explain but Lisa didn't want to hear him.

This was the peak of a bad comedy because it was getting serious and it was all fault of the insecure ass of Girly.

"Are you happy now?"

"Uh?" the bitch had the audacity to look at them cluelessly.

"You got him in trouble when he didn't do anything just because your boyfriend can't be loyal, are you happy with it now?" Lisa explained with a flat tone, glaring at her in such a way that Girly got speechless.

"My boyfriend-" she stuttered.

"I'm done with this. Leave him alone, please," she told the officer beside Jungkook, who looked like an elf beside him. "How this works?" she asked the first officer. "I'll end up in a cell? I prefer being there than with this person"

"Miss, that's not necessary"

Ah, now it wasn't necessary, right?

They offended her and offended Jungkook, they even dared to try to revise his pockets like was some dealer in the streets, but now that Lisa was annoyed, it wasn't necessary. Of course.

"Then what?" she spat, not giving place to more stupid shit from anyone.

Silence.

As silent as it could be in a police station, a few tables away from a real drunk hoe being arrested.

It was like Lisa was an angry lion and the rest were trying to figure out what to do to not alter her more.

Good.

She liked that, it was what she wanted. *You don't mess with a Manoban when she is serious.*

"Uh... If you both promise to leave this here, you both can go home"

ALL THIS SHIT FOR THAT?

Lisa huffed. "Fine, I'm sorry or whatever," she said, rolling her eyes and walked to Jungkook to take his wrist.

"But I'm not-"

"YOU ARE done," she was lethal.

Girly gasped. "But-"

Lisa dragged Jungkook by the wrist like a protector mom in the supermarket, to the table. "Can I have my stuff back?"

She pointed at her confiscated phone in the plastic box.

Officer just nodded.

Good.

Lisa left there with her chin up, taking angry steps, and she took her pitbull puppy with her.

The night was warmer than before, the wet heat was creating a sensation of sweat but not real sweat, which wasn't the most comfortable feeling. It wasn't a comfortable situation neither.

Jungkook and Lisa were just walking in silent, Lisa didn't know where they were going but she had better things to think about, like being a problem with legs and the guilt of being a problem with legs close to Jungkook and, therefore, causing him problems again.

Once she calmed down, she couldn't stop thinking and it was new, Lisa wasn't the type of overthinking. Normal Lisa would brush it off but now it seemed impossible to do it.

Gladly, Jungkook wasn't talking. He was giving her some kind of peace with that.

And finally, she could sigh in resignation. "You shouldn't have come," she said, feeling like shit, after stopping suddenly and turning to her side to face him and look at him in the eyes. This was important. "I got you into this situation and almost got you revised by the police, I'm really sorry"

Jungkook smiled softly. There he was again giving her that "it's okay, Lisa" smile that could stop every confusing storm in her soul. "It's okay, it wasn't your fault"

But it was. She brought him to the police station.

"It's not okay! Who they think they are to judge you like that?" she asked, still shocked about what happened. Those were policemen, they should know how to identify people better and know Jungkook was just a normal guy. A really good guy since he went all the way to the police station to help her (it wasn't that away, you know, just five blocks). "I mean, it doesn't have fucking sense and I hate it! And I hate that bitch for getting me and you on this! She was so fucking dumb!" she stomped angrily.

"Hey, calm down," he lifted his hands. "It's okay. I wanted to come, actually, I was so shocked when I turned around and saw you two, I could have come running if I haven't gotten a taxi," that face of pure honesty was funny for her.

"That sounds funny," she scrunched her nose while chuckling. "I tried to call Chaeyoung but she wasn't answering, though. It's weird," she added, unlocking her phone to see if she got a new message from Chaeyoung but there wasn't anything from her yet. Her phone was in her bag probably.

Gladly, she was free now. Chaeyoung would make a whole

melodramatic musical if she had to come to save her from jail. She could worry too much sometimes... or most of times.

But, there was a particular notification.

"Maybe it's because of the music of the bar..." he commented and noticed she was staring intensely at the screen of her phone so he wondered what she was seeing.

"Jaewon called me"

Oh.

Lisa sighed. She was being a big problem this night and she wasn't that drunk. "I'm such a bitch, I went to the bar for the Rap Night show and I couldn't see it"

She didn't tell Jaewon where she was going when she left the table, he thought she was going to the bathroom probably, but now it seemed like he was looking for her. Of course, he was, she promised him to watch his performance.

"It's not your fault... It's mine actually" Jungkook said out of nowhere, his soft voice making her jump as if he had screamed.

What?

"I was the one screaming at that girl there, I think it's obvious whose fault was," she said with funny sincerity.

Jungkook chuckled quietly, scrunching his nose.

"You amaze me, honestly," he admitted.

Yeah, she probably did, she amazed herself too. She didn't know she could be that much aggressive when being protective.

"Sorry for looking like a crazy bitch," she grimaced, though.

"Nah, she deserved it"

Thank God he was thinking like that. "I know, right?"

"But it's good you didn't hit her, that could have ended up worse"

Lisa sighed and pointed to her jaw. "But she did scratch me," she had a burning small wound under her jaw and more scratches in her arms but Leo was stronger than Girly. At least she had her hair combed now.

Jungkook frowned, his finger lifted her chin and leaned it to a side delicately to see. "Fuck," he whispered.

Chills, chills and more chills ran through her body and she felt her skin heating up under his attention. He was making her flustered. "Yeah, but you should see how she ended up," she joked nervously.

Jungkook burst out laughing which also made her laugh softly, both leaning closer unconsciously again.

Both got interrupted by her phone and he lowered his hand quickly, looking away.

That brought some memories and now that Lisa was sober, she had to hold back to not facepalm. The incoming call was a good

distraction.

"Sorry," she said before replying to no one else but Jaewon. "Hey, sorry for leaving that way, I swear I wanted to see you but something happened," she rambled her excuses fast, not giving him a chance to say hi. Jaewon was such a good Oppa all the time and she disappointed him at the first chance.

"Calm down, Barbie," he replied amused. "I just want to know where are you and how are you, you vanished. I'm glad you answered the phone, I was going to call the police and report a missing person"

Lisa laughed ironically. "Oh, we don't need the police here, trust me"

"What happened?"

"Well, a girl attacked me for a dumb reason, she said something, I said something, we both said something, one insult here and there, pim, pam, pum, and the police came so we ended up in the police station arguing about how ladies shouldn't fight in the streets"

Jaewon laughed more, completely delighted by her. "So, I'm talking with a criminal now. Should I record this call?"

"You should," she said seriously just to cause more laughter. "But, really, I'm sorry"

"This is about you, Barbie. Are you okay now?"

"Yes, Jungkook is with me," and just when she finished saying that she noticed Jungkook wasn't around. "Hold on, where's Jung-Oh, he's there"

Jungkook was sitting at a table out of a convenience store, a few steps away, long legs crossed at the ankles, and he was playing with his phone. The familiar leather jacket lying on the table and his cap on again, he looked so good with that cap... *THAT CAP*, her mind screamed.

"I'm glad he's there with you"

"Me too," she sighed, a dreamy smile growing on her lips BUT oh no damn, she shouldn't. "I mean, he's such a good friend"

She had to repeat that to herself, actually.

Jaewon ended up chuckling, he was always chuckling at whatever she said anyway. He was like Jungkook, actually. Apparently was indeed a comedian for them. "I guess you will come to see me next Saturday then"

"Deal," Lisa nodded, she was glad he was so understanding. Jaewon was the first guy she knew that was so mature and relaxed, especially at being as young at herself. "See you on Monday, Op-"

"YO LALISA!" Bambam voice almost left her deaf. "Where the hell are you?"

"You don't have to yell at me!"

"Do you think you have rights to worry me like this? No, ma'am, you better explain before I whoop your ass"

"It's a long story, I'll explain it later"

"Oh my God, don't tell me you got new piercings again"

Lisa grimaced. "Damn no, never again. I'm not that drunk, by the way"

"Good, good. Hyung here is saying you're with Jungkook... I see," his tone got playful. "You're having some inky fun there, right?"

"I can't believe you said 'inky'," she really tried not to laugh but she snorted.

"So, I'm right"

"You're not and you wouldn't imagine what actually happened"

"... Jungkook got piercings?"

"No one got piercings!"

"Boring," Lisa could see him pouting.

"Give Oppa his phone back"

"Damn, gurl, you're jumping between tattoos"

"I hate you so much sometimes"

Bambam laughed as a response and Jaewon was back. "You seem really close friends, Barbie"

"He's my best friend," she said. "Could you tell the girls that I am okay?"

"Of course"

"I promise not to disappoint you next time"

"Keep apologizing and I will invite you to a real date, Barbie"

Lisa laughed, slightly nervous. "Fine, fine, Oppa. Have a good night"

"Bye, Barbie"

Damn, Lisa wished she could like him, it would be easier. He was interested in her at least...

Lisa sent a text to her friends' group chat to let them know she was okay and was going to explain later anyway and she stood up with her phone in hand for a few more seconds, staring at Jungkook. In that position, it showed how long his legs were and therefore how tall he was. But he wasn't just tall, he was attractively built like a Greek statue with black ink decorating a thick arm. He should wear more short sleeves, his arms deserved to be displayed... actually, his whole chest deserved to be seen.

Lisa could just dream and dreaming about it was so wrong. Dreaming about kissing him and being about to do it was so fucking wrong.

She knew it well.

If his phone wouldn't have rung, she would have jumped to his arms and kissed the hell out of him... again.

Lisa could remember well this time, she remembered his face and she did hate the illusion of him desiring a kiss as much as her. It was a drunk delusion probably.

And she had to stop drinking and being delusional because that could lead to such a big drama.

Lisa sighed, frustrated with herself. Why couldn't she just be innocently his friend? Why it was so easy for her to forget about Chaeyoung in the single second Jungkook was in front of her?

(a/n: she's always thinking about chaeyoung first but as you know lisa doesn't give enough credits to herself)

Maybe she was indeed a hoe as Girly said.

Damn, now she was feeling down.

And hungry.

There was already a convenience store so...

She straightened with a new resolution, forming a smile. They were already there and she had a clearer mind, there was just one thing left to do.

"Wanna eat something? We could buy ramen, I think I owe it to you after all that problem," she told Jungkook, approaching him.

He raised his head slowly, looking like a lost puppy again. "Uh, but won't you go to-" he stopped talking and licked his lips to then bit them. "Uh, okay, let's get it"

So, they were okay again, because he could make everything okay for her. Lisa smiled, satisfied, feeling less guilty because at times like this she could feel they were just being friendly. "I haven't heard you say that since I met you, it's cool," she commented.

"It's... It's a habit"

"A good one, it's English too and you're getting better on it"

"Thank you, it-it was because of you"

Oh.

Cute.

He was so damn cute.

They entered the convenience store, Lisa didn't notice he wanted to open the door for her and the way he pouted at her back.

"I thought..." his voice trailed off, behind her in one corridor, both in search of cups of ramen.

Lisa turned around. "You thought what?"

Jungkook played with his earring. "Uh, I thought you would like to go back to the bar"

It was too late for that, her friends knew she was okay, no one was waiting for her, the show was over, but: "Oh, sorry for not asking, do you want to go back to the bar?" she didn't consider that he was there with Jimin and Chaeyoung too. "We can go back if you want to"

Jungkook shook his head fast. "No, no, it's okay. I-I was saying that because of you and... Jaewon," his tone was going lower and lower per word, his gaze lost in a blank spot on the floor.

"Nah, that's nothing" Lisa took one cup of spicy ramen for her while Jungkook did the same, it was so cute how he was so big but his moves were so soft. She smiled at him once she could catch his gaze. "I'm hungry and I hope you're too," she said playfully. "Soooo we're gonna eat ramen tonight"

Oh.

Ramen.

She and him.

Interesting.

She advanced to the microwave in the back of the store and Jungkook squeezed his fist in victory, at her back, like the winner he was.

Who was getting ramen tonight? THIS BOY.

Jungkook 12, Jaewon -3

well fam most of you guessed it so well, i'm proud of you all, not accepting im just predictable lol

ok it's a blue balls chapter sorry but i wanted to update and decided to cut the chapter in two since i didn't finish it and apparently this one is gonna be long asf so i guess cutting it in two is better? idk, sorry if it keeps giving you that annoying sensation of nothing is actually happening, which is accurate but idk how to change bc i feel like if i do it, it'd move too fast? im trying to update faster so it wouldn't look this annoyingly slow

as you should know already, part 2 comes with lot more and a **character is coming back to cause trouble hehe. could you guess who it is?**

if you life it, comment and vote💜

Chapter 22 • Pt. 2

im here agaaaain. this is scariiiing
this is a jk move guys, i show up intensely for a time and then PAM DROUGHT

"It's everything okay?" she asked because he seemed somehow uncomfortable.

Jungkook scratched his neck. "I'm just scared of..." his voice trailed off.

Lisa followed the direction of his gaze. "The microwave?" she asked in disbelief and laughed at it, what was she saying? It was ridiculous. "Good joke..."

But Jungkook wasn't laughing, Lisa looked at him and found his guilty expression, teeth nibbling the corner of his lower lip.

...

...

...

No, it couldn't be.

But he really...

"YOU'RE SCARED OF THE MICROWAVE"

This was amazing, she didn't know that was possible.

"SHHH!!" he looked around as if there was someone else but them in the convenience store at that hour. "I'm not scared!" he jumped up like a kid. "It just..." he grimaced while looking at the microwave like it was a snake. "It creeps me out"

"That literally means it scares you," Lisa told him with a playful smile, this was so funny, and she giggled when he glared her a little bit. "C'mon, it's cute," she hit his arm softly, he was full of the cutest facts. "Go out to wait, I will heat this"

He needed a break, sadly. Lisa wanted to keep teasing him but she knew he was sensitive to embarrassment.

"But-"

"You don't wanna hear me teasing you about this"

Jungkook opened his mouth but realized she was right, so he nodded like a robot. "Right"

Lisa kept giggling at his back, how could he be scared of a damn microwave? Really, it was hilarious.

"Ow, but you're so pretty," she told the white microwave and burst out laughing again.

The convenience store girl looked at her strangely, of course, because she was laughing like a witch.

Sitting at the table outside the convenience store, ramen cups open with steam and delicious smell spreading around, Lisa looked at him strangely.

"What's this?" she frowned, she knew that was a piece of cotton smelling like alcohol but, why?

Jungkook pointed at her jaw with his free hand, the other was carrying a pack of cotton and a small bottle of ethyl alcohol between his fingers. "You should, you know, clean it, it could get worse"

HE HAD TO STOP.

HE

BETTER

STOP

HE NOT JUST PAID FOR THE RAMEN BUT HE ALSO BOUGHT THAT FOR HER AND HOW WAS SHE GOING TO SURVIVE TO THIS.

Lisa laughed nervously and used her phone to see herself and clean the small scratch, it had a little line of blood but it wasn't serious. The scratches on her arms were just pink marks that were going to vanish soon so she didn't pay attention to them, but Jungkook did and pressed the cold water bottle (he also bought) against her bicep.

"What do I have there?" she asked, confused. She didn't see anything serious.

Jungkook moved aside and let the light of the store illuminate her skin, there was a pink mark of fingers.

"How did that get there?"

She didn't remember Girly gripping her arms.

"The policeman," he said shortly, focused on her arm. Oh, Lisa did remember now, he was dragging her to the car but she didn't notice he was gripping her arm that hard. "Is not burning, right?"

Lisa shook her head, feeling warm even when she had cold drops of water running down her arm and causing tickles. This was so sweet but at the same time shocking, Lisa wasn't used to this.

"We should eat, it will get cold," she said AS IF SHE CARED.

Jungkook nodded and in minutes they were comfortably eating in silence. Lisa was having a hard time trying to control her heart, the spice of the soup wasn't helping.

She really had to think about something else.

C'mon.

What it could be?

That night in which Bambam got so drunk he was flirting with a police officer of the streets? Or that time Chaeyoung wanted to clean the wax heating machine with alcohol and ended up with her hand with wax for days? Or that time in which Jungkook confessed being afraid of THE MICROWAVE.

That's it. Lisa lost it.

"Could you stop laughing please?" he could read her so easily.

Lisa laughed loudly, almost choking with her noodles. "I'm sorryyyyyy," she whined, raising her legs to the chair.

Jungkook pouted and then pretended to cry, Lisa let out the loudest bubbly laugh of the night, probably alerting people walking ten blocks away. But he was so funny.

Jungkook chuckled and stirred his noodles, proud of himself for making her laugh that way.

"But really, why?" she asked when she could calm down.

He shrugged slightly. "I-I don't know, the counting down gets me anxious, like-like it is about to explode"

Lisa thought about it from his perspective and it made sense. The microwave was a heating small box with loud numbers, it could actually explode...

"I think I heard once that it explodes when you put a raw egg inside"

Jungkook reacted authentically, moving his hand like saying I KNOW BITCH. "See? It could destroy a kitchen just for ONE egg! And it can explode with aluminum, fruits, glass, even paper!"

"The paper is obvious, it could set on fire"

"The microwave keeps being dangerous," he repeated his main point.

"Don't continue, you will make me fear it too"

"Maybe I want that..." he said with a playful smirk.

Lisa opened her mouth, offended. "And me thinking you were the kindest person ever"

"I can't be the kindest person ever," he refuted frankly.

Lisa's amused expression faded, she frowned. "Why?"

He literally was the kindest person ever.

"Because you are already"

Oh

WOW

Lisa snorted softly, completely shocked. "Smoooooooooth," she leaned back on her chair again. "But thank you, I accept it" she shrugged, nodding with duck lips. You don't reject compliments that are so well done.

Leaving jokes aside, his words won her heart. She would never have imagined being in this situation with that hot tattooed boy she

used to stare from the distance but now she was here, in the middle of the night, eating noodles and joking around with him, the real and much better him. "Thank you for going to the police station. I... It was nice"

She didn't expect it, he was caring for her more than anyone else in her whole life. She was the one between her friends protecting them and taking care of them and their problems. Even when she was drunk, she was ready to jump up and run to help them.

Everyone knew Lisa was able to take care of herself, she was always on her own, going and coming back alone, getting new jobs and working hard by herself. There were so many facts for them to usually assume she didn't need help, not that she was open to accept she needed it and ask for it but having someone at her side when going through nights like this was... nice.

Jungkook didn't laugh or teased her about Girly issue, he went there to try to help her and then gave her a piece of cotton soaked in alcohol to heal her wounds, smiling like "It's okay, Lisa, I'm here for you".

He was there, overall, that was the most important thing.

Jungkook smiled silently, looking down at his cup. His dark hair covered a part of his face, accentuating his jaw and the small dimples on his cheeks.

"Jungkook!" a feminine voice cut the thread of her thoughts.

Lisa had war memories, full of red lipstick, because of the cold sensation on her back. She turned around and saw a girl walking to the table, leaving two friends a few steps away.

It was the ex, that perfect beautiful ex.

And, again, Jungkook was smiling at her like the other night.

"Hey, Yoda," he greeted her from his seat.

Yoda? Her name was Yoda?

"Hi," the girl greeted Lisa with a low, insecure tone, the tone someone would use like saying "I don't know you but hey".

"This is Lisa," Jungkook pointed at her and Lisa waved her hand.

That girl wasn't just beautiful with her long brown hair and goddess type of body, she looked so young too, especially when she was smiling. "Hi, I'm Tzuyu"

Oh, great, her name wasn't Yoda.

What was her flaw then? A sixth toe?

"It's good to know this is the Lisa," did she know her? "Jungkook has been talking about you," HE WAS? ABOUT HER? WHY? Jungkook got embarrassed and that was clearly a confirmation. "You're prettier than I imagined"

Well, thank you? There was something odd in the way she said it but Lisa couldn't figure out what it was.

"Thank you," Lisa replied, still surprised by the last news: Jungkook was talking about her to his ex.

"So, I was just passing so to say hi," Tzuyu said sympathetically (a/n: i love this word istg) and bowed respectfully and with that elegant movement, Lisa connected a few dots. Tzuyu here was a good, high-class girl, the type Lisa grew up with and that was enough for her to have bad memories and, therefore, have some opinions about her.

Oh, she could understand that "odd way" of calling her pretty. It was bitchy, a Regina George type of compliment.

"You're out this late alone? Where is Mingyu?" Jungkook asked, frowning, stretching his neck to see if that guy Mingyu was also there. Lisa turned around and she didn't trust her contacts (lenses) but there wasn't a guy definitely.

Who was Mingyu? Her boyfriend?

For some reason, Lisa wished this perfection was taken.

Tzuyu pressed her lips closed, looking uncomfortable. Oh, Lisa could read that, Mingyu fucked up. "We... are taking a break"

Oh, no.

Lisa glanced at Jungkook, she wanted to know his reaction. She expected nervously for some signal of a happy feeling there, Seungyeon said he was still into Tzuyu and Lisa could believe it, Jungkook had a special fondness for Tzuyu in his eyes... but in which sense was it? He could care for her like a sister, like a friend, like an ex-lover, there were so many options and none of them were romantic.

OF COURSE, she was so intrigued in the name Chaeyoung, OBVIOUSLY.

It wasn't like she was curious... and jealous. Pfffft.

Jungkook kept frowning and then he sucked his lips like he couldn't believe it. "What he did this time?"

This time?

Tzuyu just sighed in response. "I'll text you later, it's a long story"

SO THEY WERE TEXTING!

OH MY GOD!

Calm down, Lisa, friends still text innocently. You and he just text innocently, like, every night... but you want to fuck him anyway, girl you're not a good example, you better doubt this.

"Okay, but you know, what I think," Jungkook told her seriously, he didn't like this situation at all and he was protective with her.

Lisa felt a void in her stomach, hunger vanishing in milliseconds.

"I know," she smiled at him still, but it didn't seem real. "I'll go, you two have a good night"

And her really polite and pretty booty left, hips swaying side to

side. Lisa wished she had those hips, hers were tiny for her shoulders and it didn't matter how much time she spent in the gym working her thighs and ass, she couldn't get more from it.

Jungkook huffed and made her glance back at him.

She shouldn't have to.

She shouldn't, really.

She knew she didn't want to know.

But Lisa's mouth had its own mind, at talking and at sucking dicks.

(a/n: im not sorry)

"Who's Mingyu?"

Damn.

And she got a deep sigh, Jungkook stirred his noodles and filled his mouth with them.

"Sorry," she said then, noticing he didn't want to talk about it.

"He's her boyfriend or ex, I never know because both are always going back and forth," he replied her question after swallowing and the look in his eyes was so full of ironic tiredness, which aroused more curiosity in Lisa. But she expected silently for more, she didn't want to pressure him. "We... We used to be friends when we were in high school," he started.

"When my dad got the promotion that made us move here, it was something really important so we had money enough to live in Gangnam and I could attend a better school," he left the empty cup on the table and leaned back on the chair again, legs crossed at the ankles once more. Lisa got a little bit distracted by his shoulders, they looked stronger in that position, and then she stared at his big hands when he started to play with his rings. "I met Jimin Hyung and Tae Hyung there, they were older than me and we started to bond, I guess?" he laughed alone, a clear love for his hyungs showing in his tone. Lisa smiled too. "They used to be bullied because they were from Busan and Daegu, you know, for their accents. And I started to be bullied too for the same reasons and because..."

"Because?"

Jungkook shook his head. "Just because of the accent"

Lisa narrowed her eyes, leaving the cup on the table to lean closer to him. "Jungkook"

He seemed caught and looked away, touching his ear nervously.

"It's because of the microwave?" she was teasing again, but there was a part of her worried that it was because of the microwave.

Jungkook chuckled. "No," he pouted while talking, more than usual. "It was because... I was a weeb... I... I may be still one," he admitted it like it was painful.

Lisa blinked.

"That's it?"

"Yeah"

"Okay, hold on, what level of weeb? You were going around dressed up like Naruto? No wait, you don't like Naruto"

AND HE WAS LOOKING GUILTY NOW.

Lisa had the cutest image in her mind after seeing that face, now all she could see was a younger Jungkook, with a baby face, dressed up as Goku. Oh my God, he looked so good in orange.

And he was cringing hard right now so Lisa decided to help him: "How old were you?"

"Fourteen or fifteen"

That was good. "We all are so weird at fourteen, like, at that age, I decided to cut my hair short because I was a super fan of Coffee Prince and the main female role had, like, that boyish hair cut which was so cool. She was pretending to be a man in the coffee to get a job and also pretending to be Hangyul, the main male role, lover so his grandma will stop to try to set him up on blind dates. I completely, like, fell in love with Gong Yoo there," she admitted, scrunching her nose. "Anyway, I don't know what was going on in my mind to cut my hair like that, but it looked terrible and for like a year I was 'that skinny boy in the corner'," she acted like all her old teachers with a grimace and make him giggle. "So, your cosplay side can't be worse than my hair cut, sorry not sorry"

"There's no way you could have look bad," oh he was bold.

"Yeah, that's because you didn't see me with it and luckily you will never"

But Bambam was a bad bitch who had the photos so Lisa really expected this topic wouldn't be brought up between them. Lisa was the type to laugh at the mistakes and dumb things done from her past, but that haircut was something that should stay dead in the past, five feet under the floor.

"We were talking about you, by the way"

"Oh, right," he cleared his throat and sat straight. "What was I saying?" he tilted his head to a side, frowning.

"Oppas and you, bullying, cosplay"

"Right," he nodded. "So, Mingyu was in my class and we became friends, really close friends. He used to sit next to me in our classroom and he was one of the few guys that weren't an asshole. And, we were the same age, we had the same music taste and used to go to the same PC Bang so we naturally bonded"

(a/n: a PC Bang is that place full of computers you see in dramas in where people go to play videogames, i think it's also called internet cafe or gaming center)

All Lisa could think was that his voice was deep but soft and so calming.

"Years passed, the situation changed for me and it got harder, I had to study harder for a scholarship, but Mingyu was..." his expression turned melancholic, a sad memory crossing his mind like a movie. "He was a good friend, he was there for me when I needed it as I was there for him, he was having a hard time with his family too"

Lisa pouted, Mingyu was for him like Chaeyoung or Bambam for her. She couldn't imagine losing one of them and then talking about it this way, looking so sad. She wanted to hug Jungkook.

"But, Oppas were there for you too, right?"

Jungkook smiled slightly. "Yes, they were"

"Anyway, as we were growing up, we started to hang out with new people. Mingyu was more social than me, that was why he was already dating a girl older than us, she was really pretty, but we were together on this. In one friend's meeting, we met Tzuyu. She was a year younger than us and really pretty, but she was cool. She and me," damn that sounded wrong for her, especially with that cute smile of his. "-were alone in a corner, both bored and not really interacting, and she started to talk to me like 'we're losing all the fun, right?'," he imitated her. "So, we exchanged numbers and started to text," yeah, Lisa could say he was better at texting. "She was attending our school too and she had her group of friends, she was always talking about them and how much she loved them"

"I started to develop a crush on her not much later, I... I thought we had something special, you know? I thought we were more than friends, we were hanging out and talking every night, I knew her well as she knew me, it was special. I thought everything was amazing and clear when we kissed a year later meeting," Lisa hated her imagination for picturing that so easily, she could see him kissing her and it surprised her how big it was the disgust she felt. "She would come to my house some nights and we would make o-"

"And what happened next?" she interrupted him iNnOcEnTlY.

"Hmm," he tilted his head, shocked by her sudden reply but continued: "I thought we had something but it was lowkey, no tags, nothing more than kisses and moments, but I was..." in love with her? Please, don't say it, I know it but I don't want to hear it. "Anyway, I was living a fantasy because then Mingyu's girlfriend, who was already in college, created the biggest drama in Naver exposing Tzuyu. She was hooking up with Mingyu"

Damn, that was like a splash of cold water on her head.

Lisa blinked, shocked. "What a who-le disaster!"

"Yeah, it was messy"

And his heart got broken.

Who could someone dare to do something like that to Jungkook?

"And what did you do?"

"Nothing"

"Nothing?"

"We were nothing, I was just her best friend, I couldn't say anything"

THEY WERE KISSING AND MAKING OUT AT NIGHT! THAT WAS SOMETHING!

"She apologized to me when she shouldn't have done, we were just friends and I was the only one having feelings for her. I was a clown, practically" he laughed bitterly, Lisa shook her head in denial. His thoughts were so wrong, he deserved an apology. "So she confessed that she was in love with Mingyu and that they were sneaking out home at night together, so..."

That sounded familiar and terrible, Lisa knew a similar situation from a friend in Thailand and she didn't like what it implied. "She was going to you after fighting with him, those nights when you two met?" she asked in disbelief.

Jungkook sighed and nodded slowly, rubbing his nape.

WHAT A REAL BITCH.

Why was he looking at her with heart eyes then? After what she did? Lisa could understand Seungyeon now, it was such an angering situation. Jungkook was too good for her.

"And what happened next?"

This was kdrama material, Lisa drank some water since she didn't have popcorn.

"I was so into her that I didn't care, I wanted to keep being there for her even when she was in love with him. I thought... I thought I was going to have a chance if I made her realize I could treat her better than him. And of course that created problems with Mingyu, I was angry with him for doing these things with Tzuyu and his girlfriend, I was angry because he was having it easier because he... he was better than me," he said it like it was true and it couldn't be more a lie.

"How was he better than you? You weren't the one cheating"

"But I wasn't what Tzuyu wanted for her life"

Tzuyu wanted a cheater?

Jungkook shook his head. "Anyway, it kept going for months, she, me, him. We graduated and we started college and everything was the same. Mingyu was breaking up and coming back with his girlfriend while still messing around with Tzuyu, I was with Tzuyu trying to comfort her because I was nothing but a friend. It was a non-ending cycle, she was crying for him but then coming back to

him, but then coming back to me and then coming back to him again"

"But, one day, it was in November last year, Tzuyu ended everything with Mingyu and she decided to give me a chance... I was so happy," but it showed in his face that he was feeling pity for himself for being happy at getting so little from her. Lisa wished to be there for him at that moment to slap him awake or something, to make him realize he deserved better. "So we were dating but I knew she didn't love me like she loved him and I thought she was going to get over it, I was making things easier for her in all ways, I wasn't showing up at her house and I was avoiding her parents, I was making time to go for her at school and take her to dates, I really wanted her to love me. But she didn't"

Why she didn't? Was she a masochist?

Was she stupid?

How couldn't she love him?

And why was Jungkook avoiding her parents?

"And I was so tired after months and months of the same old shit," he pressed his lips closed in a smile but his eyes got teary. He sniffed and looked away. "I gave up"

He did?

But Jungkook didn't like to give up.

Lisa had been with him in the same team working in that mural for three weeks now, she saw him working hard and redoing things again and again till making them perfect; she saw him practicing English sentences till making them correct and she saw him memorizing a list of English verbs till know them perfectly, Jungkook wasn't the type that would give up.

How much was Tzuyu hurting him that he gave up?

"I told her I couldn't do that anymore, I couldn't keep fighting against the wind"

Lisa pouted and moved her chair closer to caress his arm in comfort. "You made the best decision," she told him softly, proud of him. It wasn't easy for people to let their loved ones go.

"So I distanced myself from her and Mingyu completely, I focused on my own stuff and friends," his tone got lighter, showing the relief he started to feel when he got out of that toxic situation. "Around that time I was invited to a Tattoo Convention in Paris, so I went to Paris"

Lisa opened her mouth in shock. "You were in Paris? How is it?" she grew excited about it, her big dream as a photographer was Paris, there wasn't a better place for Art, Fashion and Photography than Paris... New York too, but Paris was classy, French was classy for Lisa.

"It's really like a museum, everything looks old but beautiful and there are so many places to see"

"Have you been to the Eiffel Tower? They say is overrated"

Jungkook chuckled, his face turning more beautiful in a smile. "The view is beautiful, anyway. I was going to stay in the hotel because I was tired because of the trip but Jimin Hyung yelled at me through the phone so I was forced to go out"

"Oppa is a genius"

"Yeah," his voice trailed off, looking less happy.

"Going back to you, Paris helped you to heal?"

Jungkook huffed and drank some water. "I thought it did but when I arrived I got a call from her, she was in the hospital"

Oh. "What happened?"

"She was pregnant"

Lisa froze, she literally froze on her sit, like someone pressed the stop button in the back of her neck.

"And she has a miscarriage," he added.

And Lisa gasped, that was terrible, for her and for him.

"You-You were going to-to-to..."

Jungkook shook his head. "I never slept with her"

OH THANK GOD.

"You two were messing around but never had sex?" she still asked, confused.

"I couldn't do it knowing she was thinking in him," he confessed.

Lisa checked him out from head to toe fast, really considering Tzuyu's sanity because how someone would make love with Jungkook thinking in another guy. This man was A MAN, and now that Lisa knew this, she was more than sure that this man was actually THE MAN.

"Oh... So, what did you do?" she could imagine what he did, though.

"She was still my best friend and I still loved her like a fool, so I went to the hospital and I was there for her. She was so devastated," he said with pure sadness and Lisa felt sad too, that was a terrible moment for every woman, especially if she wanted to keep it. "And you know what was the worst part?" he arched a brow in disgust.

"What?"

"Mingyu wasn't there"

"Asshole," Lisa whispered. It was more angering even, Tzuyu was in love with someone that dropped her when she needed him the most but was rejecting Jungkook, who supported her even when his heart was tearing apart.

Jungkook nodded. "Jennie Noona said he was too terrified and left after knowing what happened, she was ready to kill him"

"Jennie Unnie? How is she involved?"

"She's Tzuyu's older sister"

Wait, what?

Jennie had a sister?

Tzuyu was Jennie's sister?

"They're siblings from different parents? One of them is adopted? What? I mean, they don't look alike at all"

"They glare the same way," he joked out of nowhere and Lisa snorted softly.

She could say it in that way now that he mentioned it, Tzuyu was bitchy and Jennie was too, not to Lisa but with others.

Jungkook then continued: "Anyway, after that, I realized I wasn't over her yet but when I left that night, I met-"

And he stopped, looking at Lisa at the eyes with those dark orbs, which were shining beautifully in the night.

She blinked, suddenly nervous. At what moment did he start to make her nervous with his stare? It was happening too much lately. "You met who?" she managed to ask.

He smiled, like who has a good memory. "I met a girl who told me that guys like me deserve all the love in the world and that was a good help to start to heal"

Wow, that girl was damn right, Lisa would hug her if she had her there. Yes, she was feeling a little bit jealous but that girl did what she had to do in the exact correct moment and Lisa was grateful for it.

She even could picture it, like it was a blurry dream.

(a/n: this is fucking ridiculous)

"Maybe it was fate trying to tell you something," she told him with a warm smile, trusting destiny for helping him.

Jungkook smiled more, dimples showing once more. "I think it was"

Lisa really wanted to hug him right now, but she thought better and decided she had better words and she needed to say them after what she heard. She didn't want him to feel that way again, she didn't want to be like Tzuyu and use him again and again without giving anything in exchange. "I promise to be there for you as you were there for me tonight, Jungkook," and she stretched out her pinky.

Jungkook's eyes shone in happiness and interlaced his with hers. "I promise to be there for you too"

"Am I delirious or that's the sun?" he asked, tilting his head to a side, hair falling to the right.

"I think we're both delirious or..." she checked her watch, tucking

strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "It's 6 AM"

Jungkook snapped his head to her side. "What?"

Lisa nodded. "It's 6, look"

He formed a small o. "We've been here all night"

"And we ate six cups of ramen," she added, pointing to the rest of empty cups on the table. "That's crazy"

But it was fun because they talked about literally everything but nothing for hours, just sitting outside of a convenience store. It was better than the texts and the walks home every night; for those hours they got into a small place in which anything mattered but what the other was saying. From movies to food to places to favorite colors and even a discussion about what was the best romance movie ever, they could talk for days if there was more time. The sun rising in front of their eyes, dyeing the sky from purple to lilac and then to pink and orange was a good signal to go home, but it was also something beautiful to see together.

"Have you painted the sky before?" she asked.

"No, but I should," he replied long seconds later, staring at her and the way the dawn light was caressing her pretty face.

"I'd love to see it," she smiled and decided it was time to go, she stood up and stretched her arms and back, not noticing that his eyes were still on her. "Whew, I'm too old for this"

Jungkook stood up too, towering her suddenly. Lisa's eyes widened funnily, that happened when you were sitting beside someone so much time, you'd forget how tall they were. She laughed alone and took some cups, he helped her, and both threw them to a trash can.

"Are you going home?" she cut the comfortable silence.

"I will go to my mom's house"

"Oh, so then we're going to the same way," she pointed back with her thumb. "There's a bus stop for my bus a block away"

Why did he take a considerable time to react?

"Oh! Right! Yeah! Let's go!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Weird...

The bus was close to exploding at that hour, many people were going to their jobs. It was Sunday morning but people were really dedicated in that country, Lisa could see. So she ended up beside Jungkook between a bunch of citizens in a small, confined bus. She really hated full buses, and the reason behind it was grazing her ass right now.

Lisa turned around to glare at the man there, who acted innocent, looking at the ceiling. She really wished for the bus to stop violently so he would fall on the floor, crashing his face against it.

A girl couldn't complain without being seen like a madwoman sadly, Lisa went through this before so she knew better and just sighed, holding back her desire to scream and kick his balls.

She was close to snap, anyway, and she was going to do it when he even dared to literally touch her ass, but Jungkook was faster and pushed him with his shoulder, in a blink of an eye that pervert was bouncing between people like a pinball and terrified of the big tattooed boy in black who was also glaring at him. Lisa smirked.

"Thank you," she whispered to him, turning a little bit to see him. She didn't expect him to be so close, though, their noses brushed as he was hovering her with his body, arms up in the upper hand holder and strong biceps surrounding her like protecting walls.

Her breath got stuck in her throat and she looked at the front, thought the window, flustered but she wasn't seeing anything. All she could focus on was his body, he wasn't touching her not even a little but she could feel the warmth radiating from his skin and she would start sweating soon if she couldn't calm herself down. It wasn't a good moment to have soaked bangs stuck to her forehead.

Jungkook couldn't move, a person occupied his old place and another one was on the other side, he was stuck there. He didn't want to bother her and he regretted stepping there when he could have just pushed the man away and get back to his space, but at that moment he was too angry to think in nothing more than holding back his desires to give him the beat of his life for molesting girls.

"Why didn't you say anything?" he asked her, forgetting for a second that he was whispering to her ear.

If she said "I'm used" again, Jungkook was going to snap for real.

"I was going to kick him but you moved faster"

That was better, he smirked proudly.

The bus made a rough turn, making her stumble, and he held her waist, pressing her to his chest violently, in automatic response.

Lisa gasped, surprised at feeling all that hardness against her back. She could feel every muscle of his chest and the strongest heat ran through her veins like a burning fire, alerting all her senses. She got conscious of his delicious smell and the strength of his arm across her tummy, his hand curling in her waist and his pinky was brushing a small part of her skin. That simple touch was making wonders on her stomach.

He pressed her closer after another turn, his bicep tensed just beside her face, ink decorating the strong muscle and drool pooling in her mouth.

She was incredibly attracted to him, every aspect, from the veins of his arms to the softness of his eyes, was making her melt down in

a hot puddle on the floor.

Then, she felt it.

Not just his belt against her back but... something else.

It was his phone, yeah, it was his phone.

But Lisa glanced up and Jungkook had his phone and jacket in his hand while gripping the hand holder.

Oh.

Wow.

He wasn't even hard... and he was already that...

Wow.

Why wasn't he a cocky ass when he had that thing of that size inside his ripped jeans? A mystery.

Why Tzuyu let go this tattooed, protective and amazing guy who had also a big dick? A mystery too but thank God she did.

Lisa blushed terribly at her thoughts and the closeness and then the person sitting there decided to move and pushed her more against Jungkook, her butt rubbing against him and Jungkook was already interested in having her that close but this was too much.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

Jungkook gritted his jaw, trying to focus on something else but her actually firm ass on his crotch and the smell of her hair delighting his nose. Why had she such long legs? It was the perfect body to...

To kneel down and pray in the name of the Lord, as he was doing already.

It was hot, his blood was burning in the strongest lust for her, building up a tension so thick it was getting hard to breathe for the both of them. They had never been this close, not with every muscle pressed against the other, not with such a desire to get closer and naked, not with a heat so strong it was making them sweat.

Please, think in something else. Jungkook, please.

Please.

Your grandma in a thong. No, that's disrespectful.

Kim Jong Un in a thong, that's it.

But then the thong was yellow and all he could see in his mind was Lisa wearing that and just that, kneeling and with her arms crossed, holding her boobs and-

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

"Microwave," he blurted out.

And Lisa laughed hard.

Ah, thank you cringe attack, you're finally helping on something.

Her department was dark and silent, as anyone would expect at 7 AM in a Sunday. The sun was just gifting its first rays of light from the balcony doors, saying good morning in a soft caress.

Lisa walked on her tiptoes to her best friend's bedroom, the door was half open and the beautiful blonde there was sleeping on her bed, hugging a pillow with her long hair spread on the white sheets.

Lisa climbed on the bed smoothly and spooned her, just because she felt like it. She needed to feel her best friend close and hug her tight, she needed reassurance after the sad look she saw in Jungkook's eyes.

She would never like to lose Chaeyoung.

"Hmm?" Chaeyoung mumbled, awakening slowly. Her short lashes fluttered open as she turned around to see her. "You just arrived?" her voice was numb, tired.

Lisa made a small sound of yes and snuggled more with her.

"Where were you?"

Lisa would never like to lose her, so she lied: "I met with Jaewon Oppa, I was with him"

[Extra]

Kai

noonaaaaaa

good morning sunshine

how it is the most beautiful woman of asia?

kid

pls

of the world

HI NOONA

OF COURSE YOU'RE THE MOST

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF THE WORLD

how are you today?

have you slept well?

im okay

now tell me what do you want

can't a donsaeng like me love

his beautiful noona?

you don't love me for free

Kai

spill

what is it

my mom won't let me attend
the kcom bc i failed maths 🤔✌️

BUT IF YOU CONVINCED HER

AND GO WITH ME

damn maths are such bitches
IKR
but you have to study baby
i promise i will study if you
convince her to let me go
pls :(
:(
:(
:(
kaaaaaai
dont do this to me
:(
:(
:(
kai☐
Kai:
but do you really wanna go
to a com with your nanny?
ma'am that's all i can have
and i will take it
you cant imagine all the merch
i can buy there that i want
AND THERE WILL BE MANY
MANGAKAS AND AUTHORS
AND
LIMITED
EDITIONS
IM READY TO SACRIFICE A BALL
FOR IT
you dont want to sacrifice a ball
right
maybe a toe
SO
WHAT DO YOU THINK
fine
i will help you
Kai:
I MADE IT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU
ITS YELLOW BC ITS YOUR FAV COLOR
ANS IT HAS SUNFLOWERS
BC ITS YOUR FAV FLOWER
AND YOU'RE WALL BC
well that explains itself
awwwwww

love you too baby
AND YOU HAVE TO GO
DRESSED UP AS KILLA

Lisa:

how

why

what

where

lol

YOU ARE HER

LITERALLY

YOU HAVE TO DRESS UP AS HER

THERE'S A COSPLAY CONTENT

AND THE PRICE FOR THE FIRST

PLACE IS BIG

how much are we talking about

600k won

what do you say

killa looks like?

Kai:

you will do it

it's great

this is killa

you're blind

i don't look like her at all

but i can try

YAAAAAY

NOONA

YOU WILL WIN

maybe☐

1 hour later

HOLD A FUCKING SECOND XHILD

DID YOU CALL ME FLAT LIKE

A DAMN WALL???!!!

well well well

sorry not sorry for being a cockblocker. that's all I have to say. also, what the fuck is a good narration? idk. this is one of my most mediocre works and i was going to edit better but my donald trump limited english vocabulary is doing me dirty now more than ever

did you know that donald trump just know 3k words? yeah, i can relate but all that between the two languages i "speak"

ANYWAY sorry for updating like six hours late, i thought people were going to vote no honestly and then forgot about the

tweet till now lol

if you like it, comment and vote 🗳️ have you seen that tzuyu in this chapter wasnt that bad? girly just showed up to introduce jk video's i dated a rich girl (it ended up wrong) | STORYTIME. hope you like it, i wanted to tell his background with tzuyu so that would explain why hes so insecure. but idk if i did it well honestly

my exams are coming, i got an email with the dates yesterday so... you're warned if i suddenly disappear

Chapter 23

you all don't have idea how much i hate when things don't end up like i would liked it. anyway, enjoy this super long chapter💖
it wasn't my intention to make it this longer tbh but hope it doesn't disappoint.

love you all



this one is for the smutty fam

"Good morning~"

Her sweet voice attracted him from the darkness of his dream, making him float on a cloud that hugged him and tempted him to continue sleeping, however she was also tempting and much better than his dream.

Jungkook could feel her lips running down his skin, down his stomach and on a downward path to the part of his body that longed for her the most. Her mouth caused small tickles between his abs, it was soft and graceful like a fluttering butterfly that was teasing him slowly, heating his blood.

He blinked a few times to get used to the light of the huge room with panoramic windows, in a penthouse as expensive as it was large. Little did he care about it, anyway. His gaze dropped to the owner of the lips that were driving him crazy, making his painfully hard dick twitch.

Large blue doll eyes, outlined in fuchsia, looked at him with her typical playful air while lips painted in the same shade formed a sardonic smirk.

"Good morning, Kookie~" she repeated in a familiar melody, an almost childish tone. Her platinum blonde bangs brushed her eyebrows and accentuated the fierceness of her eyes, contradicting the innocence of her voice.

Wasn't that what he loved most about her? A perfect combination of sweetness and evil, the kind he loved to play with.

"Morning, Lisa," he murmured, same melody, a more husky tone after many hours of sleep and a growing arousal in his stomach.

She nibbled her lower lip in a smile and continued with her kisses, down and down to the band of his black boxers briefs. Her little tongue went out to explore, bristling golden and smooth skin, even his abs tensed, expectant for more.

Jungkook took a pillow and put it behind his head, to capture the

exact moment when she lowered his underwear and revealed his hard member, it was waiting for her.

As if she had known him for a lifetime, going through this situation a million times, she didn't hesitate to take it with her hand, nails with golden stars shone and stole his attention because he finally had those beautiful hands in the place where he longed for them, besides between his fingers. She held him firm and pumped him gently, licking her thick lips and looking hungry, Jungkook bit the corner of his lower lip with such force that it hurt.

And a hoarse groan emerged from his throat when she finally kissed the tip, between open lips to give him warmth and chills. The pleasure with just that simple contact was incredible, making him hungry for more.

She pulled out her dangerous tongue once more and, looking into his eyes, she licked a line along his length and returned to the tip. His balls tightened, asking for more and more, which she gave him.

Her eyes were going to kill him, however. They were beautiful and lethal, they looked at him as if she were going to eat him alive and he wanted it, he wanted to be eaten with licks and kisses.

She smiled one last time before putting it in her mouth, the heat moisture made his back arch with a new pang of pleasure that caused a lusty pain in his stomach, tightening his stomach. She reached out and ran her nails over there, through the lines, creating more sensations.

Her mouth was soft and so fucking hot, her tongue fluttered and licked around the tip of his cock and then she sucked, hollowing her cheeks, making him see stars. Her hand pumped around his thickness as she began to accelerate her mouth, rising and falling a little more halfway. She couldn't put more in her mouth but it was enough for his tip to brush her tight throat and he groaned, nibbling his lips and opening his thighs to her.

It was a mistake, that gave her place to her free hand to begin to caress his tense balls and the currents of pleasure made him gasp, leaning over his elbows to see her.

Only then could he see the position in which she was, kneeling and tilted down, wearing nothing but a yellow lace thong that made the shine of her silky skin stand out. God, she was a fucking queen.

His hands, which had been clenching the sheets, finally reacted so while one held his body, the other took her long blond hair into a fist and revealed what she was hiding: her beautiful shoulders and sharp collarbones. Her cheeks wrapping his cock were beautiful, colored in red because of the effort. God, she was so precious.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured and the purr from her throat around his tip that he got in response was magnificent. "You're so good, doll, so, so good," his voice grew weaker because his mouth was opening

alone to groan and moan.

His dick was so tense, the tip burning slowly, he was going to come at any moment, but he didn't want to, he did not want to come in her mouth but in her pussy and it took him a lot of strength to decide to get her away from his cock, earning a confused look and glassy lips with her saliva and his own precum that were also swollen... his cock twitched at the sight, just under her boobs. And it twitched once more when he looked down and noticed that she was wearing her famous Versace top, gold and black... and that damn gold choker...

"Ride me, fucking ride me, now," he growled under his breath.

"Hmmm, you're so hot when you talk like this," she teased and watching her climb into his lap was majestic.

The lace barely covered her skin, he could see everything and especially her folds, which she revealed in front of his eyes as she moved her thong to a side, offering herself.

"I'm so wet for your cock, Jungkook," she whined.

Jungkook raised his fingers, hypnotized, and they both groaned when he passed them through her wet slit. She arched in all her glory and threw her head back. He couldn't resist wishing for more and found her clit, a swollen button, to start caressing it in circles and figures of eight, moistening every corner of that hot and soft pussy and reveling in the beautiful girl, kneeling and touching herself over the top while riding his hand gently.

"Put it inside, please," she whispered and God, yes, he couldn't wait.

He aligned his swollen cock and with his other hand, on her thin hip, he lowered her. The heat of her pussy hugged the tip of his cock and he felt like tasting paradise, about to...

And Jungkook woke up as if someone had just snapped their fingers to activate his brain.

No no no no no no

Please no.

He was so close.

So fucking close.

Please go back to sleep, go black to sleep.

He rolled on the bed, literally wanting to cry out of frustration, and hugged a pillow in search of falling asleep but it was impossible.

He had been so close.

And his cock hurt so much.

He couldn't stop now.

It had been such a real dream, he could still feel her juices on his fingers and hear her groans, he could still feel her mouth... everything was so clear in his mind that when he closed his eyes he could see her again.

His hips began to grind against the mattress and his cock received the friction he wanted, he could imagine her riding it, sitting on his cock and sliding it between her hot folds...

"Fuck, yes, please," he growled against the pillow and settled himself better, entangled in the sheets, sinking his knees slightly for a better angle.

He could take her and hover over her, burying his cock to the bottom, surrounding himself with those long legs and devouring that thick mouth, ruining all that fuchsia lipstick while swallowing her sweet moans. Oh, she would sound so sweet and high-pitched.

(a/n: quack quack lmfao)

"God yes"

He would raise on his knees to lift her legs and play with her clit, rejoicing at the sight of her cock sinking into her wet hole, both moaning and arching with pleasure. She would look so beautiful, small boobs bouncing with nipples so swollen, and her face... her face, oh my God.

"Jungkook, please, please," she would groan, desperate for more and he would give her more.

He would move his thumb over her clit faster until making her come and tremble, squeezing his cock like a fist and he would love her face of pleasure, opening those thick lips and releasing the cutest sighs. Then he would lean over her and start to fuck her hard, with her legs on his shoulders, seeking to get to the bottom, looking only at her beautiful face and her disheveled long blond hair on the pillow.

And he would kiss her, he would catch her mouth and kiss her to death, finally enjoying that mouth of her, until his balls tensed and then made him explode in her, filling her with himself...

"Yes, yes, fuck, Lisa, yes," he groaned, coming hard, hips pushing quickly as he sank his face into the pillow, hugging it and arching, his back muscles tensing and widening, honing beautifully as he pushed more and more, cumming on the sheets.

Fuck, yes, finally.

It was... so good.

He sighed deeply from the bottom of his lungs and rolled on the bed, looking at the familiar ceiling of his bedroom, lit by blue LED lights. He was hating himself for having done what he had just done.

I mean, he could be really fucking her and here he was, fucking his sheets.

Pathetic but thankfully no one was seeing him, that would be more embarrassing.

And now he had to wash the sheets, as if he were thirteen years

old again.



Jungkook stopped abruptly at the same time as the girl leaving Jimin's room, both looking at each other with caught faces.

"Jungkook?" She asked, recognizing him. Jungkook recognized her then, although he didn't remember her name. She was older than him, from the art department, also working on the mural.

"Hi!" He greeted her awkwardly, moving the sheets subtly behind his back.

"I didn't know you lived here"

And he didn't know that Jimin was fucking her.

What a small world they were living in.

Was she going to leave?

Apparently, she got his obvious discomforted expression, because she said: "I guess I'll leave," she pointed at the door with her shoes.

"Yeah, haha," he pinched one ear, backing toward his door to hide the sheets a little, extremely worried about her noticing what he was doing and he really was hoping she didn't grow up with guys... "Be-be careful, the sun is shining too much today" he added, to be less suspicious.

What?

What was that?

She nodded, letting out a forced chuckle, it was a moment as uncomfortable for her as it was for him. It was better for her to leave and give him a moment to bang his face against the door.

But she was still there.

Why didn't she leave?

HE HAD DIRTY SHEETS TO WASH WHY WAS SHE STILL LOOKING AT HIM AND NOT LEAVING?

This was so awkward. Should he come back and lock himself back in his room?

And she FINALLY walked on tiptoe to the door, where she put on her Converse, and after greeting him as if nothing with a pretty smile with her lips closed while narrowing her little eyes, she left.

He sighed, gosh, thankfully she hadn't realized anything.

But just in that moment, Jimin left his room and looked at him and Jungkook looked at him and Jimin looked at him and Jungkook looked at him... Of course Jimin slid his gaze from his eyes to the sheets made a bun on his back, and he raised an eyebrow.

"Aren't you too old for this?"

Jungkook widened his round eyes. "Too old to wash the sheets, you say?"

"Yeah, sure, to just wash the sheets"

"Jimin-ssi you're so weird," he sighed and kept his way to the laundry room, like nothing. HE HAD ENOUGH WITH THAT GIRL CATCHING HIM HALF NAKED IN THE MORNING WITH DIRTY SHEETS, he didn't need Jimin making it bigger.

"Jungkook?"

"Yes?" He turned around in the frame of the door, pushing a strand of hair with his pinky.

"Your boxers, dirty with cookie's cream, just fell," Jimin said and kicked them with the tip of his toe.

Jungkook's ears burned like fire.

FFFFFFUUUCK.

Jimin's annoying giggle sounded loud in the apartment.

"Don't you think you should repaint that again?"

Jungkook sighed even though he really wanted to shout at her, he had already painted that damn petal three times and he wasn't going to do it again on the fresh paint, that would create lumps and NO ONE WANTED THE LUMPS.

This girl was really a pain in the ass that was taking advantage of his kindness, they had WEEKS of coexistence and that little army general was worse than a mosquito presenting his single pspspspsp at three in the morning.

"Sunbae, I'm talking to you ..." Freshman Chaeyoung insisted with a hum.

"I heard you," he replied and turned on the stairs to shoot her a glare. "It is still fresh, so it seems that it lacks paint," he explained with all the patience in the world.

"But-"

"I will not do it"

"But Sunbae!"

"No!"

"But-"

"NOOOOOOOOOO," he was being extra now, growling and shaking his head.

Thus he got the attention of the people and immediately he shrugged in shame, regretting everything, he had forgotten that he was up, above all and with six other people working beside him, and that all eyes would obviously turn to him. Even Yugyeom let out a high-pitched laugh from a corner.

Would they think he was a jerk for treating her like that? He didn't want to give that image of himself, feeding more what most of them believed about him. Not that it bothered him too much, so he didn't have to interact with most of these people he didn't know, but Lisa was there too... Although he had stayed away from her that

day, his cock was all crazy after that dream and Jungkook had blue cargo pants, not a good combination.

However, Freshman Chaeyoung laughed, looking younger and prettier.

"Okay, Oppa, you do you," she raised her hands in surrender and walked away.

Oh, did he have to shout at him to leave him alone?

THAT'S IT? WASN'T SHE GOING TO SLAP HIM OR SOMETHING?

God, if he had known that before... he wouldn't have done it anyway, of course, Jungkook didn't yell at people.

"He's really so hot," Seulgi, a senior, said out of nowhere. She was sitting beside Lisa in a stool, while she was focused on her laptop, checking the last taken photos.

"He is," Freshman Chaeyoung agreed, leaning on the table. Both girls staring at Jungkook while he was up the stairs, his oversized grey sweatshirt could have made him look younger and small, but from their perspective, he looked super tall, his legs were overshadowing everything, muscles tensing and flexing under his cargo pants, and firm ass showing up when he was leaning down. And his back...

"Who?" Lisa caught the last part of their conversation, clueless.

"Jungkook" Seulgi replied.

"Oh..." Lisa glanced at Jungkook and she couldn't disagree, c'mon, he was a whole feast. "Yeah," she nodded like nothing and looked at her laptop again, covering up the sudden heat on her neck. She was keeping herself away from him that morning, she woke up that morning strangely horny and she couldn't look at him without having crazy thoughts.

"I've seen him this morning, he is hiding the best abs of the nation under those baggy tshirts," Seulgi commented, not very expressive, but truly shocked.

What did she just say? "This morning? Who do you know?" Lisa asked, triggered. In what situation were they both that Seulgi saw him shirtless?

"Oh, I was with Jimin this morning and he was there. Did you know that they live together?" Seulgi continued innocently, but a mocking smile was threatening to grow on her lips.

Lisa felt dumb. "Oh, yes, yes," she replied, embarrassed.

"Calm down, tiger, he's yours," Seulgi teased her more.

Oh, what? "We're just friends!" Lisa objected maybe too defensive.

"Without benefits? How sad," Seulgi pouted.

"Unnie!" Lisa whined, holding back an ashamed laugh. Why were they all like that with her and Jungkook? It was embarrassing.

"He's better than I thought, by the way," Freshman Chaeyoung talked again, after spacing out with her phone for a few minutes. Both older girls looked at him interested. "I knew him from the distance, he's friend of the guy that made all my tattoos"

"Who?" Lisa asked, maybe she knew him.

"Bobby Oppa"

"Oh, I know him!" she exclaimed. Seoul was so little, it was amazing.

"Anyway, he seemed so cold and arrogant," Chaeyoung continued. "He looks like a badass too, like the type that says fuck you all and doesn't give a shit about everything," she acted her words, moving her neck like a pigeon. "So I have been being bossy with him all this time because no man mess with this girl, but damn, I feel like I could send him to get me mochas and he would do it," she finished, amazed with the fact.

Jungkook had that effect. "He definitely would, Jungkook is a sweetheart," Lisa said, so proud of people knowing the real side of him, especially when they were open to giving him the chance to prove himself better.

"I know now, he seemed so guilty after yelling at me, he's baby" Chaeyoung pouted, like talking about a baby.

HE WAS REALLY A BABY. He was so soft and caring, with the cutest mannerism and habits.

"Aren't you lesbian?" Seulgi asked, raising a brow.

Chaeyoung shrugged like saying "so what". "I don't want to date him, I wanna put him in my pocket"

Wasn't she 1.50cm?

Seulgi laughed, shaking her head, Lisa did too. "This kid... Remember you're younger"

"Would he even care?" Chaeyoung had a point there. Jungkook really seemed like the type that wouldn't care that much about honorifics like other people, but he was still extremely respectful with all his elders.

"Oh, he cares, I've seen him glaring at you," Seulgi told Chaeyoung.

"Aw, little thing," she pouted again.

"You're so evil," Lisa giggled.

"Sorry, I'm just kidding, you don't have to worry about your man"

DAMN. "He's NOT my man,"

"Oh, c'mon, he's drooling over you," Seulgi was honest with her. "Every time you two sit to study together is like-"

"-watching the kdrama of the 9pm" Chaeyoung finished for her.

What the hell?

Both were just sitting, studying, talking about the mess that

subject was, sometimes complaining about their schedules and essays. How was that romantic like a kdrama?

Lisa shook her head, rolling her eyes. "Gosh no, he likes... Chaeyoung" her voice trailed off as she saw Chaeyoung approaching him. She held her breath, expectant to see what was going to happen.

Chaeyoung seemed like a woman in a mission and a sudden and strange fear overwhelmed her body, while a weird pressure on her chest made her feel unwell.

Why she was feeling bad so suddenly?

"Jungkook?"

He looked down, finding Chaeyoung there with her hands on her waist, politely he came down to listen to whatever she had to say. "What's going on?" He asked, leaving the cut plastic bottle with paint on the floor and taking a rag to clean, or at least dry, his fingers stained with red drops.

"Eh ..." she tucked a strand of blond hair behind her ear, smiling with emotion. "I wanted to know if you ..."

He waited for her to continue while he leaned to his sides to see if he had spots on his white t-shirt.

"Would you like to go with me for coffee on Saturday?"

For what? He wondered really fast, confused because never before they met out of college classes.

Oh! She had told him the day before she was struggling about the best way to combine the colors for the hands, she wanted to know his opinion because between the senior that saw him half naked that morning and herself couldn't decide what was the best way to follow. That senior was working like her right hand since she was the council president of the Art department, now he knew that. After that situation between them, Jungkook began to notice her and someone called her the president.

That's it, second year there and he still didn't know anything about his department besides the content in his classes.

He focused then. "You want to meet up to see the last details of the mural?" he asked, interested because all those asks for his opinions were heavenly. He was feeling important.

"...Yeah!" Chaeyoung replied excitedly.

Wait, she said Saturday?

"Jungkookieeeeeee," Jimin's voice, from the building's doors startled him like hell. "Hi, everyone," he bowed with a charming smile to all the people he passed by till getting in front of them. "Good morning, cheesecake"

Chaeyoung huffed. "You are NOT part of this department"

"I'm from the engineering department, I know right"

And she blinked, like shocked.

What did she think he was studying?

"Sadly, I'm not here to see your angelic face, cheesecake, I'm here for my Jungkookie," he chuckled extra cheerfully.

Jungkook knew it, he took charge of screaming his name in front of everyone, a moment he would love to remember, of course.

Why was he so happy? It was because he got laid?

"Are we having lunch together? I got big news!"

"You had sex with one of your girls?" Chaeyoung asked, bored.

Jimin chuckled, leaning a little bit closer. "I did have sex with a girl, a very beautiful girl I must say," he replied, looking for a reaction... and he got one.

Her eyes darkened and she gritted her jaw, looking away. Her perfect side profile, with the most perfect nose, showed; chin still arrogantly up and thin arms crossing over her chest. "It's none of my business," she dismissed him.

"Then, why did you ask?"

She glared at him.

Jungkook ignored them and their usual hate and got excited too. "Is it about your mom, Hyung?"

Jimin's face changed completely, his face glowed up and he nodded happily. Jungkook got also happy for him. His mother was sick since he was young, it was being a long fight against cancer, and all the money he was getting from his jobs was to help it, in hope for his mom to finally win the war. So, if he had big news and he was so happy, it was really good.

(a/n: i feel like im throwing bombs out of nowhere but i also shared some hints before so...)

"We're eating out today, I'll pay," he patted his shoulder.

"Okay," Jungkook nodded and that made him remember about Chaeyoung's proposal. "I'd love to go for a coffee with you, but I'm busy this Saturday," he apologized, feeling sad for not being able to help her but he had important plans.

Chaeyoung's smile faded slowly but she recovered it fast, waving her hands. "Uh... It's fine! I-I... I could be another day"

"Yeah," he shrugged and someone called him so he apologized and left.

Once alone, Chaeyoung rolled her eyes, she wasn't seeing him but she could sense his arrogant smirk. "Don't you dare to say anything"

He loved conventions, since childhood.

The first one he attended was when he was twelve, it had been in

Busan; but the next one he attended was in Seoul, in downtown Yangjae-Dong where it was held every year. Both shared the enormous size and attendance, people disguised themselves as their favorite characters and events were held everywhere, mostly contests: singing, dancing, drawing, and cosplay, in general. Also, there were multiple types of merchandise exhibitions, made by fans and mixing with the official.

It was paradise for anyone who loves anime, manga and webtoons. His paradise.

Ten years later, Jungkook still felt like a child in a toy store. Although now he no longer wore costumes, it was ironic though because now that he was older, he looked more like Shinji Ikari than he would like... If he cut his hair. Maybe like L, if he used some eyeliner or didn't sleep for a week.

(a/n: jk with long hair looks like L asf)

Since his manhwa was one of the most popular in the nation, it was much more exciting to attend. Since he was 18, he dressed as usual and walked around the specific area dedicated to his manhwa and watched proudly the large number of people who was dressed like Taesoo or Jinhyun, using their particular main styles, or as Ruby, who was one of the most beloved female characters until the arrival of Killa. It was fun to see girls going like Ruby and Killa, knowing how much they hated each other, because everyone knew that those two were a good team.

His manager was tired of him not wanting to show his face, of course, he would make much more money if he attended as an author and signed merch and books in front of the people's face, but no one but Jimin, Taehyung and Yuqi knew that all this was his creation and it was fine. He didn't want to expose himself.

Besides, it was more fun that way. There were many theories about his identity, the one saying he had a deformed face after a fire where he lost his entire family was frankly the best of all. But the most believed was that he lived in Japan and he had no idea why. He never was in Japan.

"Are you going to buy something?" A girl asked and he denied. "So, can you move? I want to buy"

Wow, okay, sis.

He moved from in front of a table full of posters, shoving his hands in his pockets after ruffling his hair. Someone riding a bicycle and ringing the bell alerted him, making him wonder why someone was using a bicycle in the middle of so many people but doubts about that subject vanished in dust at seeing a Killa come. She looked so real that it seemed out of his drawings... and from his mind when he drawing her.

HOLD ON.

NO.

THIS HAD TO BE A JOKE.

HE WAS DREAMING AGAIN, THAT'S IT, SHE FINALLY WAS GOING TO TAKE OFF HER TOP HIS TIME.

FATE WAS KILLING HIM, THAT WAS ITS OBJECTIVE. KISSING THOSE CUTE CHEEKS WASN'T GOD'S PLAN FOR HIS FUTURE BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO HAVE A CARDIAC ATTACK AND DIE RIGHT THERE.

He blinked to clear his vision and stop being delirious but nope, he wasn't delirious, so he started to scream internally.

As a way out of his dreams, she was approaching, taller because of the black, high heels boots up to her thighs, wrapping and exalting those gifts from God that drove him crazy. The white skirt with thin and shiny fringes that brushed her thighs, highlighted her hips and barely covered her stomach, rising to a small waist. She wore a small black top with gold decorations, the leather jacket was long behind with ruffles, and those gold chokers... and those pink lips... those lips he wanted to kiss until there was nothing left of lipstick and they were only swelling ... God, don't get a boner, don't get a boner, DON'T GET A BONER.

(a/n: ok let's have a break bc i searched boner on urban dictionary for some reason and found: "your penis's version of a thumbs up" and "an excellent way of telling a girl that they are beautiful" and i lost it and i had to share it somewhere)

*(a/n: to skip this add **click here**)*

But the images of his dream were returning with full force, hitting him with such lust that he had to flex his thighs to keep the blood from staying in his crotch.

(a/n: no one cares bc most of you are girls but flexing your legs is a good way to get rid of a boner, share the info with your lover for fewer inconveniences)

"Jungkook! You're here! "She greeted him cheerfully as she arrived right in front of him, looking more real than ever. She was wearing blue contacts even, he was about to cry.

He couldn't speak. HE COULDN'T BREATHE. How was she dressed up as Killa, his character who was based on her, anyway? Why? Was this a punishment from God for jacking off too much at young age? He was just a kid!

"I-I-Hi... oh, hmmm, how-how are you dddowls," and his tongue got tangled up and he looked like he was having a stroke. Attractive. "I-"

"Jungkook-ssi is also a fan of anime? Just this manhwa? I'm so surprised," why did that sound sarcastic like shit and since when

Hueningkai was there? He wasn't dressed up as anything, at least.

"Uh, hello," he inclined his head slightly, trying to take a deep breath to calm his heart. "I ... I just passed by here, haha," he had his jaw so tense it hurt.

"Jungkook loves anime, you two would get along so well," Lisa wasn't aware of literally anything.

"Of course," Kai smiled in a way that reminded him of Yuqi when she was about to do something wrong.

Oh, this boy knew he was having dirty dreams about his babysitter.

How did he know it?

He was being very obvious? Oh no no no no.

"I had never come to one of these, it's super cool," Lisa commented excitedly and made some funny poses, like being a supermodel. "Cosplay is so great! I understand you now," she spun around, blowing the blasts of her jacket, and he felt blessed.

Besides hot as hell, she looked beautiful because she was excited and happy, he wanted to marry this woman.

Jungkook smiled. "You look beautiful," he sighed his words, without thinking.

"I know, right?"

Now she was even more beautiful, nothing was better than her being confident.

"Can I call you Hyung?" Kai asked sideways and Jungkook nodded in response. "Well, Hyung, Noona here says she doesn't look like Killa but she is identical, isn't she?" He pointed at her from head to toe, causing him to once again observe her from head to toe and his mind was flooded with images of from his dream. She was wearing a make up like that while...

Jungkook swallowed nervously, crossing his hands in front of his crotch. "Uh," he quickly raised a hand to his neck to rub it and lowered it again. "Yeah, yeah, it's-it's such a coincidence"

"Yeah, a coincidence," Kai added with an insinuating tone.

What did that child know?

"Do you really think I look like her? I don't see it"

She was blind, it couldn't be that she didn't see herself in a character that had even the same details as her, like that mole in under her eye and the mole in her neck.

Damn it, he should be grateful for this? Or just incredulous?

"You do," he proved Kai right, he couldn't deny it anyway, it was going to look more suspicious in that way.

"So I could win the cosplay contest? I'm this pretty just for that first place," she joked and he wasn't surprised at all. But this was the damn peak of comedy, he was one of the judges! THAT WASN'T

GOING TO BE A FAIR GAME, but he couldn't not make her win when she was the real version and she didn't know that.

"I think that since you look so much like her, I'd be like playing dirty, what do you think Hyung?"

Jungkook widened his eyes. "I-I ... what?"

Shit.

"Oh my God!!! You look so much like Killa!" a random girl approached Lisa, she was short with short hair and bangs, eyes shining with excitement. "Can I take a pic with you?"

Lisa looked at her genuinely surprised but ended up nodding. "Sure!"

That girl had more friends, fans of the manhwa, and they dragged Lisa a few steps away to take multiple selfies and group pictures. Jungkook felt a little bit proud, he couldn't explain why but he was happy because she was enjoying this and it was all because of him and his drawings.

"So ..." Kai spoke, leaning toward him. "You're really Nochu," he pointed out roughly, like someone who catches a child doing something wrong.

OH NO.

OH FUCK

Oh, damn it.

PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT, PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT. "Wha-what? Who? Of course not," Jungkook replied as if he were saying crazy things.

"Hyung, c'mon"

"I'm not Nochu," he insisted.

"Hyung, you're so nervous and you're shaking"

"I'm always nervous! You have no proof," he pretended to be calm, to cover up his obvious nervousness, with an eating shit grin.

"Listen, you know there are some leaked pictures of you going around social media, right?"

Jungkook leaned back, gasping. "There are??"

How were there? Why? Where? Of him?

"From when you were younger, no many people think it's you because that guy doesn't look like someone that would create the biggest mafia of the nation"

That was kinda offensive. He knew he looked like a loser but he didn't have to say it like that...

"But then I saw you that night in the karaoke and my brain showed that younger guy, I grew his hair mentally and everything clicked," Kai snapped his fingers, about to say Eureka! "That explains why Killa looks like Noona, you draw her using her image, right? "

Wow, what a lil Sherlock.

"It could be a guy looking like me, I have a very common face," Jungkook could keep a calm, serious, unaffected expression, but inside, he was suffering an anxiety attack that was clenching his throat with an invisible fist.

"I wasn't that sure till you tweeted the girl you like liked your Instagram photo, I made my research and how casual that you, Jungkook, posted a pic that was liked by Noona the same day, a few hours before, so I 've connected the dots and that's it Hyung, Liskook it's real! "

"... I-"

Maybe he did have proof.

Wait, liskook?

"You're Nochu!"

SHIT!

"Sssshhhhh!!!!" he put a finger in front of his mouth, paranoid of being heard.

Kai laughed. "You don't have idea how much I admire you, I could shit my pants right now," he admitted without any shame, putting his fists together in front of his chin out of excitement. "She's gonna kill him in the end, right? Cmon, tell me"

"I-I-I can't tell you"

"Do you want me to tell her the truth?"

Jungkook narrowed his eyes. This kid "You-"

"Me?" Kai teased him, knowing he had the pan by the handle.

"Fuck, I won't tell you," he couldn't risk years of plans but anxiety was killing him and that boy was in control. "But I can give you free merch," he offered instead, praying to all mystical beings existing for him to take it.

"... And the books?"

God, if he wanted to, Jungkook would add him as an extra as long as he kept that evil mouth shut. "And the books... signed books," he added.

Kai's eyes lit up "Oh, oh, you are good at business," God, thankfully he accepted, Jungkook could finally breathe. "By the way, you're so into Noona, you better be less obvious"

And there his heart was racing like a car again, running pure anxiety through his veins. "I'm that obvious?" he asked in horror.

That is to say, everyone knew, but A CHILD WAS SAYING IT NOW.

"Hyung, I'm just fourteen but I'm not dumb, I know what you do at night"

HE KNEW?

"WH-WHAT?"

Kai blinked in surprise at his reaction but quickly caught it and smiled mischievously. "Oh you do that at night ..."

"I don't do anything at night!" He wasn't lying, it was in the morning.

"Aren't you too old for those things?"

... First of all, nobody is too old to masturbate but now he felt pathetic, more than normal. It was sadder that he couldn't answer without exposing himself in front of a FOURTEEN YEARS OLD BOY. In what his life was becoming...

"Hyung ..." Kai called him back, frowning. "What are your intentions with Noona? I'm your fan but I don't know you, "he had the audacity to act like a protective father now, after manipulating and extorting him.

HE HAD JUST BEEN MANIPULATED BY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD CHILD, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE WAS AN INOFFENSIVE IDIOT.

"You-"

"Wow this is so cool!" Lisa returned, making them both turn to look at her with the most innocent smiles in the world. "That's how idols feel? It's amazing," she commented cheerfully. "Who's the artist of this? They told me his name is Nochu "

Oh no.

Oh no no no.

His tongue was tangled because of the nervous state, he was going to fart soon for sure.

"He goes incognito, no one has seen him before," Kai said casually, saving his ass.

Jungkook could kiss him right now.

"Oh really?"

"BUT he's so fascinating," his mouth spoke before he could control it and Kai glanced at him strangely, like dude what are you doing. "He must be handsome and he is really smart, you know," he deserved some compliments to his person considering everything that was going on.

"Are you a fan, Jungkook?" Lisa asked playfully, why did she smile like that? As if she was teasing him?

(a/n: she's thinking you're gay for yourself, idiot)

"The best fan ever, Noona, he knows so much about this. It's like he was the author," Kai made his eye twitch.

"HAHAHA, you're so funny," Jungkook said louder than usual, startling them both.

However, Lisa acted as if nothing had happened, as if he were not a weirdo. "He could be, he's such a good artist. Have I told you he makes tattoos?" She told Kai.

Jungkook could blush, she spoke so proudly of him, as if he made

the most impressive drawings in the universe and she made him feel that way.

"Can I have a free tattoo?" Kai asked.

"That's my boy," Lisa offered her fist for him to bump, winking at him.

Jungkook laughed, she really had a special vibe with the people younger than her ... and the oldest. His mother and Yuqi were still delighted with her, asking about her and teasing him that he liked her as if they were elementary school girls, which was embarrassing and made him turn red like a tomato.

Lisa was simply special.

"But, seriously, can I?" Kai insisted, glancing at the viable tattoos of his hands. He was wearing a white long sleeve t-shirt that afternoon, with blue sweatpants.

"You're too young"

"Like the author of this manhwa. Have I told you, you look like-"

THE AUDACITY.

"We can talk about that free tattoo if you bring a permission note from your parents," he interrupted quickly.

"Nah, he's kidding, his mother would kill him," Lisa put an arm around his shoulders, dismissing his words. "Didn't want you to buy something from here?" she asked Kai with a sudden sweetness that almost made Jungkook jealous.

He wanted hugs... and sweet words... and Killa fucking him like in his dreams ...

He was happy with just the sweet tone if it was all she could give, to be honest.

"Uh yeah, I'll see around... and separate it," Kai gave him an insinuating look that Jungkook was forced to catch.

"I'll recommend something to you," he walked to a table and the boy followed him, once alone, he sighed, unable to believe he was doing this. "Hey," he called the one in charge of the entire stand. He approached, knowing that he was someone important but not that he was the author. "For him, everything is free"

The boy looked at him like he was crazy but nodded. "Okay, Sir"

Kai patted his back excited. "You're the best Hyung, go get Lisa" and he kicked him out.

Jungkook couldn't believe this, seriously ... that boy... He and Soomin were really siblings. And what kind of fan was he? Weren't all fans ready to risk their life for their idol? Kai seemed more ready to push him in front of a truck, unless he gave him free merch.

He turned to Lisa with his hands in his pockets, close to what could wake up so he could accommodate it easily.

"So, did you come to buy merch too?" she asked at seeing him

come, eyes on his face, her best decision ever.

He cleared his throat. *Act normal Jungkook, act normal, nothing is happening, you are on public roads, you don't want to go to jail, right?* "Yes, I like to buy mangas here, there are... special or limited editions from collectors sometimes," like the ones Kai was grabbing right now, which were expensive, which he was about to give him for free...

Jungkook was close to bit his own fist.

"What's your favorite manga?" Lisa made him look back.

The answer was at the tip of his tongue but he stopped before saying it. "Hmm... I don't think you would like it"

"Why? I like everything"

Oh, but she wouldn't like this one.

"You told me you don't like terror, I mean, it's-it's not terror, more like body horror, which can be more triggering," and why the hell was he talking about it? He had to shut up! This was going to cause her curiosi-

"What's body horror?" yep, there she was. "It's like those movies in which people cut their fingers or limbs?"

And she was asking now and now he was going to answer inevitably. "That's slasher or splatter, body horror is when your own body... you don't want to talk about this," he cut himself off, he really should stop, she was going to look at him weirdly.

"Oh, I do, keep going"

DAMN.

Now he couldn't let her hanging, so he sighed, still reluctant but he opened that door himself. "Body horror is when your own body, from inside, begins to... rot? It's about the degeneration of the body. I think that's more terrific than any ghost or supernatural thing," he had to add, feeling encouraged by her curious gaze.

Lisa tilted her head to the side and scratching the side of her head with one single finger, not looking at all like Killa and more like herself, which was so cute. "It's like turning into a zombie?"

He nodded, giving a slight shrug. "You could say so"

And he thought that was the end of the topic.

HE THOUGHT.

"That sounds so interesting, what does it look like?"

"Do you really want to know?" Jungkook looked at her innocently, not understanding at all why was she so interested but her open mind for it really impulsed him to open up more.

Lisa nodded, confirming and giving him a green light.

Well, he swallowed the lump in his throat and moved.

He couldn't believe he was at Junji Ito's booth with Lisa, showing

her one of his darkest secrets, but there they were in real life. Surrounded by merch with deformed and terrifying faces because of a very well drawn body horror, Jungkook had Uzumaki's book open, showing him one of the most grotesque manga pages.

"The more lines you see, the more triggering the scene is" and worst of all is that Lisa looked at everything interested, paying attention to everything he said. She was very good at listening.

"Wow, it's like an Andreas Gursky's photo," she pointed out a picture, of the ones at the end, where only multiple and cosmic spirals that looked to inspire terror could be seen.

"Uh?"

"He's a photographer whose concept is all about taking photos from a distant perspective of places that are generally full of small things, sometimes aligned and sometimes not. You see so many things that it gets, like, triggering. This reminds me of his photos , but just that, I don't think things like this could exist to take a photo of it... thank God," she sighed, leaning closer to see. Jungkook had noticed that since she was wearing light blue lenses to look like Killa, Lisa was literally wearing nothing to see. She had never told him but it was quite obvious that she did not see well, especially from one eye because it was the one that she narrowed more to focus better.

She looked extremely adorable when she did that. She was even more adorable when she was surprised and panting softly, like a puppy encountering something unknown that moved suddenly.

He concentrated then when she looked at him, catching him while he was staring. "You-you're right," he resumed the subject nervously. "I guess that's why he is my favorite author, he works terror in a way that we wish it to not be real, it's about a mystic being trying to kill us with illnesses and we never know who it is. I like the art too," he added with sincere admiration, the artwork was his favorite thing about Junji Ito, it was beautiful even when it was horrible, every detail was pleasing to see.

(a/n: one episode more of cake watching 17min videos about topics she doesn't give a shit but she has to for the fanfic. now cake wanna spend her money on a manga)

"Yeah, I like it too," Lisa nodded too, passing some pages, she was wearing a wig but how could he still smell the sweet scent of her hair? "I'm just losing my mind now trying to figure out how hard it would be to make a movie with all this. The photography seems impossible "

"You would need so much work for just one scene"

"Yes but I wouldn't watch it anyway," she admitted with an ironic smile, he could figure out why easily, she didn't like terror at all.

"Me neither," he shrugged. And he was still salty about the insult they created when they tried to make an anime of his works, The Junji Ito Collection, which was as horrible as a kick in the balls.

"It is really a masterpiece"

He looked at her in surprise, still doubting that she saw it as he saw it. "You think so?"

"Yes, I can make it look beautiful even when it's disgusting," Jungkook couldn't believe she had just said that. Lisa, without noticing her gaze, went back to the first pages and pointed to a character. "Also the female characters are truly beautiful before they start to die, it's so good," she exaggerated her impressed voice but then shrugged. "And you are saying it's a masterpiece, dude you're the artist here, I trust you "

Jungkook chuckled, closing the book and returning it to the table. "So that's my weird taste," he said embarrassed, he knew it wasn't something very normal or something that someone normal would find attractive.

Lisa shook her head effusively. "It's not weird, I find it interesting," she was so sincere that she made him smile without fear, she had a special power to push away his insecurities. "I would never have now about this if it wasn't for you"

"For what you need to know this?" He asked incredulously.

"To talk with you," she said as if nothing, as if she wasn't causing him five heart diseases with one simple phrase. "Should I watch body horrors movies?" she asked, furrowing her brows and putting a finger to her chin thoughtfully.

She was crazy?

"No, God, no," he quickly refused. "I mean, the genre is horrible and it's not my fav, to be honest. I just like this author because he's good"

"What's your favorite genre of mangas, then?" she leaned toward him, her lips pouting slightly, that curiosity of her was going to kill him. It was driving him crazy that looked so innocent when she was dressed like that.

"I don't have one"

"Oooh, so it is like with the movies," she smiled, pointing at him. Surely keeping in mind the talk they had about movies, he couldn't forget it either. He would never be able to forget the feeling of her thin pinky wrapping his thick one, promising something so big... Especially after knowing something not many people knew about him.

"It is"

"So, there's some manga I'd like?" she looked around, pointing indirectly to the multiple booths of authors that were there.

"You really want to read?"

"Yes, I'm tempted to read Killa's story too. Is it good?"

Of all the stories it had to be that?

He ruffled his hair, uncomfortable. "... Many people say so"

"But?" she asked him, knowing there was a but.

"It lacks many aspects for me," he admitted.

"Oh, you're picky, I see," Lisa joked, winking.

If she winked at him again, he was going to get hard and that was going to be serious.

"Ye-yeah," he turned, looking at Junji Ito's merchandise, God, he needed to concentrate on putrefaction to control himself. "But if you wanna give it a chance ... you should," he told her however, giving in.

"Then I will buy it, and I will buy a shirt too, I love Killa. Kai told me she's strong and lethal, femme fatale style, isn't it admirable? I love strong women," she commented excitedly, spinning around her feet once more, she was so happy to have dressed as Killa.

If she knew she was as lethal as Killa with a katana with just that smile of her and her big doll-like eyes...

Jungkook smiled. "I do too"

The convention was way more entertaining with Lisa at his side, she was making everything special. Since every single thing was new for her, she was getting excited over the smallest thing and asking him all she can. She was genuinely interested and she wanted to buy some things, she said she didn't know anything about it but it was cute and she was such a fan of figurines, the problem here was that she was saving money for a new lens for her camera since her cat made it fall from the bed and it broke.

She talked about her cat as Soomin could talk about her days in school, the child-like glow in her face was making him excited too, so he ended up talking about the dog of his childhood in Busan. He wasn't a big fan of cats, but Lisa was making Leo look like the most fluffy cute thing ever. And he couldn't believe he was softening for a cat.

He was with her when she signed up in the cosplay content and walked around, it felt like that Saturday in Hongdae, he bought her churros this time and Lisa went crazy for it, squealing and everything.

But was it necessary to lick the melting chocolate from it? WAS IT NECESSARY?

AND SHE WAS MAKING NOISES.

Jungkook was screaming internally, again.

He needed a cigarette desperately, a strong one.

Lisa was talking about churros being her new addiction because they were delicious, he was just nodding and smiling, trying to turn off the movie playing in his head in which she was licking his dick like she was licking that churro.

Ah, what a day.

He didn't know how to feel, in moments like that, he was hating life for getting him into this kind of situations. But since he was a masochist, he was actually enjoying it.

And, later, she had to fix her make up because after eating, her lipstick was fading. That led them to be so fucking close again because he was holding her phone for her to see her face while repainting her lips... Jungkook remembered those pink lips around his cock in his dream and he had to close his eyes and think about putrefaction and spirals again.

"Are you okay? You seem in pain"

HE WAS IN PAIN.

He had necrotic balls at this point.

(a/n: i dont remember who mentioned this but you're a genius)

Jungkook just laughed, faking it... till making it. "I'm just having some stomach pain, it's okay," he lied, crossing his legs. Lisa was satisfied with his reply, of course, after suggesting going to the hospital and scold him for eating churros when was feeling bad.

He was eating churros to not cry, let's be clear.

Then she started to tease him with her phone camera, she wanted a pic of him and he was looking like trash. Anyway, she ended up winning and got a selca. He acted like he was so against it but he couldn't wait to get home and take a screenshot of it... and make it his lock screen.

"My first photo with Lisa" for the grandchildren.

Half an hour later, they met with Kai again just for the Cosplay Convent's winners announcement, he was back from hanging around with his friends, now with a Shoto makeup, and both cheered Lisa up when she won the first place like they didn't know Jungkook was behind all this as one of the judges, cheating and betraying the whole anime community. He lost the power of anime, after this.

"I can't believe iiiit!!!" Lisa came walking happily, almost hopping like a bunny, and she showed off her 600k won's check and a polaroid of herself. The organizers took special photos of her for winning.

"Congratulations Noona!" Kai hugged her and she wrapped her arms around his neck, swaying. Over his shoulder, she winked at Jungkook.

That's it, he lost it, hi, hi, Lil Kook.

He was admiring her, while smoking because he really needed it, for walking across the streets without caring at all about her costume. He caught some people looking at her and some guys checking her out, he glared at them in such way he kept walking, whistling innocently. Lisa probably noticed all the stares, but she was too happy with her check and outfit, rambling happily about everything and anything.

Her cheerful spirit was a truly ray of light and he could be the sunflower facing the sun for her.

And her phone rang, the Darth Vader's familiar song started to sound loud and all sign of happiness on Lisa vanished, her face turning into a tired expression so fast it could have been funny. "Ugh, the evil is calling," she huffed and replied the call. "Hi, mom!"

Her mom?

"She dislikes her mom so much, Hyung, just listen," Kai told him with amusement as Jungkook exhaled smoke to a side.

Lisa rolled her eyes at whatever her mom was saying. "Some of us are busy, mom... No, I'm not implying you're jobless, I know your role in the Moms of The Future is super important... Damn, Wom-Okay, okay, sorry for cussing, I'll say "cheesecake" instead of "damn" for now on ... I'm not making fun of you..." she huffed strongly, Jungkook never saw her so annoyed before but he didn't like the way she was talking to her mom, he would never do that with his. "Why did you call? Let's make this fast... No, I'm not trying to get rid of you, what makes you think that?" she said with obvious sarcasm. "Cheesecake, mom! Go to the point!..." he didn't know what her mom said but Lisa's face grew shocked. "Wh-what? Already? It's been a month?..." Lisa gasped at the reply from her mother and she muttered a small "sssshit". "Yeah, yeah, okay," she recovered. "See you, mom"

She hung up and looked at a blank spot with a traumatized face. What her mother told her, for god's sake?

Lisa raised her gaze to him slowly and said emotionless: "My mom is coming in two days"

Jungkook smiled, wasn't that good? She was so away from her family and country, she for sure missed them.

Kai grimaced. "Oh no"

Uh? Why "oh no"?

Lisa took off her wig and sighed dramatically. "Let's go to the Han River, I gotta jump"

WAIT, WHAT?

that's been a long ride.

did you like it? 🤔👉

i hope so bc a bitch kinda enjoyed it☐ btw it took years to edit it for god's sake I don't remember writing this much since september lol

if you like it, comment and vote♥️ so Lisa's mom is coming, how do you think she is? and why do you think Lisa is not happy about it? im sure you could make your theories with some hints here and there

i wanted to say something else but i forgot☐ and im sure I wanted to edit something in too but i also forgot

Chapter 24

HIHI!

i know on mv has been just released but this ain't about em sorry. kidding, **what's your fav song of the album?** it took me days but mine is still shadow, and ugh, moon and on are fighting for the second place

yes it's been literally 19 days since the last time i updated but let's think it's not been 20 days and feel grateful.

soooooooo, sorry for the ghosting, I've been studying and enjoying my loneliness without social media and all, the peace of not dealing with twt is orgasming. i had a big af writer block these days too i have to keep studying but im more happier now bc a bitch slayed a final but just bc I'm a big ass nerd and the professor's pet. that's why you have to study kiddos, you pass finals at just attending to them. be like cake, be a nerd

enough babbling, this is one of my fav chapters and hope you like it 🍋🍷

Lisa would have liked more time to prepare for this, but she had less than 24 hours because her mother decided to take an earlier flight and that morning Lisa woke up and met her mother in her living room, not Chaeyoung deciding to miss work and surprising her with a breakfast, nope, HER OWN DAMN MOTHER WAS WHAT SHE FOUND.

A true nightmare.

Lisa literally let out a scream with her hand on her chest and her eyes so wide that they could have fell. Internally, she cursed that the lady knew the code of the door, although she would have been just as horrified if she opened the door.

"Cheesecake, mom! Let me know before you pop up in my living room like a Spotify ad!" she exclaimed, feeling her heart in her throat. "I can't handle this scares at this age"

"You have such a particular sense of humor, my dear," her mother kept her stiff, pleasant, polite smile, brushing the resemblance to a psychopath's smile, while holding Leo in her arms. He was so comfortable in the arms of the enemy. "It's a bit late to get up, don't you think?" her tone was soft and sweet, Lisa wouldn't have known it was really a complaint if she didn't know her so well.

"I worked late," she yawned carelessly as she rubbed one eye, also

taking care to avoid covering her mouth and opening it as big as she could, Preeda Manoban had been complaining about her lack of manners since Lisa began babbling at the table when she was eleven months old.

Her mother's eye trembled subtly and Lisa hid an amused smile as she looked down.

"Change your clothes, dear," mother was quick to change the subject. "We have to have lunch and ... well, I need you decent," she dragged her brown gaze down her body, judging her scruffy appearance from head to toe.

What did she expect? That Lisa will wake up with her makeup done and ironed hair?

After questioning the cleanliness of the apartment, the mess of shoes at the entrance, the forgotten cup of tea on the coffee table, and raising a perfectly painted eyebrow at her outfit choices, they finally headed towards the restaurant for lunch. Ah, her father was also there but it was like wanting to interact with a statue in the museum, but this one had an iPhone. He only nodded at seeing her because he was in a call and he kept it on all the way in the car, while a very well dressed man was driving.

"Was it necessary to wear those shoes, Lalisa?" Of course mama Manoban couldn't keep her opinions to herself.

Lisa looked at her simple white Adidas Superstar sneakers. "They are new... relatively," since they were just over a year old but they looked like new.

"You know restaurants have a dress code"

"Invisible," Lisa clarified since there was no list available around that said or you wear a dress of at least \$5,000 worth or you eat out, filthy rat.

"Because the people who eat at any Manoban establishment already know how to dress," her mother remarked, irritated.

Maybe, maybe not, Lisa had dressed so simple to irritate her. Besides it was fun, it meant her mother would leave sooner. She didn't tolerate her, Lisa didn't tolerate her, it was inevitable that one of the two would want to leave... Although Lisa could not, so it was all in mom's pretty polished hands.

"You say I don't know how to dress? But I did wear my sweatshirt on the right side," she frowned, making her expression the most bewildered possible.

Both knew that the problem was the sweatshirt matching the gray sweatpants, and not to mention the bucket hat.

"You are impossible," her mother looked forward, deciding that it was better to ignore her. Her back was as straight and stiff as if she had a stick under her blue boat-neck dress with A-Line skirt down

to the knees, a wide belt of the same color marked her thin waist, and the outfit was completed with beige pumps, a classic Chanel bag combining with her shoes and delicate round gold earrings, which had three diamond stripes. Yes, her father did not estimate expenses when giving gifts.

Upon observing her, Lisa noticed the great differences between the two, even when both shared many face resemblances, and she enjoyed knowing that she looked like a homeless next to her mother.

"Take off that hat, for God's sake," Preeda muttered under her breath when they got out of the car, a Mercedes S-Class so white and pristine that Lisa felt a slight desire to see it crash.

Aw, sweet family, always taking out the best of her.

Lisa shrugged and took off her hat, exposing her messy hair. Spring humidity was playing her some ugly tricks but it was totally convenient for the occasion.

A scarecrow? That was what Lisa was, proudly.

Her mother went ahead of her and her father, smiling at the staff in search of her table, and it was just when her father finished the call and looked at her for the first time after months. Ah, her father. Ananda Manoban, yes, like the king. A man as attractive as rich, he was tall as a basketball player but was dressed as elegant as a prince. His father was a Thai with an almost real lineage and his mother had been a rich girl from Switzerland, hence he was born and raised during his childhood in the country of his mother. He had an accent that would be funny if he wasn't so powerful to say goodbye to your ass and fire you. Lisa could laugh, however.

He had a faint smell of smoke mixing with a soft sandalwood cologne, which was such a familiar scent for Lisa, so he was still smoking, she could notice.

"Have you dyed your hair?" It was the first thing her father asked her, genuinely bewildered.

"About five months ago but thanks for noticing," Lisa nodded, sucking her lips.

She wasn't even surprised, it took the man literally MONTHS to notice that Lisa had orange hair like a carrot at 16.

"You look pretty," he said, out of commitment? Honesty? Who knows.

"Thank you," she smiled slightly, noticing that familiar awkwardness between them. They never were good at talking, probably because they had nothing in common. It had worsened like hell since Lisa moved to Korea, pursuing her dream.

"Our table is already there," Preeda came to save them and Lisa could swear they both sighed in relief at the same time, then her

mother saw her hair and gave her a reproving look.

Lisa raised both hands. "Sorry, I can't take this off, I have not reached the point of wearing wigs"

Ananda chuckled quietly, following them to a table. The hotel restaurant where his parents were staying, part of the international chain of restaurants and hotels Manoban that was a legendary legacy since 1904 or around and blah blah blah, was really beautiful. Following the traditional style of the famous palaces of their native country with beamed ceilings, the place fulfilled the objective of making the client feel like the king of the nation. The golden color predominated with white and depending on the hotel or restaurant, the decoration could change between blue, red or green. The thick columns had traditional gold-colored strokes and the ceilings were works of pure art, it was like a temple to Buddha, but much more ostentatious.

Lisa would have felt awkward while wearing sweatpants in a restaurant that could serve a dish that was one-week of her salary expensive, but she had grown up hiding under the tables with dropped pigtails, full of remains of vegetables that had splashed her in the kitchen while her mother was in the middle of an event or a tea date with her cocky friends.

They sat at a table, next to a huge window with heavy red curtains that were perfectly curved upwards, the huge garden of the hotel was in sight, full of green and different fountains. The queen of England could only dream.

"What happened to your hair? I remember it was perfect the last time I saw you "

Life had happened to her hair, life and the weather, and she had no time or money to waste in a hairdressing salon. "I have decided to stop taking showers to take care of the environment," Lisa responded instead with an innocent smile.

Silence.

"It's a joke," she laughed, resting her elbows on the table and waving her hand.

Her parents sighed.

"Just what we need is you to decide to be a hippie and get chained to a tree," his father said in a dry tone, full of sarcasm and with that resentment that would never leave his voice.

"Don't give me ideas, father," she told him seriously, raising her index.

"You already look like a tramp, you really couldn't wear something better?" Preeda was not going to let her poor sweatshirt alone.

"Not everyone wants to wear heels on a Sunday morning"

"It's two in the afternoon, Lalisa"

"It's still Sunday," Lisa insisted and pointed to a couple sitting at their tables. "And the lady over there is wearing Jesus sandals, she could walk over water right now but I don't see you complaining about it"

"Because she's not my daughter"

"Yeah, you'd be terribly older if she was, right?"

Her mother's eyes burned with fire, nothing lit the flame faster than someone talking about her age, and she slid a delicate hand down her smooth face, as if wrinkles were going to appear at the mere mention of the years she had on. It wouldn't happen, Mrs. Manoban spent on her face what Lisa earned in a month.

"Anyway, I'm an adult, I think I can wear how I want to," Lisa was serious this time, erasing the mischievous smiles. Thank God she was no longer bound to fluffy dresses, headbands and bows in the butt.

"You don't show enough criteria to dress as you should for the occasion even if you are an adult, from what I see"

It shouldn't have affected her but it did, Lisa hated feeling like a kid being scolded like when she was really a little girl after playing baseball with some old figurines in her house.

"Leave my sweats alone, sweats police," she scrunching her nose childishly, seeking to annoy her.

Her mother sighed and the waiter came to save them just in time. "Good morning," he greeted politely, wearing an elegant uniform consisting of black dress pants, a white shirt and a red vest with the characteristic M embroidered in gold on the right side. He gave the menus to each and kept his smile friendly. "Would you like to drink something while ordering?"

Lisa wanted an orange juice but her father ordered a white Chardonnay from the Joseon era or around and she sealed her lips, relaxing back in the comfortable chair with the menu raised. All the food seemed appetizing, but she wanted that Pad Ka Pow as someone wants an iPhone 11 Plus. Her parents were annoying but eating in the family place was great, her paternal grandmother had been a professional and world-renowned chef, she was the reason for the restaurant chain and that every meal served in a Manoban establishment tasted like a feast of gods. The lady had been in charge of testing every kitchen in each hotel and restaurant until death took her. Now that work was done by her father who had an exquisite taste and was as strict as his mother.

Lisa already had the decision made but the menu was a good wall between her and her parents, so she pulled out her phone from her pocket and unlocked it.

She had Instagram notifications of her pics account and from her personal one, her friends were still teasing with pick up lines in the comments on her photo and the photos she had uploaded to the pics account of the members of the mural team were having so much recognition. She felt that familiar warmth in her chest, the pride of her work was overwhelming and she hoped to get more than requests for Instagram photos or events.

A new notification from the English group chat in KakaoTalk popped up then, a colleague announced that the midterm grades were already published.

JUNGKOOK!

OH, MY GOD!

HIS GRADE!

She opened the sent link quickly, tense and anxious, full of emotion. God, he sure had passed, he was very intelligent, even if it had seemed like he was in panic during the exam.

Her finger flew over the screen in search of Jungkook's grade, she didn't even care about her own.

THIS FUCKER GOT A 85/100.

OH MY GOD.

YAS!

THAT MEANT HE ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS AND TRANSLATED THE COMPLICATED PARAGRAPH IN THE END.

OH MY GOD.

HER BABY WAS SO SMART.

She literally kicked under the table out of excitement and rose them to the chair, curling into a ball while taking a screenshot and moving towards Jungkook's chat. She was glowing.

"Lisa, stop using your phone at the table"

"One second," she gestured.

Jungkook

(screenshot)

I

AM

SO

FUCKING

PROUD

YOU

ARE

SO

SMART

I

AM

SCREAMING

I'M THE BEST TUTOR EVER

CMON

SAY IT

SAY IT

OH MY GOD

THAT'S REAL?

DON'T ACT HUMBLE YOU BITCH

OOOOH FUCK

I CAN'T BELIEVE

I CAN

BECAUSE YOU'RE THE SMARTEST GUY

OUT THERE

YOU DESERVE THE GRAMMY OF THE BRAINS

YOU

BILINGUAL KING

I-

thank you

YOU DESERVE

A CAKE

you deserve a cake

you did this

im so thankful

shut up

this is your hard work

with your help

and your brain

let's get a cake for both of us then

we deserve, right?

YAS

get ready

ill bake the best chococake ever

"She will have a salad," her mother's words pop the bubble, the waiter was back and ready to note their orders.

Nothing like a salad to make Lisa react.

"What? Why?" she asked in horror, leaving her phone on the table. SHE WANTED PAD KA POW, CHICKEN, FISH, FRIED EGGS!

"Honey you're in your twenties already, you have to pay attention to your figure," her mother explained the salad situation. "You don't want a tummy"

What the hell?

"The last time I had a tummy was when I was 5 years old," she replied incredulously, but then she smiled at the waiter, ready for revenge. "But I have amazing abs now, wanna see?" she hinted, fiddling with the edge of her sweatshirt.

"Lalisa, keep your clothes in place!"

Lisa pouted. "She's boring... Don't worry, we can meet in the bathroom," she winked at him, the guy blushed terribly and coughed, clearly embarrassed.

"As I said, she will order a salad," her mother attacked again.

"She will order Pad Ka Pow," Lisa looked into her eyes, similar to hers, as she said it.

"A salad"

"Pad Ka Pow"

"A salad with chicken"

"Pad. Ka. Pow. "

"I want Kao Na Phet," her father said as he gave one last look at the menu, unbothered, used to this. The boy nodded gratefully.

"A salad with chicken or nothing"

She thought Lisa was five years old or something?

Ananda gave her a tired look and Lisa decided to resign, but only this time. "Yeah, whatever, bring the grass for this bunny," she huffed, not at all like a lady. "It better be brand new and fresh grass, I'm a petty bunny and you don't want to deal with me" she subtly threatened the boy.

"Excuse my daughter, sometimes she says silly things," her mother smiled politely at the waiter and made her order, the lady was also going to eat grass and Lisa was not surprised.

"Don't forget our date in the bathroom," Lisa winked again at the boy as he took the menus to leave.

"Stop bothering the staff"

"Where is the fun of being the owner's daughter then?"

"Maybe it would be fun if you studied business and were the next owner," low blow Ananda.

"Define fun, father"

"Define career with future"

Oh, he was sharp that day. They usually left this discussion off the table.

"My career has a future"

"As a wedding photographer"

That was like a punch in the guts and he knew it.

Lisa hated this situation that was repeated whenever the three were together in private, the constant attacks and contempt for her work were hurtful and hateful, especially because she was afraid to end up being just that and prove them right. Not every photographer was Mario Testino or Patrick Demarchelier working with Vogue or Dior, photographing Kate Most. Who could be Steve McCurry and take one of the most famous pictures of history.

(a/n: steve mccurry is the photographer of the "afghan girl", which is

a very famous photo and i'm sure you saw it once in your life. testino and demarchelier are famous fashion photographers)

"I'm sure Michelangelo's parents thought he was a loser too," she sighed dramatically to get rid of the topic, she didn't want it to get further and make her feel worse.

She thanked the waiter when he left the bottle of wine on the table.

"When you design a religious art work of the size of the Sistine Chapel, I would love to prove you right, Lalisa," Ananda commented wryly and served wine in the three empty glasses on the table. "For now I only see that you spend money on polaroid photos"

He didn't know anything about her photos, he never took time to see them, of course, they were worthless for him.

"It's not your money," and it was one of the few things she was proud of. Both could shit on her career, talk and have an opinion is free, but they could never recriminate a penny. She worked until she was exhausted for her *"polaroid photos"*.

"I pay where you live "

"I never asked you to do so"

"And I know, but what do you expect me to do? Let you live in the street? "

Lisa was not dense enough to think that he did it for the sake of his reputation, her mother could do so, but her father was not that kind of person. He cared about her well-being, leaving aside his obvious rejection to her life's choices, and only because of that Lisa had let him to pay for the apartment and her basic bills, but sometimes she wished he wouldn't do it... that way she wouldn't feel so terrified of failing.

"You shouldn't push it on my face then," she clarified seriously, staring into his eyes intensely as she had always done. Lisa always played with her mother, arguing with her was like doing it with a wall, but with her father the words and looks were enough to reach an agreement.

He finally sighed and took a drink of wine, Lisa imitated him just because some alcohol could work to deal with this but heck, she hated wine and her nose scrunched with distaste. She really hated feeling infested with wine from the nose to the brain.

"It's so nice to be back together," Preeda commented, crossing one leg over the other as she sipped from her glass of wine. The wedding ring that shone due to the multiple small diamonds around the band flashed under the window light. And worst of all, she wasn't being sarcastic. "Family is the most important thing in life, Lisa," she reminded her like in every family meal.

"And money and property values, don't forget," she couldn't keep it to herself.

"I won't deny it, life is easier with money and property values," Preeda ruined her amusement by reasoning, Lisa thought it would have been different if they had been surrounded by people. "How is your work going? You have sufficient money?" she raised an eyebrow, if Lisa didn't feel so attacked she would have noticed the obvious worry.

"Well, I don't complain, street corner customers pay better now that they know I'm very good."

Silence.

Again.

Damn, tough crowd.

"It's a joke"

"I'd rather you get chained to a tree," her father drank more wine after speaking.

Lisa stifled a chuckle. "I am doing very well, I've got a raise in the ice cream shop and there are more jobs lately," this time she answered with the truth, she didn't want to cause any heart attack this time. "Oh, and I won a contest, I got almost 500 dollars!"

"Tell me it wasn't a wet T-shirts contest," her mother almost begged but she was too classy to do it.

Wasn't she hilarious? "I need something for that," she pointed to her chest, although if she thought about it, she could win a wet t-shirt contest... She had the attitude.

"And you could buy that camera lens you needed?" Her mother continued.

"Yup," she nodded and the food arrived.

There was her pretty salad.

Great.

"I'm sorry for being late"

That voice, that warm and familiar voice, cheerful as Lisa's.

"Grandma? Grandma!" Lisa screamed with a super high-pitched and excited tone and she stood up, facing her short grandmother. Even while being a petite lady, she had a beauty and a bearing that made her stand out among thousands of women.

The lady wrapped her in her arms, she was as thin as herself. "Ah, my little Lili, you're so big now," she put a hand on her only granddaughter's head softly, Lisa leaned toward her affectionately. "Let me see you," she took a step back to observe her better from head to toe. "You are beautiful, although my dear you shouldn't go out in sweats"

Well, she was her mother's mother after all.

Lisa laughed and moved the leftover chair on the table to help

her to sit. Her mother raised another judging brow, wishing Lisa was a lady as she was a freaking gentleman.

"These is not lunchtime, mother," Preeda said without looking at her, stirring the salad. "It's late," she shot her a look before taking a bite.

"Yes, we don't want my salad to get cold," Lisa commented wryly and took a seat.

The older woman laughed. "Excuse me dear!" she called a waiter who almost tripped on his own feet when approaching at maximum speed. "I want the same thing they have... and Vodka"

"Mother, it's two in the afternoon"

The lady sighed. "Well, then whiskey with ice"

Ah, grandma was fantastic, she drove her mother crazy in a way Lisa admired.

"Have you slept well?" Ananda asked kindly.

"Perfectly, the rooms of this hotel would make Maha Vajiralongkorn feel like a homeless man," she replied charmingly, crossing her wrinkled but still delicate hands, which were full of gold rings and arranged nails, much longer than it would be considered appropriate.

(a/n: that's the king of thailand and i wont type his name again, it's too long)

"But I still can't wake up before noon, they say that when you get older you start to get up early but I'm one step away from death and it hasn't happened to me yet"

It was in their genes, Lisa struggled with it every morning. The difference was that her grandmother had never had the need to wake up early, in her youth she was a famous actress who only worked for evenings and evenings. Her mother, on the other hand, woke up every day at 5AM like a damn rooster, she also crowed waking everyone up as one.

"You could try to wake up earlier," Preeda recommended to her mother, subtly disapproving of her lifestyle.

"Since you married this wonderful man I don't have a reason"

"Told you, family, money and property values for a happy life," Lisa pointed out.

Her mother sighed, she would have rolled her eyes if she didn't consider the gesture very childish.

Her grandma held her hand under the table, affectionately. "How's life going, Lili? Is there a boyfriend? "

"It's what we need," her father snorted sarcastically, again. He was a father after all and the idea of his little girl dating was something unpleasant.

Her mother agreed with him, scrunching her nose cutely at her

like Lisa was some kind of dumb kid worthy of pity. "Knowing you, my dear, you would date a tattooed gang boy with doubtful hygiene, or some kind of hippie artist"

Wow, that hit close to home.

Lisa drank from her disgusting wine, glancing away.

"You should, in the 70s I had such a boyfriend, he was Chinese and part of a Triad," Grandma commented.

(a/n: a triad is one of many branches of Chinese transnational organized crime syndicates based in Greater China and in countries with significant overseas Chinese populations and yes i copy pasted this from google)

"Oh my God, not that story," her mother rested her fingers on her temple, sighing.

Grandma didn't care much. "He told me he was in the fish business and that's why he had so much money and ships, he was actually dealing drugs through the sea. But once you were in that yatch you didn't care about anything but the sun and him, trust me honey, bad boys are the hottest "

"Stop pushing my daughter to date a dealer"

"He wasn't just a dealer, Preeda, he was the boss"

"Mother!"

"What? Juha was rich, from a high class family, and a gentleman. Isn't that what you want for your daughter?"

Lisa knew that her grandmother might well be inventing everything, but that didn't take away the exciting thing. "What did you do when you knew the truth, grandma?"

"Leave him, of course, I don't like lies," Grandma said it calmly and finally received her whiskey, she also winked at the waiter. "You have to try everything now that you're in your twenties," she pointed at her with a long nail. "You're the perfect age for every man over 20," Lisa was not interested but her mother's frightened face was great. "You won't be this pretty all life... Or maybe yes, you have my genes obviously and thank goodness. No offense, Ananda"

"Focus on your studies, Lisa," her mother ordered her practically.

"You don't like what I study"

"I prefer your polaroid photos before a baby with a guy who just wants your money," her father was cynical, like that the tattooed hippie of doubtful hygiene could not love Lisa for being lovely.

As if the tattooed hippie of doubtful hygiene wanted something with her anyway.

"If you're going out with someone, it should be with some guy of your class, a good man," oh no, Lisa recognized that suddenly cheerful smile on her mother. She was going to start again. "Do you

remember the Jung family?"

"No"

"We talked about this-"

"We need more wine," she definitely needed alcohol to get on with this if they were going to take that direction.

"I can share you my whiskey, Lili"

Lisa scrunched her nose, ew, no. That was going to knock her down in twenty seconds and it also tasted disgusting.

(a/n: yeah people whiskey sucks, if you're not over your fifties you won't like it, and it is also expensive as fuck, so stop writing that young people drink it pls it triggers me)

"You should try an older man, they always pay for dinner, especially when they could be your father," Grandma commented mockingly.

"We need more wine," her father sighed.

Inevitably, mother and grandmother had dragged her to a hairdresser so expensive that Lisa wanted to scream when she saw the bill, she could buy so many things with that money. She hoped those people were working with the damn CL's hair to be that expensive. At least her hair looked great, she was tall, blonde and gorgeous again.

"Why don't you dye it black? You looked beautiful with your natural color," her mother had asked, stroking her hair, seeing that Lisa had just chosen a light tone of blond but it was also coppery.

Lisa had not had black hair since she was fifteen and she had to admit that she loved having it colored because it irritated her mother, and that blonde hair felt like part of her identity after so many years. "I like blond"

Her mother sighed, obviously upset that she didn't take her question as a recommendation and dyed her damn black hair. "Well, I appreciate you being so pretty that even bald you would look good ... Lisa erase that smile, if you shave all your hair I promise that I will arrange a marriage for you and in three months you will wear a wig on the altar"

Wow, she was scary.

She managed to get rid of her mother around 5 in the afternoon and by the time she reached her apartment she felt so exhausted that she wanted to throw herself on the living room carpet with AirPods on her ears... and then dance around to release stress.

Was Chaeyoung home yet? She took a double shift on Sundays and returned at 4, Lisa hoped she was there because she needed to talk to her about her fucking day, especially after having another long talk about how worthless her photography was and what a

waste of time and money it was being.

Both always did it because they had discovered that by talking to each other, they always found a way to encourage each other and feel better.

"Hey, baby," she greeted Leo who came meowing towards her with his tail stretched up and loud meows. "How are you baby? How are you?" she spoke to him sweetly and bent down to pamper him, reveling in his purrs.

Lisa took off her shoes and bucket hat and advanced through the apartment, taking Leo in her arms. And Chaeyoung was on the couch.

Something was wrong.

Lisa tensed.

Her usually cheerful friend, instead of smiling and greeting her, only dragged her gaze from the television to her and Lisa felt she could have been set on fire under those flames from those small, dark eyes.

"Uh, what have I done this time?"

Chaeyoung sighed deeply. "We need to talk"

Oh, that always sounded horrible.

"You know, we have to talk about your lies, especially those about spending the whole night with Jaewon Oppa when you were actually with Jungkook."

Oh shit.

pls tell me i wasnt the only one playing the oh shit like the vine in her head. if you also did, vote lmfao

sooo this is lisa's family, i think this chapter explained a lot about her story and relationship with her parents. **what do you think about it?**

there's still more to tell about her story, like how she paid her scholarship and went to sk👁

if you like it, comment and vote💖 give me a thumb up👍

hey everyone, this is your weather girl cake👁👁👁

I've checked my tiddies and for the next chapter there are many probabilities of a big storm coming. remember to take your umbrella and water boots with you and if you're afraid of thunders, oh honey im so sorry.

Chapter 25

fine fine sorry for going mia again. im still alive sadly and i want to keep writing for this next two weeks so maybe if i say this publicly, ill take the commitment seriously lol

WARNING: hehe this is awkward to say but **you will hate this.** now you will see why i wasn't liking what i was writing.

Park Chaeyoung couldn't believe what she was seeing. Everything was fun with Lisa's first pictures but this last one felt like a kick in the guts. She felt betrayed, not only because he had lied to her face, but because Lisa was also involved.

Lisa was her best friend.

Far from feeling sad, Chaeyoung was furious.

She was being treated like a fool.

She heard Lisa arriving then, the front door opened and closed, her best friend's voice bubbled in the apartment as she greeted and chatted with her cat. Chaeyoung wanted to hit her, she was so angry that even sharing the same apartment was feeling irritating.

So she grabbed her AirPods and put them on her ears, moving on her bed to turn her back at the door in case Lisa decided to go in, which she surely would do because it was one of their habits. Both always went to each other's rooms to say hello when they were coming home late, to avoid the other worrying.

But today Chaeyoung didn't want to see Lisa.

Chaeyoung didn't want a chance to say all those cruel words that were stuck in her throat because she knew she would later regret it. She had no problem being mean to other people, Jimin for example, but she didn't want to be mean to Lisa.

Her heart still loved her best friend even though she wanted to seriously yell at her.

Lisa then opened her door, Chaeyoung froze and closed her eyes quickly. Slow seconds passed as she forced herself to take deep breaths to do a better performance for her false asleep state and it worked because Lisa closed the door, leaving her alone.

Chaeyoung shifted on the bed and kicked the sheets, her head filled with hatred.

Lisa hadn't even tried to go inside to explain why she had gone on a date, AGAIN, with the boy Chaeyoung liked. A part of her felt childish but it was speaking very softly, while the rest of her sides

were outraged and furious, shouting curses.

Lisa knew that she liked Jungkook and always said that Jungkook liked her, but then Lisa went on a date with him, stealing him in front of her eyes and without shame. It was so outrageous.

Why was she so unfair? She had been the one to put those ideas into her head.

Before Lisa first told her that Jungkook was interested in her, Chaeyoung had never seen him like that.

Jungkook had always been just another guy in her classes, he was a very good classmate in group projects too and Chaeyoung believed that he was quite nice, although at first she had doubted his sense of responsibility at seeing all those tattoos and bad boy looks. He had proven her better and she had not delved deeper into the matter.

Why would she do it?

Then Lisa spoke and Chaeyoung's perspective changed completely. She began to pay more attention to the boy in the back of the class. She noticed that Jungkook treated her differently than the rest, he didn't talk with many people in their class but with her he did. He was always serious and seemed mostly bored, but when they both met he always showed her a nice smile.

Jungkook had such a beautiful smile.

He was very attractive in a particular way, he did not have such a beauty that at first glance caught the eye like that of the well-known Kim Taehyung or the aspiring model Cha Eunwoo in medical school, Jungkook was not so sexy that he was magnetic like Park Jimin, who was stealing everyone's attention everywhere with his feline and elegant walk. Jungkook became more attractive as you saw him.

The mysterious aspect of bad boy and tattooed arms could start to make you sigh with time, he had such a presence that it was hard to not see him. Yes, he was hot, but his way of being with that smile and dark eyes made him charming. And his charm was attractive.

Although he didn't show it to many people.

She was in that small group that could enjoy him (Lisa too, this author remembers you again) and that had warmed her heart, bringing new feelings.

The two of them only shared two classes a week and every time they saw each other, Chaeyoung felt new butterflies flutter in her little stomach for him.

(a/n: i wanna choke myself to death istg, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES SUFFERING. and this is just starting)

She had started to sit with him in the auditorium, Jungkook was not complaining at all and chatted a little with her but not much,

she had noticed that he wasn't very talkative. Jungkook didn't like to talk and was quite reserved, Chaeyoung knew very little about him other than what she saw every day.

But still, she liked him and she was noticing slowly that he liked her too.

He was kind and collected, slightly cute and such a gentleman. Many times, he had helped her to lift and move canvases, to carry boxes of paintings too, it was more noticeable since they worked on the mural.

Although in the middle of everything was Lisa.

Oh, Lisa.

Jungkook got along so well with Lisa. He was talking to her like he had never talked to Chaeyoung, he was laughing with her and seemed to enjoy her company so much.

It wasn't strange, however. Chaeyoung and Lisa had been friends since childhood so she knew Lisa had always been lovely, she had a special talent for having everyone wrapped around her little finger in seconds. That was why Lisa wasn't afraid to do new things and venture onto dangerous roads, her charms always got her out of trouble. And her beauty was an even bigger factor, Lisa had known how to use it to her advantage very well.

But, this time (although it wasn't the first time), Chaeyoung was jealous.

Why was Lisa, who wasn't even interested in him, getting smiles and long chats with him? Why everything was so easy for Lisa?

Sometimes she felt foolish for thinking like that, because the one Jungkook was smiling and listening intently to was her. Whenever they talked about art, Jungkook looked at her with his starry eyes and made her blush like a fool while with Lisa he just chatted like they were lifelong friends. The difference was sometimes obvious.

Little by little, Chaeyoung began to understand that it was actually that he was just shy because he liked her and Lisa was right.

Also, her friend wouldn't lie to her and nobody knew better than she because Lisa saw him every Thursday... and every Friday... They even talked a lot in the morning while working on the mural.

Yes, Chaeyoung was so jealous that she tried to sabotage Lisa's tutoring, she felt bad when Lisa told her that they wouldn't do it anymore because she didn't want Jungkook to fail because of her but a part of her was proud. That was short lived, they met in the mural and although she sent them to work in totally different places, they were always finding the way to end up together, talking.

It was annoying.

Several people teased them. Seulgi, the council president of the Art department, once elbowed her and whispered with amusement, "I feel like if I get distracted for a few seconds, those two will start kissing". Chaeyoung had intentionally kicked a can of paint in jealousy.

She knew there was nothing deep there but she couldn't help but burn with jealousy so she was always getting between them, always managing to take Jungkook away. He was so cute, by the way, always ready to go with her wherever he wanted.

How could she not be crazy for him when he was so cute?

He didn't upset her and made her mad like Park Jimin. Since he had walked through the door of the restaurant, he was as annoying as a mosquito. Somehow, he kept in her head, wandering around there during the day, forcing her to compare him to Jungkook and Jimin almost always lost... Or so it seemed.

Jungkook would never chase after her like Jimin did. Jimin looked like a hungry dog after a bone, whenever he had a chance he stared at her until she was nervous and therefore making her angry. She hated feeling nervous, especially at work. How could she focus on a new song when the only thing on her mind was him?

Was he looking at her? Why was he looking at her? What was he thinking about? Could he stop? Damn, Jimin was like a small annoying (and hot) rock in her shoe.

Jungkook wouldn't see her just as a mere body to fuck either, Jimin just thought about it and God knew Chaeyoung didn't want that. It didn't matter that the temptation was hot as hell and that he slipped into her dreams sometimes, kissing her body from head to toe with those thick lips, she didn't want to fall once more into another fuckboy's nets.

She didn't want an one night stand and nothing more. She wanted dates and flowers, nice words, talks at dawn; a boy who cared for her and loved only her. Jimin could never give her that, Jungkook instead could.

Jungkook was soft, very smart and humble. Jimin was a cocky bastard who only thought about girls and alcohol. He drove her crazy every day at work and altered her hormones in such an annoying way that she sometimes hated herself for feeling so much desire for him.

But Jimin wasn't the problem now, the problem was Lisa and Jungkook.

In the darkness of her room, her rage continued to flare as Ariana Grande sang softly on her AirPods, not even Moonlight's lullaby sounds could appease her.

Comparing it to a banal situation, Chaeyoung felt that someone

was playing with her toys.

She was the youngest sister in a wealthy and loving family, she had always had her own things when, how and where she wanted them, especially considering that she had always been the perfect daughter, a well educated and very sweet angel. She was the light of her parents' eyes who had always pampered and treated her with cotton candy.

She also had the privilege of being beautiful, her creamy skin and round cheeks conquered everyone's heart and therefore they could never say no to her.

Like Lisa, Chaeyoung was also lovely. But the types of charms both had were different, one was a playful kitten and the other was a sweet angel.

In short and taking into consideration the last words said, there was no idea in her head that said that perhaps she was the wrong one in this situation.

So she had rights to be angry, Jungkook was hers, completely hers, and Chaeyoung didn't like people playing with her things.

And when she was angry, she reacted.

Jungkook

i thought you said you were busy

How dare he lie and then go out with her best friend? How dared Lisa go out with him being aware of the situation? Lisa was more guilty here, of course that Jungkook would never do that to her. And then Lisa had the audacity to tell her that Jungkook had feelings for her.

Her cell phone buzzed after long ten minutes and she looked at it immediately.

Jungkook

????

lisa posted a pic with you from today

you said you were busy when i invited you for a coffee :(

She added the sad face on purpose. She was not stupid, she was surely acting like crazy when she had no right over him, not officially. But she wanted answers.

She felt that they had both played with her by having plans behind her back and never mentioning it. Why hadn't they mentioned it? Lisa always told her everything, and Jungkook had had a chance to be honest, but none of them said anything.

Was there something else there?

She would never forgive Lisa. Lisa could have any boy, why was she just after the one Chaeyoung was interested in? Jungkook wanted her! Why was Lisa ruining it?

Jungkook

ah
yeah
sorry
i work for the anime with
we met there by coincidence

...

...

...

...

Oh

Jungkook

sorry that it looked that way

no, sorry

my bad

it's okay

you owe me a coffee now lol

Her jealousy felt enormously stupid now.

The last few hours suddenly became a waste of time.

Lisa...

Lisa would never do that.

Chaeyoung took a deep breath and thought about it, she knew her best friend and she knew how she was. Lisa didn't have many flaws, she was careless, messy, too loud and sometimes too stubborn and annoying. But she wasn't a bad friend.

But why was it so easy to believe that she was capable of doing something like that?

(a/n: bc you're just jealous and you know the truth but don't want to accept it)

And Jungkook didn't answer anymore.

Like every day, even on Sundays, Chaeyoung woke up early. Her shift started at nine so she had an hour to get dressed and eat breakfast, but the first thing she did like Generation Z was checking her phone.

Her eyes lit up when she saw a message from Jungkook, he had answered at six in the morning, exactly five minutes before she woke up.

Oh, was that fate?

(a/n: no bitch no, that's forced asf)

Jungkook

sorry haha

im bad at texting

we can meet today to have lunch if you want to
the art issue seems important

(a/n: oh juancoco the fuckboy you are today)

And so easily all her doubts vanished, is that Jungkook was so obvious. He always made excuses to talk to her.

(a/n: no, he genuinely thinks you want to talk about art and wants to help. he's dumb, jimin would never)

Jungkook

that's amazing!

we can meet in my break

in daechi-dong, right?

the thai restaurant

He was so attentive, he even knew where she worked. Chaeyoung was excited as he stirred her green tea, already in the kitchen since Jungkook wasn't replying fast, and her cheeks ached from smiling so much.

Jungkook

yes!

how do you know?

jimin hyung said it

he talks about you

Of course he did. She rolled her eyes, Jimin lived on her butt and she wasn't surprised that he talked about her. Just as she loved to complain about him to Lisa who only laughed at her for being dramatic. Well yes, Chaeyoung was dramatic and she accepted it with pride.

Jungkook

my break starts at 2pm

we can eat in a close restaurant

the food is so good!

k

Chaeyoung then thought that... had he been awake all night? Or was he an early bird like her?

She smirked, drinking from her tea.

Jungkook

have you been awake the whole night?

you should sleep if that's the case

But Jungkook did not answer back. Oh, apparently they weren't that much alike and he fell asleep for real.

"Do I look better today than other days?"

Chaeyoung looked up at Jimin, who had just leaned on the piano with his arms crossed. "What?"

"It's that you look so happy, cheesecake, surely it is because I look great today and I drive you crazy"

You see? Annoying.

Worst of all, he did look very good. Jimin always looked good, it was the benefits of being handsome. Even when he had just woken up and arrived at the restaurant with puffy eyes and a smirk, he looked even more attractive. His black hair was sort of messy and his voice a little husky, it was easy to imagine him in bed after a long night with the morning light on him and his defined chest lying on bed, legs tangled on the sheets. And Chaeyoung mentally slapped herself for imagining that.

"Actually, it's because Jungkook and I will have lunch together today," she said with satisfaction, the way his expression turned somber rejoiced her greatly. There was her jealous boy.

"Have you threatened him?" Jimin cocked his head, he instead enjoyed the sudden glare he received.

"Of course not. You think I'm not enough to have a date with Jungkook? "

"You are more than enough, cheesecake, the problem is that Jungkook is obviously not interested"

She narrowed her eyes, hurt. Who did he think he was to pull her down like that?

Park Jimin was the aggressive jealous type, he said hurtful things to her when he didn't have what he wanted and that was one more reason against him to not date him.

"What do you know? I doubt you have room in your tiny brain to think in something more than the next girl you will take to your bed," she smirked, proud of herself.

Jimin was not at all affected by the insults to his intellect, he smiled instead. "You get so jealous, cheesecake, you're adorable," he reached out to caress her cheek, he had done it before, but Chaeyoung jumped to her feet. Their break had just started and the person on the next shift had just arrived.

"What would I be jealous of? To miss the opportunity to be a piece of meat to fuck for you?" she told him, walking towards the kitchen, on the way she bowed in greeting to her replacement.

Jimin followed, also greeting the boy. "Don't call girls like that, princess, slut shaming doesn't suit you"

She turned at the kitchen door and looked at him, feeling outraged. "I would never do that!"

Women could do what they wanted to do, of course they could have an active sex life without someone questioning it. What Chaeyoung hated was that he used them like that.

"You know very well that the problem is you," she dug a finger into his firm chest. "You use them, you throw them to trash and you brag about it, it's horrible"

Jimin raised both eyebrows, she hit a nerve with those cold

words. "Do you think the girls I sleep with are forced? Princess, all the people I go to bed with are treated with respect, most of them today are my friends," he said seriously, with no jokes.

Chaeyoung closed her mouth, not knowing what to say. How could he say that? How did he respect them if he only used them to fuck? Most of them were in love with him, who wouldn't be after a night with a boy as charming as him?

Just as he was charming, he was treacherous.

"You are too prejudice, cheesecake," he gave her a warm smile, like she was just a cute little girl. "I get it, no one is perfect, but you are still incredibly attractive."

And there he went back with the same stuff as always.

She sighed and headed towards the kitchen, to go to the dressing room for the staff. Jimin didn't follow her, thank goodness, but she could feel his gaze on her back.

His words continued to linger in her head. He was a freaking liar, why did she even consider justifying him? She knew what he really was.

All the boys like him were the same.

Chaeyoung had a broken heart by one when she was a silly and naive teenager. In her years in Australia, a handsome boy seduced her, treating her like a princess. He made her feel like the most special girl in school and made her fall for him when she least expected it. His name was Ashton, very blond, very Australian, very charming. She knew that he was a professional seducer and that he had been with many girls, her friends at the time told her to be careful, but Chaeyoung was delusional and trusted him.

The story is easy to summarize, he only wanted her for a few months, his interest didn't last long after getting what he was looking for and he quickly moved on to the next girl. And she just stood there heartbroken to pieces, bleeding and crying like the fool she was.

She no longer trusted boys like him, she despised all those who saw her in that seductive way and flirted at first, and then had a friend by their side, ready to jump to their beds.

Jimin was not going to be any different.

Charming? Check.

Hot? Check.

Pet name? Check.

Many one night stands? Check.

Many girl friends? Check.

Fuckboy? Fuckboy.

(a/n: hotel? trivago)

She sprayed herself on her favorite perfume, the soft sweet scent

made her smile and she looked at herself in the mirror, content with her soft touch-up makeup and the new pink lip gloss she had bought not so long ago. Her eyes were softly outlined this time, marking her gaze warmly along with the curled short eyelashes, and the small strands of blond hair around her face made it look longer and prettier. She was so pretty, she wasn't going to be humble about it.

As she walked out the back door, saying goodbye to the cooks, she met Jimin again.

He was smoking, leaning against the wall with a ray of sunlight reflecting in his eyes, turning them amber. His black hair shone like a cat's, looking just as silky, and his lips around the cigarette looked even thicker.

She scrunched her nose at the slight smell of tobacco, it was unpleasant.

"Are you coming to put on a jealous act?" she joked arrogantly, adjusting the skirt of her short white dress. He had heard Yugyeom talk to Jungkook about how good one like it looked on her.

Jimin's heavy gaze slid all over her body and made her shiver, she felt beautiful with just a little of his direct attention.

"You look beautiful, cheesecake, of course I'm jealous," he smirked, not at all embarrassed to admit it. If Jungkook could say it too...

"It's too bad you waste it on Jungkook," he added then, moving the cigarette between his ring-filled fingers a little to throw away the ashes.

How could talk about Jungkook like that?

"He is your best friend, don't badmouth"

"It's not bad mouthing because I'm not talking about him, it's the truth, baby, accept it"

Of course he continued with his "he doesn't like you" agenda.

"Can you get over it? You are jealous and it's at the same time so hypocritical from you, you flirt with me but you go to bed with other girls "

"Flirting with you is not having a fidelity commitment, cheesecake"

She didn't know why, but she disliked those words so bad. He was just proving that he was what she thought, but she didn't want it, she wanted him to deny it. Maybe he could say *"I just say that because I thought that would make you jealous"*. But Jimin didn't lie and she hated it.

"Maybe you would have better results if you were celibate while trying to beat me"

"Wouldn't it be a masochist act to make as much effort for

someone who claims to hate me as you do?"

Maybe she wouldn't hate him if he made an effort.

But what did she wanted him to make an effort?

"Is it an effort for you not to have sex?" men were truly disgusting, though, they all were too sexual to think. Well, Jungkook wasn't like that.

(a/n: what do you think about jk not being sexual, Mrs bed? we know you were there when the incident happened)

*Mrs bed: sheets are still crying for the trauma, I have no more comments *mic drop**

*cake: that's what I thought *grins*. we're back with you chaeyoung)*

"Some of us have a high sexual drive. Besides, why do you care so much about who I sleep with?"

And he still had to ask?

"Because you're a hypocrite!"

"Am I a hypocrite?" he pointed at himself and chuckled at seeing her serious expression. "I am not the one who thinks he is superior when in reality he acts wickedly against his own friends," he walked to her slowly.

"Excuse me? What is that supposed to mean?"

"I know what you're doing, cheesecake, and it's not right," his gaze caressed every corner of her face, causing her to hold her breath under his scrutiny. "Anyway, I'm not a hypocrite," he assured, forming an ironic smirk. "I don't lie to anyone or pretend to be someone I am not, nor do I judge people without first knowing them," his words had a goal and it was to hit her, he succeeded. "And above all, I don't lie to myself as you do"

"I don't lie to myself," in that case, he was lying to himself at thinking he had a chance with her.

(a/n: sis is really not listening at all)

"But then you say you hate me, come on, cheesecake, you like me, it's a fact"

His arrogance was out of this world, she hated it because honestly she was afraid that he could end up winning.

"You are so arrogant! Even if I liked you, I would never give you a chance"

"So you admit you like me," he smiled playfully, even closer, so close that he could grab her waist and pull her closer.

"Of course not," she said angrily.

"And why wouldn't you give me a chance?"

"Because I don't want what you offer"

"What do I offer?" he tilted his head to a side.

"Only sex," she was feeling more and more breathless but she her pride was stronger.

"Oh, I would give you much more than just sex," he glanced at her lips for short hot seconds and licked his lower lip. "But then what do you want? A date? I can do that, I'd even give you flowers, roses of all kinds just for you because I know you love them. Honey, I could even sing you a song and pay for the best food in Seoul, because watching you eat is something divine"

His soft fingers brushed her cheek, faces so close that she could feel the soft breath of smoke brush her small lips. His words. They were sweet according to his voice and something deep moved in her.

He remembered her love for roses...

But he was still Jimin, she knew better. "And then you would go to bed with another girl when you finish dining with me," she assured, rolling her eyes but not moving back.

"No, not if I promised you loyalty," he said so casually that it was easy to believe it was true. "You should know, cheesecake, that people have many phases and act differently in each situation. I like sex, I have no problem doing it with several people, but I don't like lies or infidelities," he explained it to her. "But that is very difficult for you to understand, right, cheesecake? It surprises me because you are very intelligent "

"But-"

"Hi..." a humming similar to Lisa's distracted them, Jungkook approached with his hands in his pockets and that black cap on his head that always there lately.

Just like that, Chaeyoung realized how close she was to Jimin and took a few steps back, shifting nervously and adjusting the skirt of her dress again. What would Jungkook think? She and Jimin... God no.

"Hi, Jungkook!" She walked closer to him, forming the biggest smile she could make.

She had forgotten about Jungkook, like every time she was with Jimin.

She didn't notice but she could be with Jungkook and be comparing him to Jimin all the time, but when she was with Jimin, Jungkook almost never appeared in her head. She was very obtuse to connect the dots.

However, it seemed that Jungkook had not noticed anything. If he had, he would surely be jealous, he was not used to seeing her with other boys.

(a/n: we all live in the fantasy we like)

Thank God, she was being a fool back for the wrong boy and she didn't want to screw up things with Jungkook.

"Are you two arguing again?" Jungkook asked, amused.

"No, of course not," she lied, she knew Jungkook didn't like it and it was better to pretend peace, it wasn't good to not get along with the friends of the boy you liked.

"Of course we were," Jimin said instead and Jungkook chuckled, Chaeyoung glared at the older guy. "So, lunch?" he raised both brows, Chaeyoung didn't know him that much she sensed his annoyed attitude at Jungkook and hers date.

She felt happy, yeah, he could go fuck another girls but he was getting jealous for her and it was satisfactory.

"Do you want to come Hyung?" Jungkook asked then.

"Nah, I'm fine, I have plans with a pretty girl"

Was he serious? He was still saying that so carelessly in front of her?

"Some friend?" Chaeyoung asked even though she knew the answer.

"My mother actually," he smiled innocently but the amusement of making her look like a fool reflected in his eyes. "Go both of you, have my blessing," he bowed mockingly.

"We will avoid indigestion like this," Jungkook joked.

"HAHA FUNNY," she faked it and walked to Jungkook. "Let's go?"

"Sure"

Upon arriving at her favorite restaurant, Jungkook opened the door for her and she grinned, putting a finger between her teeth in excitement. He was so cute.

(a/n: no bitch, that's on social anxiety. Like, if you ever opened the door for someone and let them walk in first just to avoid facing the people in there first and being the first to say hi, pls give me a thumb up. i wanna know if i'm the only awkward idiot or not)

He stayed behind her and allowed her to guide him across the tables, not uttering a word to anyone but bowing his head respectfully to anyone who came across.

He took a seat across from her at a table by the window, it was small and comfortable and even felt as if they were suddenly alone in the world, with a soft back soundtrack by an alternative band. She was in cloud nine.

But Jungkook said nothing, he looked out the window with his hands on the table, fingers playing with his own rings. He looked like he had just woken up, eyes tired and mind still clouded.

(a/n: bruh this was after spending the whole day with lisa as killa, He's spent all night having fun... LIKE DRAWING A CHAPTER I MEAN yo nasties)

Chaeyoung considered that he didn't look as attractive as Jimin... But was that even important? Why was she thinking of him? Why

with Jimin did she imagine herself in bed in the morning but with Jungkook she couldn't visualize it?

Why was she even thinking?

The silence was already uncomfortable, she should say something because it was obvious Jungkook wasn't going to talk first.

"Good morning," a waitress greeted them both, ending the awkward situation, and handed them the menus. "I'll be around"

Jungkook looked at the menu as if it was difficult for him to read, god, he really seemed numb, as if he was ready to rest his head on the table and fall asleep.

"Rough night?" she finally asked him.

Jungkook showed a closed smile and nodded, the cap was low enough to create a shadow on his eyes.

"Tattoos?" she inquired more, in search to have more of him.

"Homework," he clarified.

"What kind?"

"Photography," he replied absentmindedly and then cocked his head, narrowing his eyes as he thought. "Do-do you know who is Andreas Gursky?"

"Yes, I was in the photography class program, why?"

Did he want help? She could help him and study with him, maybe go to his house and meet it... Oh, that would be good enough, Lisa didn't know his house... and Jimin lived there too, right? Was he as rich as he looked?

A smile lit up his face, cutting off her thoughts. "I hadn't noticed it before, until Lisa talked about him to compare his work to a, hmmm," he cleared his throat. "An artist I showed her and I find it funny, they are not alike at all," he laughed softly, considerably happier.

Lisa... Lisa was there...

Chaeyoung sighed heavily and showed a forced smile, looking away. Why was always Lisa?

"So how did you meet with Lisa yesterday?"

Jungkook shifted in his seat and scratched his ear, glancing down, still smiling. Chaeyoung felt the sudden impulse to slap someone, preferably her best friend. "She went to the annual anime convention with the boy she takes care of and I was there," he shrugged casually.

Was it that easy?

Wasn't he lying? She would notice if he did so she asked for more. "Hueningkai?"

"Yes, he's really... Interesting," he said after thinking about it and let out an ironic laugh that Chaeyoung didn't understand.

But that sounded like Kai

But it wasn't enough.

The waitress came back to ask if they decided what to eat, Jungkook had already chosen something so Chaeyoung, who didn't take a look to her menu, ended up asking for her favorite dish instead of going for something else.

She had better things to focus on.

"What was your job there? In the convention"

"Uh... I... It's not important, it was only for that occasion," he seemed uncomfortable.

Why was he uncomfortable?

"I helped a guy to put up his booth and helped with the sales," he scratched his ear again but his words were reliable.

"Oh, for a moment I thought you went because you liked it," she laughed it off, making up an excuse, after deciding to stop being so serious about it. Maybe it was the truth and she really was being paranoid. "You don't look like a guy who would like anime," she commented casually, but she really thought that.

"I don't?" she nodded in response. "Yeah, you're right," he chuckled softly while playing with a ring, pulling it in and off his finger.

"So ..." she was cut off when he saw him pull his phone out of his pocket.

"I'm sorry," Jungkook smiled embarrassed.

"It's okay," she nodded.

But his whole face lighted up again, all signs of sleepiness vanishing in seconds, as he giggled quietly and typed fast. His phone vibrated strongly as he kept getting more messages.

Chaeyoung grew curious. "Who is it?"

"Lisa," he replied cheerfully, it was like a kick to his stomach. Chaeyoung clenched her teeth. "She is congratulating me on the English part"

"Oh, is that it?" she really had to make an effort to sound casual, but her fist was clenched and her short nails were digging on her palm.

Was Lisa serious?

"Yes! I got 85/100!"

Wow that was good, Chaeyoung didn't expect it since Lisa said he didn't have any idea of English.

"Congratulations!" she caressed his forearm, making him look at her for a few seconds.

He could have moved his arm away but he didn't. "It's so cool!" he said.

She thought it was going to make a change, but he was back to his phone, not giving her the attention she wanted.

This was all Lisa's fault!

See? That was why Chaeyoung was so angry.

Lisa was such a traitor.

Why couldn't she stay in her line?

The food arrived then.

"Thanks," they both said but he was still on his phone, chuckling.

She couldn't take this anymore.

"So... what do you think of Lisa and Jaewon?" she blurted out.

He looked up, over his phone, eyes suddenly round and attentive.

"Uh?"

Chaeyoung smiled, she got it. "Lisa and Jaewon, haven't you seen them? He always chases her wherever she goes and Lisa always plays with him, they are cute," she rambled, moving her chopsticks gracefully while talking. She scrunched her nose a little bit at saying the last part.

Jungkook left his phone on the table, looking at his food while grimacing thoughtfully, he stretched his lips out too and the gesture reminded her of Lisa.

"He's your friend from before, right? Yugyeom told me," she continued. "Don't you think he is good for Lisa?"

Chaeyoung already knew Jaewon was good for Lisa, he was a really nice guy. But she wanted Jungkook to say it.

"Uh... I don't know," he shrugged and suddenly the meat in front of his eyes was so interesting. "I don't know Hyung as a boyfriend," he didn't sound jealous but unbothered, this was a win for Chaeyoung.

"But is he a good person?" she kept insisting.

"I guess," he mumbled. "He has not hurt anyone," he added.

"It's good that Lisa likes him then," Chaeyoung finally said it for him to know.

Jungkook raised a brow. "Does Lisa like him?"

Chaeyoung shifted on her seat, lowering her gaze. Fine, she wasn't good at lying as she was at manipulating, but it wasn't a complete lie. Lisa was giving attention to Jaewon and being naturally kind with him, it could be that perhaps she liked him... so Chaeyoung wasn't lying.

"Well, she hasn't said it but I know her"

Jungkook didn't say anything, he just nodded and ate something of his food. Chaeyoung imitated him but she felt like she didn't finish yet. "Also they have already spent a lot of time together"

"Outside of the time we spent working on the mural?"

"Yes! Do you remember the rap night?" she was so excited to tell him, Jungkook had to know that so Lisa would be out of the game... She was already but just in case Chaeyoung were wrong, she

wanted to make sure that Lisa was out.

"...Yeah"

"You left early, it was sad," she pouted, remembering that after leaving the bathroom, after that kiss with Jimin she didn't like to think about, he wasn't there anymore and no one knew where he went. Lisa wasn't there and for a second Chaeyoung got angry but the girls distracted her enough to stop thinking about it. Anyway, that wasn't the point. "Well, not long after Lisa left, Jaewon disappeared too, after finishing his little performance. I didn't worry too much because I thought Lisa was just outside but then the next morning she told me that she had spent the night with him"

Jungkook froze, hands in the air with a piece of meat in his chopsticks, mouth open and closing slowly. "...That Friday? After Rap Night?"

Why did he react that way?

Chaeyoung got anxious. "Yes," she managed to reply without suspicious feelings.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I was somewhat asleep when she told me but I heard her well"

"But how was she with him if she was actually with me?"

...

...

...

...

"She was with you?" her voice sounded weak.

Jungkook nodded.

She... She freaking lied.

Chaeyoung was so dumb.

"We sat down all night to chat after leaving the police station"

"Wait, police station?" she furrowed her brows.

"She didn't tell you?"

Oh damn, not this again. "She didn't! Jesus! What was she doing at the police station? She went back to a local and claim it as her own?"

It wouldn't be new! Lisa was so wild when getting drunk! Chaeyoung was tired of it and so concerned, she felt like dealing with a 16 years old teenager.

Jungkook smiled amusedly. "No... She had a problem with a girl, nothing serious"

"What kind of problem?"

"Nothing serious"

"They ended up in a police station!"

"Well, uh, she and the other girl argued over something silly and

she went too far"

"God, she's always so careless when she's drunk! I've already told her to stop being so silly and stay close "

Jungkook frowned. "Hey, she just-"

"Don't try to defend her, Jungkook. I know her, she always gets into problems like these because she always manages to get away with it but one day it will be very serious and what will she do then? "

"Haven't you thought about taking care of her?" Jungkook interrupted her angry rambling, calm but serious.

"Of course I take care of her! I scold her like I'm her mother every time but she doesn't listen to me "

"No, I mean ... you know, being with her"

"No, Lisa doesn't need that and she would never leave me, she always prefers to be the one who cares"

"Oh"

Chaeyoung was irritated and concerned for Lisa. She was getting in trouble like she wasn't in South Korea with just one of her feet keeping her up. If she ever got in a serious problem, her father could take her back to Thailand and Lisa would be forced to lower her head and accept to it.

Chaeyoung knew how hard she worked to come here but she was so annoyed because Lisa was playing with the situation as if it was just a round of Monopoly!

The silence grew thick between them, especially because Chaeyoung was fuming.

Lisa lied and Lisa was being dumb again, Chaeyoung was split because one part of her was just angry for her well being and the other was angry at her for being a traitor and trying to steal Jungkook.

...

...

"So she said she was with Jaewon..." Jungkook mumbled after a while.

"Yes, she said it," Chaeyoung sighed, holding the chopsticks too hard when she actually wanted to scream loud till feeling better.

"She lied," Jungkook said with a lost stare.

"Yes... she did it"

And she didn't like the way he looked, like he was hurt. Why was he hurt?

But Chaeyoung was tired of talking about Lisa so she easily started a conversation about the mural. Jungkook didn't take long to start being talkative and the situation ended up better.

Yeah, things were easier without Lisa in the middle.

A part of her felt bad for thinking that way, but she was too angry to listen.

It was hard to be alone in home when she was overthinking, Chaeyoung cleansed the whole house and tidied up all mess visible and the invisible too. She changed things of place and even moved the sofa, but she still was mumbling things under her breath, too angry.

When she couldn't do anything more, she took a long bath to calm herself but it was still to hard to relax. So she sat in front of the TV but she couldn't focus.

And then Lisa arrived, she finally was there and she was freaking happy and normal while she was angry that Chaeyoung seriously wanted to slap her.

This was so unfair.

And of course that Lisa noticed, they both knew each other too well.

"Uh, what have I done this time?" she asked.

The nerve.

Chaeyoung sighed deeply. "We need to talk," she said seriously and suddenly smiled sarcastically. "You know, we have to talk about your lies, especially those about spending the whole night with Jaewon Oppa when you were actually with Jungkook."

Lisa froze, ass bigger as usual, she looked totally caught. Chaeyoung looked away, scoffing.

"How do you know?" Lisa asked softly.

Chaeyoung glanced back at her. "Jungkook told me"

Lisa frowned. "Jungkook?"

"We had lunch together today," she smiled, at least she was happy about it. Once they overcame the Lisa's talk, they had a good time.

"You two?" Lisa went to the kitchen to check if Leo had food, her voice sounding lower because of it.

"Yes, it was fun by the way. He's very sweet," Chaeyoung commented but she was bitter, she couldn't enjoy Jungkook because Lisa was always ruining it. "He looked disappointed when we both found out the truth, though"

"I can imagine..." Lisa said after a seconds, coming back and taking off her hoodie. She was wearing a tight tank top under it, no bra so her perky and small boobs were perfectly defined by the cotton black fabric.

(a/n: sorry my gay is showing)

Chaeyoung hated for a second that she was so hot and pretty. "Why did you lie, Lisa?" she focused, pressing her temples but eyes fixed on her.

"I..." Lisa opened her mouth but then closed, clearly uncomfortable. Chaeyoung knew that expression too well, Lisa was feeling so guilty as she should be. "I didn't want you to overthink," she sighed.

"And do you think I am not overthinking right now?" Chaeyoung asked in disbelief and stood up. "Was this a way to not be suspicious? Because it's more suspicious now"

"I think?" Lisa didn't step up to her anger, acting dumb, and that just angered her more.

"Don't you think that maybe you have the need to lie because you know that what you're doing is wrong?" Chaeyoung crossed her arms, trying to control her fury. "You know I like him but you keep going out with him on dates, behind my back" she spat, bold and straight forward. They both knew the other too well to act dumb.

"They are not dates," Lisa said with a plain voice, looking at her eyes.

"Then, why do you lie about them?"

"Because you will think they are dates!" she exclaimed exasperated.

"I wouldn't think that if you told me!" Chaeyoung objected back. "But why do you have to go out with him? You don't even do that with Bambam and he's a closer friend than Jungkook"

Lisa was speechless for a few seconds, glancing away. Like she didn't know what to say or how to explain it. Chaeyoung sighed and walked around the living room, more annoyed. Did Lisa like him? It was that?

So she really was trying to steal him?

"I-I don't know, we just meet sometimes," she shrugged.

Yeah, for sure, fate was doing it all.

"Like in the anime con?" Chaeyoung asked ironically, thinking that maybe she wasn't wrong and Lisa was following him and making up excuses to do it.

"Yes, he was there when I went with Kai, I didn't even expect him to be there but it was naive of me, he likes anime so much," Lisa was honest, Chaeyoung knew it. But it made her angry! Because, fine, her narrative was the same as Jungkook's so both were saying the truth and maybe Lisa wasn't chasing him so it was a coincidence, but she hated it! And it annoyed Chaeyoung more that she knew that!

Jungkook didn't say he liked anime and agreed with her when they talked about it!

This was so frustrating!

(a/n: sis really angry over anime)

"See? You even talk about him like you were his best friend or

something more," inevitably, Chaeyoung whined and stomped a foot. "You know him better than I do and I am the only that likes him and the one who he likes"

"I understand what are you implying but I'm not forcing it, it just happens," Lisa tried to stay calm, Chaeyoung knew it was to try to make up with her and be reasonable but she still was irritated.

She didn't like this at all, she felt so frustrated that she wanted to cry.

(a/n: damn just accept the truth sis, you're being a whiny spoiled brat)

"But you are over him all the time Lisa! If he is in a corner working, you will go to talk to him. If he is with his phone, you will go to ask him what he is doing. If he is leaving, you will go to leave with him. You are over him even for classes. YOU EVEN TEXT HIM!" she complained like a child.

"I... I'm sorry," Lisa put a hand on her chest, honestly feeling sorry.

"Sorry for overthinking but you are my best friend, you told me he likes me and you know I like him, but you are like in the middle of us. I'm so jealous, Lisa," Chaeyoung admitted, just pushing her pride aside for her. Lisa had to understand how she was feeling so she would stop.

"But you shouldn't be"

She wasn't getting it, right?

Fine, Chaeyoung went for it. "I wouldn't be if you stopped doing it"

"Oh..." Lisa mumbled and the silence reigned for a while, till she finally sighed, connecting the dots about what Chaeyoung really wanted. "I'll stop then"

"What?"

Was she being serious?

Chaeyoung's heart fluttered.

"He's not my only friend and I'm not his only friend, you know, it's not that bad," Lisa shrugged casually and picked Leo up, the cat didn't object to be in her arms. She didn't raise her gaze at all.

"Elaborate," Chaeyoung asked, she wanted the whole sentence, the whole clarification and promise.

"I mean that I will stay away from him, it bothers you and he is... He is just a boy, right? I mean, he is for me, of course he's more than that for you, so I will stop interacting that much"

Was she...

Oh my God!

Lisa was going to do that?

"Will you do that?"

Lisa nodded and moved to the couch, to sit with Leo on her lap. She hugged him. "Yeah, it's okay, Rosie," she smiled at her and even though Chaeyoung noticed she wasn't much happy about it, she didn't care. Lisa was going to be over it soon since what she was saying was true. "We are not that close, as you said, so it's okay"

"But-"

"Let's stop fighting, okay? I'm tired" Lisa sighed and Chaeyoung frowned, noticing her upset face.

She wasn't a bully after all. "Fine, but, one last thing," she raised one finger and Lisa raised both brows. "Since when do you lie to me? We're not like this"

Lisa shrugged, looking for what to say. "I... I just don't want..." she didn't finish but say instead: "I'm sorry, okay? It wasn't my intention and I did wrong"

Chaeyoung was glad that she knew but she wasn't surprised, Lisa was pretty humble and knew when to say sorry. She was a good friend.

"You did," she agreed but sat down at her side.

"I promise not to lie anymore," Lisa looked at her eyes, her beautiful brown look shining with honesty.

There it was... The charms... Not even Chaeyoung could resist and sighed. She got what she wanted anyway and she loved Lisa after all.

The rage finally vanished.

"Please, it's not good for us," she told her softly and leaned her head on her shoulder. "We're best friends," she reminded her. Yeah, Chaeyoung could be angry with her and sometimes think bad things but she knew the truth at the end of the day.

"Yup, we are, let's hug please..." Lisa pouted and smiled happily when Chaeyoung rounded her shoulders with an arm. "I'm just coming back from a long, really long, time with my mother," she sighed, changing the topic fast and looking displeased and exhausted.

Oh.

Lisa's mom was the devil, especially for Lisa.

Chaeyoung frowned. "What? She's here?" she knew Preeda Manoban was coming this month, even though Lisa forgot about it, but she didn't expect her to come so soon. And then she noticed Lisa's hair. "Hold on, that explains your hair"

"Yes, do you like it?"

"Yes! You look so pretty," she praised her but to be honest, Lisa would look good even if she shaved her whole hair. That wasn't the main topic, though, and Chaeyoung focused on the most important matter. "How it was this time? Tell me"

Lisa took a deep breath, it was almost funny. Lisa was a drama queen everytime she was spending time with her family and Chaeyoung smiled, amused.

She was so happy suddenly, of course, because she just won.

(a/n: this round bitch, just this round)

Lisa couldn't sleep. She was tossing around and annoying Leo, who couldn't relax while his owner was moving that much. He really was so tired of her, she was sad and all, hugging him till he couldn't breath and then she didn't let him rest and recuperate after all that annoying forced cuddling.

His owner was so SELFISH, but she was lucky that he was actually a merciful cat with soft feelings for her. He could let her actions pass, but one more move and he was going to leave to sleep on her black clothes as a revenge.

In the other hand, Lisa was so upset.

She felt like everything was wrong but she couldn't put a finger on it, she didn't want to.

Someone had to be blamed but she didn't want to think about it, because maybe the one to blame was herself.

So she gave up and took her phone to make a call.

Some seconds after, she got a reply.

"Hi?" a husky, tired voice, sounded from the other line. He was obviously sleeping before.

"Hey, I know it's 1am, but can we meet? We have to talk," she talked fast, already sitting in the bed.

He was quiet for a few seconds.

"...Are you okay?"

"Yes," she forced out a calm voice and stood up from the bed. "Let's meet please"

He didn't need more. "I'm on my way," she heard him moving around. "I'll buy ramen," he added then.

Lisa grinned, yes, she needed that.

whew i warned you all, this has been a long as fuck torture and i'd feel sorry for you all BUT WHO FEELS SORRY FOR ME. I HAD TO WRITE ALL THAT ** SCENE.

but really, did all that have sense? because im really troubled. **could i transmit chaeyoung's perspective? could you understand her?** I mean, not like her bc it's obvious it's impossible, but understand her point of view. ofc it is distorted but anyway. **pls tell me** i wanna know since i was taking note from some comments and wanted to do better

if you don't dislike it that much, comment and vote all i

have to say is that have some faith on jungkook, he may start to move for real this time.

remember:

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL: it's corona time~

be careful, wash your hands AND STAY IN YOUR HOUSE. **protect yourself and protect your older ones**, you may not get sick but they have bigger chances to suffer it and we don't want that.

all the love fam💎

well since i have free time now and i should focus, **what do you think about q&a for the characters or for me** (bc im the author and this is still about me ofc). someone suggested it and most of you usually ignored me all the times I offered this but well i dont lose nothing (besides my dignity) by asking again

Chapter 26 • Pt. 1

DAMN FAM

you all were MAD MAD

i literally never EVER expected the amount of comments you all made but im extremely grateful. i mean at least you're not hating me but hating chaeyoung.

i'll keep replying later bc it's been TWO HOURS and im still answering comments like wtf. sorry if some replies sound dry asf im tired BUT I'll go back just wait pls

btw you all are so funny when angry, and so creative. I've seen people losing hair, patience, someone also needed an inhaler. phew, id say sorry but...

a few of you threatened my life too but that's okay, it's not like I want to live anymore

ANYWAY

a bitch has moved and a bitch has a new chapter, **enjoy my fav character...** besides jimin

Bambam slammed his chopstick on the bench. "You're so fucking annoying, Panpriya!"

(a/n: ofc it's not jk damn, my girl made a promise and she's a woman of her words)

Lisa blinked several times, large round eyes open and clueless. She really made him want to slap her when she made that face but he wanted to slap Chaeyoung more. He would if it wasn't politically incorrect.

He got up and walked to the nearest trash can to throw out the empty cup of ramen, while trying to calm down and not explode like the piece full of fury he was.

He met Chaeyoung at the same time as Lisa. Chaeyoung's father worked with flowers, he had one of the largest garden centers in Australia. Roses were his speciality and Lisa's mother loved roses, Lisa's father loved spoiling his wife so the dedicated husband contacted the best florist on that side of the world and suddenly all the restaurants and hotels had the best flower arrangements and bouquets in Asia, all colorful, vibrant and gorgeous. Obviously, that man had to move to Thailand for a few months and brought his family with him: wife and two daughters.

The oldest daughter was so beautiful that she had all the boys

breaking a neck to see her, but she was too old for everyone. Chaeyoung, the youngest daughter, was their age instead. They both attended the same school as him and Lisa.

Lisa and Chaeyoung met at the main Bangkok hotel and became best friends pretty fast like it was destined.

Bambam was the son of the important owner of a company, which was in charge of manufacturing multiple parts and accessories for the mechanical industry. Most of the products were exported and created a profit that exceeded 200 billion dollars annually. So, in short, he was very rich. His father, being wealthy, had multiple investments in almost every possible business and among them was the international hotel and restaurant chain Manoban, so he and Lisa knew each other and were lifelong friends. Their mothers were close friends so Bambam and Lisa had both played together since they were in diapers, attended the same schools, and even shared a babysitter for a time.

Both of them were always a problem, too hyperactive and wild to sit still for seconds at tea time. They both had fun running around and causing trouble, running away from home and getting drunk on the roof of the hotel; even when they weren't as close as before (during the last years of high school since they both had different groups of friends).

Lisa was like a sister to him, almost a twin sister.

So Bambam never liked Chaeyoung.

Chaeyoung was a good influence on Lisa because she was quite a young lady, polite and delicate, always looking pristine in her pretty dresses and long brown hair, plump cheeks completing her angelic and sweet appearance. She was the wet dream of every high-class mom.

Well, she was also a whiny brat and a cry baby. She was so boring to play with because one brush of air and the girl would start to whine and cry like you just ate her fish.

Lisa loved her anyway. In some strange way that Bambam could never understand the two fit together.

And it was even more boring, Lisa was suddenly wearing pretty dresses, going shopping and doing Pilates.

PILATES

CONTEMPORARY STUDIO PILATES

Lisa was a gym girl, Lisa was doing weightlifting competitions with him AND SHE WAS WINNING, she made him run six more kilometers on the treadmill, then they both did some boxing and she still had enough energy to bully his devastated and sweaty body on the floor.

And suddenly the girl was stretching on a bed and doing strange

things.

Was he jealous? Obviously but since he wasn't toxic like shit, he gave Chaeyoung her place and to her whines and her pretty dresses.

Lisa was happy with her, they both really loved each other despite everything and Lisa looked so much better being honest. Chaeyoung wasn't a bad friend most of the time, just annoying.

But now, as always, he wanted to yell at Chaeyoung's face that she was a very lucky idiot to have Lisa in her life.

"That's all you're going to say?" Lisa asked when he returned and collapsed dramatically on the bench, sighing.

"What do you want me to say?" He shook his head, unable to believe what had just happened.

Lisa was too good, she had always been too good and Chaeyoung knew that very well, so she did those things and manipulated her.

"Surely I want you to say more than just call me annoying," she grumbled before filling her mouth with noodles. Her cheeks tenderly puffed up and a drop of soup stained the edge of her lips.

Bambam looked at the calm night view in front of him, the Han River was calm as ever and brought a cool breeze to the humid night, making it less hot. They were both sitting alone in the river park, in the place with the best view.

Despite the fact that he and Lisa didn't spend much time together or talk every day, they had a very strong bond; the trust and affection they had was not going to fade away so quickly, but now Bambam was upset that he was no more present in her life as before to give her a reality hit... or forty-five hits to make her react.

Damn sis, figure it out.

"This so fucked up," he huffed and crossed his arms, checking his black painted nails. "Did you seriously say you will stay away from Jungkook?"

Lisa nodded with a sigh that showed how much she didn't like the idea.

"Dumbfuck," he said under his breath.

Lisa opened her mouth and frowned at him. "Yah, how did you just call me?"

"Dumbfuck," he repeated, loud and clear enough.

Lisa pouted. "Jeez, pretend you called me dummy at least," she mumbled like a grumpy child.

Was she serious?

"No, because you're really a dumbfuck"

She gasped. "I came out tonight to have a good time and I honestly am feeling so attacked right now"

He had no place for her jokes, he knew she was trying to make it lighter but what Chaeyoung did to her was something as shitty as

shit itself. And Lisa was damn annoying for agreeing to that. "You DESERVE to be attacked, I mean Lalisa, are you serious? YOU LIKE THAT GUY!"

Lisa kept a blank face. "Don't you want to scream it louder? I think they didn't hear you in Busan. Actually, I think I'm getting a text right now, it's from Jungkook himself asking if it's true," she added pointing at her phone sarcastically.

"Shut up, this is serious," he scoffed again, his plump lips were red after so many frustrated bites. "Why can't you just say no to her bitch ass?"

It just couldn't get in his mind a reason able to explain why Lisa was so soft with that bitch.

"Don't call Rosie a bitch," and she was again being soft, even scolding him with her big cute eyes.

"Then tell her to not be a fucking bitch!"

"She wasn't being a bitch, she just said clearly that she likes Jungkook and she feels threatened by me," she shrugged, gosh, she was so brain-washed.

"And why didn't you tell her that you also like Jungkook?"

Lisa slurped her noddles while shrugging and then talked: "Because it's not worthy, Bam. Rosie is stubborn-"

"Spoiled you mean"

"-STUBBORN and if she likes him, she likes him. I don't want to fight for a guy," so Lisa gave up like that.

Ah, but her lovey-dovey best friend was capable of fighting for the said guy.

But Bambam knew better, if he told her that, Lisa would just leave. He never could win against Chaeyoung, he couldn't bad-mouth her easily because that would annoy her. Lisa couldn't stand anyone shitting on her friends, not even her other friends.

And it was a real true matter, she once fought three guys in middle school because they were bullying Bam. He liked to say it was just one big guy, for his dignity.

"And she has more chances," Lisa added, tucking a wild strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "Jungkook really likes her, like, for example, Rap Night? He literally asked me to bring her with me"

For Godness sake, Budha and all the Gods existing out there...

Jungkook was also a big ass dumbfuck.

Bambam sighed, he wasn't being paid enough for this shit.

(a/n: well sorry expensive bitch)

"Ok, whatever, your He LiKeS cHaEyOuNg narrative has my balls so swollen that I need a wheelbarrow to carry them"

Lisa tilted her head, pursing her lips. "That's so creative"

"I know, I am a natural intellectual," he dismissed it like it wasn't

important, playfully arrogant. "But haven't you thought that maybe, you know, PERHAPS, the situation was a big misunderstanding and Jungkook actually likes you?"

"No"

Damn, sis was so sure.

"Wow, that was fast"

Lisa lifted a finger, her gaze was earnest and her voice came out deeper. "Bambam no"

"But-"

"I've seen him, I know him at this point," Lisa was really sure of her words. "Also, if he liked me, why didn't he tell me? He has many chances to do so," and then she was showing her obvious disbelief about the situation.

HOLD ON.

CHANCES?

"What the fuck do you mean with "chances"?"

"Uh-" she stuttered, looking caught.

"You better spill"

"I mean, we, okay, it's not-"

"Stop stuttering Lalisa," he told her harshly but he smiled too, he knew Lalisa was just stuttering when she was trying to hide something. His bitch was just too bad to keep secrets.

Bambam leaned closer, running a hand through his blonde soft hair, just to pressure her more.

Lisa leaned back, furrowing her brows under her bangs. "Stop looking at me like that, I'll think you wanna kiss," but the way she said it was too pretty. There she was again using the baby face to get away with it.

Bambam narrowed his eyes. "Don't try to seduce me hoe"

"You're the hoe trying to seduce me!" she pushed him away with a hand on his forehead.

Bambam scoffed, offended. "Do I look like the type that would fuck his sister?"

Lisa looked him up and down as a reply.

He scrunched his nose in distaste. "You disgust me"

"I don't blame you, Bammie, I'd fuck me too," she shrugged happy and cockily, back to stir her noddles.

Oh, she **THOUGH SHE WON.**

"Stop trying to distract me! Did you suck his dick or not?!" he snapped.

Lisa blinked, showing exaggerated offense. "Excuse me? That's so insulting!" she put a big hand on her chest, covered by an oversized black hoodie. "You know well that I don't suck dick till the third date"

Bambam scrunched his face, whom she thought she was trying to fool?

"Look at you, pretending like you wouldn't suck Jungkook's dick in the first date"

"I-"

"Tsk, you wouldn't even wait to a date, you'd suck him off in the bathroom of the campus," Lisa opened her mouth. "No, don't say anything if you're gonna lie," and Lisa closed her mouth.

"Tell me the tea, Lalisa"

She took a deep breath and then huffed like a horse, clearly uncomfortable with it. "We... Uh... We... We kissed once," she finally admitted.

...

...

...

Bambam blinked, a little bit reluctant to believe it. These two were so fucking stupid, maybe it was a weird random and casual kiss on a hand.

"Like, a real kiss?"

Lisa rolled her eyes. "No shit idiot, it was a fake kiss in our minds, an illusion," she moved a hand in front of her face like showing a title.

"How did it happen?" he focused on the important.

"I was drunk," she said simply.

Bambam ran his tongue around his mouth and lifted one finger. "Okay, it can't end well if you start the sentence saying that you were drunk"

It wasn't just a casual joke to say Lisa was wild when she was drunk. She was usually crazy in a normal state, but un mojito, dos mojitos, and the bitch was on a table trying to be the next best stripper in Seoul.

"I know, right?" she agreed, very aware of her drunk antics. She even scrunched her face and shuddered, like having a cringe attack.

Since when Lisa had cringe attacks?

"You could have fucked him in a bush in that state but you don't seem well fucked," Bambam glanced at her.

"How are you so sure that he fucks well?" she tilted her head, so full of curiosity.

He shot her a judging look. "That was way far of my point but I think it means something that your mind went to this"

"You're annoying as fuck, Kunpimook," Lisa pushed him weakly.

Yeah, he knew she was being soft slash weak with him, she could beat him up if she wanted.

"I'm sure that he fucks well, by the way, because he has a big

dick"

Bambam could remember it well, they both attended the same Gym in Gangnam but at different times but once they were there at the same time. Jungkook was since a few hours earlier, the guy was like a big tattooed machine, but they both left at the same time. In short, Bambam and he were in the showers at the same time and bro... He may be homo for that dick.

"Oh I know," Lisa snapped him back to reality like that, like throwing the bomb in Hiroshima and Nagasaki like it was nothing, exactly how Americans did.

(a/n: sorry i was watching a documental the other day)

HOW DID SHE KNOW THAT?

There was just one option.

Drunk Lisa was at it again.

"OH MY GOD YOU REALLY DID SUCK HIS DICK, RIGHT?" he was so shocked. "Damn Lalisa, we are lucky you have a big mouth"

"SHUT UP! I DIDN'T!" she hit his back a few times, terrified of the idea... But Bambam knew that sucking his dick wasn't the problem. "I know it because we were too close in the bus and I felt it!"

Ew.

That was boring.

"That's more than tOo ClOsE if you felt his dick," he reasoned.

"The bus was full"

"Yeah, keep saying that," he nodded, pursing his lips while raising his brows. "It's lowkey sexual harassment you know but since it's Jungkook I think we won't talk about that"

"He didn't do it on purpose, of course, you know he's not like that," and Lisa seemed genuinely offended for him accusing Jungkook like that.

So Jungkook was already deep in her heart and Lisa was loyal, she was going to fight for him and his name if anyone dared to try to bad-mouth him.

"I hope he didn't do it on purpose bitch, I'd kick his ass if he did," not like he could win but a sudden punch surprises everyone and he would involve himself in a fight for his twin sister.

"Going back to the point, having a big dick doesn't mean anything," she dismissed the point.

"It actually means that you're just like Bambam"

Lisa sighed, disappointed but not surprised. "You're embarrassing" Bambam chuckled.

"But he also gives the vibes," he commented, he couldn't put a finger on it but Jungkook had the I-can-destroy-your-pu vibes.

(a/n: i agree)

"Fine, I agree, he really has those vibes," Lisa admitted, thinking

deeply about like Bambam.

Wait, they weren't talking about Jungkook's dick.

"When was the kiss?"

"The first night I went to that bar with you guys"

(a/n: let me recall you jelly jelly pt2)

OH

OH

OH MY GOD

SO THIS HIS PLAN WORKED

Yes, he got drunk as fuck that night as usual but it was all planned with Yugyeom. All that night was planned actually.

Bambam was really into the let's-get-the-dumbass-jealous plan, Yugyeom knew it too since he also knew Jungkook was balls deep into Lisa. He invited Lisa to that date in front of Jungkook, then he invited Jungkook and, for a few hours before the date, both thought Jungkook was going to be boring as usual and go home but HE SHOWED UP WITH LISA. The world was obviously on their side.

Bambam enjoyed every single second of Jaewon, Yugyeom and Bobby flirting with Lisa in front of Jungkook. His face... Gosh, a show; it was the best show he ever attended actually.

Bambam knew Lisa was going to get drunk, the girl couldn't have alcohol in her hands and not drink it. Yugyeom waited till she was wasted and told Jungkook it was time to leave, Bambam got drunk because he was committed to his plans not because he wanted to party, OF COURSE, and him and Yugyeom succeeded in leaving the lovers alone.

Especially because Drunk Lisa was showing and he trusted that bitch.

Bambam patted his own back, he was so smart. A genius. A prodigy. He was way ahead of the normal human being.

Interested, he leaned closer to Lisa. "So, it was just a kiss? Don't tell me you told him it was nothing," he added fast because Sober Lisa was dumb dumb dumb.

"I told him it was nothing," she said, showing obvious regret.

"Dumbfuck!"

HE RISKED HIS HEALTH AND LIFE FILLING HIS BODY WITH ALL TYPE OF ALCOHOL FOR THIS BITCH TO RUIN HIS PLANS LIKE THIS?!

(a/n: shut up hoe we all know you just love alcohol)

"I...", Lisa stopped, focusing on a spot in the distance. Her expression was suddenly confused. "I thought he felt bad about it or something because, I don't know, when he left that day something was off but then it was like nothing happened and he was treating me okay again. I don't think he cared, maybe he got a sudden

stomach ache"

HE WAS OBVIOUSLY DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE SHE TURNED HIM DOWN GOSH. This girl needed subtitles in descriptive English.

Bambam rested his forehead on his head, Lisa was worse than a dumbfuck. "So that meant it was okay because he didn't treat you like shit because you rejected him?"

"Yeah? Men work like that"

Oh, Lisa knew that well.

Sadly, most men were trash, even Bambam as a man himself had to admit it.

"Right but Jungkook is like... I don't know, a straight guy with gay emotions," he couldn't describe him in another way.

"What the hell?"

"You know when you talk with someone and you know they have an open heart? Straight guys are not usually like that"

"Yeah, like he doesn't have a problem to be emotional or be cute, no toxic masculinity at all," she smiled softly, showing white pearls between plump pink lips.

"Whew, bitch you are in fucking love with him," he teased her and she giggled. "Invite me to the wedding already"

"Shut up," she whined, embarrassed. "My point is, he could have told me in that moment but he didn't. And then outside the bar..."

Oh, there was more.

"What bar?"

"In Rap Night, something weird happened. I was like tipsy and we got too close," she left the cup of ramen in the bench and showed it with her hands. That was really TOO CLOSE. "I thought he was going to kiss me but his phone rang and Chaeyoung came to my mind"

"You know how to get a dick soft"

Lisa ignored that. "He didn't say anything either," she looked at him, clearly resigned with the idea of Jungkook having some kind of deep feelings. "So, how the hell would I think he likes me when he doesn't say something? I don't want to think he likes me just because he's kind, I don't want to be like all those guys that I met in my life that thought I was flirting with them when I was just being nice and then they were treating me like a tease"

(a/n: a tease can refer to someone who entices you into thinking you have a chance but usually doesn't have sex with you in the end, on purpose)

She did have a point. It was common for Lisa to go through that situation. She was a natural flirt, lovely and beautiful, a really men attractor but some men were trash with her and thought she owed them something just because they thought that she was into them.

And when she said no, they were treating her like shit. Bambam could understand her point.

"He should have said something," he agreed. Things were like that with Lisa, she didn't like to suppose even when sometimes she could do it unconsciously.

(a/n: like she did with her fucking sHe LiKeS cHaEyOuNg theory)

"See?" she hummed. "I think he really just sees me as a friend"

"And how do you know he doesn't see Chaeyoung as a friend too"

...

...

...

Oh, she was so quiet right now.

Bambam sighed, still waiting.

"But she likes him, what's the point of thinking about it now? I already told her I was going to move"

He couldn't hold himself back anymore. "Lisa, she manipulated you"

"She didn't manipulate me, she said what she wanted because she was upset"

JESUSCHRIST.

HE WAS GOING TO SLAP HER.

(a/n: she deserves ☐)

"So if she told you she is upset because you're a photographer, you would quit?"

Lisa frowned, looking at him like he was crazy. "Why would she be upset because of that?"

"Why would she be upset because you spend time with your fRiEnD Jungkook?"

"Are you even listening to me?" she asked frustrated.

SHE WAS THE ONE FRUSTRATED?

HE WAS FRUSTRATED! SHE WOKE HIM UP AT 3AM TO TALK BUT SHE WASN'T LISTENING TO HIM AT ALL!

He noted in his mind to mute his phone every night, starting for tomorrow.

But he calmed himself because he did love Lisa. "Yes and I just got that she wants you away because Jungkook pays more attention to you than to her, I think that says a lot," he said calmly, like the adult he was.

"That I am charming, right?" and she was teasing.

He stared at her with a blank face. "No matter how much you joke about it, it won't change anything"

Lisa sighed deeply, playfulness vanishing from her eyes. "I just decided what I will do and I will be okay, it's not that serious"

But it was serious because Lisa was fucking in love with

Jungkook.

THAT WAS THE FUCKING TEA.

IT WAS BOILING.

HIS TONGUE? BURNING.

Lisa was easy to bore. She dated a few guys before, nothing lasted more than a few weeks and she just did it because she liked them and no more feelings were involved. But none of them made her eyes shine as Jungkook could do, none of them made Lalisa Manoban overthink so much over a situation, none of them made her so upset with the idea of being apart from her, but Jungkook was doing all that in her.

THE DOTS WERE CONNECTED, Lisa was in fucking love, periodt.

And NONE OF THESE TWO IDIOTS KNEW IT.

"Then why are you here with me at 3am on a Monday," he put the hard card on the table.

...

...

...

Again.

Lisa finally finished her ramen and just stared at the river.

She didn't want to admit it, but it was because she was really sad about it.

It was bad for her to keep going on like this so Bambam crossed his legs on the bench and turned to his side, to face her. "Okay, it's been an hour or jokes and shit, let's go serious"

Lisa copied him and nodded, sighing because she knew what was coming. They used to do this all the time when they were teens. "Go ahead"

"Forget about Chaeyoung for two seconds and tell me what you really feel for Jungkook," he got both into the sincerity bubble, but before she could open her mouth he threatened her: "And don't you dare to say your friendship shit, Lalisa. It's me, Bambam, you know I'd slap you"

Lisa snorted. "You wouldn't slap anyone"

"The public doesn't know that," he said seriously and she giggled. "Go on, tell me, I know you know exactly what you feel for him"

"Fine, I really like him, are you happy?" she blurted out.

PROGRESS.

FINALLY.

HE WAS SEEING PROGRESS.

"And?" he dragged the word with a smile.

"I've never met someone like him before," she said with a lower tone, looking at her hands. Her nails were clean, no nail polish, but she was feeling shy so they looked so interesting. "Like, when I first

saw him I was so into his looks. I kinda felt like I knew him before but I know that's not possible, I'd remember it," she looked at the river, letting out an ironic short laugh. Loose strands from her messy bun were flying around her cheeks; her profile was so incredibly beautiful.

"For months I was really attracted to him, you already know that I have some kind of thing for guys that would make my mom cry," she chuckled softly and Bambam smiled, remembering all her exs.

"But then I met him personally and he was so different, so special. He's shy but super goofy when he's happy. He talks so much when he's excited about something; he absolutely loves art history and anime," her eyes started to shine, amazed by those small details of Jungkook. "It's amazing to me how he can mix both topics in one conversation and make me wish to spend a weekend watching Inuyasha"

"His ears turn red when he's flustered and he's so easy to fluster, I don't know why but it's amazing because you would never expect that from a guy like him," she smiled and scrunched her nose cutely.

"And sometimes I really hate saying 'a guy like him' because he keeps proving me that he's not a type of guy, he's just Jungkook with his love for colorful art, romantic movies, and body horror," she leaned her face on her fist, her other hand fiddled with the laces of her sneakers.

"Sometimes I just wanna squish his cheeks and poke his dimples and kiss his lips and don't make me start with his bunny teeth, he literally can't close his mouth when he's happy," she suddenly hyped up, low-key looking like she was talking about a puppy.

"Something more to add, whipped bitch?" he teased her.

But Lisa was again too lost in JungLand to go back to reality.

"He's protective as fuck, no one never made such a fuss like him for me for the most stupid reasons," she pointed out. "Like, there was an incident with some drunk guys, Jungkook pushed them away and since that he is bitter about it. It's been like a month," her eyes were wide open, stunned.

Bambam blinked slowly. The audacity of this person? "Well, thank you," he said sarcastically. "It's not like I almost killed you when you came alone to here"

"That doesn't count, you always want to kill me in some way," she moved her hand, dismissing his complaint of her shameless disrespect. She had to go back to talk about Jungkook. "But I think that the most shocking part is that I couldn't care less about the tattoos or if he's hot or not, at this point, I'd fuck him even if he looked like Quasimodo"

"That wouldn't be new for you, you've always liked ugly men"

"Shut up!" she hit him again.

He covered his arm, amused. "Am I lying?"

"All my men were hot, for your information," she LIED shamelessly.

"In monkey standards, I guess"

"Yaaaah!" she punched him softly again and he chuckled, punching her back.

"Okay, I got it, you like him," he lifted his hands, declaring peace.

She sighed again. "Yes," she mumbled, discouraged, because once the bubble popped, she was again in this fucked up situation.

But Bambam wasn't over with his free therapy session. "And how do you feel about him and Chaeyoung?"

"I hate iiiiiiit," she whined like a crybaby, leaving forward to press her forehead on his shoulder, FINALLY ADMITTING THE TRUTH.

Damn.

So much progress today.

Was this the signal of the end of the days?

No, Bambam, focus.

He gripped her shoulders and moved her back, to face her. "So what will you do if those two end up together?"

Lisa huffed, ruffling her bangs and the combing them. "I don't know, jump off a cliff or to another guy's dick"

"Lalisa Manoban, the whore you're today"

Lisa shook her head, laughing with him. "I'm kidding. I'll accept it. I know everything since the beginning, I don't know why I'm so dense to deal with it," she was clearly frustrated. "Gosh, every time I'm with him I forget about everything else, I'd kiss him if he were into it but as I told you, he never was specific over anything," she massaged her temple, with a face of full surrender. "But I'd be such a bitch if I did it, right? Chaeyoung really likes him so much, and you know, chicks before dicks"

But Chaeyoung was playing dicks before chicks.

Anyway, Bambam already had a plan.

Lisa clearly fucked up in the beginning when she started this, it was actually her fault that Chaeyoung had those ideas and it was also her fault that Jungkook was involved. But nothing that Bambam, the hero, couldn't fix.

"So you think the best is to do what she said and stay out of the way?"

"Yes," she said confidently. "It's for the best, you know? I won't be thinking about him all the time and I won't have chances to kiss him that way so I won't betray my own best friend. She will get her

they weren't in my mind and it's so wrong. I'm really in the middle"

"Oh yeah what a whore you are, stealing her man," he rolled his eyes, sarcastically. Jungkook's antisocial slash introverted ass was fucking there with her because he was whipped but she was still thinking she was the only one with feelings.

"Yah, Jungkook is not an object," she scolded him.

"Sorry sorry, ma'am, don't throw red paint at me!" he lifted his hands in peace.

Jungkook's Protective Service was so strong, what the hell he did to have it. He was a big ass dumbfuck!

Lisa laughed and they got quiet slowly, both agreeing in some way that the topic was closed because no matter what Bambam said, Lisa wasn't going to change her mind.

But the wheels were still running in his brain.

They sit again facing the front in synchrony. The breeze surrounded them, the peace was palpable that night. Maybe the problem wasn't solved anymore, but Lisa felt lighter after talking about it and confess her feelings. She knew that being with her Bammie was going to have this effect so she happily leaned her head on his shoulder, lifting her legs to the bench. She curled up at his side, searching for his warmth.

"So, what if we stop talking about your Mexican telenovela and go home to sleep? Don't you have a morning class tomorrow?" he asked after a while.

Lisa shook her head. "I won't attend"

"Finals are around the corner," it was weird for him to say it, he was a really bad student, partying in weekdays and all, but Lisa was working hard for her major.

"Fuck, right," she realized it. "Fine, then I'll go extra early. Jungkook usually waits for me sometimes with a chocomilk"

THEY EVEN HAD A ROUTINE BUT SHE WAS STILL SPREADING THE JUST FRIENDS AGENDA?

HE EVEN WAS BUYING HER BREAKFAST!

WHO DOES THAT WITHOUT BEING IN LOVE?

AND SHE STILL WAS DOUBTING HIS FEELINGS?

WHAT THE HECK?!

Don't hit her, Bambam. Don't hit her, Bambam. Don't hit her, Bambam....

"Oh, so the hide and seek game will start tomorrow?" he asked ironically.

Lisa sighed deeply as a response.

Fuck, that was a yes.

Jungkook got scared as fuck once Bambam crashed his very much

charged coffee on his working table in his class. "WE NEED TO TALK!"

(a/n: how the hell he got into a class that's not his)

Jungkook got an internal small panic attack, afraid of some drops falling on his draft. "What the fuck Bambam? This is for my final project!"

"What's more important than love?"

Jungkook looked at him in disbelief. "I don't know, fucker, maybe my future?!"

Bambam rolled his eyes. "Cut the shit, deadass, this is about Lisa"

Oh how fast his expression changed, symbolic bunny ears perked completely interested. Bambam scrunched his nose in distaste, it was like a bunny boner or something.

"What about Lisa?" Jungkook asked, moving his dRaFt for his FiNaL pRoJeCt not giving a fuck. Yeah he didn't want a future if it was without Lisa.

"Meet me tonight in the Dragon's, it's a date, bring me flowers or I'm not spilling the tea"

And he left. Work done. Now he was going to take a fucking nap in a fucking bench because he had to wake up at fucking 8AM to get into Jungkook's fucking class.

Being a hero was so exhausting.

isn't him the best boy ever?☐

he's also hot asf, I really wanna stan him

so told you all, things are not going to be so fucked up bc now bambam is doing all the work. but, what do you think he's gonna tell jk?☐

if you like it, comment and vote♥♥

HOPE YOU'RE STAYING IN HOME LIKE YOU HAVE TO. it's corona time~

Chapter 26 • Pt. 2

anyway idgaf

THIS REACHED THE 100K READS

OH

MY

GOD

thank you so so so much for reading this, you don't have idea how grateful i really am oh my god I can't even express it bc I really love this story so fucking much and it makes me so happy that you all are loving it too. even when it's a fucking pain in a ass and nothing happened, i really dont have idea why all of you are still here, i'd have given up on myself in chapter 10. anyway, I swear I'll change, I'll recompensate all the love you all give and all the patience you showed.

i don't deserve such wonderful people like you all, i thank every day for having you here and loving what i do even when i hate it. i would be nothing without you all so really, thank you
all the love, cake

now, enjoy the chapter💕

"Are you fucking kidding me, dumbfuck?!" Bambam asked, with the bouquet of roses Jungkook just gave him.

"What? You wanted flowers," Jungkook was clueless.

Oh my God.

"You know what? Fuck it, I'll go study engineering because I **FUCKING KNOW IT'S EASIER THAN DEALING WITH THIS SHIT!**"

Like five guys turned around to look at the mad guy screaming in the middle of the bar, who also threw the bouquet to the closest trash can.

"Yah! It was expensive!" Jungkook complained and approached to take the bouquet of pretty red roses.

"My therapist will be expensive," Bambam glared at him and stomped back to their table, furiously opening the vodka bottle.

"You wanted flowers and I brought you flowers, why are you like this?" Jungkook mumbled under his breath, taking a seat in front of him and even pouting.

(a/n: im the fucking author and i can't believe the dumbass really brought him flowers. AND THE WRONG FLOWERS)

"So you two are something now?" Bobby asked, he was going to

take their order but this was more important. Both looked at him in disbelief as a response. "That's a yes? Does Lisa know? Because she should, she's obviously whipped for Jungkook and bro, you're her best friend," he said seriously concerned.

"OH MY GOD, EVEN HE KNOWS!" Bambam said and proceeded to add Red Bull to his glass and Jungkook's glass.

(a/n: vodka with red bull is one of my fav drinks and lmfao i just read in google that is like doing cocaine and i died)

"Of course we're not a thing," and of course Jungkook focused on that.

WHY WOULD HE LISTEN THE LISA IS WHIPPED FOR JUNGKOOK PART. Noooooooooo, he was like "do you all hear sumn?".

Bambam was seriously asking for a raise.

(a/n: no)

"Well, the flowers thing is pretty gay, sorry," Bobby lifted his hands in peace. "Do you two want something else?"

"I'm tempted to get Tequila too," Bambam mumbled grumpily.

"You should, and some ice for your balls," Jungkook told him. THE NERVE. "You're too angry and I don't know why"

Bambam took a deep breath, proceeding to add vodka, too much vodka, to the glasses.

"So, that's a no? I can get you two some spicy chicken"

"Add spicy rice cakes," Bambam ordered, gosh, he needed full carbs food to also kill himself slowly.

"Are you trying to destroy your asshole?" Jungkook tilted his head.

Bambam lifted one finger. "Shut the fuck up or I won't share my food with you, you're this close to being left without alcohol"

Jungkook closed his mouth, he wasn't going to lose this free drinks chance...

"Coming," Bobby nodded and smirked. "If you two are gonna kiss soon, please wait for me, I wanna see it"

"I wouldn't kiss you even if you were the last man alive, I prefer human extinction," Bambam spat with all the venom his sleep-deprived self had.

Jungkook arched a brow, judging a little bit the big amount of vodka he was pouring in his glass.

"It will be still human extinction because I don't know if you know that you're a guy"

"I could have been born as a woman"

"I saw your dick"

So he wasn't the only one staring, fine. "I know my dick is big and eye-catching, Jungkook, but that's pretty gay of you"

Jungkook sighed, rolling her eyes. "Okay, what do you have to say about Lisa?"

So he didn't want to have the gay talk, aham, suspicious.

Bambam glanced at the roses. "Let's talk about your roses first"

They had to solve the big ass flowery problem on the table. Bambam just couldn't believe someone could be a bigger dumbfuck than Lisa but Jungkook was there, trying to steal the first place.

Jungkook took a petal which had fallen on the table, fiddling with it, like testing the softness of it. "Why are you so triggered by flowers, Bambam? They are just flowers"

Yeah, and his stress was just a small tantrum.

"They are not just flowers for some people, especially if they're fucking roses," Bambam had to fucking explain it to him and finished preparing the drinks.

"I thought roses were the most liked flowers? I prefer sunflowers or lilies, though," Jungkook commented distractedly while receiving his drink.

OH MY GOD.

Why was he so clueless?

Why?

Was he training to be like this? His dumb side probably had abs already.

"EXACTLY, DUMBFUCK! THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY!" he yelled at him.

Jungkook leaned back in his chair, with wide eyes, looking like a just scolded bunny. "I... I don't know what the fuck are you talking about," he said softly.

Bambam took the bouquet. "Damn. Okay, listen, roses? Canceled," and he put them on the table that was next to theirs. "Congratulations, happy anniversary," he said to the couple that was sitting there.

He didn't care what they had to say, he went back to Jungkook.

"This cancel culture is getting out of hand. What roses did to you?" Jungkook asked and took a sip from the drink, scrunching his nose at the strong taste of vodka. "What the fuck does this have besides vodka?"

Bambam, who was in the middle of taking off his phone, got offended. "The fuck do you think I am?" he asked, but the idea of drugging them both and locked them up in a small room seemed interesting at this point. But keeping up with his act, he said: "Also, I prefer my men showered"

Jungkook mocked him, not so amused with his shade. Bambam ignored him and went to Instagram on his phone. "See this," he showed him the screen.

Jungkook leaned closer to see and arched a brow. "How it's Chaeyoung related to this?"

Bambam pointed it with his finger. "Read the user"

"Roses are Rosie?"

"Yes," he nodded and looked at him. "What's Chaeyoung's favorite type of flower"

Jungkook blinked, a little bit lost in this, but he ended up shrugging. "Roses, I think"

"And Lisa thinks you like..."

"Roses?" he replied, just because it fit the narrative.

"And Roses are?"

"Rosie?"

"And Rosie is?"

"...Chaeyoung?"

EXACTLY.

BINGO.

GOAL!

TOUCHDOWN!

Whatever they say when someone wins in Tennis!

Almost; Jungkook was still lost.

Bambam sighed. "You need a fucking drawing or something too?"

...

...

...

Like at the fifth sip Bambam drank, Jungkook finally opened his eyes wide.

"HOLD THE FUCK UP, WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Jungkook was scandalized, like a Karen at seeing two guys kissing on the bus.

"How are you the only one not knowing about the Jungkook likes Chaeyoung theory?" Bambam asked, seriously concerned because this guy was a new whole level of attention deficit.

(a/n: are you even part of this fanfic?)

"What theory? I don't like her!"

Couldn't he, I don't know, make a big ass poster saying that and hang it in the entrance of the Art Department? Bambam was available to help, maybe color some letters and add a broken heart for the dramatic effect, play a sad song too. Oh, he had so many ideas.

"Well, then tell Lisa because she's spilling that tea to everyone," he said instead. "She's not good with secrets, let me add"

Lisa was telling everyone he was into Chaeyoung like she was announcing a Blackpink comeback after six years of hiatus.

"How could it be even a secret? It's fake!" Jungkook exclaimed in

disbelief.

"Wow, you're so triggered"

"Because I-" he stopped to drink a little bit and calm his nerves. It was good to see, anyway, Bambam didn't expect him to be so affected. "I mean Jisoo Noona mentioned it once but Chaeyoung never did so I thought it was her just trying to tease me," Jungkook continued after gulping.

SO SOMEONE ALREADY TOLD HIM.

Why couldn't men listen for two seconds? Men, and Lisa, and Chaeyoung, everyone in this fucking fanfic.

"Oh, you gotta believe a woman's words even when they're teasing," Bambam commented and took another sip.

Jungkook went silent for a minute, his expression changed slowly as he processed his last words. He moved his hair with his pinky while staring a blank spot. "So when Lisa talked about moving to my house it was true?"

Bambam blinked... "What the fuck? She said that?"

"She was teasing about being too comfortable with me"

Bambam covered his mouth, oh my God, Lisa saying that shit and building fantasies but still in the just friend phase...

He closed his eyes, holding back his temper.

A bitch was working for a slap and her name started with L.

"Well, whatever, she really wants to move in with you," he could say.

Jungkook lightened like a lamp, like ready to explode. "Really?"

Was he fucking surprised?

For real?

WASN'T IT ALREADY OBVIOUS THAT LISA WANTED TO MAKE LIL DUMBFUCKS WITH HIM?

That's it, Bambam snapped: "Yes, because she's whipped for you, BAM, THAT'S THE TEA!"

...

...

...

Oh my God, he broke him.

Jungkook was too still and it was like Windows stopped working, all the apps stopped and the screen was frozen.

Did he install an antivirus before downloading porn? Because it didn't seem so.

"Yo, is you dead?" Bambam moved his hand in front of his face side to side, searching for signs of life behind his eyes.

Jungkook didn't move, he just looked at him and it was creepy as fuck. "You're not kidding, right? Because it wouldn't be funny"

"Can you please do some face expression? I'm terrified right now"

His smile went wide, wrinkles showing at the sides of his happy eyes.

Okay.

He was still a human, Lisa was safe from some robocop shit.

Bambam smiled, satisfied with himself, and crossed his arms at the same time he crossed his legs. "Of course I am not kidding, she's probably flicking her bean while thinking of you right now"

Jungkook frowned. "Yah, don't talk about her like that"

Oh, what a gentleman, Bambam was so affected. "Am I lying?" he asked, before drinking.

Jungkook stuttered, open and closing his mouth like a fish... and then he drank. "I... I wish you weren't," he admitted, looking down at the table but smiling.

"Ooooooh, you nasty," Bambam hit his arm playfully.

Wasn't his Juancoco such a perv? He was proud.

"Here's your burning asshole order, guys," Bobby put the shared dishes with chicken and spicy rice cakes on the table with small cups of kimchi and soy sauce.

Both guys greeted him and he left, in seconds both were attacking the food and asking for soju and beer to accompany the dishes.

"Anyway," Bambam said after peeling a chicken leg with his mouth, some spicy sauce at the corners of his mouth. "Lisa really thinks you like her oh so sweet best friend"

"Aw u bein sawastic?" Jungkook asked, mouthful.

"Yes but that's not the problem," Bambam grimaced because damn this was burning. He drank from his glass and almost moaned because of the ice-cold liquid. "The problem is that you are giving all the wrong signals," he explained.

"But...," Jungkook chewed chicken while thinking, tilting his head. Once he swallowed, he asked: "How that could be? I'm not pretending I like Chaeyoung or something, she's just a classmate"

Just... a classmate.

CLASSMATE.

Bambam snorted, he was drinking at that moment so Jungkook's face got splashed. "Hold on, she's not even your friend?"

"We don't know each other well enough for that," Jungkook said while cleaning his face with a napkin. Bambam wasn't going to apologize, he was busy laughing.

"This is hilarious," he giggled and took a moment to wheeze.

"Stop laughing, this is serious, dude," Jungkook scolded him.

How was he going to stop? Chaeyoung out there acting like she had this man and Jungkook didn't even see her as a friend, it was the peak of comedy.

The next time he saw her, he was going to gift her a wig, A

CLOWN WIG.

Aish, these two were making him laugh so much.

"From where Lisa got that idea?" Jungkook asked.

Bambam shrugged, clearing his throat to calm himself. Bobby brought the bottle of soju and two cans of beer meanwhile, both guys said thank you again.

"I don't know, fucker, you tell me," he replied.

"I don't have idea," Jungkook said, looking really clueless.

So he asked Lisa to bring Chaeyoung to a meeting, and he didn't have idea what he did wrong?

Bambam needed a blood pressure check, he was sure it was high. He was beating his grandma ass after this, he would have to steal her pills.

Damn, Jungkook was asking for a lonely death.

"Well, Lisa mentioned some things," Bambam pulled out his diplomatic side because sometimes you choose not to be an asshole.

"She talks about me?" Jungkook smiled softly, showing those bunny teeth.

"Bro, you're everything she talks about," Bambam wasn't going to lie, he still wanted to throw up after hearing the "Jungkook is Perfect" speech Lisa gave. "Anyway, quit that smile from your face. She said you invited Chaeyoung to Rap Night"

Like really, WHY?!

(a/n: TELL ME WHY...)

Bambam needed answers, he wanted to really think Jungkook wasn't as stupid as he was acting.

"Because she's always with Lisa, I wanted her between Jaewon and Lisa," he explained.

Fuck it, he was really stupid.

Bambam blinked with a blank face. "...Couldn't you dumbfuck get in the middle?"

"That would be suspicious"

"YOU HAVE TO BE SUSPICIOUS!"

He didn't want to scream but Jungkook was looking for it, I swear. Jungkook and Lisa were turning him into an abusive husband.

"You have to get in the middle, push Jaewon away and kiss the girl," he couldn't believe he really had to tell him step by step what he had to do.

Jungkook lifted his dirty with sauce hands. "Okay sorry for not wanting to get slapped"

Oh, the bitch was being sarcastic now. "Why would she slap you? The fuck?"

"I don't know dude!" Jungkook waved his hands in despair. "I... I

don't know how to explain it but I just can't do those things"

"Well swallow your traumas. You have to because the shit you have been doing doesn't work, for real," Bambam was being serious, not giving a shit about his fears or whatever. But, suddenly something important came to his mind: "No wait, I didn't ask you this but I have to"

"What is it?"

"Do you like Lisa?"

"Well...", Jungkook scratched behind one of his ears with a finger, smiling. "A little too much"

a LiTtLe ToO mUcH...

Good Lord, take me, just take me.

"No, don't say that bullshit, I want you to say it for real. Be honest"

"I have the biggest crush," Jungkook confessed, looking at him straight to the eyes. WELL FINALLY. "I may be in love even"

Bambam pretended to be shocked.

"Is she the first thing you think in the morning?" he asked, just to test him more.

(a/n: mrs bed says yes)

"And the last thing I think about at night," Jungkook added casually, cleaning his hands with a napkin to then open the soju bottle to pour themselves a few shots. "Bro, she's always in my mind," he said like the fact that she was there was a beautiful torture. "Suddenly, all I draw and paint is related to her, all the love songs remind me of her, even the sad love songs because I'd feel that shitty if we were dating and she broke up with me," Bambam shot him a look, asking if he was kidding. Jungkook shook his head saying no. "Wish I was kidding but all my final projects are fucking yellow, they have stars too"

"Why yellow, though?"

(a/n: because of the thong i guess)

"Because she's so yellow, so golden, she's like daylight even when it's cloudy," oh he was being poetic now, Bambam drank a shot of soju, eating all these delicious crumbs. "I was in a dark place but in one night, just one, she changed my world, she was like an earthquake and when the earth tore apart, a ray of sunshine came from there, right in my face," and Jungkook was so excited at seeing that, he really couldn't believe the Lisa Effect.

Bambam frowned. "One night? I thought you two met when Chaeyoung got her tattoo"

"We met way before that but she doesn't remember it, she was drunk," Jungkook explained and drank a shot, scrunching his face a little bit and hissing at the taste.

Bambam froze. "Oh no. She didn't suck your dick, right?"

"My dick is not that blessed," OH THANK GOD, Bambam got scared for a few seconds. Jungkook, though, furrowed his brows. "Hold on, would she forget that she sucked a dick?"

"Oh, let's not get in that territory dude, you wouldn't like it"

Many exs of Lisa were triggered at knowing that part of her, they didn't like to be a nanny of the drunk embarrassing girl.

"I know she's wild when she's drunk," Jungkook said, showing in his face that that matter didn't bother him at all. Bambam stopped moving, looking at him with surprise over his glass. Okay, maybe Jungkook had made some points...

Was Bambam included in the protecting Lisa pack? He would like to...

"I'm worried about the things that could happen to her in that situation, why aren't you with her?"

Was he scolding him now?

"I'm not a babysitter," damn that Jungkook's glare could freeze Thailand's beaches in one second. Bambam shifted on his seat. "Chill, dude, I can't take care of her when I'm more wasted, but don't worry, she wouldn't have sex with anyone while drunk," he explained to call the beast.

"But someone could take advantage of her," Jungkook was serious about it.

Whew, what was his problem? It wasn't that hard.

"Okay, have you tried to fight with Drunk Lisa?" he asked him.

"I saw her fight"

He probably did, Bambam wasn't even surprised. Lisa could be the sweetest and most peaceful girl, treating everyone kindly and with respect, but once Drunk Lisa was mad...

"And she probably destroyed the other bitch," he predicted.

"It was a girl," Jungkook tried to dismiss it.

Bambam wanted to laugh, Lisa wasn't the inoffensive little chick he was thinking. "Don't underestimate her, Jungkook, she could beat you up while being drunk"

"But she's clingy," he objected, confused.

"Because she likes you dumbass! Even if it was the first time she saw you, her drunk self accepted you already and was clingy with you. I know it sounds weird but trust me, Lalisa really likes you"

He wished he could read minds because something crossed on Jungkook's and clouded his eyes with insecurity. "Uh, but what if-"

No, Bambam wasn't having it.

He had enough.

"No, I'm not wrong, Jungkook, I know her since we were babies, we shared nannies, my name was her first word, do you know how

long my Thai name is? Yes, exactly, but she said with all her baby strength," he made his points clearly, slapping with every word. "No one knows her better than me and she likes you"

Jungkook was quiet, overthinking while eating more chicken. Bambam didn't have time for his shit. Why was this bitch so insecure?

Did he want to know? No.

"She likes you but there's a problem," he called his attention.

His gaze snapped up fast. "What problem?"

"I can't give you the details but it's stupid"

"It is important for her, apparently"

"I said it is stupid!"

"Is that she thinks I like Chaeyoung?"

No, it was that Chaeyoung was a manipulative bitch but Bambam couldn't tell him that, he was risking his ass if he did because Jungkook could expose everything and create a big drama over it. In short, Lisa was going to kick his ass, not Jungkook's, not Chaeyoung's, but his poor small ass.

Jungkook knowing the truth could ruin everything, he was going to end up without the girl, the spoiled brat and Bambam because Bambam was going to be murdered. No good ending.

"Yes, it's that," he smiled. "You have to change her mind"

"What should I do then?"

"Oh my God, do you want me to kiss her for you too?" Jungkook glared at him again, now showing a jealous fire. "Oh look at you getting possessive," Bambam teased him. "You have no rights till you get her, dumbfuck"

PAM, REALITY SLAP.

Jungkook calmed down and drank another shot of soju, clearly hurt with the reminder. "But how do I do it? I'm awkward and an idiot and Oh my God, I even made her think I like Chaeyoung. I made a fool of myself every day, dude, I told her "You're problem" once, "WELCOME TOO" too. And once I almost killed her with a hit in the head, and don't make me start with the chocomilk slash banana milk incident. I have a dumbass certificate at this point, all the dumbasses out there think I'm their leader for sure"

Bambam cringed on his chair. How a dude looking like him could be so awkward? Why Lisa was so into this dumbass?

"You have to be honest," he decided to focus, laughing at his ass wasn't going to help.

"Like going out of nowhere saying I like you?"

"Yes?"

"Hell, no. What the fuck?" Jungkook was horrified by that idea.

"Dude, she likes you, you like her, IT'S NOT THAT HARD!"

"Okay, fine, but if she likes me so much why did she lie about the night we spent together?"

DIDN'T HE HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS? WHY WAS HE ADDING NEW ONES? WHO THE FUCK CA-

Hold on.

Wait.

"YOU TWO SPENT A NIGHT TOGETHER?" Bambam slammed his hands on the table. LISA DIDN'T MENTION THAT AT ALL.

"We just ate ramen and talked"

Oh

...

Bambam wanted to leave, he hated it there.

"Of course you two just did that," he grumbled, leaning his forehead on his hand, elbows on the table.

"She told Chaeyoung she was with Jaewon"

OF COURSE SHE DID.

He should have slapped Lisa, he was regretting it so hard right now.

"She... She didn't want to ruin it if you wanted to make a move on Chaeyoung in the future," he patted his own back mentally for coming with that so fast.

"What?" Jungkook asked confused.

"Yeah, that's it!" Bambam assured to him. "Like, Lisa, my baby is so selfless, since she thinks you like her best friend, she doesn't wanna ruin it for you so she doesn't want Chaeyoung to know she's spending time with you. How would that look? Pfff"

"I would never make a move on Chaeyoung"

It was surprising, but Jungkook seemed so done with the "Jungkook likes Chaeyoung" thing too.

And he was just knowing, he should think in the people dealing with that shit since the beginning and be more considerate. Such a selfish asshole.

"Yeah but you know what Lisa thinks, so as I said, you have to change her mind," Bambam went in military mode, this situation needed hard work and seriousness.

"So, she didn't lie because she was embarrassed of me?"

What?

From where the hell was that coming from?

"Why would she be embarrassed of you?" Bambam asked like Jungkook was talking crazy things.

"I... I don't know," he shrugged uncomfortably and moved his hair again. "Maybe about what her family would think about me?"

If he knew that if Preeda Manoban told Lisa don't jump off that cliff, Lisa would jump off that cliff.

"Bro, Lisa doesn't give a fuck about what her family thinks," Bambam was tempted to tell him Lisa's story but he had a better idea: "Ask her how she came to South Korea the next time you see her"

"Is it related to her being broke even when she's rich?"

Yes.

"Maybe, that's not my story to tell," Bambam showed a closed smile, I mean, he was so good at this? He was giving him conversation topics even. Cupid was real quiet since he talked.

"And what about Taeyang, do you know him? It's a tattoo artist, he knows Lisa"

OH, THAT STORY.

THAT WAS A STORY TO TELL.

Bambam held back his snort and drank from his abandoned vodka to cover up his cheeky smile. "Ask her that too," Jungkook opened his mouth to keep asking but Bambam didn't let him. "Anyway, that's not the main topic. She would never be embarrassed of you, she probably would brag about you, her tattooed boyfriend, to everyone"

The way Jungkook smiled was so endearing, Bambam could see the sunflowers and yellow hearts blooming from him.

Cringy.

Disgusting.

But, good.

"But now you have to focus on changing her mind," he snapped him back to earth. "Be direct and if you can't go and tell her everything then make all your actions towards her obvious"

"You mean courting her?"

"No fucker I mean kidnapping her. Of course, I mean courting her!" he exclaimed frustrated, this guy really needed drawings, made by crayons, with many colors and animals.

How the dumb bunny met the dumb chick, was going to be the name of the child's book he was planning to write.

(a/n: this bitch coming for me istg the nerve)

"She will probably try to push you away or hide from you or be with other guys but don't pay attention to that"

"How the fuck would I ignore that she's trying to push me away?" well, that was a good point, sadly, Bambam couldn't tell him "Chaeyoung is a bitch". It was killing him slowly, he wanted to do it so much.

Adam had it easier with the apple.

"Isn't that like a clear signal that someone doesn't want to have anything to do with you?" Jungkook continued.

"Lisa is a weird kid, and I already told you she doesn't want to

interfere with your possible-just-in-her-mind relationship with Chaeyoung," Bambam managed to look casual like he wasn't biting his tongue. "So you have to keep Chaeyoung away too"

"It's not like I'm keeping her close neither!" Jungkook exclaimed, it showed that he was genuinely so surprised that his actions were mistaken. "She talks to me and I chat back, I'm confident with her because I know her"

"Fine, act like she's a stranger"

"She's like my boss right now"

"DO YOU WANT LALISA OR NOT"

"Yes!" he was altered by the sudden attack. "But this situation is so confusing"

Doing all that meant everything, it was going to prove to that pair of dumbfucks who was the girl of his eyes. Oh, Bambam was waiting to see Jungkook slapping Chaeyoung with the cold real truth.

He was still tasting it already, it was salty and delicious. Yummy.

"Welcome to Lisa's world," he said happily. "But at least you know the truth now so you have to move and be direct this time. Talk to her, ask her about her day every day, buy her food, stalk her too if you have to"

Jungkook nodded but he reluctantly asked: "You are completely sure of this, right?"

WHY WAS HE STILL DOUBTING?!

"It's amazing how much I want to kill you," Bambam said seriously.

"Fine, okay, okay, I'll trust you," Jungkook raised his hands again and nodded, then he glanced at the bouquet of roses that was still on the neighbor's table. "I'll buy sunflowers next time," he added.

"And next time, ignore your fucking phone and just kiss her," Bambam barked.

MOVE AND SAVE US ALL PLEASE.

Wait.

Did he just blush?

"...she really wanted to kiss me?" he asked with a weak voice.

Oh, she wanted, she wanted so much.

Bambam had to do charity work: "Bro, she said and I quote," he cleared his throat: "I was going to get on my knees and suck his dick too, but his phone rang and I remembered I don't suck dicks in the first date"

"She said that?" his eyes went wide.

"Bro, I heard it myself with my two perfect ears," Bambam said confidently, pointing at his ears.

"Wow"

You're so smart, Bam. I told you, years ahead of the normal human. You will change this world, young boy.

His work wasn't done yet: "Yeah quit that smile too because you won't get your dick sucked if you keep being a dumbfuck"

"Can you please stop attacking me?"

"I just solved your whole love life, I have rights to attack you," he said shamelessly. "And I've been up since 8 AM after just getting three hours of sleep," he added bitterly.

"Why?"

"Because I had to also talk with Lisa, we had ramen and all," he didn't give more details, Jungkook didn't need that. But he needed more help: "By the way, her favorite is spicy"

"I know," Jungkook nodded. "She likes chocomilk for breakfast and her favorite food is gamjatang"

"Are you going to open a fan page with facts now?" he asked confused. "Because I'll follow it," he said though.

Call him romantic if you want to, but he was enjoying this cupid job even though it was frustrating as fuck. He was happy for Lisa, that guy right there was so whipped for her and Bambam wanted that for her.

He knew Jungkook was a good guy, probably the best in the campus, after himself of course.

"Another thing I should know?"

"She likes romance movies and dog movies make her cry"

"I know"

"Her cat's name is Leo and she could die for that sassy bitch"

"I figured out"

"She loves when people take care of her and pay for her, even when she tries to deny it"

"I noticed"

"She really wants to be a big known photographer, it's her dream since she was young"

"I know"

What didn't this fucker know?

"Okay, fine, fucker why the fuck do you ask me if you're going to know everything?" Bambam asked incredulously.

"I thought you had something I didn't know," Jungkook explained.

"I thought you weren't a stalker," Bambam snapped back.

"I'm not a stalker, I don't know her shoe number, for example"

"It's 8"

"I didn't have to know that"

"I just wanted to prove my superiority as her childhood friend"

Jungkook snorted. "I give you that"

"Please tell me you will do something after this, Jungkook" Bambam couldn't believe that he sounded like he was begging, he probably was begging.

Jungkook smiled, way happier than when he arrived. "It will be easier now so I will, thank you bro"

Did Bambam die? Because he was sure he was singing a choir of angels and a celestial light shining on him and Jungkook.

DAMN FINALLY IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE SOMEONE DID SO MUCH FOR LK. Imfao that never happened actually but i can pretend to not look that bad as an author

if you like it, comment and vote👉 jungkook the flirt is comiiiiiiiiing, im sure his awkward ass will be funny. i mean i hope so, maybe the comedian in me dies. pray for her pls

HAPPY LISA DAY!!!!!! pls go give our girl all the love she deserves and enjoy all the contents that shows up. istg i love bdays, many old videos are back on my tl and they're so good. so, enjoy! and love lisa! and if you already love her, LOVE HER HARDER.

Chapter 27

OKAY OKAY OKAY

LETS ADD A WARNING

my comedian failed and this ended up being more fluffy than funny
so im sorry 😞

BUT BUT BUT

there's still space for more comedy in the future so have faith on
me... or not so you won't be disappointed

ANYWAY

this shit caused one of my biggest mental breakdowns so i fucking
hope it worths it. istg. the way it made me want to cry and kick and
scream is just unbelievable.

AND BEFORE YOU READ THE CHAPTER

thank you so so so much for your comments

you all don't have idea how hard i laughed, you all are so funny and
creative💖

and thank for my main bitch @itschanelmate for helping to do
this and deal with my crying ass💩 baby gave so many good ideas
amd made this chapter way better💖

*(the tweets are in thai btw. I could have used the translation option
and put them in thai but i wont embarrass myself in front of a thai
reader)*

Day 1

"Hey, would you like to go out with me? Like, this time for real,
you know, going out... to have dinner? Maybe some ramen? Or, a
restaurant? Thai restaurant? Or I could show you some local
restaurant, I mean i don't usually eat out but-"

Jungkook cringed.

Ramen?

He sounded like a pervert.

And why was he stuttering? TO HIMSELF?

He had to put a damn period at some point, rambling wasn't
attractive.

Courting someone was so fucking hard. Old people had it easy
with the letters and flowers, not that they had much time to think
about it when parents were pressuring them to get married and

reproduce like bunnies in the wilderness.

But now, things were different. Jungkook grew up in the era of texting, how the fuck people socialized face to face? And how the fuck people flirted? He didn't know.

That was why in this moment he was making a fool of himself in front of the mirror, proving once more that he was the biggest social loser in town.

A dumbfuck indeed.

"Can you please stop talking to yourself in the mirror and finish shaving?" Jimin asked while passing through the bathroom door.

"I'm busy, don't you see?" Jungkook told him but obeyed and passed the razor through his left cheek, which was covered by shaving cream. He was just out of the shower, his hair was wet and curling, some drops shining on his shoulders and back while a black towel was hanging low on his hips.

He was especially nervous this day. He had a mission, again, but this time for real.

Jungkook was going to get the girl, part 3, or 4, maybe 13, I honestly don't know.

Bambam slapped him hard with a truth so sweet that he couldn't keep his face serious without a random smile popping up; the excitement was as big as when she kissed him that night, it felt so far away from the present but the sensation of her plump lips felt real like it happened just a few seconds ago. It still tickled.

The situation around the kiss was still confusing for him but he decided to stop questioning it and trust what he knew now: Lisa liked him, apparently more than he thought, it wasn't just physical.

He had to convince her to give him a chance... in some way.

Jimin got into the bathroom and looked at him through the mirror, he was already dressed for the day, wearing black skinny jeans and an oversized black and white striped shirt. "Try with 'me, you, tonight, wink wink'," he suggested and went to the toilet.

That sounded lame but Jimin was the one there getting laid every night.

Who was Jungkook to question his superior?

Jungkook tried to suppress the cringe and formed a smirk, which looked weird but that was what he had.

"Me, you, tonight," and he winked, or tried, he didn't know how to wink actually.

Ew.

He felt so stupid.

"Did it ever work for you?" he asked, genuinely horrified.

"No, I never did that," Jimin smiled innocently. "But you looked funny doing it"

Such a comedian, Jungkook laughed so hard that he almost lost a lung.

Jungkook rolled his eyes. "Fuck you, hyung," he said and checked his now shaved face, earrings clinking and reflecting the lights up the mirror.

Jimin chuckled at his back. "Really, stop with this shit, you don't even have to try hard," oh it was so easy for him, he just had to say hi and girls were already jeeting their wet panties and inviting him to lick. "Just walk to her and invite her"

Why was everyone just saying that? As if Jungkook had confidence enough to not choke while talking to her.

"I'd look like an idiot if I don't practice," he justified himself and lowered to the sink to wash the rest of cream.

"Too late for that," Jungkook glared at him through the mirror and moved to a side so he had space to wash his hands. "I'm kidding, chill Jungkook. You don't have to talk, flash her some abs, a little bit of biceps and smile"

Then what? Prostitution? Cunnilingus for a date?

(a/n: that sounds like a good plan imo)

"I would have to go shirtless to class for that"

"Do it," Jimin shrugged.

What was his problem?

"I won't get myself expelled a week before finals, sorry," Jungkook said sarcastically.

"They wouldn't expel you, maybe some... sanction"

"They already want to expel me for having tattoos. One professor almost threw a crucifix at me when she saw me smoking once," he commented, he could remember it like it happened yesterday. But it was in his freshman year and he felt quite discriminated, he wasn't in a good place and those words saddened his mind way more, making him want to abandon college and just keep going with the tattoos.

"Why?" Jimin expressed disgust mingled with incredibility.

"She said weed wasn't allowed in college," it was funny now that he was thinking about it and he chuckled. "I would be way more relaxed if I smoked weed," he joked.

"Maybe you should get some weed before going to Lisa"

"Oh, and attract her with my ganja smell and also get arrested, you know, completing my whole look"

(a/n: Hindi word for cannabis; the word was introduced to Jamaica by Indian laborers. Source: urban dictionary, i think it's right but you can educate me ofc)

"Maybe she's into it," Jimin ignored his sarcasm, fixing his black hair again as if he didn't pass his hand through it like ten times.

He was being a real pain in the ass that day. "Stop joking and leave if you won't help"

"So you want my help?" Jimin raised both brows.

"No"

"I can give you my help if you ask," he insisted.

Jungkook was done with his last help.

"I don't want it"

"You want it"

"I don't"

"You need it"

"I-"

Maybe?

"Yep, you need it," Jimin cut off his shit and left the bathroom. Sensing that he was going to do something, Jungkook followed him to his own bedroom and winced when he felt a sudden cut on his lip, he forgot he still had the razor in his hand.

WHAT WAS HE DOING?????

"Hold on, don't touch my clothes," he approached and took a sweatshirt, Jimin was fast to take another and throw it to the closet but he failed and it ended up hanging from the TV. "What are you doing?!"

"No more baggy shirts," he said seriously but at looking at him, he frowned. "Why are you bleeding?"

Jungkook put a finger on his lip and his eyes went wide at the sight of blood. "Oh, fuck," he ran to the bathroom and oh my God. The horror.

"Are you trying to kill yourself?" Jimin said at his back and opened the bathroom cabinet in search of alcohol while Jungkook was watering the cut, it was apparently deeper than he thought and it burned. "Here, press it," he handed him a piece of cotton soaked in alcohol.

"Ouch!" Jungkook complained and slapped his hand, pressing it himself.

"Well idiot, if you weren't such a dumbass"

"Shut up," he mumbled and checked himself in the mirror.

Fuck

This was bad, so so bad.

"It's not that bad"

"It looks like I got herpes!"

Jimin stifled a snort. "It's not"

"Then why are you laughing"

Jimin didn't try to explain himself and left the room, Jungkook heard him giggle and rolled his eyes. What an ass.

Okay, apparently the get the girl somehow mission was canceled.

He was going to die alone.

And sad.

And with fake herpes.

And death with people thinking he died because of his fake herpes.

People were going to remember him as The Herpes Guy with Tattoos, adding an urban legend about how he got herpes because he tried to tattoo his own lip.

That wasn't cool.

He liked more the death for a house fire.

Jungkook dragged his feet to his room, he had to look now for some face mask.

"What are you doing?"

"I want to skip classes and hid myself with my herpes but I can't so I have to wear this," he showed a black face mask from a drawer of his desk.

Jimin frowned. "What? No, idiot, it doesn't look like herpes"

"Because you know it's not herpes"

"That too but for real, man, you look still good," and he didn't stop to look at his displeased face.

And there he was again between his clothes making his eye twitch, he hated people touching his things and especially DOING THAT.

"Damn okay man but don't throw them like that to the closet," Jungkook scolded him, taking his clothes, they were going to end full of wrinkles. "Gosh, you have to fold them," he grumbled while folding the throw shirts.

Jimin shot him a judging look. "I'm going to ignore that," he said and opened the left side of his closet, it was in perfect state with neatly folded clothes in the shelves and hanging shirts and jackets ordered by color, the real wet dream of a mom. "Why do you have all these shirts and never wore them?" he asked, with his hands going through the hanging pieces of cloth.

"Birthday presents, I think," Jungkook answered after glancing at it, going to the bed to fold better a pair of oversized grey sweatshirts. His mom taught him this super cool method and he wasn't telling everyone he knew a cool method to fold clothes, he could be a loser but not an idiot.

(a/n: he IS an idiot too)

"Yeah, dumbass, I gifted this to you in 2017, thank you for wearing it," Jimin said sarcastically, showing a black with white small details shirt.

Jungkook looked at it and shook his head. "It's not my style"

"Exactly?" Jimin remarked obviously.

What the hell did that mean?

"What's wrong with my style?" Jungkook asked, clueless. It was good, black, fashionist, a lot of guys were dressing like that on the streets. It was called EBoy.

"You look like just out from a trash can"

Ouch? How could he compare him to Oscar the Grouch? When he could be Big Bird?

"At least I'm tall enough to not fit inside," Jungkook snapped back.

"Don't insult me, I'm your savior"

"Well, sorry Messiah but you came for me first"

Jimin rolled his eyes and hung the shirt back on its place. "Fine," he went to the right side, in which Jungkook had the clothes he used daily, and he searched around for a few seconds. "Today, you're wearing this, and this, these two," he finally decided and left a black short-sleeved t-shirt, black cargo pants, and a belt.

Jungkook blinked.

...

Jimin looked at him, waiting for his opinion.

...

Jungkook glanced at the clothes and then back to Jimin.

Was he serious?

"This is how I wear every day"

"No, you will tuck the t-shirt inside," he said like it was oh, a big change.

"Why?"

"Trust me," Jimin nodded confidently. "Oh, we will fix your hair too"

"What's wrong with my hair?" Jungkook asked, more clueless. Yes, it was messy, but it wasn't a big problem.

"What is not wrong with your hair is the real question," Jimin attacked him, AGAIN. "For now on we're keeping your style but you have to reconsider"

"Reconsider what?" Jungkook was getting hysterical, he didn't like changes at all and less unplanned changes. He needed at least a week to think about it and change rearrange his mindset.

"Lisa loves colors and the only colors you know are black, clear black and dark black," those colors didn't even exist! "You need to wear colors to call her attention, stop dressing like you're working half time as the grim reaper. What's her favorite color?"

"Yellow"

Jimin smiled brightly and went back to the closet. "And you have this one here, it's cool" he showed a yellow shirt that for some reason was in his closet.

Jungkook looked at it with the disgust he was feeling. "Define cool"

"C'mon, she will love it"

"I'd look like a dad!"

"You won't be the dad of her children with that attitude," Jimin sounded done, Jungkook didn't know what to say. This was ridiculous but some part of him was really thinking that maybe his Hyung was right. "Really, dude, you should go shirtless and this would be easier"

Except for that part.

"I won't attend class shirtless," he told him seriously. "Why don't you go shirtless?"

"I'm already hot enough with my shirt on"

...

...

...

"You're really a dick"

"A clean dick"

Jungkook was done of this mistreatment.

"Out," he pointed at the door.

"Fine, fine," Jimin raised his hands and obeyed. "Hurry up, by the way, we have to finish your look"

Even though Jungkook was a little bit reluctant to do this, he did what Jimin told him to do. It was a pity Taehyung wasn't there... or maybe not, Jungkook didn't think he would look good dressed as a bohemian artist just back from Paris, saying *voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir*.

(a/n: he'd get some places if he said that yk)

At least Jimin left him alone with his black clothes. So Jungkook wore his underwear and quickly dressed up with the clothes on the bed. Once the t-shirt was tucked inside his cargo pants as Jimin told him, he looked at himself in the mirror in the door of the closet.

He felt a little bit stupid but he could appreciate that his arms looked good with the shorter sleeves and his chest was more defined thanks to the correct size, the herpes cut was still a shit though. He sighed, not so happy, and took his black boots from the closet.

"I'm ready," he told Jimin while walking out of his room.

Jimin looked at him up and down. "Good," he nodded and left his cup of tea on the coffee table of the living room to approach him.

"So, we are going to add this"

Jungkook frowned, while Jimin clasped something in his belt and in the cargo pants. "Why chains? Am I a dog?"

"You don't want an answer. Stop moving!" Jimin scolded him and

once he finished, he pushed him to the small dining table in front of the kitchen. "Fine, now sit there," he pointed at a chair.

Jungkook almost lost it at seeing dangerous scissors on the table. "Wait, wait, wait, what are you going to do," he stopped him, in panic.

No one was having a haircut today, Jungkook had some taekwondo moves ready to smack Jimin's face if he tried.

"Just trust me"

Was he crazy? With those scissors?

Ah, no, no, his mama raise no dumbass.

"Do you want that pussy or not?"

"Can you all stop thinking I just wanna fuck her?"

He wanted to fuck her, yeah, but he also wanted to hold her hand. Couldn't a boy be fucking soft in this world?

"Good, do you want her heart, soul and, body or not?" Jimin asked with a voice full of sarcasm.

He didn't have to make fun of his feelings...

"Ha-ha"

"We're going to arrive late, Jungkook," Jimin sighed so Jungkook huffed and took a seat, but he was keeping an eye on those scissors. "Hold on, we should arrive late, you have to walk in late and make everyone looks at you"

What movie was he playing in his mind?

"That happens every time," Jungkook said lowly since he was still touching the cut in his lip, it swelled up a little bit but it wasn't bleeding anymore.

"But this time because you're hot, not because you could offer them a line"

"Ouch?"

"I'm kidding," Jimin said without paying too much attention, focused on his hair. Jungkook didn't have idea what he was doing but it relaxed him, eyes still on the scissors which stayed away, THANKFULLY. "Yup, you're ready now, go check yourself and spray some perfume," Jimin patted his back when he finished.

Jungkook went to his room and saw himself in the mirror, Jimin just combed his hair in a way that the tips were curled to a side in a way that it seemed his hair was shorter and messy but giving an attractive sight and Jungkook didn't have idea how he did it but it looked good. He really looked good actually...

Did he really need this to be attractive?

Was he attractive to begin with?

Nop, not with that cut... and the nose... and his eyes were weird.

"Hyung, be honest, do you genuinely think she wouldn't kiss me because she's afraid I got herpes?"

"I think she would suck your dirty dick even if you didn't shower for three weeks"

Well... At least he got a blowjob secured.

The campus was fairly quiet and empty at that time, only about twenty minutes late from the usual time when the first morning classes began. Jungkook had sweaty hands, he was nervous and restless but he was already involved in this and he had to continue.

All for Lisa.

Would Lisa like what he looked like today? Was she going to look at him like those other times? Although today he was not wearing a cap his hair looked shiny and silky, somewhat curly. He was expecting his hair covered up the fact that he looked like he had herpes.

"Oh, Jungkook! Hi! " Chaeyoung greeted him when they both met in front of the art department entrance, she was carrying a box and her hair was tied up in a messy bun.

"Hey sorry I'm late," he said and unconsciously covered his mouth, nibbling his thumb.

"It's okay! You're always early so some late morning doesn't hurt sometimes," she excused him sympathetically, smiling at him a lot but this wasn't weird coming from her.

Or it was?

Was she flirting?

"Yeah," he nodded feeling a little awkward now that he knew what was going on in Lisa's mind that involved them both. What was so weird between them that gave that idea to Lisa? "That box seems heavy," he said without thinking just to avoid the sudden silence but then he slapped himself mentally.

Damn!

No idiot!

"*You're giving all the wrong signals*," Bambam's voice echoed in his head like a signal, was this the kind of bad signal he was sending?

But it was a very big box for her! And his mom taught him to be nice!

"Ah, yeah, it is," Chaeyoung nodded, and Jungkook saw a slight drop of sweat ran down her temple.

"Uh-"

Don't help her.

Don't help her.

But it's heavy...

Jungkook don't!

"Could you help me?"

No

Jungkook don't

Keep her away Jungkook

"I actually have to check some details, ask Yugyeom, he's always with his phone anyway," He wasn't going to help her but Yugyeom could, so he wouldn't feel guilty for being an absolute asshole.

"Oh, thank you for worrying anyway," she nodded and passed as he opened the door for her.

"I would do it for everyone, Chaeng," he muttered and strode toward the entrance to the classroom. "See you later"

Everyone was already working in their designated areas, Freshman Chaeyoung looked at him with a raised eyebrow as she saw him pass. "You're just in time for dinner, Sunbae"

A sweetness, she was always a sweetness.

Jungkook decided to ignore her, he had to look for Lisa and it was not difficult to find her; he could find her in the middle of a crowd.

She was seeing photos on her camera, it seemed that she had just finished taking some of them to the group that mixed the paint. Her hair was longer, in a new tone of blonde that was familiar for him. She looked like when he met her, but this was a spring version of that beautiful ray of light.

He took a deep breath and walked towards her, his hands sweaty but ready to take the first step. It was nothing new, he had done this before.

Come on Jungkook.

It is not so difficult.

Let's go.

"Hey," his voice cracked and it was as if a pubertal demon possessed him, he wanted to slap himself but it would look weird enough.

Oh, it was going to be that difficult.

He quickly cleared his throat. "Hey"

"Hey," Lisa looked at him for a few seconds, smiled at him and returned to her camera. But she immediately looked at him again. "You look good today"

Oh

SHE NOTICED IT

HAHA

WHAT WAS A NORMAL HEARTBEAT

HE DIDN'T KNOW

WHO CARES ANYWAY

"Really?" he asked maybe a little bit very excited.

God, he was going to pay Jimin for dinner for the next three years, they would eat meat every day with special kimchi from his

mother.

"Yes," she nodded calmly, looking at him in the eyes. She had to stop or he was going to melt and it wasn't going to be a very pretty thing to see. But then she frowned and tilted her head a little bit, eyes narrowing behind her golden specs. "What happened to your mouth?"

OH FUCK

RIGHT

HERPES

He covered his mouth. "Nothing, sorry, It's... Uh..." WHY WAS SHE GETTING CLOSER. DAMN. NO. NO. NO. NO.

Lisa lowered his hand softly and he looked like she was a beast with a nasty breath. Uh, he should have worn makeup there.

"Did you hurt yourself?" she asked softly, brushing the edge of his mouth with her thumb. Oh... that... Damn, the butterflies in his tummy.

She was so close.

"Uh, yes, while shaving this morning," he explained, surprisingly without stuttering. But his focus was on her proximity, the sweet perfume and the fairness of her skin. "It's not herpes I swear"

NO IDIOT

"I MEAN, HAHA, there wouldn't be a way for me to get herpes in the mouth, HAHA. I should suck some nasty dick for that but that's impossible because I'm not gay, I mean not that sucking dick is bad-"

Shut up shut up shut up shut up

"IT'S JUST A CUT I SWEAT!"

Lisa blurted out laughing at his embarrassed ass and was about to touch his lip. He wanted it, yes please, touch him. But something clouded her eyes and she got startled, giving a few steps away. "Sorry, sorry, I have to-" she stuttered nervously.

WHAT?

SHE WAS GOING TO GO NOW?

NO

WHY

JUNGKOOK MOVE!

"Actually!" He literally yelled at her, Lisa stopped with wide, alert eyes. Shit, Jungkook, call her but don't cause her a trauma. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, hahaha," *God, just jump out the window.* NO! He cleared his throat again, remembering the script. Yes, he had a script. "I ... I have ... I have a photography thing to study for my final, yeah, could you help me?"

"Uh ..." Lisa looked away, her smile slowly fading. "I actually can't," she said in a low tone, looking down at her manicured nails,

the red tips fiddling with the buttons of her camera.

"Oh really?" His voice sounded disappointed because he really was.

She shook her head. "... Yeah, sorry"

It was weird, Jungkook could accept his role as a stalker at once because he was sure that something was wrong with her ...

Bambam was serious when he said his crap that Lisa didn't want to interfere between him and Chaeyoung?

HOLD ON

LISA WAS DOING WHAT HE SAID

SHE WAS ACTING WEIRD

Or she really wanted him away, but ... she never wanted him away. No, he wasn't being arrogant, he could be a delusional loser and with such low self-esteem that it was doing dance competitions in hell with the devil but Lisa definitely wanted him around.

He bit his lower lip nervously, not knowing what to say to convince her.

Should he be pitiful?

NO WAIT

HE HAD AN EXCUSE RIGHT IN HIS HAND

JUNGKOOK MOVE

STOP HER

YOU'RE NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE

DON'T LET BAMBAM CALL YOU A DUMBFUCK

As Lisa was going to advance to leave once more, he regained his voice and stepped forward, on her way. "Anyway, I bought you some chocomilk in my way here," he held up his hand, showing the closed little bottle of chocomilk and a straw, in front of her damn face.

(a/n: is he training himself?)

Lisa took it with a smile, the change between the one that said no and the one that now muttered a thank you was obvious. "It was a double promo again?"

No.

It never had been.

Why did he always lie to cover something so silly?

"No, I thought about you when I was buying mine," he was honest and the way she looked at him made his ears, neck and probably all his blood burn. Jungkook jumped like a nerve spring. "Because you never take breakfast ... I mean, you told me that .. I mean, I heard-"

"Thank you, Jungkook," she cut him off, putting a hand on his tattooed forearm. All of his skin prickled in response as he felt fucking blessed, like Jesuslisa just touched him. "I... I'll be busy but text me your questions and I'll help you, okay?"

"Yes!"

Oh he really said it out loud.

Lisa just chuckled and left, raising the straw to those precious lips.

YAS!

SHE WAS GOING TO HELP HIM!

THEY WERE GOING TO TEXT!

YES

FUCKING YEEESSSSS

JUNGKOOK 14, WORLD -35

He was so happy, he clenched his fist in glory and bit his lower lip to keep from screaming like an idiot and it hurt like a bitch.

"Good morning," Jaewon greeted him and made him jump.

Jungkook acted casual, like nobody was partying here. "Hi, hyung," he bowed respectfully as he leaned against something on the table.

Something that lost balance, that something was the base of a canvas that threw a lot of brushes to the ground. "Fuck," he quickly leaned over to collect everything.

Jaewon helped him while holding back a laugh. "I don't get a chocomilk too?" he asked, shooting her an "I know what you did" look.

Jungkook avoided his gaze, embarrassed. "No, sorry, I just bought one," he said quickly.

Where was the exit?

Jungkook needed to scream

"It's because I'm not a pretty girl?" Jungkook froze and Jaewon burst out laughing. "Kidding, I would do that too"

He winked at her and left, putting a lollipop in his mouth.

Please, don't.

"Chaeyoung"

Freshman Chaeyoung glanced up at him while she was painting at his side. "Yes, Sunbae?"

"Do you think I am attractive?"

"I'm gay," she said simply.

Oh, okay.

He went back to paint, focusing on it, actually trying but he was still thinking.

She still had eyes and didn't worth more her words if she found him attractive even when she was a lesbian?

"But, do you think I am attractive?" he insisted.

She turned to look at him at the eyes, trying to let it clear: "I am

NOT attracted to men, Sunbae," she said slowly.

"But if you were bisexual, would you find me attractive?"

Chaeyoung looked at him in disbelief but sighed. "Why don't you ask if I think you're handsome"

Ooooooh, that was the right question.

"Do you think I'm handsome?"

"No"

Oh.

That was... disappointing.

How was he going to be attractive for Lisa then...

"Kidding, Sunbae, you're too cute" Chaeyoung giggled out of nowhere and scrunched her nose. "You're the hottest guy here"

Oh.

Freshman Chaeyoung thought that of him...

Freshman Chaeyoung...

Oh my God.

The devil thought he was attractive...

She wasn't lying.

Jungkook smiled happily, dimples showing, he literally shone on Chaeyoung's face. This was so good.

"Thank you, Chaeyoung," he told her softly. "You're really beautiful by the way," he also told her honestly.

And he could swear she blushed.

Day 2

"What are you doing?" Jungkook asked when he found her doing small jumps, in a corner full of materials.

You don't have idea how much it took him to get close, the number of ped talks he gave to himself to just take a few steps and say something. It was getting harder to follow Bambam's words when he was, well, himself and Lisa was acting so weird.

He had been searching for her the whole day but Lisa was running away from him like he had the plague, while Chaeyoung was following him like he was a big ass muffin with special cherry cream.

Now he finally found her, he couldn't let go this chance.

"Oh my God! You scared me," Lisa smiled at him with a hand on her chest, smiling instantly at his sight. So she wasn't really running away from him? "Seulgi Unnie asked me to take white paint but it's up there," she explained, pointing at one of the highest shelves on the wall.

"Let me help"

Jungkook gently put a hand on her hips and stretched out on top of her, he took the small pot of white paint easily and lowered it

towards her, just as Lisa turned around. Her bottom brushed against him and she moved as she took the pot. Her fingers covered his warmly, causing electric currents that were already familiar and yet still strange. Jungkook tensed, looking at her quickly and noting that they were very close again, with the pot between them. His hand was still on her hip and bravely, it rose to her waist, reaching out into her little back.

The closeness heated his body so much that Jungkook felt like he could smoke from his ears. He was going to hyperventilate soon and was forced to look away from her deep, shining orbs.

From his height, Jungkook noticed small shiny spots on the strands of her bangs and removing his hand from her small body, he raised it to take a small one between his fingers in front of Lisa's curious eyes.

"You have glitter in your hair"

Lisa looked at the tip of his finger, kinda crossing her eyes and looking cute as hell. "Oh, hehe, Seulgi Unnie is working with it," she explained.

"It matches your hair, like, uh, I mean-" he ruffled his hair nervously, but took a deep breath because this was Lisa and she was still patiently waiting for him, no judgment. "I like this new color by the way," he finally said out loud.

Lisa smiled warmly, Jungkook felt that he could drown in her brown eyes and shared her smile. Congratulating himself on earning such a thing.

"Thank-"

"Jungkook!" Chaeyoung's voice echoed in that corner like a fire siren.

"Fuck!"

Surprised, Jungkook accidentally squeezed the pot and leaned it towards Lisa. They both jumped apart but it was too late, the white paint was dripping down her black T-shirt.

"Oh shit, shit, shit ..." he looked alarmed at the mess he just made, calling himself stupid over and over again. "I'm sorry"

"I'm sorry! Oh my God, Lisa," Chaeyoung got closer, brows furrowed on her forehead in concern.

"It's okay, it's okay," Lisa shook her head while looking at the big white stain that was making the fabric stick to her stomach, even laughing a little bit. "I can go home and change," she tried to calm him but Jungkook felt like shit.

Why couldn't he do something without fucking up?

"They won't let you get on the bus with your clothes like that," Chaeyoung sighed, passing her an old rag. "Gosh, I don't even have my gym clothes here to lend you," she lamented, taking another old

rag to press it against the shirt, so it would absorb it a little bit.

Hold on!

Jungkook enlightened. "Oh! I have!"

He always had one in case of emergency, since he had to work after class most of the time.

Both girls looked at him.

"What?" Chaeyoung was the first to ask.

"Come with me," Jungkook said confidently to Lisa, fine he fucked up but he could help now and he was feeling inspired, damn, fate played him well finally.

Lisa waved her hands, showing an embarrassed smile. "No. It's not necessary, I-"

It was necessary, he caused this and he could fix it.

"Please, let me help you. It was my fault," he literally pleaded, softening his gaze to her.

"It was mine, actually. Don't worry Jungkook, we can ask some girl for clothes," Chaeyoung cut the small moment with a light smile.

"But I have clothes," he objected, not getting why was she dismissing his offer.

(a/n: lol sis get in your own business)

Lisa looked between them, clearly desperate for some kind of help, maybe fire from the sky to burn the city and get her out of that uncomfortable situation. "I... Wouldn't it be too big for me?" she tried to find an excuse.

"That-That's a problem?" Jungkook asked because he didn't understand.

Lisa wore oversized clothes often, the shirt he had was going to fit her style easily and it was clean, which was the most important point.

Chaeyoung and Lisa exchanged looks, the latter looked nervous for some reason.

But Chaeyoung ended up sighing. "Okay," she said and dropped the old stained rag on the closest table.

"No, it's not," Lisa raised her hands, trying to stop the situation.

"It is, please, come," he interfered again, being bold and taking her arm in a light grip.

Chaeyoung looked at the movement, but her face was blank. "Yeah, go," she nodded to Lisa and then smiled at him. "I'll have things to do anyway, thank you for helping her Kookie," she patted his chest and left, her long blond hair facing them in seconds.

"Rosie..." Lisa murmured tiredly.

"Is she okay?"

"Yeah," she nodded. "Why don't you tell her to help you with

photography? She is good too," she blurted out with a new exciting spirit.

Was she pushing him to Chaeyoung? Couldn't she see that it was stupid?

"But you're better," he blinked in disbelief.

Lisa couldn't help but smile. "Don't say that," she whined softly.

He smiled like an idiot while getting on his way to his backpack for the extra t-shirt -she following him-, but he cleared his throat to explain his point, to not look that biased. "I mean, if I had some painting question, I'd ask her because she's majoring in that like me. But you're majoring in photography so you know more and-"

"You have a point," she nodded, deep in thoughts. "But, she has more free time than me"

"You're busy?" that didn't cross his mind before, even though he knew she had a usually booked schedule Lisa was always finding time to relax and... was she trying to make up excuses?

"Yes, my parents and grandmother are visiting, so I'm booked all this week," she admitted and he could sense the resignation in her voice while he opened the zipper of his black backpack.

Oh.

Right.

She said her mother was going to come.

"Ka-Kai said you don't get along well with your mother, I... sorry for being intrusive, you don't have to talk about it if you don't want to, It's probably a weird topic to talk about, right? I asked because I-I was-I was wondering about it since-since that. No, that-"

Lisa cut his stuttering. "We don't get along because I'm a major disappointment for them," she said simply with a smile once he looked at her.

What type of sentence was that?

"I-" he stuttered, not knowing what to say. Was she being serious?

"It's okay, anyway. I'm not enough disappointment for them to stop visiting... yet," she chuckled bitterly. "But I'm working on it"

"Really?"

"No, I'm kidding," her tone was more playful this time. "At least in the working on it part, I don't have to make a big effort to disappoint," she shrugged casually.

Jungkook couldn't get it. "Why would you be a disappointment? You work hard and you study, most parents want that"

"Oh, but you don't know my parents and I wish I was that lucky," it was weird to see that bitter humor on Lisa and she noticed his lost gaze, besides it was obvious as fuck. "I'm kidding, they love me... I like to think"

Jungkook looked down at his hands, trying to process her words

and then he reacted, he was like half an hour with the shirt in his hands while Lisa was getting white. "Here is the shirt," he handed it to her.

Lisa took it and the way she brought it to her chest was weirdly endearing for him. "Thank you, I promise I'll give it back to you the sooner I can"

She could keep it, God knew Jungkook was going to hit his chest like a caveman, proud of this achievement.

"Don't worry," he said instead. Lisa turned around to leave but there was something stuck in his throat. "Lisa?"

"Yes?"

Maybe he couldn't understand that weird situation with her parents, but he was sure of something: "I'm sure they love you, they're here visiting you after all," he said and couldn't help but add: "Who wouldn't love you, by the way?"

Lisa's eyes reflected something deep, it wasn't the usual happiness or the cheerful light, it was something from the heart, something he saw when Yuqi hugged her in gratitude for her birthday. Jungkook understood that something was a type of sadness that needed comfort and warmth but it was so hidden that it was hard to notice.

Lisa was mysterious, no one knew that better than himself, but he felt like he was getting the pieces together slowly, in order to understand her and fell more for the depths of beauty she had behind that smile she was always using as a mask.

"Thank you," she said in a weak whisper.

Day 3

"Jungkook?" it was the fourth call and just then Jungkook took off one of his AirPods and glanced down, finding Chaeyoung.

"Hmm? I'm busy now"

"It's important," Chaeyoung insisted.

It was about the talk they had the last Sunday? "What is it?" he asked, still up in the ladder.

"A surprise"

That caught him.

You can't blame him, girl, surprises are always an attention button.

"Uh?" He left his used paintbrush in a cup and went down the ladder, facing a Chaeyoung with a blue Tupperware on her hands. "What is it?" he asked with curiosity.

"A cake! For your midterm," she opened it for him and the delicious sight of a big piece of cake was in front of his eyes, the smell of chocolate blessed him.

Jungkook smiled.

This was from Lisa.

Definitely.

He thought she had forgotten about it but here it was, his cake from her. Maybe she was still hiding but she found the way to bring it to him and he wanted to twerk out of happiness.

"Thank you," he smiled and took the plastic spoon that Chaeyuoung was offering.

He took a bite and moaned once his tongue tasted a perfect mix between bitter and sweet, with a peak of vanilla. It was amazing.

"Could you let it in my backpack, please?" Chaeyoung nodded fast. "And tell Lisa I loved it"

(a/n: bro)

love of my life

it wasn't from me

the cake i mean

rosie baked it

lol you know i cant cook

but it was your idea

thank you

yes!

but she gifted it to you

oh

sorry for being rude with her

it wasn't my intention

i thought it was you bc we are close

why would she bake me a cake?

...

...

Why was she typing and deleting?

Jungkook couldn't think more about it, Lisa finally sent something.

love of my life

she wanted to be nice

and you didnt?

of course!

i promised it to you

then thank you

i loved it

you-

i have still some questions

about my photography class

at 3am????

yes
and you talked to me first at this hour
bc you're always awake at 3am!
you too
so you can help me with this
yes
i can
would you help me?

□
DONT PUPPY EYES MEEEE
I CAN'T RESIST



*(a/n: read mine is amazing *wink wink*)*

Day 4

Jungkook learned a lot from jealousy throughout his life, he learned that it was better to control it and keep it hidden, especially when he and the girl where nothing. Even if his heart screamed "mine!", his mind knew the truth.

Well, he didn't get shit from that and maybe it was because of what he got these days, heated looks and Lisa wearing his shirt like the queen she was -showing those thighs he wanted around his face-, but now he didn't feel like the idiot Jungkook who would lower his head and deal with it.

Somehow, although Lisa wanted to run away from him she always ended up close and maybe it was due to fate or that he had been playing his cards well. And it was fun to move when you had good results.

So this time, when he found Jaewon leaning over Lisa to show her something on her laptop, he didn't stop to think.

He could stand her hiding from him but he wouldn't stand her hiding with another guy.

"HELLO!" he made them both jump, also planting both hands on the table violently.

Damn, he even scared himself with that.

And his fingers hurt.

What was he thinking?

"Oh my God, Jungkook!" Lisa blurted out laughing.

Thank God she was laughing.

"Do you need anything?" Jaewon asked, clearly trying to hide his amusement. He enjoyed his misery so much, it was kinda rude.

"I... Hmmm, Sunbae was looking for you," he told Lisa, making it up in the moment.

"Which Sunbae?"

Oh

"I... don't remember?"

Dumbfuck!

Now, he was hearing Bambam.

Jaewon smirked.

"HAHA, I'm kidding, it's Seulgi Sunbae," and he was secretly praying for Seulgi to cover him.

Lisa still chuckled and stood up, Jaewon giving her space to move. "Do you know where is her?"

"Yep," oh it was a miracle he knew this time.

He held back a victorious smile at Jaewon, but he seemed quite unbothered. "Are you still coming tonight for Rap Night, Lisa?"

Oh, now Jungkook knew why.

He glanced at Lisa, who nodded. "Yep"

Fuck!

Again?

She?

With Jaewon?

"SO we are meeting there too," Jungkook blurted out.

"Oh, you're going too?" her eyes shone.

Was he going? Bitch, yes, to the end of the world for her; look at him getting a coat and go dancing with penguins in Tierra del Fuego.

He just nodded instead as a reply, Jaewon, on the other hand, ran his tongue through his teeth, mumbling a "well played".

gnome hyung

HYUUUUUUNG I NEED YOUR HELP

chaeyoung

hey!!

are you free tonight?

no

sorry

"Why so produced? Is someone's birthday?" Jisoo asked from her counter, a strange look on her eyes and the straw of a plastic glass of coffee between her teeth, as he entered the tattoo parlor, wearing the black shirt Jimin gifted him, tucked inside his black skinny jeans.

He was coming to get some cash, he didn't have time before to go to an ATM.

He asked Jimin why he would wear a shirt for an informal event,

Jimin almost hit his head with the joystick so Jungkook accepted his fate, he liked himself at least. Of course, it was strange for Jisoo as it was for himself.

"Can't I just look good?"

Jisoo narrowed her eyes, not buying his shit at all. She left the glass on the counter and raised a brow. "Rap Night is today, right? Is Lisa going?"

Phew.

"Yep"

"Come here," he obeyed and leaned down for her to reach his head. She did something on his hair and unbuttoned his shirt a little bit, then she patted the fabric like kicking off some fluff. "Yep, now you look better"

"Really?"

"Yes, Kookie," she smiled at him but the smile didn't last. "Please, don't say something stupid," she ordered, pointing at him with her index finger.

"Is this The Attacking Jungkook Week? Because, no one told me and all I get are dick slaps on the face," he complained. "And I personally think I don't deserve this mistreatment," he lifted a finger, to be clearer.

Jisoo just looked at him.

Yeah...

"I will try but you know me, I get stupid when I'm nervous"

Jisoo gave him three reassuring pats on his chest. "Don't worry, you look hot enough for her to forget you are also an idiot"

Jungkook smiled happily, he really slapped this week with these looks... He even got a number this week, he wasn't going to use it but it was good for his self-esteem.

"Actually," she said after a few seconds, eyes focused on the screen of her laptop. "Jungkook, I think she likes you because you are an idiot"

"Damn, you look hot tonight, Kookie"

Jungkook grinned at the compliment and greeted Seungyeon with a little bow, she smiled back, red lips contrasting with her white shining teeth; she was sitting at the bar counter, having a drink. "It's been a while, how are you?"

"Fine, still after Hanbin's dong. He's so hard to get," she complained cutely like she wasn't talking about someone's dick. Pretty normal from her.

"When that stopped you?" he asked, amused by her antics.

She smiled instantly. "Never," she winked at him and took a small sip from her drink, checking him out again. "I'm still open for some

proposition if you have one," she winked at him, Jungkook just shook his head, smiling. "Pff, kidding, it's obvious you just have for one girl only lately"

No more denying, he made up his mind about that at least. "Is she here?" he asked, looking around. Jimin told him that if he started to claim her more, he would feel more confident.

(a/n: we love cavemen)

"Yes, she brought a friend"

"What friend?" it wasn't Chaeyoung right? He panicked internally, she was going to mess up his plans if she was there.

"Look there," Seungyeon pointed with her long nail to a table in a corner. Lisa was sitting with Sorn, both girls standing out between people thanks to their clear long hair. All he could see was that Lisa was wearing black and her hair was tied up in a tight ponytail.

"It's Sorn," he commented.

"She seems a foreigner like Lili," Seungyeon said with sweetness in her voice.

He arched a brow. "Are you two friends now?"

"I wish, she's great," he could agree. "Please date her and bring her more, I wanna be her friend," she shook his arm like a whiny girl and made him chuckle. "But move fast, Oppa looks like he wants the same," she then hummed playfully before bringing her drink to her red lips. Just as she finished, he saw Jaewon glancing at Lisa while he was checking the sound of the stage.

The bastard looked good as fuck, black short-sleeved shirt and black pants, the damn chains hanging too. He was naturally attractive, he didn't even have to try.

"Do you think I am attractive?"

Seungyeon blinked, straw between lips with round confused eyes staring at him.

"We slept together once Jungkook"

Jungkook was still waiting.

Who knows, maybe she had sex with him out of pity.

Seungyeon looked at him like questioning his mental health. "You think I would have sex with a guy I don't find attractive?"

Well yes?

Was she going to answer his question?

"Yes Jungkook, I think YOU ARE ATTRACTIVE"

"Oh, yes, he is," Sorn startled him with her sudden intrusion.

He turned around and he wasn't even drinking something but he chocked, a whole attack of coughs made him look like pneumonia owned this boy.

Lisa was in all black, ready for his fucking funeral. She just needed some flowers for his grave.

The see-through open shirt she was wearing was doing nothing to cover her beautiful body wrapped in a short silk dress, so tight she didn't have space for more than those lean curves if you know what I mean. Her legs were on sight, thighs so toned and thick that he had sudden urges to dig his teeth there, see if she tasted as golden as she seemed and then make a path upward with his tongue, to bury his head between her legs and be fucking squeezed.

DON'T GET A BONER, IDIOT.

But his dick was half-hard already, crying and playing the fiddle.

Meanwhile, Lisa got closer and patted his back violently, rearranging his lungs and ribs in the meanwhile. He deserved it, he needed it too.

"Are you okay?" she leaned closer.

HER LIPS.

FUCKING RED LIPS, HE WANTED THEM...

He raised a thumb and cleared his throat, a hand on his about to explode heart. "Sorry," his voice came out strangled. "You-You look amazing"

(a/n: is this the correct fanfiction?)

"Really? Thank you!" she then checked him out slowly, he felt himself heat up, he was also nervous for his dick deciding to say HENLO in front of her eyes, his dick wasn't shy like him. "You look... different"

What?

She didn't like it?

"I mean, you look good," she corrected herself nervously, giggling.

Was she nervous?

Shy?

"Ooof, you look hot as hell Jungkook," Sorn was bold, Jungkook leaned back on the bar, taken aback by her sudden compliment.

"Are you single?"

Woah...

"Sorn!" Lisa scolded her.

"What? I'm checking my options"

"Kookie is not an option," Seungyeon said playfully and Jungkook elbowed her, embarrassed.

All in front of Lisa's salad.

"We... We were getting some drinks and here they are so," Lisa cut the lovey-dovey exchange and showed the bottle of soju. "We are going back there," she pointed at a table and walked away.

Jungkook opened his mouth but nothing came out, he didn't know what to say.

Sorn snorted, he didn't know why, and she followed her friend and her waving ponytail, humming a "See yaa".

His brain was still dazed, losing the train of thoughts while his eyes were following those hips and legs, they were shining so much under the green neon lights. Did she use some oil? He would roll his eyes back if she smelled like vanilla oil. Now a whole orchestra was playing a sad song in his pants because he really needed those legs around him... no matter where, if she wanted to choke him with those thighs he was going to say God bless the queen and accept his fate.

(a/n: i don't know when all this got so sexual but im enjoying it)

"Jungkook?" Seungyeon called him.

"What's wrong with him?" Jimin asked, giggling, when he arrived and saw the hypnotized dumbass there.

"Lisa came and left, she is gorgeous," Seungyeon expressed every peak of admiration and attraction she was feeling.

Jimin raised a brow and waved his hand in front of Jungkook, who was obviously fantasizing about legs and Lisa and a ponytail and that dress in the floor...

"Should I throw him water?"

Jungkook reacted and shot her a warning glare. "Don't you dare, I didn't spend hours in the hands of this psychopath for you to ruin it that easily"

She just chuckled but Jimin nodded and clapped, proud of him.

"That's it, son, don't let anything but women hands ruin your hair"

Seungyeon scrunched her nose but ignored it fast to look at him with excited eyes. "Have you seen that?" Seungyeon slapped his chest several times, he gripped her hand and led it back to her lap. His chest was exposed, yes, but it also deserved respect.

"See what?"

"She's jealous!"

"No way!" Jimin opened his mouth surprised, at his side, Jungkook arched a bewildered brow.

Why would she be? Lisa knew there was nothing between him and Seungyeon.

"Are you kidding me?" Seungyeon turned around in the stool to face him completely. "She thought I meant you aren't an option because I claimed you and she didn't like that at all," she moved her hand side to side, enjoying this too much.

What?

That didn't even have sense.

"So you read minds now?"

"Damn, idiot, it's obvious," Jimin was really excited about this and hung on his shoulder.

"I am a fucking woman, Jungkook, I can read other women," she rolled her eyes and glanced back at him, smirking. "And I also can

read men, you came for her panties today, right?"

"Uh," he stuttered, scratching the back of his left ear. "No-No exactly"

"He did"

"Hyung..."

"You don't have to pretend Kookie," she patted his shoulder in comfort. "I know she wants your boxers too, if you wearing them," his eyes went wide, pure like a scandalized nun. "I'm kidding"

That was so no hygienic.

Seungyeon frowned when, while she was looking around with her drink in hand, she caught Lisa's table where Jaewon just arrived and the back to Jungkook. "She had a date with Oppa, right?"

Hold on, it was that easy?

Jungkook looked at her honestly surprised. "How do you know?"

Jimin snorted, rolling his eyes, and moved to order a drink for himself.

"I have a brain, I guess?" she said obviously. "I know it looks like I'm just a hot body but this booty is the smartest one in my generation"

"And I don't doubt it, but-"

She raised a finger, cutting him off while sipping more of her blue drink. "Listen, there's something you need to know about this that it's definitely on your side"

Jungkook arched a brow, interested, and leaned on the counter. The space between them was shorter, from the outside it was clear they were sharing a secret. Jimin was next to Jungkook but was clearly more interested in another girl, who was having drinks for her group of friends.

Seungyeon pointed at Sorn sneakily. "She brought her friend, she doesn't want to be alone with Oppa"

Wait.

What?

Really?

Jungkook and her were alone before, it wasn't a date but it was a plan like this one but she didn't bring a friend with her, so she wanted to be alone with him? Another thing came to his mind, Lisa also brought all her friends last week, not just Chaeyoung...

OH!

He smiled foolishly, regaining his spirits.

But...

"Then why did she come?"

"They're friends, I think?" Seungyeon shrugged, not so worried. "You don't have to feel threatened," she said but at that moment Jungkook glanced at Lisa's table and found it hard to not feel

threatened when Jaewon was sitting beside Lisa, with an arm around the back of her seat.

Why couldn't he put his hand on his pockets and stay in his lane?

Did Lisa allow that?

Why was she laughing anyway?

"Trust me, she wouldn't have anything with Oppa but," Seungyeon remarked it clear with her tone. "That doesn't mean Jaewon Oppa will stay calm, I've been there and he moves when he wants something"

Oh shit.

The lights went off to lead the attention to the small stage of the bar. The show was going to start. Jungkook called one of the bartenders and ordered a beer, he took a seat in a free stool beside Seungyeon.

Jimin had already the number of that girl and while he texted Chaeyoung to ask her how was her night going on, he took place next to Seungyeon and Jungkook.

Hanbin and Jaewon greeted everyone and started a playful bickering rap between them, roasting the other. After that, Hanbin was left alone and he rapped one song, Jungkook saw Seungyeon melt for that guy and she stood up and clapped like a proud mom when he was over. It was fun to see.

"Don't laugh, I have a dick to get," she slapped his arm softly.

Jungkook giggled. "Sorry"

The next one was Bobby, he made a charismatic monologue and at seeing Lisa, he just had to dedicate her a verse. Jungkook saw her big smile from his seat, a strange pride ran through his body when she raised both arms and danced a little bit on her chair. That was his -not yet- girl.

It was so easy for her to just go with the flow and enjoy the moment, no time for embarrassment or discretion, just a girl having fun. Oh, he wanted that in his life.

The Barbie of the bar was baptized that night for the public. Jaewon took place next and, of course, his rap was romantic, blah blah blah, hip hop, you're hard to love or whatever, Jungkook rolled his eyes, drinking his beer. But the guy didn't finish there, he went back to Lisa and clung to her like a fucking tick. She wasn't complaining either but Jungkook wasn't leaving, no sir. Bambam said: Lisa likes you. He never mentioned Jaewon, nope.

Maybe it was the jealousy and confirmation of Lisa's feelings but he didn't feel like leaving him to win HIS -not yet- girl.

An hour later and two more big glasses of beer for Jungkook, the show was over but not the night. In honor of Rap Night, the chosen genre was rap and American rap songs started to light up the night

more.

Jaewon took Lisa's hand and led her to the dance floor, Jungkook's eye twitched. This wasn't going as he expected and he didn't know what the fuck to do, going there like a beast and push them apart as he wanted wasn't a good move. He wasn't an ass.

"We have to go dance," Seungyeon gripped his arm, leaving the stool.

"What?"

"Go, go," Jimin pushed him.

What the hell was he doing?

"Come oooooon," she dragged him to the dance floor, not caring that he was confused, and a little bit tipsy.

"I don't want to," he complained when she raised his hands to her waist, making him hold her.

Seungyeon put a hand on his nape and brought him close, Jungkook stiffened at the sudden proximity of her face to his. "Listen, she got jealous once, she can get jealous twice"

"But I don't want to make her jealous"

Why would he?

He was the one there who was jealous!

"You want her to look at you and she's doing it, now move, you know how to," she glanced down at his hips with a cheeky smirk and her hand went down his shirt, opening another button.

Was Lisa looking at him?

Really?

He spun Seungyeon around to be in her place, his eyes caught Lisa's and the world stopped a few seconds. Her gaze was intense on him, over Jaewon's shoulder, her attention was just on him. The cheerful shine was just a memory, her brown orbs were cold and her chin tilted up proudly when she noticed he saw her. Her gaze returned to her partner but she glanced him again through her long lashes.

"Do you doubt she wants your briefs now?" Seungyeon chuckled in his ear.

So, it was that obvious?

He smirked, happy with the sudden realization, following Seungyeon rhythm while the chorus of Blueberry Faygo by Lil Mosey was playing in the background.

Jaewon whispered something in her ear that made her laugh loudly and look at him, those big eyes that should just look at him focused on the other guy and she did more dance steps, moving her hips on his hands, which in some moment and without rights landed on her.

Jungkook glared at them, smile vanishing, and Seungyeon turned

in his arms, her back was against his chest, his body was still dancing with her but his mind was fuming, alcohol and jealous is not a good mix, it was hard to not push Jaewon away.

You're not an ass

You're not an ass

You're not an ass

You have no rights till you get her

The song changed to Ballin' by Mustard, the slow intro made Lisa hang her arms on Jaewon's shoulders and move her body smoothly, like a seductive snake; moves so precise that he could swear she was a professional dancer.

He pushed her closer, it seemed now like a hug between two lovers, Jungkook's was cutting some dicks mentally, not really paying attention to the hot body moving against him but his body was doing a good job, arm around her waist and hips following hers smoothly.

"Stop glaring, I can feel your jelly smell," Seungyeon laughed, she was now facing him and her playful smirk got into his nerves.

Why it was so funny for her?

Making Lisa jealous was biting his ass back, it didn't work.

"This is not working, she doesn't give a shit," he didn't stop glaring and that called Lisa's attention, who arched a brow at him.

Her expression said, "What's wrong?", an innocent but playful smile adorning her pretty red lips.

(a/n: lmfao this hoe)

EVERYTHING WAS WRONG

"I need a drink"

"Nooooo," Seungyeon tried to stop him but Jungkook shook his head. She renewed forces and made him turn, giving his back to Lisa. Her hands with long nails held his cheeks and made him look at her. "Listen, she's just dancing just like we are, but she has her eyes on you"

Yes, but she was still in the arms of another guy, having fun, living her best life, feeling herself. He didn't want to see the kisses coming.

"What's the point?" he asked tiredly.

"That she ca..." her voice trailed off, looking at a spot over his shoulder.

Jungkook turned around, seeing Lisa disappear in the crowd, on her way to the bathroom.

Bambam

bro
you have to see this
(translated screenshots)
who's that?
lisa

she's angry and jealous
congrats dumbfuck
idk wtf you're doing
but you got her

Wait, what the fuck? Lisa?

Lisa was tweeting that? ABOUT HIM?

Oh, oh, oh. Jungkook giggled devilishly and read again the screenshots, to verify if what his eyes were seeing was true. He wasn't dreaming, right?

Like, maybe alcohol was playing him games or someone poured some drug on his beer.

But he was conscious, this seemed real, and wow.

WOW

The angrier she was, the better he felt.

He never saw her express feelings like that for him and it was fucking awesome.

He finished another glass of beer in one sip, rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, showing more the black ink decorating the muscles of his arms, and went for her, catching her at the entrance of the bathroom.

Fuck it, really, fuck it.

(a/n: girl i wanna get dooOOoOooOwn)

His body moved, loving Pure Water (with Migos) by Mustard like it was written for himself, maybe he was a little bit tipsy but he didn't care anything but to get that hot slash cute blonde.

"Hey," Lisa smiled like she wasn't fuming a few minutes ago on Twitter.

Ten bad bitches and they after me (bad)...

"One bad bitch looks like a masterpiece," he hummed, bringing her body to his. Back against the silk of his shirt, an arm around her tiny waist pushing her closer. "Let's dance," he whispered to her ear.

Lisa was tense. "Jungkook?" she was confused but he put his hands on her hips, BLESSED, moving them.

"C'mon, Lili," he pulled the shirt down her shoulders, revealing that smooth golden skin of hers. He could have gasped at seeing her back, surrounded by thin black straps, so easy to untie... Maybe he did gasp.

Lisa didn't make him beg, once he freed her from the fabric, she laughed and turned around, dancing for him. With one leg forward,

the move of her hips was hypnotizing as she raised her hands to her head, playing with her ponytail, one finger tangling with a strand. It was amazing how shoulder blades could be so attractive, Jungkook wanted to bury his nose there and kiss her spine; while doing *other things*.

A real masterpiece was she and he was a real admirer of art, to be honest.

She led him to the dance floor, taking her shirt and leaving in her old table. "You seem so happy now," she teased him, referring to the big smile and little wrinkles showing at the sides of his eyes.

How wasn't he going to be happy when she was like that?

Jungkook wasn't used to be the wanted guy, this was like a fever dream for him.

(a/n: that's actually sad)

His girl was now in his arms, as it should be since the start, and the night was ten times better. Jungkook wasn't a bad dancer, the alcohol running through his veins canceling his inhibitions as his body couldn't resist the rhythm and the energy coming from her. Lisa was a wonderful dancer, she was really enjoying the music, smile so big he wanted to kiss her.

The heat raised like it was an oven, just them while dancing such a good song. She got closer and put her arms around his waist, to coordinate their hips. His skin burned like fire, he was so conscious of the muscles in his stomach tensing under his clothes. She probably felt him against her tummy, it didn't matter, he put his hand between the straps on her back, pushing her closer. Her soft flesh was heavenly against his hard chest, smalls breasts pressing his muscles.

She laughed, he didn't know why, and raised her hands to his chest. His heart was bombing blood like he was about to take his last breath soon, he could die now and he wouldn't care.

"You're a really good dancer"

Jungkook chuckled, he couldn't stop staring her face, she was so beautiful. "No better than you"

Lisa pushed him back while pulling her head back, releasing a bubbly laugh like he was saying something stupid, the dumb smile on his lips, lost in love for her, was proof that he was serious.

She freed herself from his hands, such a pity, and he felt his palm tickle at the loss but he enjoyed the little show of this girl, turning around and shaking that pretty ass. The silk was shining under the neon lights, she looked like a witch, she probably was one.

He got closer and brought her body to his, he physically needed to touch her; her stomach was firm under his palm, her body was tiny inside his hug, and the heat from their bodies was mingling

dangerously. His lips brushed her ear and her hair created a bubble of the sweetest smell in his nose.

The song finished too soon for him, Lisa separated but her gaze had something so hot that he could swear that for the night, he got her panties. He could kiss her, he definitely should but when he stepped forward, something in her mind hit her hard.

He lost her.

Lisa was still Lisa and she panicked once she realized what she just did, eyes going wide and lips getting apart to gasp. "Oh!" she covered her mouth and stepped back. "We... I think I'm leaving," she avoided his gaze and tried to pass him.

Jungkook wanted to stop her with a fucking kiss, hold her in his arms and dispel whatever that was making her so alarmed.

But he couldn't pressure her, no when she was like this, it was a sure thing that she would push him away and run.

Don't let her go!

He gripped her arms slowly, to stop her, and leaned down to catch her gaze. "Let's go together," he said like nothing happened. Exactly what she needed.

Lisa blinked suddenly confused, like it was hard to focus him. But once she processed his words and the honesty of his kindness, she calmed down but she couldn't say yes, she shouldn't actually.

Lisa shook her head no and he lowered his hands, nodding.

He couldn't force her but-

TELL HER

CMON JUNGKOOK TELL HER

"Lisa?" he called her over the music, she turned around frowning. "You really look wonderful tonight"

bro the way I hate this chapter with my whole self. im a major disappointment for myself

ANYWAY I had to deliver something and I know I could have been better but I didn't know what else to do after editing it like five times. I'm also sorry bc it ended up being so fucking long. I really hope that bold jk covered my ass☐

if you like it, comment and vote👍 what do you think it's gonna happen next👁☐

let me give some spoiler: some art exhibition is coming a mommy manoban has some plans👁☐

EXTRA: Social Media Edition

i can't believe im doing this after swearing i was never going to do this. but well kids, people lie

twi aus fucked up my mind too much

from: Jung Ki Hyung khyungjung@snu.com

to: Park Chae Young parkchaeyoung18@snu.com

Subject: New York Scholarship Opportunity

Miss Park Chaeyoung

The Fine Arts Department of the College of Arts and Science from The New York University, NYC, has always its doors open for new talents from all over the world.

It's exciting to see that one of our students caught their attention and they would love to grant you a scholarship for next year, in order for you to overcome your actual talent and showcase it in their annual Art exposition.

The Hands design that you presented to the Fine Arts Faculty has show a overwhelming emotional background in such a simple but colorful way that it caught our eyes and our hearts. You are definitely a particular diamond that deserves the opportunity to be known by the world so we sent your project immediately to them.

I had the pleasure of having you as a student and giving them a personal recommendation was an honor, Miss Chaeyoung. It would be such a good experience for you and I am sure you will be a good representation from our nation.

It's an open invitation. Let me know your decision in my office the sooner you can.

Jung Ki Hyung

Painting Department Representative

Fine Arts College Faculty

Seoul National University

Jimin

hey precious

what are you doing?

thought you were going to be here

with Lisa tonight

studying

finals are coming
but ofc you don't know about that
yes baby
ofc im one step closer to be a
senior just bc i slept with my professors
mr kang from graphic design loves
to spank when he fucks
you didn't hear that for me
yikes
it's a joke
i know
i actually like to think
you didn't do that
i didn't
you should go out more princess
relax
no thanks
im busy
i didn't see you busy
on instagram
why the party?
i shouldn't be like this
not with yo
but
spill princess
I GOT A SCHOLARSHIP
FOR NEW YORK
IM SO HAPPY
bc of the mural?
YES
so you will leave me? 🤔
YES
you don't have to be
that happy baby 😊
I am actually
don't be so cocky
who knows
maybe you will miss me
MAYBE NOT
but fr
you should accept
but first
we should date
no

proof of my masochism

did lisa invite you tonight?

yes

but i said no

and i told her to not go

but she had a date so yeah

whatever

she will want to scratch her eyes

next week for finals

why are you so into it?

bc id love to have you here princess

well just the first part was important for the plot (it was for Chaeyoung's chapter but i forgot) lol pay attention to it closely, but why not adding more things. it was a crazy night as you can see hope you like it(?)

if you like it comment and vote 🍷

i couldn't answer comments bc im out of wifi btw, sorry 🙄🕊️📱

Chapter 28

this fucking nasty ass app is fucking up my nerves. it doesn't load shit and im angry asf rn so I hope it publish this fucking chapter bc I will fucking snap

sorry for some grammar mistakes and shit but every time I was editing something, the app was lagging. i will answer the rest of comments later when this shitty place let me do it

FIRST OF ALL, thank you for answering the poll in my profile, thank you for always being so supportive and interact so much, especially these last chapters. Thank you to the old readers that are here with my since sure thing and to the new ones that are opening up more and sharing me your thoughts. I read every comment, sorry if i don't answer them all but all of your words are truly appreciated. also sorry if i sound repetitive but all i said is full of love guys. im really thankful for having you all here.

so damn this is another long one but this time i like it like A LOT, bruh that's an achievement for me

WARNING: i can't believe what the fuck i just did

The last week was hell, for real, Lisa could have a dance competition with Satan for who had the most tortuous atmosphere at the time and she would win. Fuck you, Satan.

Her mother had taken her shopping, done a manicure and pedicure, bought food, had a meal and had dinner, she had even gone to eat ice cream at her work with her grandmother, and even used Soomin to keep her close. That wouldn't be so bad (who the hell would complain about a manicure) if her mother wasn't a pain in the ass.

"Why you keep working, I can afford your cameras and those things"

"Why are you wearing that shirt, Lalisa? It's too big for your body "

"Why are you wearing those shorts? They're too short for a lady "

"Why are you tying up your hair like that? It's going to ruin it "

"Why is that lipgloss so dark? Honey, light colors suit you better "

"Couldn't you come here looking more like a homeless person?"

"It's so hard to take care of your hair?"

"It's so hard to keep your room clean?"

"Don't eat that, it's bad for your stomach"

"Don't eat that, it's bad for your arteries"

"Don't eat that, it's bad for your skin"

"Are you still going to Pilates? You should keep your routine "

AND SHE STILL COULD HEAR MORE IN HER MIND.

Lisa really wanted to go to the Han River, scream Bon Voyage and jump.

But this was only going to last until Sunday, her parents would return to Thailand after the Van Gogh exhibition and she would finally be free to sit on the couch wearing an old shirt to binge on fast and greasy food until she covered up all the pain and the torture she had suffered during the week.

Shit, even living with Chaeyoung had become insufferable.

Lisa had no idea what the hell was going through Jungkook's mind but suddenly all he was doing was chasing after her and avoiding Chaeyoung. Was this some strategy to make his beloved jealous or what the fuck? Did he have no idea what was causing it? Because of him and the fucking cake, now she had to endure harsh looks from her best friend.

Chaeyoung looked at her as if she had murdered her entire family, her dog, and her fish.

And did Lisa learn anything from that? Noooooo, the good lady ground against him all night like a bitch in heat.

She was a fool, a damn fool, and a bad friend.

Fucking Jeon Jungkook.

FUCKING JEON JUNGKOOK.

WHY DID HE SUDDENLY DRESS LIKE THIS? WAS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK A LITTLE COMPASSION FOR HER ALTERED HORMONES OF A CAT IN HEAT?

Jungkook had been a damn nightmare all week.

On Tuesday he came looking like a damn blow to her pussy, the kind of blow that goes inside and hits a G-spot. He had an enviable waist but who the hell cared about his waist when he had that magnificent back and that juicy and hard ass accompanied by legs as long as muscular; Seeing him climb a ladder was like watching the blonde run in slow motion in 2000 movies.

The cut in his lip was a small detail, Jungkook thought it looked like herpes, Lisa thought it was like a hot bad boy's wound after a fight for her honor. Gosh, she fantasized a little bit about biting it, which was kinda sadistic because it was going to cause him pain... and make him moan.

Three girls forgot to work that day just to look at him and Lisa rolled her eyes, pffff, they would never touch a hair of that man if

Lisa could stop them. The hot boy was for the one who loved the otaku in him.

BUT THEN, he asked her for help and Lisa tried... she really tried to be decent and refuse but he gave her a chocomilk, HOW SHE WAS GOING TO REJECT A CHOCOMILK BOUGHT ONLY FOR HER WHILE THINKING OF HER. She shed a tear or two.

The night was fun, he really had real questions about photography and Lisa didn't know how or when but they ended up talking about silly things. Jungkook was much bolder via texts, kinda flirty but she wasn't ready for that conversation.

Wednesday, O Lord, ON WEDNESDAY HE HUGGED HER. HE TOUCHED HER HAIR, HE TOLD HER THAT IT WAS PRETTY, HE SHOWERED HER IN PAINT AND THEN HE GAVE HER HIS T-SHIRT. Too much information for her heart, the machine room had a red siren and emergency lights shinning; she almost died for God's sake.

His shirt smelled of Jungkook, like being in the morning in a hug that she would want to have between the sheets in his *Mrs bed*... not that she knew how that smelled but she trusted the words on her shirt.

(a/n: what are your opinions girls?)

Mrs bed: i don't wanna

Mrs shirt: do I have to be present in that fantasy? Cum is hard to wash off..

Sheets: NO SHIT SHERLOCK TELL ME ABOUT IT)

She enjoyed it as much as she could because she had to take it out and hide it as soon as she got home, she didn't want any more drama with her best friend. She hadn't returned it to Jungkook though.

And his words... Oh, we're not talking about that. She didn't want to cry, big bitches don't cry was her motto.

Thursday was a topic not adequate to talk at the dinner table, Chaeyoung was still sensitive BUT HOW WAS LISA TO KNOW THAT JUNGKOOK WOULD KNOW IT WAS FROM HER PART?

But, Friday...

(a/n: I'm in love)

THAT ENGLISH CLASS WITH HIM WAS TORTURE, Jungkook attended classes with joggers and a t-shirt with cut sleeves, showing tattoos like the class wasn't a PG place. Her mind definitely wasn't a PG place after that, less after losing focus on muscles flexing naturally, veiny hands holding a pencil and silver bracelets.

Was this a muscle kink? A Jungkook kink?

AND AT NIGHT...

HE PUT ON A SHIRT

HE PUT ON SOME SKINNY BLACK JEANS

HE MESSED THAT LONG HAIR

HE CAME FOR HER SOUL

GRIM REAPER? JOBLESS

AND HE POSTED THAT PHOTO

THAT PHOTO THAT MADE HER CHOKE WITH HER COFFEE

Worst of all, she had felt all of that against her body, she knew so well how that body felt. His warm chest against her bare back, the fabric of his shirt doing nothing to keep her from burning for him. And his thick arm wrapped around her, a tattooed forearm pressing against her stomach to hold her close, tattooed hand gripping her hips... His breath on her ear, lips so close they could have taken her lobe and nibbled it...

God, she felt a powerful current of electrical energy run through her body, bristling her skin on its way to the center of her belly, which twisted with desire.

Jungkook was acting weird, he was still stuttering but now he was driving her crazy because he seemed to demonstrate something, a direct straight attraction to her, that Lisa didn't want to recognize...

THIS WAS SO BAD

SHE WAS A TERRIBLE FRIEND

AND THIS WAS JUNGKOOK'S FAULT

And of herself for being a damn bitch. Twitter had definitely ruined her, Twitter was to blame for allowing her to express Hoe Lisa so much that now Hoe Lisa was as powerful as Drunk Lisa.

Hoe Lisa had to calm down because Lisa wanted to cry out in frustration. She felt guilty, very and too guilty but not guilty enough because she still wanted to jump on Jungkook.

What kind of friend was she? What kind of friend was grinding on her best friend's boy? What kind of friend betrayed like that?

Chaeyoung was right to be mad at her.

Lisa had been unable to stay away from him for a week. JUST A WEEK. Meanwhile, she posted thirsty tweets and...

"Good Morning!"

"GOD, CHAEYOUNG, DO YOU PLAN TO KILL ME?!" she screeched in terror, thank goodness she had left the cup of coffee on the counter or she and Chaeyoung would be showered in coffee.

Chaeyoung looked at her with amusement, she was in a good mood, almost glowing with joy... Lisa felt a pain in her chest, forcing her to lower her gaze. She wouldn't be in a good mood if she knew what Lisa did and she should know, but Lisa couldn't find the strength to tell her.

How could she say that?

"*I am kinda fucking your man with clothes one, I swear?*" gosh no, Lisa loved her face too much to lose it.

"What's wrong?" she asked in a light tone, turning to look for tea. "Sorry for not waking up earlier to make breakfast. It's because I fell asleep late last night"

Yes, Lisa knew that. The light in her room was on when she got home but she couldn't go in to say hello, she was so embarrassed that she could barely lift her face. And right now she was attacked by that same shame, guilt as an extra ingredient.

"Lisa?"

She reacted and looked at her quickly, regretting in seconds because Chaeyoung was so happy, never suspecting that she was actually a damn boy-stealing bitch.

"You're weird today"

"Oh yeah? Hehe, I'm sorry, I'm stressed," she babbled nervously and stood up, she had to run away and for the first time in her life she was thankful that she had plans with her mother. Preeda wanted to buy a dress for the Van Gogh exhibition, not letting her at all to wear some old dress in her closet.

Right now? That sounded as good as a flight ticket to Bora Bora and that was much to say.

"You're good?" Chaeyoung didn't make it easy for her, she leaned down to look at her closely. "You look ... upset"

No shit sherlock.

Should she say she had her period? No, Chaeyoung would know it was a lie.

May diarrhea? No, Chaeyoung would also know that was a lie.

"It's nothing," she shook her head, eyes fixed on the ground, she had to hold her face or it was really going to fall down out of embarrassment. Again, Lisa was too pretty to lose her face.

"Really?"

No

I wanna kill myself actually

"Yeah..." Lisa filled the cup with water and walked back to the living room zone. "Listen, my mother is waiting for me to do the last shopping for tomorrow and you already know Preeda, she won't leave me alone"

"Wait!" Lisa froze and turned slowly, god, she was full of anxiety.

She didn't know about the night before, did she? No one had sent her a photo, right? Oh God she was dead. How was she going to explain this? How? How was she going to get Chaeyoung to forgive her? God.

Her heart was beating so hard that Lisa felt it about to explode, plugging her ears and increasing her anxiety to impressive levels.

"I have some news!" Chaeyoung ran to her room, Lisa couldn't even relax a bit because maybe it was all an act and Chaeyoung would throw a shoe at her head again, she some killer Jimmy Choos in her closet and they weren't *killer* in the god sense. But she returned with her phone in hand. "Look at this," she handed her the device, her voice barely containing the emotion.

So, it was that?

This must have been very good for Chaeyoung to be overflowing with emotion, barely able to keep still, she was jumping up and down and shaking her fists. She wouldn't look like that if she knew what Lisa did.

Lisa read the reason for her excitement and her eyes widened as she progressed, feeling happier and happier for her.

"Oh my God, Rosie!!" she squealed and leaned over her to hug her neck.

"I know!! It's great!" Chaeyoung squealed as well, and they both spun around, screaming louder and louder.

"You deserve it so much! You have worked so hard! God, I can't believe it! " Forgetting her guilt and shame, Lisa filled her with love and flattery.

"I swear I could barely concentrate last night after knowing it, I almost died of emotion. It's so overwhelming, God, I can't wait to tell my parents," she began to stammer around.

Lisa read the email again, it was incredible.

However, on the second read, something stuck in her mind.

"The Hands design ..."

This referred to the final design of the mural...

The hands with the flowers floating around...

Jungkook's design...

Lisa's smile faded as she thought about it and tried to find some justification for this but couldn't find any. Her mind screamed that this was unfair and it refused to make another statement.

It felt like a kick to the stomach.

"Rosie..."

"Yes?"

Lisa didn't know what to say but she had to say something, she was beginning to feel really outraged on behalf of Jungkook. Even more when knowing his dreams, even more after hearing him speak with so much emotion about the possibility of getting a scholarship in Kyoto. Jungkook wished for something like this.

"What's going on?" Chaeyoung instigated curiously.

"The Hands design..."

"It's the final design of the mural, you know, they're already painting it"

"Isn't that the design of Jungkook?"

Chaeyoung was speechless but shot her an incredulous look. "It is not just Jungkook's design, Lisa. I made the rest of the flowers, I planned the colors of the hands, I perfected it, this is my job"

(a/n: lol no, this bitch acting like she didn't say it was all teamwork)

But they were not praising all the work, they were praising the idea of the hands... The idea of Jungkook.

"Don't look at me like I'm a thief, you know I would never do something as low as stealing"

Lisa pursed her lips. Yes, she knew that but couldn't help feeling that she was doing it. It was unfair, Chaeyoung could pay for her stay in New York, she could even study in Paris if she wanted with the best teachers; Lisa knew that she was in Seoul only because of her (Lisa) and her parents. This could be a great opportunity for Jungkook, who couldn't pay that.

And she hadn't even given him credits. In other words, maybe it was just a mistake and the faculty took her as the only artist because she sent it, since she was the captain of the team.

Lisa shook her head gently. "I know but... Uh, don't you think you should include Jungkook in this?"

"What?" she asked incredulously as if he didn't deserve it.

Lisa frowned, a small but real and clear flame of outrage igniting inside her.

Why was she acting like this? What was happening to her?

Didn't she notice how unfair it was or was Lisa being very sensitive?

But after years of dealing with her best friend, Lisa knew that attacking her wasn't going to work. "Listen, Jungkook really wants something like this and he helped you get the final job done," Lisa managed to soften Chaeyoung's expression, turning thoughtful. Lisa pushed further, feeling dirty about what she was going to say but it was necessary: "Also, think about the possibility of going to New York together"

She hit the nail on the head, Chaeyoung raised her head with the same excited expression she had a few minutes earlier. "Do you think so?"

"Yeah, it would be something more in common and a lot of time together, haha," Lisa looked down, feeling her chest tighten, she didn't like that idea at all. She was starting to feel sick like in that talk they had the week before, shit, it was as if she got a kick in the stomach every time she imagined them together.

She felt it when she gave Chaeyoung the cake to give to Jungkook, she felt it when she told her that she was going to stay away from Jungkook, she also felt it when Chaeyoung told her that

they went to eat together. The burning pressure in her chest was overwhelming, it even made her nauseous.

She hated this so much.

"You're right," Chaeyoung ran a hand through her long blonde hair, giggling. "I'm being unfair, right? Jungkook deserves it too, he is a great artist. He is truly amazing"

Lisa knew it, Lisa had seen his drafts, his previous projects, each one of his tattoos, the art on his parlor's mural... She still didn't know his paintings but she could imagine that they were as great as everything he did. Jungkook was a great artist and Lisa couldn't let him miss such great opportunities if it was in her hands to convince her friend to move for him.

"I will speak to Mr. Jung early Monday," Chaeyoung assured her. "Thanks for telling me, Lili. You're the best"

"Yeah ..." she nodded and guilt washed over her again.

She was not the best, she was a very bad friend because even when doing this she didn't do it for Chaeyoung and Jungkook, she didn't do it so her friend would have a chance in love, Lisa did it because she wanted Jungkook to have it. She wanted Jungkook's happiness.

God.

She had to stay away.

She had to try hard.

After saying goodbye to Chaeyoung, in the elevator and on the way to meet her mother, she looked at herself in the mirror and pointed her face. "You are going to get away from him, Lalisa Manoban. For you, for her and for him "

"Are you fucking kidding me?!"

What the fuck was Jungkook doing in the Van Gogh exhibition?!

Saturday Night

Jungkook

hey stranger

how are you

hey stranger

im okay

how are you?

perfect now that im talking to you bestie

i missed you

why weren't you answering

busy week

finals are around the corner

how is your first year going btw

terrible but your know
it's because im a terrible student
i told you
you should try modeling yoda
don't you think im dying
for it and dump education?
But my dad would kill me
you know him
yeah i do
lol not good experience ik
omg you will hate me
why
there's actually a reason behind this
did you kill someone?
not yet lol actually
i was thinking about us
okay?
as friends of course
im sure of that yoda
aaaaand i really wanna be
like we used to so uh
there's this important
van gogh exhibition
it's for charity
I know taehyung hyung
got the idea and
hes one of the investors
Yeah actually he invited us all
the family
and i know you love this
kind of stuff so I was thinking
if you would like to come with me
uh yoda i don't think it's a good idea
cmooooooooon i know you waaaant
you will like it
do it for meeee
I wanna spend time with you
and we can have food after
I know you wanna
pls pls pls pls
tzuyu your parents hate me
but I will keep you away cmon
pls pls pls
I wanna do this for youuuu

Im not really a fan of van gogh
oh
lmfao
this is embarrassing sorry
I thought...
but didn't you tell me
you liked the painting that is in my living room?
I just like that painting
Ah haha but it would be such
a waste and I wouldn't look
good alone I told everyone
I had a hot date already you
don't wanna make me look dumped right?
tzuyu
pleeeeeeaseeeeeeee
I even got you a suit!
what about mingyu?
who cares about him?
This is about you and me
pleeeaseeeeeeee
if you tell me you have too much
work to do I will know it's bullshit
who works a Sunday night
I have to study actually
But it's just for three hours
pls pls pls
I wanna spend time with you
fine
YAY!

LOVE YOUUUUUUUU

ill take your suit to your place

"Aren't you tired?" Jennie asked her sister, both in the front balcony on the second floor of the big white mansion, with sights of the Greek fountain that decorated the center of the driveway, small white rocks marked the round path in front of the black gate.

Tzuyu put away her phone and took a sip from her glass of white wine, unlike her older sister who carried a glass of red wine. "Tired of what?"

"Of being a nuisance," her harsh, dry words hit her out of nowhere, like a sudden chilly breeze.

"What is your problem?" Tzuyu looked at her, frowning in disbelief. Genuinely attacked.

"You are the problem but not for me, for Jungkook," Jennie looked at her with those lethal cat-like eyes. "You know very well

the bad you did to him and you still shamelessly want to 'reconnect.' This is only because Mingyu got a new girl, right?

Tzuyu gave out an incredulous laugh. "I couldn't care less what Mingyu does with his life"

"Then you should stop checking his accounts every two seconds," the younger sister's smile faded, feeling embarrassed at being caught. Jennie didn't mind, she ordered, "Seriously, leave Jungkook alone."

Tzuyu did not understand this sudden aggression on the part of her sister for Jungkook, she knew that Jennie still had resentment for her but she had never jumped to defend Jungkook in this way before and it was as surprising as offensive.

Tzuyu had no bad intentions and wanted to make it clear: "He is my friend, the best I have ever had-"

Jennie interrupted her: "Clearly he is, he forgave you in spite of everything," her words hurt, Tzuyu took another sip of wine to swallow the bitterness in her throat, looking away. The guilt couldn't be swallowed, anyways. "And it further proves that you are a bad friend by taking him to a place where you know he will be uncomfortable, just because you cannot go alone"

"You know those are not my intentions, stop making me look like the villain in the movie," Tzuyu objected, yes she knew it wasn't the best situation but she couldn't think of another time when she could spend time with him, they had nothing in common and she hated that feeling of hardly knowing him even though they had been friends for years. "I really care about him and I know he will like this"

Or so she hoped, she would try to make him have a good time. She wanted to make up for it, being away from Mingyu had made her think of more than, well, Mingyu. She had many regrets, she lied a lot and hurt many people the last year.

Jennie sighed. "Don't make it difficult for him again, don't play with his heart again"

She didn't want to do that!

Tzuyu looked at her sister, puzzled, Jennie barely loved one person besides herself and that person was just her boyfriend. Where did all this come from? "Is this because you are the girlfriend of his best friend that you are so wholeheartedly? You are not like this"

"I just know now that he's a good boy and you're just a parasite on his life," that hurt like a punch because maybe it was true, God knew she was for years. "Seriously, Jungkook has finally found someone new and if you ever screw him up again, I swear to God I will tell Mum and Dad the truth about Mingyu," and with those last

menacing and dangerous words, Jennie stepped inside, back to the house.

Tzuyu froze, in addition to terror because she knew that Jennie was able to fulfill her words, curiosity overwhelmed her.

Someone new?

Who was that new someone?

Was that girl? Lisa? Jungkook talked a lot about her.

The one who wore jeans with that horrid blouse?!

Sunday Night, again.

"What is wrong with you, Lalisa?" Her mother shot her a withering look, the daring little girl had just spoken very loudly and rudely.

Lisa had her eyes fixed on Jungkook, she couldn't even believe that he was there but Hoe Lisa was already drooling cubets, CUBETS.

Jungkook was dressed in black, completely, but he was wearing a suit. And Jungkook in a suit was a damn dirty sexual fantasy, a worthy experience of a class A porn, no matter that he was fully clothed. The pants encircled his long legs elegantly all the way down to his ankles, getting narrow; the shirt hugged his hard chest perfectly, not tightly, with two unbuttoned buttons, exposing a gold neck that left her throat dry, and the finishing touch was a blazer with small shiny lines.

THE HAIR WAS NOW ANOTHER TOPIC. Long locks curled messily, shiny and damp around his gorgeous face, accentuating his sharp jaw and delicate yet masculine features.

Lisa was thankful to wear panties this time, they were going to prevent her from starting to squirt.

(a/n: god bless the yellow thong, amen)

What the hell was he doing there?

The answer was right next to him, in a white dress that highlighted every perfect curve of that dreamy body. God she was gorgeous.

WHAT THE HELL HAD JUNGKOOK TO DO WITH TZUYU?

"Who is that?" her mother asked, wrinkling her nose in disgust as she analyzed him from head to toe.

Lisa widened her eyes, feeling pure panic.

Oh no no no no no no no no

"Nobody," she replied quickly. "Do you want a glass of champagne? Grandma, you?" she got drinks from the waiter, muttering thanks to the boy. She had to distract the beast anyway.

"You know yes, my dear," her grandmother received the cup with a smile. "Take another one for me please, for later"

God forgive her for what she was going to do.

"Mom, Grandma plans to get drunk"

"Excuse me?" Grandma looked at her indignantly.

Not even like that she got her mother's attention so she would to take her eyes off Jungkook.

Why was she doing that? Yeah, Jungkook was attractive and shocking but she was going to make a hole in his back!

"Didn't you say it was rude to stare at people?" especially with that face.

"You did it first and I know you, darling," her mother shot a dire look, full of warnings. "Don't tell me you are attracted to that because I swear to God I will get you out of the will."

"I thought I was out of the will since the bikinis incident"

Preeda got upset and gave her a little slap on the arm. "I told you to never talk about it again! Less here!"

Lisa rolled her eyes, why she had to be so dramatic? "Oh yes, someone could read our minds and know that I am a whore"

"Lalisa! Don't call yourself a whore in public!"

"You called me a whore first, mother," she objected in her defense, not that it offended her, it had been a long time and the situation had been fun. Lisa simply loved reminding her of it and shocking her.

Preeda looked away, her proud chin still up. "I said that you looked like a whore not that you were one," she said quietly.

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. "Paraphrasing here and there ..."

Her mother took a deep breath and her gaze turned resentfully. "You have one mission and it's giving me a stroke, right?"

Lisa stifled a giggle, at her side the grandmother talked, with surprising seriousness: "Don't tell your daughter things like that, Preeda"

It wasn't that serious.

"Don't worry grandma, we all know I was born to make her mad," Lisa dismissed the issue, she was used to this anyway. Then she looked at her mom: "In my defense, you come to visit me by yourself, ma'am"

Preeda decided to end the conversation: "I won't talk with you anymore"

Oh, she was going to get serious now. "OK?" Lisa said, trying not to laugh, it was the best idea her mother had since she put a foot in Seoul.

Obviously her mom was not serious, she quickly adjusted her long skirt once more as she nodded to a passing couple. Lisa showed a polite smile.

"Please, behave," Preeda murmured to her. "You look beautiful

tonight, your hair is perfect, your makeup is too, the dress is still getting on my nerves but we are already here so there's nothing else to do"

"You wanted me to use something expensive and I chose Michael, why do you hate Michael so much?" Lisa asked as if she really cared.

"You look like a tablecloth," Preeda murmured angrily. Oh God, she was hilarious. "And something expensive is not always pretty, you know that"

"Thank God I'm cheap then"

Preeda glared at her so deeply that she could have set her on fire. The silence was tense between them, at least from the older part who was extremely disgusted by the youngest's words. Hoe jokes weren't funny for mom at all.

"It's a joke, gosh," Lisa calmed the waters. "Cheesecake, mom, even grandma got it"

Grandma was clearly chuckling with her champagne glass close to her lips. Preeda take a deep breath again, Lisa knew she was trying hard to not kill her but this was her own fault, she brought her to this place when she didn't want to.

(a/n: she's such a brat lmfao)

"Do me in favor and be quiet"

Lisa nodded, running her fingers through her lips as a signal of zipping up her mouth.

"You're too strict with the kid," Grandma opined.

Preeda arched a brow and looked Lisa up to down. "Mother, she's 22"

And she was acting like a brat.

After saying that, her mother walked away, her back straight and delicate. That night she was wearing a long-sleeved, closed-neck dress, the pearl-colored fabric shimmered in the warm lights of the gallery as if it were bathed in glitter, the look was completed with matching pumps high heels.

Preeda approached her husband and joined the group he was in, chatting with the other men charmingly who were quickly dazzled by her beauty and intelligence. It was obvious, that the Oppa attractor thing was hereditary.

"She's not funny at all," the grandmother sighed next to her, slightly sad that Preeda had abandoned them and stolen the opportunity to continue teasing her.

"I know, Grandma," Lisa shared her sadness and took another sip of champagne, her feet crossing as she glanced around.

A dark painting in shades of brown and green was to her left, she frowned, watching it closely. It was a family, they seemed poor.

Sure it was a representation of the peasants and their hard life.

Lisa couldn't help but judge how horribly positioned the person in front was, turning her back, as if someone had photoshopped her...

(a/n: she's looking at the painting The Potato Eaters, by Van Gogh obviously)

Would Jungkook enjoy this? He never talked about Van Gogh before but Lisa had some idea that this type wasn't his favorite, it didn't fit his style and art ideas. The mural design was something completely different from this.

She would like to know who was his favorite painter.

"So, who is that handsome boy?" Grandma spoke back, drawing her attention.

"Who?"

"That one. Are those tattoos in his hands? " she used her elegant golden opera binocular, looking directly at none other than Jungkook. "Imagine the things he could do with those long fingers, Lalisa"

OH, MY GOD

MA'AM!

"Grandma!"

"He has more in his hands," her grandmother announced, giving all the details as if Lisa didn't know that. "Dear, he's so handsome, I would go for him if I was twenty years younger"

Lisa looked at her in horror... she would be 50 if she was 20 years younger and Jungkook was her age!

"Lili honey you have to go for him, he can break up with his girlfriend"

Lisa would be horrified if she didn't know her grandma. "Grandma, stop," she lowered the binoculars from the old lady's eyes. She had to stop, she was going to call Jungkook's attention AND LISA NEEDED TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM.

"Oh look! He's looking at us "

fuck

FUCK

FUCK

Lisa raised her gaze, truly thinking this was being just a goddamn joke.

"Say hi, my dear, that's your future husband," Grandma waved her hand softly.

AND JUNGKOOK WAVED BACK.

WHAT THE HELL?

He looked genuinely surprised to find her there and she ... she looked like she was about to face her death. God, this was so wrong, so wrong. Preeda and Ananda Manoban were close... She

didn't want him to meet her parents, he was going to believe that she was a judicious bitch like them and they were going to despise him and Lisa was used to insults and sharp comments but Jungkook didn't and he didn't he deserved this.

What kind of cruel joke of fate was this?

"He knows you!" Grandma was delighted. "From where do you know him, Lili? Tell me the details, dear, I'm so curious about why you're not dating him already. It's because of his girlfriend? "

Oh, that was a too long story to talk about in a gallery.

But she had to pinpoint a detail: "Grandma, no, that's not his girlfriend"

And she wasn't going to be soon after all she did to him. Lisa had no idea how he could be friendly to her but she really hoped he would never give the little whore another chance again. He didn't seem interested in getting back with her while dancing with Seungyeon last night, almost kissing her.

Or when he took Lisa by the waist and pulled her back whenever she wanted to escape... The chills returned, making her hold her breath. Seungyeon was just a friend, he said so, and he never looked at her like he did at Lisa...

This was so confusing.

"Is his sister?"

"No, she's his ex," and her words came out in a harsh tone as she watched the snake curl up her arm around his, chatting with him about some painting picture to distract him from her.

Should Lisa be grateful?

"He is here with his ex?" Grandma quickly changed her mind and took Lisa's arm. "Oh no, dear, stay away from men that are close to their ex partners, they always cheat"

Wh-what? "Jungkook would never do that and-"

"Oh, Jungkook is his name," Grandma's attention was as sparkling as Lisa's, she turned to look at Jungkook in a way very inappropriate for a lady of her age or anyone in public. "Hmm, it sounds strong like him. Did I tell you about my ex mafia boyfriend? He was like him, tall and buff, he knew very good ways to handle me but it was the 70s. Everyone was wild in there. I wonder if boys of this generation are that skillful"

"Grandma..."

"So you say he's a good man?" Lisa nodded, still a little taken aback. Grandma smiled. "You should try some of that tattooed meat, he looks like a good lover"

OH MY GOD

THIS WAS TERRIFYING COMING FROM HER GRANDMOTHER

Lisa didn't disagree, though. Both were thinking the same.

Grandma really had taste.

"And imagine how angry your mother would be, please introduce him to her tonight"

This small old woman was evil.

"Grandma I won't do that, mom would destroy him," yeah the talk was funny but Lisa was realistic. "And she is so-"

"Lisa, honey"

OH DAMN SHE WAS BACK.

"She is such a sweetheart. Hi mom, you caught me talking about your splendid attributes," Lisa showed the most innocent smile.

"Told you she's a sweetheart," Preeda laughed softly and talked to the guy that was at her side, her arm interlaced with his. He was tall, pale and handsome, his hair was black like onix and perfectly styled, with one strand of hair peeking his forehead. His cat-like eyes were beautiful, even his nose was. Wow. "Jaehyun my dear, this is my daughter Lisa. Lisa, this is Jung Jaehyun"

WAIT WHAT

THIS WAS THE FUCKING JUNG?

Lisa heard wedding bells, it was as terrorific as hearing a musical box at 3AM with a ghostly children lullaby. You know, the moment when you're walking through the dark hallway and a diabolic doll jumps to your face and you die, full of blood.

Wedding bells = Annabelle

"Uh, hi?"

"It's a pleasure, miss Lalisa," he was such a gentleman, his smile was slight, not even reaching his eyes, but damn he was so handsome and tall and... pale...

What the heck?

Did he call her Lalisa?

"It's just Lisa," she cleared, being polite of course. She could be a brat but she wasn't an uneducated rich bitch.

At her side, Grandma didn't lose the chance to check this new guy, head to toe, analyzing every visible aspect. "Who is this handsome young man, Preeda?" she asked while stretching her skinny hand, Jaehyun took it and kissed it softly, earning a smile from her.

"Jaehyun, this is my mother Eliza," Preeda said proudly. "Mother, this is the oldest son of the Jungs, his father is the actual CEO of Hyundai Motors"

Granddaughter and grandmother's eyes went wide.

"Wow mom, when you talked about getting me a Hyundai I didn't think you mean the company"

Grandma grinned playfully, Preeda didn't find it funny. Her smile stiffened, eyes sending glares between those curled lashes.

"She's joking, she has a particular sense of humor"

"I was completely serious"

Couldn't her mom just buy the car? They had enough money for it, damn, Preeda could ask her husband to get her Hyundai (the company) and he would deliver it in a silver tray.

"Lisa, please," Preeda talked through gritted teeth, yep, the smile was still there.

Jaehyun chuckled. "Don't worry, Auntie, she's really funny"

"I know, son, my granddaughter here is a beauty with a brain. You won't find that that easily," Grandma put an arm around her tiny waist proudly. Lisa smiled, feeling thankful.

"And I feel lucky. Excuse me for my insolence but you have one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen in my life, and your dress tonight is magnificent. Red suits you," wow, he was... kind.

"Wow, thank you... Uh..." she stuttered confusedly.

Should she call him Sunbae? Oppa? Daddy?

"We are the same age, you can call me Jaehyun"

Lisa sighed, letting out a slight laugh. "Thank God, I am not really looking for a sugar daddy so thank you mom for getting one of my age"

Preeda could have choked with a drink if she would have had one, but Lisa saw with attention how her face changed, like someone just slapped her and she was stunned, growing angry per second.

Her mother hated sugar daddy jokes so much, prostitution wasn't funny for her.

Jaehyun laughed, touching his nose, but it was so fake, he did it just to be a gentleman and it was obvious.

Preeda put herself together, not looking at Lisa because she was going to slap her. "Why don't you show her a few paintings? My daughter loves art, you would be amazed by her taste"

Pfffft.

Lisa didn't give a shit about art, less if it wasn't Jungkook the one talking about. She didn't want to do this, she knew what the real and obvious intentions of her mother were and she didn't want to feed her expectations.

"It will be a pleasure, would you like to accompany me, Lisa?" Jaehyun smiled at her with all his pale charms, he was a damn prince. Vampire prince. Edward Cullen was real quiet since this guy showed up.

He offered an arm.

Lol, no.

"But, I actually want to-"

"She will love it!"

"But-"

"I'm feeling a little bit of pain in my hip, I think Lisa should take me to find a seat"

YAS GRANDMA

THE QUEEN YOU ARE

"I will do that mother, let our girl enjoy a moment with this handsome young man"

DAMN

She couldn't escape, this guy was being nice and she shouldn't be rude, he didn't deserve it. But she wanted to run away so bad.

Lisa got her mom's signals "don't mess it up".

Gosh, she's leaving tomorrow. She's leaving tomorrow. She's leaving tomorrow...

"Sure"

She accepted because she couldn't do something else and approached him. With heels, she was almost as tall as him. His forearm was soft, thanks to the velvet blazer, but it was thinner than Jungkook's. Pfft, tasteless. Jungkook could push her to a wall and grip her thighs and lift her but also be the softest boy and caress her cheeks with love, this Jaehyun would just kiss her in the cheek and call it a night. He was so cold and collected.

She walked with him in silence, looking around. This was getting awkward...

Lisa opened her mouth to ask him something about his life, she was already there the least she could do was try to be friendly, but he talked first: "Listen, Lalisa, I don't want this at all"

"Wha-"

"We will walk around a laugh a little bit and all but you don't have chances with me or my money, sorry, for ruining it for you darling," he looked at her with fake pity and a very real arrogance. "Now fake a laugh and look pretty and don't talk to me, I hate casual talk"

Yah, what the hell?

Who was this psycho?

Oh my God, her mother was really trying to get rid of her and was setting her up with a serial killer...

Ironically, even though he had been living in Seoul for 9 years, Jungkook had never before been to the National Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art in Deoksugung, which was a palace of the Joseon dynasty.

It was private and exclusive, Jungkook wondered how the hell Taehyung had gotten the place and the Van Gogh paintings that were being displayed in that palace hall. He was impressed, the

architecture was fascinating even though it was one of the many "simple" rooms in the museum, it was immense and beautifully decorated.

White walls illuminated the place even though the lights were only meant to shine on the paintings, leaving the rest of the room slightly dim.

There was also a room dedicated just to the Starry Night, his hyung's favorite, reflecting it immensely in panels. Like you were inside the painting.

However, even though he was surrounded by exclusive works of art brought from the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam just for the occasion, his eyes could not be taken off from the girl dressed in red.

Lisa was beautiful.

The red dress with white polka dots was beautiful on her, the neck closed in a bow was elegant, marking her figure to the waist and from there a flared skirt fell to her knees. He had never seen her that way and he couldn't take his eyes off her even less, enraptured by her golden skin and long blonde hair, simply highlighting more a face so beautiful that once again tickled his fingers from the desire to draw her.

He didn't know what she was doing there but he appreciated it, seeing her in person like this was a gift from the damn fate.

But that detail, the boy in the blue suit, wasn't something that pleased him too much.

Who was that? And why was he alone with her? Her mother seemed to like him and Jungkook knew that she would never like him, Mrs. Manoban was as beautiful as Lisa but she seemed even worse than Tzuyu and Jennie's mother. She looked fierce, she reminded him of his mother, a high-class version.

The guy was a monument to the boyfriend of the nation. Tall, handsome, elegant, he was comfortable in this place that seemed so usual for Lisa, because she looked just as comfortable.

Jungkook felt struck by sudden insecurity and once more questioned if Bambam's words were as true as he claimed. And if they were, the differences between him and Lisa were very clear here. Jungkook wasn't the type of elegant suits and events.

He should have learned his lesson the last time but he didn't want to give up on Lisa, not now that he felt himself closer to reach the butterfly.

"Jungkook?" Tzuyu's voice penetrated his bubble, obviously trying to get his attention once again.

"Uh?"

"Are you looking at Lisa again?" she teased him, embarrassing

him.

Jungkook looked away, moving his hair from his face slightly. "Uh, no, sorry," but his guilty smile gave him away.

"She looks pretty tonight," Tzuyu said, watching her with him. It was casual, she had no problem praising other girls but she rarely did. "Not my favorite dress but she knows how to wear it," she conceded.

"I know, she's gorgeous," Jungkook lost himself in her again.

She was beautiful, her skirt dancing with each step she took, her hips swaying delicately and with a more defined movement, thanks to the high-heeled boots she wore. Her legs weren't very visible, but they sure looked more glorious than ever.

However, she was still with that boy, walking around and greeting some people who had previously cast disdainful or confused glances at Jungkook. He had noticed Tzuyu's discomfort, she hated those looks but she had brought him in and was covering it up well, distracting herself and him with simple talks about her life.

Would Lisa feel as uncomfortable as Tzuyu if she were walking with him instead of that rich boy from Gangnam?

That rich boy from Gangnam that he didn't like at all. With mother's blessing or not, he looked bad with Lisa, he wouldn't understand her cheerful personality and sense of humor, he wouldn't laugh with her and he wouldn't see her like Jungkook saw her.

(a/n: at least he's sure on something)

"Jungkook?" Tzuyu called him again, after noticing that he was not listening to her.

"Who is that guy?" He couldn't contain his curiosity anymore.

"Uh... I don't know," Tzuyu frowned, cocking her head as he watched him closely. "He is really handsome, though. I noticed that her mom introduced them. Did you know that Lisa is rich?"

"Yes"

"She's insanely rich, my mom told me her family is owner of a chain of hotels and restaurants"

"I know"

Tzuyu's smile weakened as it filled with confusion. "Oh, and you still like her? I thought you weren't going to go for girls like her... and me, after... you know," she laughed nervously, embarrassed as their past always seemed to be the elephant in the room.

"She's not like that," he said without thinking.

Tzuyu was silent, hurt by the obvious suggestion although she knew she deserved it. Jungkook was slow to realize what he had done and quickly snapped his head up to look at her, eyes

panicking. "I mean-I mean ... she ... she is not close-" he stammered, not even knowing what to say.

"Don't worry, it's okay," she forced a smile and patted his arm reassuringly. "But remember that she still grew up in a family like me, like a girl like me, so she can't be so different," she added seriously, with that flat and indifferent tone that characterized her.

Was she trying to throw dirt on Lisa?

Jungkook had spent a lot of time with Lisa, even more than with Tzuyu, and he could assure them that the only thing they had in common was the social status of their families.

"Do you want champagne?" she asked, easing the sudden tension that had been created.

The waiter was next to them, carrying a silver tray full of fine glasses with golden champagne.

"Uh, sure," he nodded, though he wasn't a fan of the drink. "Thanks," he bowed slightly.

Tzuyu laughed at him softly. "Don't bow at the waiter, it's weird," he looked at her confused, was it weird? "So, let me explain, the auction will start at 10 so we can walk around till that," she changed the subject, pointing to the stage in the back of the room. The snacks tables were next to it, totally away from the paintings for obvious reasons, waiters were walking around with trays with small but fancy snacks and champagne glasses.

"What are they going to auction? The paintings? That's impossible," he asked curiously.

"Nope, they will auction some personal pieces of Van Gogh," Tzuyu replied, pointing to Taehyung and Jennie, who were together and as caramelized as ever. He was wearing a gray suit, Jungkook knew he was going to be praised on internet after this. Jennie was wearing a long lace black dress, the skirt was wide and soft, transparent with dark horizontal lines, a wide leather belt at her waist. The Chanel pearls on her ears glowed in the lights and her black high high high heels pumps were thrilling, making Jungkook wonder how she could walk. "Taehyung Oppa have many connections, he's so admirable"

Tzuyu loved Taehyung, of course because he was what every girl would want.

Jungkook nodded absentmindedly and advanced, not expecting to collide with a much smaller and more delicate body.

Oh fuck

He almost killed a lady!

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry ma'am, are you okay?" He instinctively took her by the arms, noticing that she was really petite, arms so thin they made him afraid to break her.

"Yes, yes, I am, don't worry," she shook her hand, quite steady despite her size. Jungkook recognized her, she was Lisa's grandmother. And she, after seeing him, smiled at him with a sudden kindness. "I actually would love a little bit of help to find a place to sit, could you offer me an arm?" her voice was hoarse, like a smoker's, but still warm, and her eyes had a mischievous spark that resembled the one Lisa had in her big brown eyes.

He nodded and she put her long-nailed hand on his forearm, her fingers had multiple gold jewels, accentuating her golden skin. This was a rich woman.

"Are you really okay? " he had to make sure even though she looked splendid, having black jet hair and a back that was straight and elegant, wearing her red dress with an elegance that would bring a queen to her knees. She had the bearing of a powerful woman.

She grimaced in response. "My hip hurts, you know, I'm too old nowadays but people tell me I look like 60," she added with a mischievous smile that amused him.

"They're telling you the truth," he admitted, she really didn't seem older than 60, actually she didn't seem like she needed his arm either but who was him to question her.

"Aw, honey, please tell me more," she laughed charmingly as he led her through the crowd toward the comfort zone, where there were white velvet sofas. "If you think I am pretty, you should see my granddaughter, she's a masterpiece, she got my genes," she winked at him.

"I noticed," he nodded without even hesitating.

Grandma was delighted with those two simple words. "You have seen her of course, she's the star of the room," Jungkook couldn't agree more. "Sorry if I offend you, dear, I'm a little bit straight forward" she looked at Tzuyu, who was still there, following them.

"It's okay, ahjumma," Tzuyu said nonchalantly, holding back her amusement.

"Is this young lady your girlfriend, son?"

Jungkook shook his head in denial. "No, we are friends"

She smiled even more in response, age wrinkles showing next to her eyes that demonstrated a clear life full of laughter and joy. Jungkook didn't expect less from her at being Lisa's relative, maybe her mother was like this in a more comfortable place. "Oh, then you should date my granddaughter, her mother wants a rich boy for her"

Oh

A rich boy?

He knew this... And he was still disappointed. Of course her

family wouldn't like a boy like him for Lisa.

"Uh, I'm sorry to tell you that I'm not rich," he admitted reluctantly.

But the grandmother was not discouraged, she became even more excited. "That's much better!" she exclaimed for some reason, surprising Jungkook. "What do you do?"

"I ... uh ..." should he tell her?

"He's an artist, ajumma," Tzuyu answered for him.

"What type? A music?" the grandmother inquired with interest as she took a seat in one of the sofas, but she didn't let go of his arm and he was forced to take a seat next to her. Tzuyu sat in the armchair beside them.

Jungkook nodded. "Yeah, a painter and uh ..."

"I noticed these beautiful tattoos in your hands, do you work on that too?" She cut him off, taking his hand and spreading it to see better the black ink designs he had on his right hand.

Jungkook felt self-conscious and nervous, stunned by this unexpected appreciation. "I..."

Was this real? Or it was a trap? Was she going to slap his face and kick him out if he tell her? Rich people were weird.

"He-" Tzuyu spoke again but the grandmother cut her off.

"He has a mouth, dear, let him talk," she hit with a verbal whip that left Tzuyu taken aback.

"I'm a tattoo artist too," he finally said. That's it. It was on the table.

Her eyes shone like stars. "Tell me more"

Oh, really?

He scratched behind her ear. "There is not... more to tell"

"Don't be shy," she encouraged him. "Do you study?"

"Yes, painting"

"You must be a good artist, it shows in your face," she winked at him again. "This butterfly is beautiful, does it has a name?"

Wait, what?

"...The tattoo?"

"It's a small animal, it deserves a name, don't you think?"

Oh my God, again?

Was this a Manoban thing? And this one wasn't drunk.

She wasn't, right?

"I see that you found company, mother," Lisa's mother introduced herself and when their eyes meet, she was looking at him as if she could stir his brains and make a salad with it.

Jungkook felt real chills, like cold water running down his spine.

How such a small woman like that could make him feel so small?

"Preeda, this is Jungkook and his friend," the grandma introduced

them.

The mother looked at him coldly and nodded in recognition, like Ariana saying thank u next. But her expression changed completely when she saw Tzuyu. "Kim Tzuyu, I met your mother in the bathroom just a few minutes ago, you look beautiful tonight," she complimented her with that motherly warmth that he obviously wasn't going to receive.

"Thank you, Auntie," Tzuyu smiled back.

Preeda turned her attention back to him and Jungkook could feel her cold gaze like pure ice cutting his skin, analyzing, calculating, noticing every little visible flaw in him. He panicked internally, regretting not cutting his hair as Jimin and Tzuyu suggested. It was nothing but he was going to look less like trash in her eyes.

Grandma continued: "I was talking to this handsome man about Lisa, she should date him right?"

Yeah, Jungkook saw the horror in her eyes.

That was... hurtful for his ego, feelings and whole persona actually.

He even felt a symbolical kick in the balls.

"Mother, he is with Tzuyu now," she shot an embarrassed smile at Tzuyu, apologizing for her mother's words.

Jungkook opened his mouth to clarify the situation but Tzuyu was ahead of him: "And I think we should go see the paintings, excuse us please," she stood up and Jungkook followed her, running away was a good idea actually.

"It was a pleasure, Jungkook," the grandmother took his hand warmly before he left. Although her daughter seemed to despise him, she was pure love.

That comforted his heart and he truly smiled at her, before leaving them.

"I think she likes you," Tzuyu whispered to him playfully.

it seemed so...

HOLD A SECOND

HOW THE OLD LADY KNEW HIS NAME?!

This was... weird.

They were walking around, not really seeing the paintings, in silence...

But Lisa was already on this with this arrogant psychopath who seemed to hate her for some reason and she hated silence. "So, Jaehyun-

"No"

"You don't even know what-"

"I don't care"

She frowned, looking at him disapprovingly. What kind of rich boy was this? In Thailand, most guys were educated at least. "You're so rude"

"Says the girl that does daddy jokes in front of the supposed daddy," he raised a condescending eyebrow, looking her up and down like she was just a little miserable piece of trash.

Well, at least she had sense of humor.

"I wasn't to you, it was to my mom," and she had to leave clear that he wasn't that special. He didn't deserve her jokes.

"It was disrespectful," he scolded her like his father with that tone that reminded her of her mother. "I would never date a girl like you"

Oh, he thought he would hurt her feelings?

"Well it's not like you are the best in the sea"

"Please don't make me laugh, you need a guy like me"

Lisa scoffed, she didn't know if she should feel offended or amused. "I don't? I am already rich "

"For the status, darling"

What status? She didn't even want to add him in her WhatsApp status.

"Don't call me darling. I have a name, use it," she said seriously, hardening her gaze. Darling sounded degrading from his mouth. "We're not even friends, bro"

He seemed seriously attacked. "Did you just bro me?" he was horrified. "You're even worse than I expected"

"You expected something from me? Really?"

"Not really but I am still disappointed," he admitted without shame.

She would admire him for the honesty if he wasn't a fucking idiot.

"Wow, I would feel hurt but for me being a disappointment for you it's amazing," she sighed with some relief, this was working in her favor. Her mother's plans were already ruined, this guy preferred the gallows before dating her. Then she looked at him closely, slightly more lively and less affected by his rudeness, she was used to being attacked anyway. "You don't seem hard to disappoint, Jaehyun," she commented to him.

"Or you disappoint to easily"

That was slightly funny because it was true in her parents' standards. "It's possible, I'm a major disappointment in my family with honors," she even admitted with good humor.

"So they want me to marry you and your failures," Jaehyun drew his own conclusion, it was correct.

"Yeah, but I don't agree," Lisa nodded but shot him a judging

look, raising both eyebrows. "Less now that I know you are an ass"

Jaehyun clicked his tongue, chuckling bitterly. "I am just displeased with having to deal with low-class chicks with money"

"Yep, an ass," she nodded and looked straight ahead, they had both positioned themselves in front of a painting but she couldn't appreciate it since he put an arm around her waist ... maybe very low. "If you lower your hand more I will cut it, first warning"

Jaehyun chuckled and raised his hand to her waist. "It's not like you have something to touch"

Lisa opened her mouth, offended. "Of course that my ass doesn't have a chance when you're here to compete with her," she defended herself.

"It's bottom, don't be ordinary," he rolled his eyes.

PFFF, ass.

But both of them surely looked super adorable from the outside, a romantic couple enjoying a work of art.

They really looked like that to someone ...

"Hey!"

Lisa was not hearing voices, that was Jungkook, and she quickly turned around. He wished Jaehyun was on that side, she would have loved slapping his face with her hair.

"Hey, Jungkook!" she greeted him, her mother was not around this time and without her she could appreciate the view and be nice to him, maybe ask what was he thinking about this exhibition.

And then she realized Tzuyu was right there. "Hi, Tzuyu"

Just as she wanted to contain her withering gaze at that little liar, Jungkook did nothing to cover his glare at Jaehyun. Who was surprisingly silent.

Was he terrified? He should, Lisa knew Jungkook would whoop his ass if he knew how he was treating her, she was even tempted to act attacked and trigger Jungkook's protective instincts.

Jaehyun really needed a punch in the face. Actually, why waiting for Jungkook? She could do it herself.

"We were walking around here and we saw you, I mean, how not to," Tzuyu pointed to her dress, there were those suspicious compliments again.

Jaehyun finally reacted and cleared his throat. To Jungkook's liking, he put his hands in his pockets. "Nice to meet you, Jung Jaehyun," he bowed and smiled at them both.

Lisa raised an eyebrow, well, he tricked her that way too.

Jungkook didn't even smile at him and Lisa found him strange, he wasn't the serious type.

"It's a pleasure, we wanted to know who was accompanying our Lisa," Tzuyu said as if they were friends.

Our Lisa? Excuse me, bitch, I might be HIS Lisa but I am YOUR personal psycho killer.

But next to her, Jungkook nodded in agreement ...

He was wondering who Jaehyun was? Why?

"Oh, I see that you are very loved, Lisa," oh now he knew what her name was.

Lisa flashed him a sly smile. "Of course, I'm lovely," even though he insisted on hating her pretty and very cute self. Tsk, tasteless ass.

"She certainly is," Jungkook said in a sharp tone, displaying a rare look that Lisa couldn't decipher.

Jungkook wanted to prove to this guy that he knew her best, and Jaehyun met his gaze steadily, unbothered, but his eyes were as dark as his, this cocky bastard... Did he think he was much for having Mom's approval and wearing that silly but cool blue suit?

Yes, he was, but Jungkook had...

Something

"Thank you," Lisa murmured with a chuckle, he had no idea but he made her heart pump like a machine. What the hell was wrong with Jungkook? He was acting strange.

Jungkook felt proud in front of Jaehyun.

This was his something.

Yes, look idiot, she likes me more than she likes you, keep your hands where I can see them.

"I think we should continue," Tzuyu commented. "Jungkook has so much to say, come on, Jungkookie," she shot Lisa THAT look, the one that said sorry honey, this is mine.

Pffff, Jungkook would never go back to her. Lisa knew that.

But Jungkook didn't move easily, he fixed his dark gaze on Jaehyun for a few long seconds. Lisa didn't notice, but that was a macho duel for her.

Then he turned his attention to her and his whole face softened, he still looked hot as hell though.

Tzuyu took him away and Lisa sighed and looked at Jaehyun, rolling her eyes.

Jaehyun was staring at Jungkook from head to toe... Lisa followed his gaze and then back at him and...

That look...

Oh...

Don't tell me that...

Noooooooooo...

Lisa snorted. "Oh my God, you don't really wanna date me, right?"

Jaehyun slowly looked at her, bored, as if she were a real nuisance what she possibly was to him. "I told you, I would never

date you, I don't like girls like you"

Lisa burst out laughing. "Bro, you don't like girls at all!"

This was fantastic, just fantastic. Her mother's plans were as drowned as the Titanic. Lisa was winning again against her mother, and the taste of glory was delicious.

The panic on his face was great, a masterpiece bigger than all the Van Gogh paintings in the living room. "Yah! Someone could hear you!" he whispered to her, tremendously triggered.

Lisa had to cover her mouth to stifle the giggles.

He was gay!

AND HE WAS ATTRACTED TO JUNGKOOK!

OH MY GOD!

HER MOTHER SENT HER TO THIS GUY WHO HAD THE SAME TASTE AS HER!

"Stop laughing!"

She pursed her lips and looked at him with amusement. "You would have told me earlier, Jae Baby," she hummed, glad to be in control of the situation.

He wasn't going to insult her now, was he?

Hehe ...

"You have such good taste, I think I forgive you for being an ass now," she leaned closer and covered her mouth, winking at him. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone"

He narrowed his eyes. "You are really annoying and it's Jaehyun"

Lisa grinned devilishly. "You don't have idea, Jae baby"

Jaehyun turned out to be not so bad company once he was cornered by Lisa knowing his secret, they even admired Jungkook together for a few seconds:

"He's a tattoo artist, you say?" he asked interested, he was way nicer when he wasn't calling her golden digger.

"He better, you have no idea," she nodded smiling and then noticed that look in his eyes. "Yah, erase those hopes friend, he's taken"

Jaehyun raised one of his perfect eyebrows. "By who? You?"

Was he mocking her? The nerve?

And the worst part was that Jungkook wasn't taken by herself...

Oh...

"You mean the girl that is with him?"

Lisa was fast to reply: "God, no. I won't spill the tea but they used to date and now he's over her"

"He's with her now, that doesn't seem like being over her"

Yeah, but he didn't know Jungkook. He was a sweetheart, he probably was there because Tzuyu dragged him using the art or

acting sad. He was too good for this world and Lisa had such urges to protect him and hiss at Tzuyu, the same hissing urges she had the night before towards Seungyeon but she didn't have rights to do that...

And she was the one dancing with him at the end of the night...

Before she ran away...

Oh boy, what a mess.

She really was confused.

Jungkook acted weird, so weird.

"Lisa? Are you still there?"

Lisa nodded. "Yeah, sorry"

They kept talking for some time, his "I hate casual talk" was pure bullshit, but he was called to leave by his father, to talk about business with some other old guys.

When Lisa met her mom again she was in cloud nine, already planning the name of their children.

"Yeah, that won't happen tonight, mom," Lisa said obviously.

"No if you ruin it," she glared at her.

Lisa nodded. "Yeah, sure, that's the problem"

Not that Jaehyun wanted something different from what she was... you know, someone like a classy, tall, maybe with tattoos and messy hair, nice MAN.

"Could you stop being sarcastic?"

"I am not being sarcastic," Lisa would love to be but the real situation was this hilarious.

Preeda was away from feeling calm, anyway. Not that she was calm sometimes, she was like a nervous chihuahua, always trembling and barking. "I already have enough with your grandmother, I don't know where she is but the last time I left her alone she was talking with that...", she scrunched her nose, having to force herself to spit her next words: "That boy with tattoos and dirty long hair, doesn't he have a mother? What kind of mother doesn't tell her son to cut his hair?"

"A not controlling mom, wish I knew how that feels," Lisa sighed dramatically.

"Lalisa, please," Preeda said tiredly and glanced at Jungkook and Tzuyu, both not so away from them. "She is the Kim's youngest daughter," she commented, Lisa knew what was coming. Her mom turned on the Wikipedia mode and Lisa was going to know things she didn't care about people she didn't know.

BUT THIS WAS TEA ABOUT TZUYU and no one had better tea than Preeda Manoban.

"What Kims? The whole room is full of Kims," Lisa asked interested and take advantage of a waiter passing by to take a

raspberry-brie tartlet, it was delicious.

"The Kims architects, the older daughter is dating the heir Kim of Boohyun Memorial Hospitals. He is one of the main investors in this exhibition," Preeda pointed discreetly at Jennie and Taehyung, they really were being the best-dressed couple of the Nation.

"I know Taehyung and Jennie"

"You do?" Was that a light of pride in her eyes? Wow, weird, Lisa wasn't used to this, hehe.

"Yes, Taehyung Oppa is the best friend of that boy you hate so much," she had to hit her with the truth, though.

Preeda frowned. "Excuse me?"

"Yes, they live together, mom"

Preeda extremely altered. "So he invited him? How insensitive towards the Kims! It's not good of a son-in-law to invite the boy that ruined the youngest daughter of their family," that turned out being completely different from what Lisa expected.

Lisa tilted her head, scratching her hair with one finger. "What? Why?"

"You would know this if you came to my tea meetings," Preeda was petty.

"Cheesecake, mom, it's not the moment for that," Lisa huffed and got a glare for huffing but she ignored it. There was a more important topic on the table and Lisa wanted to know that it wasn't what her mind suggested immediately. "What did he do to the youngest daughter? It mustn't be very bad, she seems too comfortable with him right now," she laughed nervously, to cover the raising rage.

"And her mother is so upset for it, I would be too if I was her, you know I am sensitive and especially in situations like that," Preeda took a deep breathe, making it about herself of course. "He did something terrible, he dated her and used her"

He did what?

"It was a bad era for the Kims, the little girl was running away from home at night and staying out late, she was going to party every weekend and even coming home drunk," and how was Jungkook related to that?

"And what did he do, mom?" she asked impatiently.

"He was the cause of that, he was keeping her away from home. A disgrace," WHAT?! "That's not even the cherry on top, of course, they didn't just talk in those nights, he got her pregnant and abandoned her to go to Paris for vacations"

Lisa was speechless.

Really

She couldn't believe this because it was... This had to be a fucking

joke, Tzuyu couldn't have done that to Jungkook. Not after what he did. A person so evil couldn't exist.

Lisa was in denial.

"She suffered a miscarriage, poor thing, and just then he came to see her," that reaction of disgust was appropriate for the horrendous situation, but not to Jungkook, not to the real man there that was the only one doing things right in that mess. His name didn't deserve to be stained like this. "Her mother thought she was never going to see him again, especially after that Tzuyu started to date the son of the Kims of the real state company, Mingyu. You should meet him, he's tall and he's single now," Lisa scoffed, THIS BITCH CHANGED THEM IN THE STORY. "But he's here now, with Tzuyu. It's really tragic, that boy deserves prison after what she did," her mother casted a condescending look, of course.

That was what Tzuyu told everyone? She changed the story to make Jungkook look like the bad boy just to keep Mingyu clean?

Did Jungkook know this?

It was... so disgusting and horrible, Lisa wanted to cry... and jump on her and punch her. What was wrong with her? Jungkook WAS THERE FOR HER, he loved her deeply and truly, he gave her everything even when she was just playing him, and she even had the audacity to do him dirty like that? Didn't she have a conscience? Or a heart? Didn't she feel anything at all for Jungkook? Not even a little bit of care after him being there in her darkest moment?

How could she? How couldn't she love him a little bit at least? How couldn't she care for him enough to stop herself from saying those lies?

And now she was there with him playing to be the good friend? Exposing him to the family that thought he was the bad guy?

At least the Kims weren't wild bitches like the Manobans, her grandma would rip off each one of his tattoos if she thought he did those things to Lisa. And Preeda wasn't the most loving mother, she was maddening, infuriating too, but Lisa knew she would slap him for her.

The auction started then. Taehyung was on the small stage and called everyone, handing out numbers. Lost in her offended thoughts full of resentment and hatred for that pretty bitch, Lisa only reacted when her mother tried to lead her, gripping her forearm.

She looked up and saw Jungkook being left alone as the rest of the people walked towards the stage, he had his hands buried in his pocket and looked uncomfortable.

Where was Tzuyu?

Lisa turned around and saw her reuniting with her family by the stage, of course she wasn't going to take him with them. Lisa looked at Jungkook again and saw his back, he was heading towards the glass doors, which led to the balcony.

She couldn't leave him alone, she knew she promised she was going to, but she also promised him to be there for him.

"I have to go," she released her hold on her mother and she followed his shape with her gaze

Preeda connected the dots pretty fast. "Lisa, don't you dare," she glared at her. "You can't go with that ... That ... Ruffian!"

...

...

...

"That what?" Lisa looked at her in amused disbelief.

"Ruffian," she repeated proudly.

"What?"

"Ruffian!"

Lisa snorted. "I ... Oh my God"

Her mother couldn't be serious.

"What is him?" she asked amused.

"Ruffian"

Why was she using that word?

Couldn't she say something more modern? I don't know, the usual bad boy thing.

"Lalisa stop laughing at me," Preeda complained.

Lisa laughed more. "It's just... Can you repeat it?"

"Lalisa ..."

"Please," Lisa clapped her hands together, she just had to hear it once more.

Her mother sighed. "Ruffian"

Lisa lost it.

Ruffian.

"What is he?"

"Lalisa..." her mom dragged her name, annoyed.

"Ruffian," Lisa laughed hard after saying it. Oh my God, she loved that ruffian... word.

But her mom shouldn't think she was going to convince her with her funny vocabulary, nope, Lisa was still leaving her and Preeda panicked, gripping her arm again. "Lalisa, please, didn't you listen to what I just told you? He did horrible things," she was really concerned for her.

"No, Tzuyu is a liar, mom," Lisa was so serious that left her mother speechless.

Not that much, though. "Don't you see him?" she asked

incredulous, it couldn't get in her mind how someone would like to be with a guy like him that for sure smelled like sweat and... and... old wine. "He looks like a drug addict, Lalisa!"

Lisa rolled her eyes, amused, and smirked. "That's better! I'll ask him for a line. Bye, mom "

Lisa found Jungkook facing the fountain of the museum, next to the stone railing, smoking a cigarette in the dark with one hand buried in the pocket of his dress pants. His hair danced thanks to the night breeze, keeping him company even though he was not bothered by this. Jungkook liked to be alone,

She wished she had her camera to capture his distracted profile, bowed head with hair covering her eyes, sharp jaw, and attractive lips that he nibbled on.

He reminded her of herself when she was younger and running away from the party to be alone, away from all those people with whom she could never have anything in common. It was nice to walk away and get some fresh air, without listening to the hubbub of unnecessary and silly chats which it only mattered where they would go on vacation the following summer whether to Paris or London; or the latest gossip about the prodigal son of a family. Sometimes she was the juiciest topic in the room and no, it wasn't funny as you would imagine.

She didn't want to bother his peace, he for sure needed it.

Also, what should she say?

When she left her mother, she didn't think that she was going to be alone with him and the big African elephant of the room, which was what happened last Friday night. She felt suddenly nervous, truly affected by the knot in her stomach that was taking away her air and making her fiddle with the fabric of her dress. This was different from their last encounter, all she could think about was the fear of being rejected or pushed away.

What Jungkook thought about her leave? He was kind at the moment, but how would it be now? When the heat and lust vanished, leaving two supposed friends.

The real elephant in the room was they were too attracted to the other to be just friends. And they couldn't be more than friends.

Lisa would have stayed unnoticed by him but she tripped on the door, losing balance thanks to her heels and almost ending up on the floor.

Jungkook turned around quickly because of the noise of the glass vibrating.

"Lisa?" He frowned and walked towards her, almost running. "Are you okay?" he asked in alarm, leaning towards her.

Lisa raised her hands, she didn't need help. "I'm fine," she giggled, finding this totally hilarious. Maybe it was just that she was nervous. "God, I'm sorry, I didn't expect that," she smoothed down her skirt, perfectly fine.

Jungkook looked at her carefully, getting sure that she was really okay and when he was satisfied he relaxed. "What are you doing out here?" he didn't seem annoyed by her presence, not even looking at her with resentment, not like he did that before. Just Jungkook, her Jungkook.

"What are you doing out here?" she replied playfully, putting on her mask because acting nervous was going to make it awkward and Lisa didn't want that, not between them.

He showed his cigarette in response, it was half-finished.

"Oh, I'd need one of those, too," she joked.

Jungkook laughed easily. "I thought this was your place, you seemed comfortable," he commented.

"I'm an excellent actress then because I hate this place," she winked at him and got another chuckle.

He kept quiet then and she stood at his side, glancing at the garden too. In front of them were the temples too, a few meters in front of the mountain. It was one of the most visited places by tourists in Seoul.

She could sense that he wanted to say something and it took him a lot to finally spill: "And where did you leave your company?"

Since when was he so direct?

Jungkook hoped he had covered up his obvious jealousy well, it had been tremendously annoying to see her laugh with that fool in blue. He seemed to be a jerk to her but she had only laughed, typically Lisa, and Jungkook had hated him. How dared that fool to treat her like that? Did he have no respect for what was really good?

He had everything easy, he was rich, handsome and her family accepted him, Jungkook had to be hiding from Tzuyu's parents because he only received hateful glances and he knew that it wouldn't be different from Lisa's parents.

That Jaehidiot was a damn lucky bastard.

"I dumped him for someone better"

Oh...

He stifled a silly giggle.

This woman... She was going to kill him, she was already stealing years of his life at ruining his heart functions.

"You know, I really wanna hear what you have to say about those paintings, *Jungkookie*," she mocked Tzuyu very obviously. The nickname sounded so weird coming from her but he liked it.

Damn, she could call him stupid slut if she wanted, he would like it too.

"We should enjoy them now that everyone is focused on the auction," she called his attention and pointed to the inside. "Do you have a favorite? I tried but some paintings are really weird"

Jungkook nodded, spellbound by her sweet voice and cute opinions. "I do have a favorite painting, it's actually the only painting I like of Van Gogh," he walked at her side, in their way to the now empty gallery. People were in front of the small stage, laughing and buying while Taehyung was the host.

Jungkook was glad that Tzuyu agreed to leave him there alone.

"Oh my God, you don't like Van Gogh?" Lisa asked, surprised.

"Not really, he's not one of my favorites," he shrugged and led her to where he wanted. She was like floating in those high-heels, pure charms and smooth moves. "But he's not bad," he continued after a short pause of admiration.

"Sorry but he wasn't that talented honestly," she admitted with humor.

Jungkook pretended to panic. "Don't say that in front of Taehyung," he fake whispered, so comfortable with her.

Lisa's eyes went wide, faking terror. "Will he attack me?"

"Not if I'm there for you," he felt so embarrassed after saying that and gladly his hair covered his red ears, he was being corny and that was bad. Jimin told him to be more manly.

"And I will be there for you, we made a pinky promise," Lisa, of course, didn't find him weird and followed his game, showing her pinky as a proof.

Jungkook smiled. "I am a man of my word, of course, I will be there"

Okay...

Maybe he was going crazy but he could swear that Lisa got flustered, giggling quietly and looking down. He bit his lower lip, smiling too and glancing away. He was so happy, the cheerfulness running through his veins was strong, giving him urges to squish something and hop around like a bunny.

After last Friday night, he was more confident.

"So, where are your favorites?" she said after clearing her throat.

Oh, right!

"Come here," he nodded and finally took her to the hanging painting. "Here it is"

Sunflowers was in front of them, an oil painting in the same yellow but in different tones. It was one of the most famous by Van Gogh.

Lisa watched it silently and he looked at her, her upturned button

nose was so perfect, along with her big brown eyes surrounded by long curled up lashes. He knew now that her cheeks were soft as they seemed.

"Well, those are very... particular sunflowers," she opined, not so convinced. "It feels warm," she conceded diplomatically.

She didn't like it at all but she was trying, Lisa was always trying to look interested in the things he liked and how couldn't him notice that was also a clue of her feelings?

"Van Gogh wanted to express gratitude with this painting," he told her.

"For what?"

"I don't really know but I think he achieved it," he shrugged and, for some reason, she laughed. "Yellow flowers are particularly beautiful, you know?" he was talking about her actually. "The Van Gogh museum has a sunflower field, it's actually a labyrinth of sunflowers"

Lisa was impressed. "Really?"

He nodded.

"Woah," she said smiling. "I would love to visit, I love sunflowers," of course, she was one and she loved herself. Jungkook supported this movement. "Their color is so lovely. I think yellow express happiness and cheerfulness"

"You are yellow, then," he blurted out, to lost in her to think.

Gosh, he didn't even realize what he said, he didn't even feel nervous.

"Oh, I bring joy to your life, Jungkookie?" she didn't take him seriously and teased.

"Yes," he replied honestly.

Oh...

"No one else could do it like you," he added.

She didn't know what to say or how to face the rise of warm feelings his words caused in her, was he being real? Was he talking in the sense her heart wanted?

And his eyes were on her, deep, full of stars, full of honesty. He was saying the truth, she was that for him and she never was that for someone, she never felt appreciated like this before and so... loved?

But Chaeyoung...

But Jungkook...

She didn't know what to do, this was still a confusing mess and she was drowning on it, spinning in a whirlpool in the sea.

"We-we sho-should go to the Starry Night room, don't you think?" she mumbled nervously and walked away from him. She put a hand on her cheek to check her temperature, wishing the blushing

sensation wasn't visual but she could say it was the reflection of her dress.

"This is Tae Hyung favorite painting, I guess he did this just for himself," Jungkook commented when they stepped in the special room. High panels were located strategically in the room in which it was reflected the famous painting, turning the place dark and blue and making you feel like you were walking inside the Starry Night.

"It's the first time I come here, can you believe?" she asked, offended with herself for not coming before. But it was full before.

It was beautiful.

Lively blueish colors and tones mixing wonderfully in front of her face. It was a weird interpretation of a starry night but so beautifully done. Lisa loved nights, the sky, the stars, the moon... her appreciation was now intensified, making her wonder if in someplace in the world night would look like this.

Van Gogh was talented but special, she turned around to find Jungkook and got surprised at seeing him standing behind her, hands in his pockets. He didn't seem interested at all in the room, he was looking at her.

Was he?

She couldn't describe the feelings that twisted in her belly, making her nervous and giddy. It was weird and intense, electrifying every corner of her body and he was just looking at her, he didn't have to touch her, he didn't have to kiss her to make her feel like this.

What was happening?

Why everything seemed so big and intense?

Lisa caught the peek of a painting at the distance and she regained her playful smile, to avoid her feelings. "You know what?" she decided to do the best and change the topic. "I think Van Gogh was really narcissistic, imagine that 7 of 10 of your paintings are your own face. Do you think he thought he was attractive?"

Jungkook burst out laughing, the atmosphere lightening so easily.

This was why she loved Jungkook so much, he wasn't pressuring her, he let her be just how she was and he enjoyed it. No one could accept her like him.

"Well, we usually paint what we like so maybe he did really like himself a lot," he nodded casually.

She scrunched her nose. "Tsk, he wasn't even that handsome, don't you think?"

Jungkook chuckled and kept looking at her, Lisa could feel his gaze like a halo, so intense.

Why was he doing this?

Why couldn't he stop?

"What?" she asked, desperate for an answer, desperate for a reply that stopped the thrilling sensations driving her crazy.

"Nothing," he shook his head and looked at the wall behind her, she literally could see the painting reflecting in his eyes and she thought it was just that, feeling calmer but strangely disappointedd.

But he reconsidered: "Actually..."

"Yes?" she jumped up expectantly, not even knowing why.

Jungkook stared at her for long seconds.

He was thinking.

He was actually gathering strength and when he could do it, he said: "You look so beautiful tonight, how you do to look better and better every time?"

...

Wow

"I-"

And that was the first time he left her speechless and blushing, eyes wide.

Lisa got many compliments in her life, she heard everything possible but none of those words mean anything, because none of them were said with at least 1% of the intensity he was showing with his eyes.

He had the most beautiful eyes. The stars and the moon, the whole night was in his orbs.

She didn't notice he got closer, she didn't even notice she had to tilt her head back to look at his face, dazed, completely frozen.

Not for long.

"You... You look very handsome tonight too," she stuttered as a reply, trying once again to lighten the mood, but it was impossible, even more when he smirked and looked away, a dimple marking on his cheek. **AND HE LOOKED TEN TIMES HOTTER THAT WAY.**

So, he definitely won.

"Since when you're like this?" she whispered, finding out she was breathless and nervous.

"Like what?" he asked, even closer... there were just millimeters between their bodies, she could smell him, she could just lean closer so easily...

"I don't know but," she found her voice stop again and forced a smile, raising a hand to his chest to push him playfully but she didn't do it. "You should stop, I-I... I might fall in love with you," she teased like she wasn't already in love, her own words making her feel silly, embarrassed.

What was going with herself?

Jungkook bit his lower lip and glanced at her with a special spark

in his dark brown eyes. He was so close. "I don't want to stop, not anymore," and with each word he was closer and closer.

Their noses brushed together and a strand of his hair tickled her cheek. She gasped silently, not knowing what to do or what to think, but she was... all she was doing was looking at him, trying to process his words.

And for the first time, he didn't think anymore because he knew that if he did, he was going to lose her again.

There were no more place more nerves and insecurities, he couldn't let them control him, not this time.

His hand, the one that had the butterfly that she liked so much tattooed, went up to her cheek and drew her closer so their mouths could meet, finally, for real.

Lisa moaned in surprise, putting both hands on his chest.

His lips were soft, sweet, he tasted like cigarettes and cheeries. He stole every bit of her breath and caused fireworks to explode around them, altering every particle of her being. It was beautiful.

And it was short.

He parted, breathing heavily. Lisa looked him in the eyes, noticing that not even himself could believe what he just did. His gaze was on her lips, then it ran slowly up her face, registering every corner, every detail, in his memory and then he looked at her eyes.

Lisa gasped once more, he stroked her cheek with his thumb and whimpered, "I like you so fucking much, Lisa"

And he kissed her again, like a hungry man. Her fists closed on his shirt as he wrapped his free arm around her waist.

This time, she kissed him back. Every thought, every guilt, and every inhibition was erased from her mind as she let herself be carried away by the overwhelming sensation of his lips. Her heart was racing, and she could feel his under her fist, as altered by this kiss as she was.

Each touch of his lips was magic, it revolutionized every cell in her body, from her head to the tips of her feet. The stars collided, creating a brightly colored supernova inside her body. Everything lit up and the colors turned yellow, as if the sun had been born into a dark galaxy.

It was warm, strong, mindblowing.

Jungkook kissed her and she kissed him, their lips coming together over and over again as if they had known each other forever, as if they were meant to be. Hungry and desperate, completely crazy to feel that sensation of touching the stars once more... and again... a little more ...

His tongue caressed her and goosebumps showed in her skin,

thanks to the chills running through her blood.

She couldn't get close enough, even if she was glued to his body and she could feel every inch, from his thighs to his chest, that wasn't enough.

From the first moment that she saw him drawing in the library, in every damn moment she saw him, after every talk, after every class, after tutoring, after walking home she always wanted to kiss him, touch him, stick to him until no one could tell where he started and where she started.

It was finally happening and it was crazy, unbelievable. But it was real.

He was here and she was here and they were kissing, enjoying the other's lips and feeling emotions mix and explode.

But being a human was a shit, their lungs ached for air and both were forced to separate to breathe.

It was weird, like getting out of a spaceship after years orbiting the earth. She didn't remember what time it was, what year it was or where they were.

Jungkook...

Just Jungkook...

Jungkook with his swollen pink lips and long hair surrounding his face, Jungkook with his starry eyes and his damn heart still beating strongly under her fist.

Oh she was drowning in this sea...

Lisa was in love to the bone with this ruffian, it was time to accept it.

"Fuck," she sighed, knowing this would bring a thousand more problems but since her face showed that she actually wanted another kiss, Jungkook didn't take it to heart and leaned in again.

Lisa closed her eyes, she could give a shit about it one more time for those lips, for this man...

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorryyyyyyyyy..." a girl spoke, both of them were hit by reality and slowly separated.

Jennie Kim was there with a clear expression of regret for interrupting this. "That was ..." her face said all she couldn't explain. "But, Jungkook, Taehyung wants to introduce you to important people and..."

Jungkook looked at Lisa, clearly confused. If Lisa had no idea what the hell was going on, Jungkook was clearly suffering from amnesia.

A bunny was confused there.

"Go," her voice sounded muffled, she couldn't even speak properly, but she patted his chest.

Slowly, he lowered his arms, lost. Was the room this cold before?

Why it felt so cold?

"Sorry, god, seriously," Jennie took Jungkook by the arm, he looked at her like a puppy being dragged out.

Her pitbull puppy ...

Lisa was left alone in that great room, Starry Night around her...

God...

GOD

WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED

WHAT

THE

FUCK

She crouched down, on the ground in her heels, touching her sensitive, swollen lips with both hands.

She and Jungkook...

Jungkook and her...

Kiss...

"I like you so fucking much, Lisa"

He had a message

He delivered the message

He said fuck FedEx and actually delivered a whole motherfucking packet

"Oh my God," she gasped, breathless.

Jungkook likes Lisa...

i cant fucking believe what i did but i did

i am as shocked as you all guys

OH MY GOD

THEY KISSED

FUCK

OH MY GOD

honestly they weren't going to kiss but i saw the pic in the banner and i thought noooo bitch how will you take them there and not make them kiss. so thank van gogh i guess

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 this chapter has been a whole rollercoaster, right? tell me what you think?

and don't forget the amount of issues that showed up. trust me, from now on, all you will have will be more rollercoaster so sorry if your afraid of them

Chapter 29

i cant delay this anymore so ill finish to reply comments while you all read, lmfaio to remember when you all loved me and weren't sharpening knives

TRIGGER WARNING: you won't have a good time and im so sorry

"Why did you make me do that?" Jennie hit her boyfriend's arm, they just left Jungkook alone with the representative of the Museum they were in. Taehyung knew that Jungkook was not interested in these things but since he was here and one of the most important people in Seoul as well, Jennie advised him to introduce them.

"What have I done?" He looked at her in surprise, he didn't know why he was being attacked and he was seriously offended.

"He and Lisa were finally kissing!" she whispered in reproach.

Taehyung opened his mouth. "Noo!"

"YES! It was so... I can't explain it, I feel like ruining a big moment, "she said, truly shocked, looking at one spot as she replayed the scene once more.

They both looked beautiful, surrounded by the blue light of one of the most beautiful works of art in the world. Their heights were perfect, both holding each other so tightly as they kissed intensely... Jennie even felt warm. The love between those two was so real, it was almost touchable, able to make you feel jealous of them.

"It was a big moment, Nini. Jungkook loves her so much," Taehyung was ecstatic, in disbelief but very proud of Jungkook. "Oh my God, fuck his future, you should have left them stay like that"

"I knooooow, but this is important," Jennie whimpered but she was determined, more now that she was seeing Jungkook immersed in a chat with Mr. Park. "He could get a scholarship for Japan or even Paris, Mr. Park has many influences and you too. It's all planned. I go to Paris and I recommend Lisa for Vogue Paris...", she moved her hands and brought them together, proud of herself for having everything under control.

"You're so smart baby," he said lovingly, leaning down to kiss one of her chubby precious cheeks. "But, I don't think Jungkook would accept"

"He will, who wouldn't?" she asked with a serious incredulous expression.

"Nini, he doesn't care about scholarships. The Art major is his plan B," Jennie was so confused after hearing that so he explained: "In case he can't do tattoos anymore, he could work as an Art professor but I don't think that would happen. Jungkook has a bright future in front of him"

"What kind of mediocre plan is that?" she asked offended, for someone like Jennie not aspiring to be the most important person in the world was unimaginable.

"Baby, not everyone wants to run the world like you," he chuckled, he found her expressions so adorable. Jennie could be serious and he still would want to squeeze her cheeks. "He is a good tattoo artist too, he loves to do that and he gets a lot of money that way, Jungkook will be happy with that," he tried to reassure her.

Jennie couldn't believe it, something so simple didn't fit in her mind but then she remembered something else: "You said he has won many contents, right?"

"Yes, Paris, Seoul and Los Angeles," he said with some pride, he had seen him grow up since he was 13 years old and knowing that he was successful was satisfying. "He also made a lot of money in those cities, many people wanted to be tattooed by him and he's known in the city," Jungkook wasn't quite as vocal as he should be, though.

"Well, I think I can accept his mediocre life plan with that," she sighed, not so happy but conceding that to him.

Taehyung chuckled again.

"But he could do more with art, your house is full of his paintings and the mural in his parlor is a masterpiece," but of course she had to insist.

"Let's see what he thinks after this but I think he will be fuming because we interrupted his moment"

Jennie huffed quietly, puffing out her cheeks as she crossed her arms. "It was so beautiful, it was in the middle of Starry Night"

Taehyung raised an eyebrow. "You're kidding"

"No, it was that perfect. Our first kiss was at a party, "she pouted, looking like a child. She would never do that with other people but with him, she was a baby.

Taehyung stroked her cheek with a thumb. "It was perfect anyway, Nini"

Jennie smiled at him in response but pouted again. "I hope he and Lili start something, she is so good for him," and then she shot a venomous look at her younger sister, who was standing next to her mother.

Mrs. Kim was furious at Jungkook's presence there and Jennie understood that but it was so unfair. And Taehyung was as furious

as her so he imitated his girlfriend's disgusted look and rolled his eyes. "I hope Lisa keeps him away from her, he can't do it himself. Why can't we tell the truth?"

"Because it's not our business but don't worry, life will hit her soon. Mingyu already dumped her and Jungkook is about too, I can't wait to see," she smirked devilishly, while Taehyung wrapped her in a hug, chuckling.

"You're so hot when you are like this," he whispered against her head.

Jennie laughed, leaning back to meet his eyes with that mischievous and new fire in her cold eyes. "I'm always hot"

Was it just him or were the stars brighter?

Was it just him or was the weather perfect?

Was it just him or was it the best time of his life?

Sure it was just him but it was definitely being the best time of his life.

No prize won, no contest won, no certificate, no good time in his life was this good. None had caused him as much happiness as this.

Jungkook felt his heart was going to explode with happiness, each heartbeat causing new waves of intense emotions. He couldn't sit still or contain his happiness, he was hyperactive, legs bouncing softly and hands playing with the fabric of his sweats.

Lisa was not there when he finished talking to the museum representative, Taehyung told him that the Manoban retired early but Lisa looked shocked, she for sure was. Jungkook felt her stunned in his arms, surprised but pleased.

He never expected such a beautiful reaction, never expected that she would become so soft in his embrace and would respond to each of his kisses with the same level of sweetness and passion.

Her lips were soft, they tasted like heaven itself. Jungkook was left wanting to bite them but kissing them was enough. Kissing her drove him crazy, altered every cell in his body, and made any other experience look as boring as fishing. Actually, kissing her was like riding an extreme roller coaster, he went up and down with waves of adrenaline and euphoria as their lips intertwined, again and again, bodies touching from legs to lips.

She was soft, her small body settling against his gently. Each soft part fitted the hard parts of his body perfectly. Even hugging her made him feel like their bodies were meant to be.

He had been lying on the living room sofa for two hours, looking at the ceiling with a silly smile on his face. Jimin had congratulated him, Taehyung was also very happy, they both even opened bottles of soju and beer, managing to put more than one glass in his hand.

But he could only remember that kiss over and over again, repeat every second in his head. From the time their lips touched until they parted.

The look in her eyes, Lisa was lost, wanting more...

Lisa wanted him, she was floating in the starry sky as much as he was.

Jungkook loved feeling so much security from her part, knowing that she wanted that kiss and to keep getting new ones. He knew that there was nothing in her mind but himself and his lips, for her there was only him as well as for him the only thing that mattered was her.

Lisa felt as much as he did, her kiss was not lying.

He wanted her in his arms again, kiss her one more time but if it wasn't possible, just wrap her up and hold her close until their hearts beat against each other was enough.

"So, did you use tongue," Jimin asked him.

Was he serious?

"Shut up"

He giggled and left him alone, drinking from his glass of beer and soju.

"But did you?" Taehyung asked him then.

These idiots.

Jungkook finally bit his lower lip, shit, he could still taste her lip gloss. "... Yes," he admitted and leaned forward, holding his warm cheeks. He was so happy that it was inexplicable. "It was so good, you don't understand. I feel like touching heaven, the stars, like creating the universe. I saw the real fucking stars, I'm not kidding, bro I saw the whole universe "

"Well, you were in the Starry Night room," Taehyung said plainly.

"Didn't you have your eyes closed?" Jimin asked incredulously. "Weirdo, close your eyes when kissing"

This idiot.

"It's a metaphor!"

"That deep?" Jimin frowned, mockingly.

Jungkook nodded, ruffling his hair. The smile on his face was so big that he seemed crazy. "And it is. I love her, I fucking love her," he admitted out loud. It was liberating to say it, to know it clearly in his heart. "I knew it before but this kiss just makes it more clear, I never felt a kiss so hard before. My heart was about to jump out of my chest and make a dance right there"

"Sounds creepy," Jimin wrinkled his nose.

"Gore as its finest," Taehyung nodded.

Pffft, incredulous of love, cold hearts, they wanted to be like Jungkook right now.

(a/n: same bitch imagine kissing THE lalisa manoban)

So he ignored them and their obvious jealousy. "She is so precious, so beautiful, so perfect ... I love her so much," he continued. Everything was so clear in his mind, her big smile, her bright brown eyes, each damn eyelash, her pretty nose scrunched when she was very happy and how beautiful she was when she laughed. And she loved to laugh so much.

He wanted to see that smile every morning, every afternoon, and every night. He wanted to be the cause of every laugh and every mark on her plump lips.

He already imagined walking hand in hand with her, people underestimated how damn beautiful doing that was but it was. The feeling of her long but soft fingers interlaced with his was probably majestic.

But Jimin seemed more reluctant to fall for this, there was something fishy. Especially since he knew that Chaeyoung was after Jungkook. "Isn't it like too much? You don't really know her. I mean, like, deeply, her story "

What?

I mean, Jungkook didn't but he was ready to know her better, he wasn't going to pressure though. Lisa didn't like to talk about her family or story but that didn't mean anything, he knew how she was.

"I do, I really do, Hyung," he assured him. You didn't have to know every detail of a person's life to know that it was the right one, it was enough to know them, to know what made them happy and sad, it was enough to feel your heart crazy for them.

"She's a good girl this time so well, go for it, Kookie. You deserve some love after all the shit of last year," Taehyung sent him an annoyed look at finishing, obviously talking about Tzuyu. He was still upset that Jungkook had accepted her invitation, especially after rejecting Taehyung's invitation to the same place.

"Stop judging me, she was alone," he explained again. Jungkook knew that Tzuyu was trying to be better and at no time had she treated him as more than a friend, no more games or seductions.

Jimin snorted and Taehyung rolled his eyes. "Whatever, what did Mr. Park say to you?"

Jungkook shrugged, unbothered. "He said he could offer me some options because he trusts your words, but I am not interested. I won't leave Seoul, my family is here and now Lisa is in the picture too"

Because, yes, he finally got the girl and it was amazing.

Lisa still didn't believe what had happened, lying on her family's

hotel bed, sleeping next to her beloved grandmother. She did not want to go home and face the reality that she knew awaited her there. Spending quality time with her grandma was good for the health too.

It had been 3 hours, officially 3 hours and 17 minutes, maybe twenty or thirty seconds, since she kissed Jungkook.

Her lips could still feel him, his taste and his perfume, even the tickles of his hair on her cheeks.

An exciting feeling twisted her stomach, making her hug her legs under the covers and giggle.

No kiss ever felt this way, so intense and capable of turning her into a bundle of excited nerves. It was silly and exciting, like the day she could finally buy her first professional camera. Even that day seemed ordinary next to the moment she just spent with Jungkook.

It was magical and great, the feeling of being so close to him and kissing him... She wanted to do it a thousand times more, she wanted to kiss him until neither of them could feel their lips. She could hug himself to death and be happy, she wanted to feel safe and loved that way again.

She looked at the sky through the balcony windows of the huge room, the moon shining like never before, illuminating the night like a huge white spotlight.

Lisa lowered her feet and gently walked onto the balcony, being careful not to wake her grandmother up. The cool but still damp night breeze caressed her thin arms, her skin bristling in response, but she didn't care.

She took a seat on one of the elegant, velvety garden sofas and looked at the stars while crossing her arms over her chest and lifting her feet to the soft couch. The sky was black but the moon and the stars were shining, keeping her company. It was like having Jungkook right there.

Jungkook...

Since when did she love him? It was hard to tell, Lisa wasn't sure when her heart stopped beating with emotion to start beating with love.

Was it when he defended her? No one had ever done it, everyone trusted that she could do it herself.

Was it when he went to the police to rescue her and she was offended on his behalf? Or when he saved her from falling, just a few days after she rejected him? That moment was still clear in her memory, she could feel his strong arms wrap around her and stick her to his body, his thumb brushing her eyebrow with extreme delicacy, but true concern. If he had known that she wanted to get a

kiss in her sore area...

He whispered something to her that day, a pet name, *Doll*...

Lisa liked that, it was more than just a pet name.

Maybe it was that same day that he gave her a chocomilk, before she signed up for English. He was wearing a red hoodie and his hair was still messy.

Or was it in one of the English classes, when she was his tutor? Seeing him every Thursday was like having a spoonful of honey. They no longer had time to do that because of the mural schedules, but she missed sitting in the library and teaching him English. Although he had been teaching her lately, she was sure she was going to pass the Introduction to Visual Culture final this time. Even when they were just talking about school it was a good moment.

He was so smart that it was sexy.

Maybe it was when he accompanied her and Soomin at the supermarket, he was sweet with her girl, so pure and kind, showing her that he would protect her as Lisa would do. Or on the night of his sister's birthday... Lisa still felt that overwhelming heat in her chest for being appreciated in such a gentle way.

Maybe she couldn't pinpoint since when she loved him, but she knew she loved him. She could no longer fool herself.

But what was she going to do with it now?

Lisa hugged herself and rested her chin on her knees, lost in her thoughts while listening to the sound of the city's night traffic absentmindedly.

Her heart clenched with anxiety as she remembered the problem she was in, how was she going to say this to Chaeyoung?

Losing her was terrifying to Lisa, she was her best friend since they were teenagers and they had been together during thousands of adversities. Losing her was almost as painful as losing Bambam. But Lisa knew very well that Chaeyoung would never forgive her for this.

The night got stained with sadness and melancholy in just three seconds and Lisa felt tears accumulate in her eyes but crying was not going to solve anything. She had to think of a solution and a hard-to-swallow lump settled in her throat at the thought that perhaps she would have to give up Chaeyoung or Jungkook...

"I like you so fucking much, Lalisa," the memory of his husky and soft voice transported her to that room of blue lights, back to his welcoming arms that made her feel safe, lost in a galaxy where nothing mattered more than he and she...

Well, she could lose herself in that galaxy once more.

"Hey! Where have you been?" Chaeyoung scared her, putting her

hands on her shoulders. Lisa was sitting on a bench on the campus, arranging her notes before her first final of the week. "I thought I was going to see you this morning, working. Why do you have a phone if you never answer?" she complained graciously and sat next to her.

Lisa was as tense as a spring, almost about to throw up now that she was face to face with who she wanted to avoid. "I-I have to-I mean, I went to the airport to say goodbye to my parents and grandma," she concluded with a light smile.

Chaeyoung pouted. "Ow, you should have told me to go with you. I love your grandma"

"Ah, yeah, sorry," Lisa looked down, pretending to read again even though she couldn't focus on the words, not when Chaeyoung was so close, looking so radiant and innocent. Fuck, she couldn't ruin this easily. "It was too early actually, we left the hotel at 4 and I came to the apartment for my things and then to the airport and then to here," she explained, tense, terrified. Lisa knew she had to confess and fix this... or make it worse.

"You are really so nervous," Chaeyoung laughed, wrapping an arm around her, confusing her reasons. "Calm down, you will do okay. Mr. Lee loves you "

Who the fuck cared about Mister Lee?

Lisa was having an existential crisis here.

She had to tell her... It was the moment... she couldn't slap her in front of everyone, right?

Oh, it was going to hurt, with or without the slap.

Lisa had to spit it out like she ripping a bandaid off. "Chaeyoung-"

"Anyway," her best friend interrupted her, straightening up in her seat with excitement. "I just come from talking with Mr. Jung, the one in charge of the scholarship"

Lisa stopped her earlier intentions, noticing where this was going. "Ah, really? What did he say? "

"Bad news, he said that there is just one scholarship and one student can take it. The real artist "

So she was going to take it?

Lisa frowned. "Oh ... So, are you going to New York?"

Say no.

Say no.

Don't do this to him.

Please.

Don't be selfish.

Lisa was going to be so disappointed of her if she did.

"Actually, this weekend I thought a lot about this matter and decided that it would be good if I lend it to Jungkook. He didn't

work alone on it, of course, but he deserves it"

*(a/n: *takes the guitar again and screams**

"Really?"

Was she serious? Like, for real?

Since the first moment was all Jungkook's work but Lisa could let pass her best friend's arrogance if she was going to do the correct thing. A long time ago Lisa learned that it was for the best to just follow her game.

"And it is. I told Mr. Jung about paying my place myself if they can also give the chance to Jungkook and he said he was going to talk with the administration of NYU to verify. I think it will end up good, don't you think? It's so good! I can't wait to know the reply "

"Oh ..."

Lisa felt her heart tighten with pain, so that was it, that would end it all. If she told Chaeyoung the truth, she was going to make a call and cancel everything, she was explosive when angry and Lisa knew better than trigger her. And she must be happy for her and for him, but she couldn't stop feeling so horrible that she couldn't breathe properly.

"You didn't mention Jungkook anything, right? I want it to be a surprise," Chaeyoung spoke without paying much attention, lost in her own world. Then she laughed charmingly. "I'm being dumb, you didn't come early this morning to work. You haven't seen him yet. He looks cute today, he's wearing a yellow sweatshirt, it's so new from him "

Was he? For real?

Lisa became even more distressed, foolishly about something as simple as not seeing him dressed in yellow. Surely his skin would glow more, the yellow contrasting with his black hair. It was such a beautiful and unusual color from him.

Was it because of her?

"Really?" she asked weakly, fiddling with her nails. Her heart was starting to ache, heavy in her chest.

"Yes," Chaeyoung nodded. "He seems so happy today, we talked a little bit and all," she added simply as if he hadn't just hit her. Jungkook was very happy, was it because of the kiss? Was it because of her? "Ah, Lisa I like him so much. I can't wait to go to New York with him. I want to show him the Washington Square Park, he will go crazy for the street art"

It didn't matter if he was happy for her, nothing mattered anymore.

Lisa couldn't tell her, Jungkook's scholarship was in the game and he was about to get it, she couldn't ruin it for him...

Her eyes filled with sad tears and one fell onto the book in her

lap, it was unexpected and it surprised her. She didn't cry, not like that, not in situations like this, what was going on?

"I have to go, sorry," she got up and left the place so fast that she didn't even give Chaeyoung time to speak.

More tears ran down her cheeks, she couldn't control them. She wanted them to stop right now but it was impossible. They were heavy and full of the strongest pain, it was real fucking pain.

Chaeyoung couldn't see her like that, no one could. How would she explain it?

She couldn't even vocalize how deep her heart fell, it burned like a burn, it burned up to her closed throat. It was like a fist tightening her neck, harder and harder.

She ran into the classroom where her next final was going to be, it was empty because it was still early. She sat in the back, trying to control her breathing to stop the tears but she couldn't. Her happiness lasted less than 24 hours, it had only been 10 hours and 15 minutes since she kissed Jungkook and she already knew that that had been the only and last kiss.

She lost him.

She had to let him go.

It didn't matter the moments or the words or how deeply in love she was.

Professor Lee entered the room humming a song, he wouldn't have noticed Lisa if it wasn't for the hiccup that reached his ears. The tall man turned and noticed her in the back of the room, getting immediately worried.

"Miss Manoban? Is it you? " He moved closer, tilting his head to the side.

Lisa raised her face, startled, she hadn't heard him arrive. She quickly wiped the tears away. "Yeah, sorry, I'm-" She wrinkled her face and covered her mouth as she felt another sob coming.

Shit, she couldn't stop.

Everything was terrible at the time. Her mind was full of mixed images.

"You know that I like him, right?" Chaeyoung was back, Lisa could remember her in the kitchen of her apartment, squeezing a sponge. Lisa must have stopped that first time, she should have walked away after that.

No, she should have walked away from the first "He likes Chaeyoung".

But it was difficult. It was hard to avoid him when he came in every Monday with a stupid bottle of chocomilk. Or when he smiled at her even though he sure thought she talked too much and was crazy. Or when he lent her a pencil in every English class. It was

stupid but every single thing felt so important for Lisa. The little details were as precious as the big ones like him taking care of her in every fucking chance he had.

It was hard not to feel proud of him for having improved so much in English or for each new tattoo he posted on his Instagram account. It was damn hard not to fall in love with him when he was the sweetest man existing in the world.

It was even harder to let him go now that she knew how good it felt to be in his arms.

"Why are you crying? What happened? This is the first time that you are early for my class and you are crying?" he asked in a slightly desperate tone, taking a seat in the armchair next to her.

"No-Nothing, sorry," Lisa shook her head, covering her face. But she was still trembling, her nose was snotty and it was hard to breathe but every time she opened her mouth new sobs were coming.

"What happened? You all never cry for my exams, so what is it? A boyfriend dumped you for finals? That happens all the time, you two will be together after the stress," he spoke quickly, looking for a way to turn off the tears. Lisa wasn't blaming him, she was trying too. "But you shouldn't get him back, that's the type that dumps you in the altar too," he added with a witty tone.

It would have been funny if she didn't feel so miserable.

"I don't have a boyfriend," and the thought that she wasn't going to have one, especially Jungkook, made her want to cry more.

(a/n: honestly, a mood)

"What is it then? Do you need water? Can you please stop? I am scared, Miss Manoban "

"I can't stop right now!" she snapped at him, raising her face.

Mr. Lee lifted his hands in peace. "Okay, okay, don't yell at me, I'm just panicking. I'm not good with women crying, that's why I'm never here this early "

Yeah, she was really scaring him.

Lisa took a deep breath, sniffing. "Sorry, I will stop," she mumbled but the hiccups made her look more devastated.

He watched her silently, it was rare to see the brightest person he had ever seen like this. It was as if she were surrounded by dark clouds, all the smiles vanished, the glow was turned off and she was just a little mess of tears and red cheeks. And it was impressive how even this way, she was still so beautiful.

"I think you should keep going, honestly. You look like you need it," he advised her, knowing full well that no one could be okay all the time as she seemed to be and she was crying in a way that showed she was doing it for the first time in a long time and for

many things. "What happened?" he asked when he felt her sobs calmer.

"If I tell you my story, you will have mercy on me in this exam?" she said in a small voice, trying to lighten the dramatic situation.

"No, what kind of professor do you think I am?" he looked so offended and the little act made her laugh softly. "Tell me, it was a boy?" Lisa nodded and he sighed. "It's always a boy. Is he even hot? I noticed that you all always cry for the ugly one "

His funny way of speaking managed to calm her down a bit, at least enough to stop her shed tears.

"No, he is really handsome"

"Okay, that's new," he nodded. Silence surrounded them and Lisa was able to take more deep breaths, staring at a blank spot to focus. She had to stop, stop thinking for a moment, and stop the ideas that were tormenting her.

It was shit but with tears she was not going to solve anything, it was stupid to cry now, however not even her logic could stop the desire she had to jump into her bed and shed more tears.

Mr. Lee smiled at her when he saw her better. "Oh you stopped crying, thank God"

"I don't really want to talk about it, I have to stop crying," Lisa admitted, she felt like a bomb about to honestly explode in tears and sobs and broken pieces.

"Thank God, again," he sighed dramatically.

Lisa giggled quietly, appreciating the good humor.

"By the way, I'm so sad this is our last class, I'd love to see you coming here in time more times. But miracles just happen once," he added and she finally let out a bubbly laugh.

"How many centimeters is a meter?" Jimin muttered, panicking because he was in the middle of a very important exercise for his practical final of Structures III and he couldn't remember the literally most basic thing and if he didn't remember that he couldn't make scales for the drawings. His mind was so screwed up after three exams that he couldn't REMEMBER HOW MANY CENTIMETERS A METER IS.

None of his friends paid attention to him. He was in the living room with his drawing board on the coffee table and surrounded by paper sheets. Jungkook had taken over the dinner table, while Taehyung had his sheets on the kitchen counter.

Jimin was the only one studying anyway.

"Hyung, can I have coffee too?" Jungkook asked his Hyung, sheets abandoned like a little kid in the supermarket. No one was going to notice them till someone took a microphone and yelled MISSED

CHILD.

"Yep, I made a lot," Taehyung nodded as he picked up another cup from one of the white kitchen cabinets. "Did Lisa reply?" he asked.

"How many centimeters is a meter?"

"No but I think she is busy, I haven't seen her these last days," Jungkook shrugged, feigning a calm he wasn't feeling. His insecurities grew stronger every minute but he was really trying not to overthink. "It's weird but I am okay"

Was he?

"If you say so," Taehyung shrugged as well, pouring coffee. That didn't help much and Jungkook felt the need to justify the situation more.

"How many centimeters is a meter?"

"I mean, I'm sure she's busy with subjects. She hasn't gone to work either," he added, it was true, he had stopped by the ice cream shop several times in hopes of finding her.

"Did you check?" Taehyung raised an eyebrow and handed him his cup of coffee, Jungkook muttered a thank you.

"Yeah... Lucas, the boy working with her, said he was taking all her shifts," and he didn't seem strange when he said it, like he was lying. Jungkook had no reason to doubt her anyway, if she was missing she really must be busy.

"She must be really busy, Jennie is too, she goes crazy," this time her Hyung's words calmed him, making him feel less delusional. Silencing the insecure voices in his head was difficult, so Jungkook really needed some reassurance. Besides the kiss, he was still dreaming with that kiss every night. Just thinking about it could light up his mood.

"How many centimeters is a meter, GOD, HOW MANY?!"

"You seem too calm, Hyung," the youngest said with some amusement. He himself had already had several crises while studying but Taehyung seemed even disinterested.

"I am actually internally screaming," he admitted seriously as if he had just said, *"it's sunny today."*

"WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER HOW MANY CENTIMETERS IS A METER?!", Jimin screamed with desperation, tears rolling down his eyes. He was in the middle of a mental breakdown. "HOW THE FUCK I CAN'T REMEMBER THE MOST BASIC THINGS? AM I STUPID? I CAN'T FUCKING REMEMBER, MY MIND IS BLANK. I FEEL LIKE DYING. TOMORROW I WILL SIT THERE IN THE EXAM AND DIE BECAUSE I CAN'T REMEMBER SHIT LIKE THIS "

"IT'S 1000 JIMIN, SHUT THE FUCK UP," Taehyung growled at him.

Jimin went mad, literally. "DON'T YELL AT ME DUMBASS AND IT'S ACTUALLY 100, DON'T YOU SEE THE CEN PART?"

Taehyung smiled. "See? You remember "

...

...

...

"Oh ..."

Jungkook stifled a laugh. "Hyung, you should take a break. You're too... anxious," he was actually going crazy but Jungkook didn't want to annoy him more.

"I am okay," Jimin said proudly.

"Yeah sure," Taehyung scoffed.

"Why aren't you two studying? ARE YOU TWO IDIOTS? OUT OF YOUR MIND?" and there he was, altered again.

"I already studied," Taehyung replied.

"YOU ARE LYING, I WILL CALL JENNIE IF YOU DON'T SIT HERE AND SOLVE ALL YOUR SHIT"

"Damn, don't project your crisis on me"

Jimin took his phone.

"Fine, fine, you win," Taehyung pouted, feeling really betrayed. "Tsk, I already know this, I don't need to practice," he mumbled.

"And you stop checking your phone loser, Lisa won't make you pass your finals!" he attacked Jungkook then.

"But-"

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU TWO? STUDY! DO SOMETHING! JUNGKOOK LEAVE YOUR FUCKING PHONE, GODDAMMIT! "

With so much crazy old woman screaming, Jimin got them to sit quietly, but it didn't last long.

"I think I will cut my hair," Jungkook muttered after a few seconds. Instead of reading what he should have, he had looked at the ends of his hair. It had become annoying to have it in the face and handle it.

Okay, Jimin was listening. Taehyung looked at him curiously. "Why?"

"Why now?"

Jungkook ruffled the long strands and pulled them back, showing his forehead. "I met Lisa's mother last Sunday and she really hates me, I think that if I cut my hair that would be more adequate. Maybe? Bambam said she doesn't care about her parents' opinions but I wouldn't like to cause some problem for something so dumb"

(a/n: im sad)

"Lisa's mother had to come and tell you that your hair is a mess for you to realize?"

"Her parents left to Thailand yesterday, Jennie told me. I don't

think it's necessary "

Jimin elbowed him. "It is necessary"

It was, Jungkook wanted to do things right. He didn't want more rich parents hating him, he couldn't remove the tattoos but he could wear long-sleeved shirts and cut his hair to give a more appropriate image.

What would Lisa think of this?

He was dying to show her.

(a/n: cake hon you are a bitch)

Jungkook was sitting at the desk in his room, with thousands of note sheets scattered and books piled up in a corner, on the verge of falling. The next morning he had a very busy exam but he was still checking his phone every five minutes, anxious and impatient.

Lisa still showed no signs of life. It was Wednesday and he still didn't see her, it was as if she had evaporated from the earth. She wasn't in the hallways, she wasn't working on the mural, she wasn't working at the ice cream shop, he hadn't even seen her from afar in the campus.

She hadn't even shown herself on social media, and he checked her Instagram accounts every day. But there was no trace of Lisa, she really must be busy.

Yeah, he wanted to believe that even though the situation was so similar to that one after their first kiss, when he took her home and she was drunk. Lisa had also disappeared, but Sorn had told him that she was sick.

It felt like it had happened so long ago.

He felt there was something else, like this time. As if she was avoiding him, as if she... No, she couldn't be upset by the kiss, she wouldn't have responded like she did if she hadn't wanted that kiss.

It could just be his mind, he dealt with those ideas of social anxiety since he was a preteen. Maybe it was just in his head and Lisa was really busy, it was a busy week anyway and she had mentioned to him before that she was always studying at the last minute.

But why was he still waiting for her to talk to him first?

He was the boy. The man approaching first was something traditional, maybe she expected that of him too.

Jungkook grabbed his phone and logged onto Instagram, hoping to find that Lisa had posted a story. He had her notifications turned on as the stalker he was, and he hadn't received any, but maybe it was a mistake.

And no, it was not a mistake.

God, Jungkook calm down.

But he was so anxious, an invisible hand clenched his chest and his bare feet curled on the ground.

He should talk to her and try ...

But she was busy

But maybe she would have a moment to answer

But surely he was going to bother her and he didn't want to ruin her study hours

But it was only a few minutes

Shit.

He stood up and started walking around his room, nibbling on his thumb.

Would she answer?

What should he say?

It must be casual, not very intense because otherwise, she would think he was anxious. He was being anxious but she didn't have to know.

He took his phone and opened her chat, smiling immediately to see that the last message Lisa had sent was last week, when she answered some of his questions.

"Goodnight, Jungkook💎"

She always sent yellow hearts, but it wasn't unusual, Lisa always found a way to express her favorite color and the warmth it represented.

Should he greet her with a yellow heart too?

"Hey, are you there?"

Nah, delete, too intense.

"Lisaaaaaaaa ..."

No, delete, annoying.

"Hey💎"

That was good.

And now he had to send it.

Hehe...

Damn...

He had already done this before, why was he so anxious? He was being stupid.

Come on, Jungkook.

Let's get it!

It was that before they had not kissed, but it was just a kiss, a beautiful and intense kiss that had changed his life but a kiss, just that. They were both adults, working, studying, who done more things than just kissing before, he could do this.

Send

OH FUCK

FUCK

FUCK

He threw his phone to the bed.

God.

He took it again, in the foolish hope that she was already responding although it was obvious that wasn't going to happen.

He had to wait, he had to take a deep breath and wait.

BUT WAITING WAS A SHIT.

Maybe listen to music?

Yes, that would help.

But the first thing that played when he pressed the random button in his liked songs was Yellow Hearts by Ant Saunders. A song he found and saved simply because it reminded him of Lisa.

Fuck...

Jaewon Oppa

hi barbie

hey

It's not funny if you don't

reply hi ken

oh

sorry

are you okay lisa?

yes, i am

just a little bit stressed

i miss seeing you barbie

oppaa

it's been just two days

im busy studying

i know

me too

oh

sorry

i didn't mean to sound

so selfish

i have enough taken pics

so im skipping those things

(a/n: you're skipping jungkook pussy ass bitch)

you still have to take the last ones

the kids here are about to finish it

it's so beautiful

and everyone misses you

do you need something oppa?

yes

i actually do
can we meet one of these days?
i need more of your pics for the documentary
sure, tell me when

"Is that Jaewon?" Chaeyoung asked from behind the sofa, she was going to tell her that dinner was ready but her eyes read the name of the attractive boy and she smiled. Happy to know that he and Lisa were close and texting.

Lisa nodded disinterestedly and left her phone locked on her side, focusing back on her laptop on the couch, just in front of Leo curled in the space between her legs. Her heart felt so heavy that all she wanted to do was focus on studying, she had to do it anyway. Dark circles were marked under her eyes due to the sleepless nights and the stress of so many exams in the same week, information mingling in her overloaded brain.

"Didn't he just invite you to a date?" Chaeyoung took her phone and unlocked it to read the conversation.

Lisa shook her head. "He just wants to work for the documentary"

"Lisa, c'mon, you're not that naive," she laughed. "Give him a chance, he's so into you"

"But .." she was going to say she wasn't interested but the characteristic sound of a new notification cut the conversation and Lisa could swear she felt the room cool, a tense silence stunning her. She turned her head to see her friend and noticed her serious expression. "What it is?"

"Jungkook sent you a text," she said and gave her her phone. "I thought you weren't talking to him anymore"

And Lisa wasn't doing it.

She would usually talk to him after one of her night shifts so he could walk her to the bus station but she hadn't done it the last week, even when she felt so insecure the first time she did it without him. Sometimes they just shared a few words and nothing else but she loved having him with her, she felt safe and comfortable in silence.

And those days she hadn't even gone to work to avoid any kind of opportunity to see him. She couldn't see him face to face after that kiss, because she knew she had to tell him bullshit and turn him down... again.

"Dinner is ready, come when you're done," Chaeyoung said coldly.

Lisa opened Jungkook's message with her heart in her mouth, which started to madly race after reading the cute little message.

Jungkook

Hey💎

It was the first time he had sent her a heart and confirmed what it hurt the most, Jungkook was genuinely interested in her. Jungkook had intentionally kissed her, he stole her breath away, he already had her heart, and he was now searching for her.

The last long days, Lisa had been psyched up with the silly idea that Jungkook had surely forgotten it since he hadn't tried to contact her but now it was clear, he had taken long because he was like that, just shy.

Gosh, Lisa wanted to jump into his arms so much. She wanted to hide her face in his neck and don't say anything.

But then she turned on the couch, moving Leo off her lap. Chaeyoung was sitting there, already fiddling with her food.

With the same hands that held the chopsticks, she held Jungkook's future in her hands. Maybe nothing would happen if they left or maybe yes, but something was certain and that was that Lisa had to let him go and it was better now.

(a/n: ITS SO FUCKING HARD TO JUST TEXT HIM LALISA?!)

In the second place of their chats was the name of Jaewon. There was the guy who was interested in her, who had always flirted with her and even invited her on a date, dedicating a song to her. The simple guy who wouldn't complicate her best friend relationship.

He would never be Jungkook, but it would help her to forget him.

Jaewon

let's make it a date oppa

(a/n: i hate her so fucking much you all don't understand)

And when Lisa told Chaeyoung, she squealed with happiness, saying, "You guys are going to be the most beautiful couple in Seoul, Lisa!"

(a/n: no! NO! GOD NO! NOOOOOOOOOO)

And it wasn't going to last, Lisa knew it but she hoped it would last long enough to keep her away from Jungkook.

(a/n: i wrote his and i hate it so much omg. this is the editor cake from the future hating the author cake)

It was a hectic morning. The mural was so close to be completed and everyone was eager to finish the job at once. Jungkook had finished his part but as he watched Seulgi and another senior play around and chat about how they'd been lucky enough to be a part of this before graduating, he thought it would be a good idea to film them for the documentary.

So he went looking for Jaewon, who was where Lisa always sat, with his laptop and phone in hand.

Jungkook felt an anxiety pressure in his chest, Lisa had never answered his message and more than twelve hours had already

passed, she had not even seen his Instagram story. His Gen Z heart was heartbroken.

He swallowed it down because it wasn't time to focus on that, the discomfort lingered anyway. "Hyung"

"Yeah?" Jaewon looked up from his phone.

"I think you should film Seulgi Sunbaenim right now, she's sharing amazing experiences," he kindly advised him, not wanting to sound arrogant in case his words were misinterpreted.

Jaewon nodded with interest just as Chaeyoung reached his side. "Jungkook, can you-"

"Sorry, but I have to study a few things before lunch," he quickly apologized, he was not lying in any way.

"Oh," she frowned in disappointment and he was tempted to give in but even if Lisa wasn't around he still didn't want to give any encouraging signs. Also, studying, he had to, he had a History of Art II final in two hours. Impressionism was waiting for him.

"Just let me reply to Lisa's texts and I will go," Jaewon told him before refocusing on his phone.

It was like a blow to the stomach, a real fucking blow to the stomach. Jungkook had suffered a kick there when he was younger and was doing taekwondo, it had left him breathless for long seconds, numbing his whole body when all he could hear was his own heartbeats in his years. It was exactly how he was feeling now.

Lisa was talking to Jaewon? She was replying to his texts?

*(a/n: *takes a deep breath*)*

Chaeyoung chuckled next to him, with obvious mischief she leaned in to murmur to him. "I told you they have something, they're having a date tonight"

(a/n: ofc this bitch is taking advantage of this, OF FUCKING COURSE)

They are having a what?

No

It couldn't be.

Lisa wouldn't do that.

Lisa wasn't like that.

It was a misunderstanding.

IT WAS A MISUNDERSTANDING.

And like a coward, Jungkook just left, unwilling to ask Jaewon if it was true or to text Lisa to find out.

She wasn't going to answer him anyway.

But why the hell was she not responding?

He made it clear to her with that kiss that the only one he wanted was her, he ended her stupid beliefs about him being interested in her friend, and she kissed him back. She was honest with her lips,

with her body, with her gaze, even with all her damn breathing. She couldn't have faked that.

This was a misunderstanding.

He wasn't crazy, he wasn't fucking delusional.

"Jungkook, wait!" Chaeyoung grabbed his arm to stop him and he took a deep breath because he just wanted to get rid of her right now and go. He had things to study and stop thinking about this. Monet, Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Matisse, all those bitches were waiting for him and they were going to hurt less than this.

"What?" he sighed out.

"I have something to tell you," she said softly but her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Can we go outside?" She pointed to the doors of the building.

He sighed and nodded, following her.

They both sat on a nearby bench, under the shade of a tree. Chaeyoung sat sideways to look at him, hands clasped in her lap while her smile was big on her pretty face. "So, you won't believe this," she began. "A few days ago I got an email from the Painting Faculty, they offered me a scholarship for New York"

Oh...

He couldn't give less a shit and he didn't understand why was she telling him this but well, okay.

"Wow, that's... that's really cool, Chaeng," he complimented her, forcing himself to look more cheerful. She was not the one to blame for his sudden sadness.

(a/n: that's debatable)

"No, no, listen," his voice sounded even happier. "It was for the mural, they loved the final work so I told them it was *also* your design and that I can pay my place there so the scholarship can be for you and they told me yes!!!!" and she jumped into his arms, wrapping his neck in an excited hug.

...

What?

She did that?

For him?

Why?

Jungkook didn't know what to say or how to react, this was awkward because... uh, he wasn't interested. Why would he want to go to New York?

That was literally in the other side of the world, he had a family to take care of, and a business, and he was happy there. I mean, not so happy with the current situation but happy in general.

"What do you think?" She looked at him expectantly, both hands resting on his shoulders.

"Uh ..."

"Aren't you excited?" she frowned.

Jungkook lowered her hands and thought of what to say even though he was blank.

"What's wrong?"

"Chaeng I ...," he cocked his head and grimaced uncomfortably, showing his teeth. "I really appreciate what you did but ... I don't want a scholarship"

*(a/n: *plays circus song for her and lisa*)*

Chaeyoung couldn't believe it, her face was completely transformed. "What?" her voice was barely audible.

"I'm really sorry but ... I don't want that"

"How could you not want that? It's a big opportunity! "

"Chaeng, listen, my dream is not that and not there"

She pouted disappointed, really shocked at the new news. "But-"

"I'm so happy for you," he said honestly and gave her a small smile.

And left her alone on the bench. His heart was aching right now and he couldn't care less about her.

(a/n: lmfao as if he ever cared about her)

So there they were, in a nice and casual restaurant in Hongdae. It was not very elegant but very cozy, Jaewon had told her that there they made the best meat in all of Seoul and Lisa had confirmed it.

Going had been difficult, she had almost gone back home three times but she had a mission to accomplish and she knew it was for the best. Although even herself and her unconscious had almost made her miss the date by falling asleep for the first time in days, Lisa had barely managed to get up before it was too late, mistaking Jungkook's shirt for her own without realizing it.

So there she was, wearing the huge t-shirt of the boy from her heart that weighed heavily on her body. Jungkook's essence was still lingering but it was making her feel bluer.

The talk had been good, the food too, they had already worked on the documentary and it had been as comfortable as ever, he even distracted her from her aching heart and made her laugh, she even took funny and happy photos. She was a good actress in hiding a broken heart, which supported this farce despite how much it cost it to beat for him.

There was nothing wrong with Jaewon, she couldn't find a flaw in him, but he wasn't Jungkook. He was so different from Jungkook that he made her miss him.

God, she had to end that shit, she was going crazy. She had barely managed to do her exams well, she couldn't sleep well or

relax, just taking photos distracted her and still gave her money, but she felt so bad.

The best thing was to do it quickly, she already wasted enough time during the night in the middle of the indecision and regret that were fighting in her chest.

"Oppa," she called him while he was eating.

"Yes?" He looked at her, resting his chin on his hand as his typical playful smile ran down his lips. He was so attractive.

Lisa took a deep breath and smiled. *Just do it, Lisa, just do it.* "Would you date me?"

As she expected, that surprised Jaewon who raised both eyebrows and gave out a short laugh. Clearly startled. She smiled nervously, fine, she did it, everything was going to be solved now, right?

"Are you serious?" he asked, not excited but amused.

Lisa nodded.

Jaewon lowered his head with a smile for seconds like he was thinking about it. Then he looked at her with something that seemed a sweet feeling for her and said: "Lisa you don't want this"

...

...

...

"What?" she asked genuinely surprised. She was not expecting this, maybe a no but not so much because it was obvious that he was interested in her.

"I am a 26 years old man, I've dated many girls in all these years and trust me, none of them was in love with another guy," Jaewon was not afraid to spit the truth in her face, but keeping his friendly and relaxed tone.

"Wha-what?" she widened her eyes.

Was she so obvious?

Jaewon set the chopsticks on the table and crossed his arms, resting them on the table. "Why are you doing this, Lisa?" He didn't seem to be blaming her for anything but it made her nervous, being caught in something like that wasn't easy.

"I ...," she stuttered, not knowing what to say.

Why was she doing this?

She was desperate, goddammit, not even herself knew what the fuck she was doing.

(a/n: FIGURE IT OUT STUPID BITCH)

"I know you don't like me, I would love you to do it and I would love to date a girl like you, but not when you are thinking in another man"

That simple phrase hit her like a truck.

She knew someone who had done the same thing for a long time,

someone so vile that she had lied and twisted the story... Tzuyu.

Lisa was acting like Tzuyu.

She planned to use Jaewon to forget about Jungkook and it pained her to realize that she would hurt him if she finally got a chance to be with Jungkook. She was so pathetic, she had been very arrogant in believing herself better than her when she was actually a piece of trash like Tzuyu.

A clown.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I'm really sorry. I... I don't know what's wrong with me but I am sorry," she bowed multiple times, clasping her hands together, regretful. She couldn't believe what she had tried to do, how fucked up was she? For real.

"Calm down, Barbie, It's not that deep," he tried to comfort her but it was impossible.

It was fucking deep, she saw herself how much it hurt to someone being in that situation, she saw Jungkook's pain and she still came here and tried to fuck up someone else in the same way. In what moment she turned out being such a bitch?

"I'm so sorry for even thinking about it," she pleaded, truly distressed. She was feeling so shitty.

(a/n: as you should)

"At least you are sorry, but I don't blame you," he shrugged, keeping his smile. "Would you tell me why you want to suddenly date me? I know you are interested in Jungkook and he is into you too, the poor kid looks like a lost puppy every time you're not around. Sorry, but he's really funny to mess with"

She hesitated, but he deserved an explanation and frankly, the situation was drowning her even more. She couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep, she couldn't breathe and it had been just a few days, how was she going to cope with this for more days? For the rest of the summer?

Lisa took a deep breath and told him everything, appreciating that he listened carefully to her for all that lasted. He didn't judge her and let her finish while he continued eating, it was even incredible that he didn't make any expression and that helped her to continue, feeling embarrassed and silly because once she vocalized this whole story she realized that she was a big and damn dumbfuck. Bambam was right.

However, Jaewon took the problem from another point: "Lisa, listen, Jungkook is an adult"

"I know that?" she said confused, not quite knowing where this was coming from.

"He is old enough to make his own decisions and he chose you but you think you can move him from right to left like he was a

flower pot in your apartment. You can't just gift him to your best friend for her to take him to New York and expect him to accept it "

She was doing that?

But she...

"I ... I wasn't ..."

But she did, she defended Jungkook and said he was not an object but she was sinning in the same way herself. Had she ever even taken his feelings into account?

Or was she so blind that his opinion had never crossed her mind?

(a/n: look at her, using her brain for once)

He never told her that he liked Chaeyoung, he was never direct with anything regarding her best friend. In fact, the only time he confessed was when he said: *"I like you so fucking much, Lalisa."*

"Oh no"

She was an idiot.

"Do you know if he even wants to go to New York? If he even cares about that?"

She shook her head, not even wanting to object and say that anyone would like that. Jungkook wasn't anyone, he was Jungkook.

"That's disrespectful to him, you're not thinking in him as a person with his own mind, you're just making decisions for him"

"Am I that controlling?" she asked surprised.

"It seems so," he sighed and looked at her with genuine resignation. "Sadly, you put yourself in this situation and you have to choose now, is Chaeyoung or is Jungkook"

Lisa felt another lump in her throat. She had screwed up, really screwed up.

This had been useless, absolutely useless. Lisa hated to think and talk about her feelings because she always ended like this, full of guilt and overwhelming feelings that she couldn't control.

She was terrified and in pain, she wanted to cry again, and scream until she was voiceless. Maybe run away too.

But wasn't that what she had just done? Running to another guy's arms uselessly.

Fortunately, Jaewon had stopped her.

"It's scary, right?" He laughed lightly, of course, it would have been annoying if his presence wasn't calming. "Don't worry, you will find a way to solve it. But there's something you have to know and maybe will make things easier "

"What it is?"

"I saw Jimin and Chaeyoung kissing"

What?

Jimin and Chaeyoung?

That caught her off guard, Lisa knew there was a strong, weird

vibe between them but Chaeyoung was so into Jungkook that Lisa never thought she would have Jimin in mind.

What the hell?

"From the way they were kissing, I don't think she likes Jungkook as much as she says"

(a/n: let's stop for a second, what do you think about jaewon and this scene?)

(a/n: the way i consider myself talented just for being able to write this while vibing bangbangcon. i'm living converse high right not in such a way you all don't understand)

roses_are_rosie

see this

i told you

[roses_are_rosie has sent a post]

Jungkook couldn't read anymore, feeling that he ran out of air as his finger slid down to the second photo.

It was happening back, he didn't want to believe it but it was happening again.

Today I kiss you but tomorrow I will date him.

She was even wearing her shirt, as some kind of cruel, mean joke.

He put his phone down on the desk and slid into his chair to the center of his room, gripping the now shorter strands of his black hair.

That kiss had been a farce, it had all been a damn stupid illusion of his desperate heart, of his complete desperation to be loved.

Chaeyoung, Lisa's fucking best friend, had told him before the truth. She had seen that Lisa was interested in Jaewon first. Shit, even he had seen it with his own damn eyes, he saw her with him, he saw that she even went to a date with him to a fucking date, he was there too but he had been blinded by Lisa's kind treatment.

She always treated him like a fucking friend, from the very first moment she told him they were meant to be just fucking friends. Lisa told him and repeated it after their first kiss. She was fucking clear, she could stare at him with desire and kiss him back, but she was still just showing the friend card.

But he was the damn fool to believe that there was something else, the damn fool who believed he could make someone like her fall in love with him. He was still a damn loser, it didn't matter if he had grown, it didn't matter if he had worked out to look like now, it didn't matter what he did or how much he tried to get the girl.

He was a simple and stupid loser.

Why did he believe Bambam? Why did he let himself be dragged

into doing so much for something that didn't make sense? Why did he have his heart on his sleeve again like a fool?

He did so many stupid things for her.

He wasn't going to blame her, it was all his own fault AGAIN.

What was wrong with him? What was his big flaw? Why was it so difficult for someone to love him? Why couldn't anyone love him? What the fuck was wrong with him?

Why was he so hard to love?

Was he so horrible that no one had ever thought of loving him?

Tzuyu had never been able to and neither had Lisa. They had both preferred someone better and they had both used him, played with him. Because yes, Lisa fucking did that, maybe she was using him to make Jaewon jealous too.

"Remember that she still grew up in a family like mine, like a girl like me, so she can't be so different," Tzuyu had warned him as well.

And it was true, it had been in front of his eyes all this time.

Lisa was not so different.

But he realized that too late because his heart was already broken.

(a/n: trust me i hate doing this shit as much as you hate it)

in moments like this im just happy that you all don't know where i live

sooooo, hehe, this is awkward. but if you didn't see it coming, were you really reading this fanfiction?

sOmEoNe told me she felt like throwing up after this whole experience, can you relate? bc honestly i wanna know if it was really sad, i mean, im not a pro at writing angst so...



what lisa did was fucked up at new levels, do you think jungkook should forgive her?

if you say yes, lets talk bc honestly sis, im judging you.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 i mean i don't think some of you all could like it??? but damn bitch give a vote at least for the writing

btw, i swear this story has a happy ending and it will compensate all the suffering

Chapter 30

ok ok ok first of all, sorry for taking so long, I really wanted to write all this phase fast but i was busy and also overthinking and getting new ideas and talking about it with my friends (who also helped a lot thank you so much ) so i guess it was for the best????? anyway, hope you like it 

TRIGGER WARNING: you won't have a good time here too

Jungkook

hey

r u up

we need to talk

it's important

Lisa texted Jungkook while she was on the bus on the way home, more than thirty minutes ago exactly, but he wasn't responding and it was strange. Jungkook always had his phone on at night; In one of their night conversations, he had told her that he liked listening to music at night and always had it plugged.

At going down at the bus stop, she looked at her phone and noticed that the messages were not delivering.

The feeling that gripped her body could only be called fear.

It was like when she was a teenager and she had argued with Chaeyoung about something so dumb that she couldn't even remember what it was anymore. They had not spoken to each other for days, very proud to surrender and both were on vacation anyway, one was in Marbella and the other in Bora Bora. But Lisa called her at the end and Chaeyoung didn't reply, the fear of losing her and the realization that she had just fucked up really bad hit her then and Lisa spent hours worried, with a sad heart and a mood so low that even her mother got concerned.

Chaeyoung didn't answer because she was on the beach, she forgot her phone at the hotel. Everything was fine already and she was really calm and happy.

But those hours were horrendous, full of panic and uncertainty. Did she hate her? Wouldn't they be friends anymore? This was the end?

Well, Lisa was feeling that way again and there was no way for her to calm down.

As she entered the building, she dialed his number. The path to

the elevator was blurry, she was so nervous she was nibbling on her thumb and she felt herself drown in a toxic cloud of fear and questions.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

Well, he could have his phone turned off.

Or maybe he had it in the not disturb mode.

But why would he do that, Jungkook used his phone to work except for when he was in class and of course, he wasn't in class at 1AM nor sleeping.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

Maybe it was off.

Yes.

Maybe it was off.

She opened their conversation again.

"Not delivered"

"Not delivered"

"Not delivered"

"Not delivered"

She had a good connection, why the hell weren't they delivering?

Shit.

It couldn't be, he couldn't have blocked her.

Why would he do it?

Yes, she had been ghosting him for days but he wouldn't block her for something like that, right?

Her date with Jaewon hit her then, it had been a bad move but Jungkook couldn't know the reality of the matter, he couldn't have seen that and if he did, Jaewon had made things clear. They were friends, just friends.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

This couldn't be happening, he wouldn't do it, why would he?

Lisa was panicking so bad that she had started walking around in the elevator like a maniac.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

"This number is not available-"

"aT tHe MoMeNt LeAvE a MeSsAgE. I KNOW, FUCK, I KNOW!" she yelled at her phone, she was angry and frustrated.

Lisa had to speak to Jungkook, damn it. She had no idea what the hell she was going to say but she needed to talk to him, she knew she would know what to do if she saw him again, shit, if she kissed him again.

She had to explain this to him, had to explain why she had ignored him for days. Jungkook would understand about

Chaeyoung, right? Would he understand? He was compassionate and empathetic, he would understand.

Jaewon told her that he was an adult and forced her to see him for what he was, he showed her the reality of her horrible and controlling actions. Lisa had complicated everything but she could still fix it, she had faith in herself, there was nothing she couldn't accomplish.

Especially now that things were served on a silver tray.

Jungkook chose her and Lisa just had to damnly accept it and fix this.

She wanted him, damn it, she wanted him so bad it hurt, she wanted him so bad that she had run away crying like an idiot in the middle of a class in front of a damn professor like she was in some stupid highschool kdrama. Why was she still refusing to accept it? Her best friend was important but she could understand, it would take time, but Lisa would work hard to get her forgiveness.

Lisa could have them both if she tried hard enough.

But first, she had to talk to Jungkook about the NYC scholarship and what had happened. Maybe they couldn't be together until she sorted things out with Chaeyoung, but Lisa needed him to know that she wanted him. She had kept him on hold while thinking as if he were a dog and she felt so shit about herself.

BUT HOW WOULD SHE TALK TO HIM IF SHE WAS BLOCKED?

WHY THE HELL DID HE BLOCK HER ANYWAY?

Did he finally get tired of her? He got tired of her lack of response and her stupid push and pull?

Lisa walked off the elevator with her heart in her mouth, agitated, she refused to accept that she had crossed the line. It couldn't be too late, not just now when she finally made up her mind for him.

"Hey," Chaeyoung greeted her in surprise, she was sitting at her desk finishing her Moving Image project when Lisa stormed into her room, directly to take her phone. Lisa needed to call Jungkook from there a verify if she was really blocked or just being paranoid. "Why so agitated?"

Lisa froze when she unlocked the phone; Chaeyoung's cute selfie that was the lock screen disappeared when it recognized Lisa's fingerprint and an Instagram conversation was shown.

jjk97

see this

i told you

What is this...?

What the hell is this?

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

Lisa looked up at her best friend, totally stunned, feeling the betrayal run through her veins like burning fire.

"Why did you do this?" she asked with a trembling voice, even her hands were shaking due to the fury that was taking over her.

"What did I do?" Chaeyoung tilted her head, clueless, innocent, the devil disguised as a lamb.

Lisa showed her the screen, waiting for a damn reasonable explanation. Why the hell did Chaeyoung send this to Jungkook? WHY THE HELL HAD SHE DONE THAT?

THIS WAS THE EXPLANATION, THERE WAS THE REASON OF WHY LISA HAD BEEN BLOCKED.

JUNGKOOK WAS PROBABLY THINKING THAT SHE WAS A LITTLE LYING BITCH, LIKE THE WHORE OF HIS EX.

"What's the problem with it?"

"Why did you send him this?"

"Why are you so upset? It's not like he cares? We were talking this morning about this when you sent Jaewon a text and he was there, I told him you were going on a date with him since he was asking about you "

Lisa closed her eyes, swearing internally. She was a fucking idiot, a fucking and stupid insensitive idiot. She should have texted Jungkook, fuck, she should have texted him before and left things clear... So now he knew she was ghosting him.

He knew!

Fuck!

But, that didn't explain why Chaeyoung had to open more wounds and tell and send him this: "If he doesn't care as you say, why did you have to send him this and tell him I had a date? Why? It's because you still feel threatened by me when I have felt me that text? It's that? I'VE BEEN IGNORING HIM FOR DAYS BECAUSE OF YOU, HE IS EVEN GOING TO NEW YORK WITH YOU, CHAEYOUNG!" she couldn't help but snap hard and seriously. She was so angry and frustrated, she could have explained things to Jungkook if Chaeyoung didn't do this.

Chaeyoung was numb in place, leaning back due to the sudden attack. "Can you please stop yelling at me? You're being damn crazy, Lalisa, "she told her in an irritatingly calm voice, treating her like she was crazy and reacting this way unfairly. "Why are you like this? I didn't do anything wrong, we were just talking about you and Jaewon like normal people. Aren't you two dating already? "

Lisa shook her head, realizing that the idea was as ridiculous as it had been at first but she had let herself be dragged by her stupid head and heart and she was now in this situation. "No, he rejected me and it doesn't even matter, I didn't even want to date him. We're

friends," she clarified, for the first time being honest and noticing that Chaeyoung was confused by this. But Lisa didn't want to explain anything to her, she wanted a damn answer and pointed back at the phone screen. "But this is ... Damn, Chaeyoung, why? Jungkook didn't have to know this "

Chaeyoung laughed incredulously, crossing her arms. "Why are you so upset, Lisa? Be honest, you're overreacting over A TEXT "

A text...

For her, it was just a text...

"I...", she couldn't tell her, not yet, but damn, she wanted to scream at her that she fucking loved Jungkook and she fucked up every chance she had with him with that fucking text. But she couldn't say shit and fuck up that scholarship, she had another thing to mention, though. "Why did you kiss Jimin?"

It was like she just slapped Chaeyoung, her reaction betrayed her and made it very clear that it really happened. She opened her mouth to say something but just stammered.

Lisa scoffed.

THIS HAD TO BE A JOKE.

She was kissing Jimin and pretending like nothing happened while Lisa was feeling guilty as fuck for kissing Jungkook? What kind of fucking mess was this?

"Who told you that?" Chaeyoung pulled herself together and asked, trying to act like it was ridiculous but she had to be stupid to think she was going to fool her easily, Lisa knew her very well.

"Jaewon Oppa"

Chaeyoung gave a short, dry laugh. "You have to be kidding me, Lisa, will you believe what junkie said?"

Junkie?

JUNKIE?!

She didn't just say that.

"You didn't call him junkie when you were supporting me to go to a date with him yesterday," she spat harshly and crossed her arms over her chest, she couldn't stop herself from what she was going to say because Chaeyoung crossed the damn line. "And it's fucking ironic, you know? He is a tattoo artist like Jungkook, with tons of tattoos like Jungkook, his style is similar to Jungkook's too. Both smoke, both have the same group of friends. Do you think Jungkook is a "junkie" too?" she asked passively aggressively, with false curiosity.

She couldn't stand this, not even from Chaeyoung.

"No, of course not," Chaeyoung was quick to say and frowned, showing a clear and growing anger: "Stop putting words in my mouth, Lalisa"

"You called him junkie yourself!"

"I called Jaewon junkie!"

"It's still bad!"

"Why are we arguing about this? It's stupid!"

"Because you think Jungkook looks like a junkie like everyone else!"

Chaeyoung was speechless and shook her head. "I mean, his style and hair is not the best but-"

Was she serious?

Couldn't she fucking stop?

"There's nothing wrong with his style! He's perfect the way he is!"

"Lisa exclaimed defensively, totally offended because she was damn sick of everyone messing with Jungkook and it offended her the most that her best friend thought like all of them, and she supported her... Lisa felt cruel and stupid for even thinking that they would be a good match. "You have to be fucking kidding me, for real. You don't like his style, you kissed his best friend, you stole his design. Do you really like him? Or this is some kind of price you want to win over me? " She didn't want to be so rude and say something like that but it just seemed like that.

It looked like she and Chaeyoung were fighting over a fucking last edition toy. And Jungkook was a fucking person, a better person than both of them clearly.

"You're being too arrogant, like, do you even think what are you saying? My life ain't about you, Lalisa "

But Lisa's life was about her, that was the most hurtful truth of all and it hit Lisa right in the heart, cracking her screen of anger.

"Also, you're being so cruel, Lisa, so damn cruel and unfair," Chaeyoung's eyes filled with tears and her voice weakened, clearly affected.

Lisa was being unfair? Lisa?!

"Are you serious? I am being unfair?!" she asked in disbelief, letting anger take over her. "I put your feelings before mine! I stopped talking to him, I've been overanalyzing all I do and talk with him for you! I helped you to bake a fucking cake too! How am I unfair?! I'm just questioning your actions because you wouldn't do that all that if you liked him! Because I care for him as much as I care for you and I've been trying hard to help you both!" there it was, she said it, she couldn't control it and just vomited all her truth.

But Chaeyoung didn't recognize it, she pressed her lips and looked away, holding back tears like a child being scolded. And Lisa felt bad for just a second but her anger was bigger, she was feeling so fucking stupid.

"I like him completely, and I don't have anything against his style," Chaeyoung mumbled after a seconds of tense silence. But why did everything sound like lies to Lisa? Was Lisa finally waking up and noticing that all this shit seemed to be just a damn manipulation? "Jimin kissed me and I rejected him, in that case, Jungkook should question his friend's loyalty. Jimin is an asshole, I told you but you never listened to me. And, for the hundredth time, I didn't steal his design, the project is fucking mine," and a tear rolled down her cheek, eyes red and shinning pupils.

Chaeyoung was hurt but Lisa was so fucking tired.

For real, so tired of all this shit. She felt like everything she did was worthless, every single stupid sacrifice, every single wasted opportunity, all the things she did for her were... for this... for this bullshit.

Chaeyoung didn't want Jungkook for who he was, she liked him for some reason Lisa couldn't understand but she didn't love him, she would never love him more than she loved herself and as she did all that she was denying, she would do it again...

"You don't deserve him," she whispered, looking directly at her teary eyes and left, new heavy tears coming to her eyes. "Neither do I," she mumbled, knowing it perfectly.

This was such a shit, it was so big and messed up. Lisa felt just beaten up, so hard, that she couldn't figure out what the hell was right and what was wrong, who was the villain and who was the hero.

All she knew was that Jungkook blocked her.

And she did deserve it.

"Oh, are you two finally getting a divorce?" Bambam asked with shiny eyes, full of hope, very awake for 2AM.

Lisa would have laughed in another situation but, tonight, she wasn't up for these jokes.

She walked inside his penthouse with Leo's cage in one hand and a backpack with her laptop inside hanging from her shoulders, just leaving her apartment... yes, it was her apartment but she needed to leave and she wasn't going to kick Chaeyoung's ass to the streets, it was a complicated situation but she was still her best friend.

Bambam's penthouse was huge and luxurious, floors so white and pristine that they would make God cry with envy. Lisa could see her reflection in the marble as she advanced, the lights were warm and although it could give a cold feeling, Bambam had so many details of himself in every corner that he made the place cozy. On the first floor was a huge living room with a black leather sofa and a screen possibly larger than a normal bathroom, with powerful sound

equipment. Just behind that area was the kitchen with gleaming white countertops and an included bar, Bambam had a huge collection of alcohol in a display case, lit by blue led lights. There was a bathroom, a laundry room and to the right of the living room, a narrow staircase that led to the second floor where Lisa knew it was the main room, its own bathroom and a big dresser, and then the guest room in where she planned to sleep in.

She just wanted to sleep exactly, she needed it.

"Hey, hey, hey," Bambam stepped on her way to the stairs, holding her shoulders. "What happened?" he asked, noticing the truly devastated state of his girl.

Lisa took a deep breath and looked up, she had held back too much, all week and the past few months. This was too much and tear after tear began to slide from her eyes, as she began to breathe with difficulty.

She didn't want that warm look and cozy feeling because she knew this would happen but there she was, crying once again, and she let herself wrap herself in her best friend's arms, feeling like a frustrated fool who had ruined everything with Jungkook and Chaeyoung as well as she always ruined everything. She had started all of this and was terrified to end it because Jungkook hated her and Chaeyoung was being rude.

And worst of all, she wanted to be in Jungkook's arms right now, she wanted to talk to him and be with him and be less stupid with him. She didn't want to be with her best friend like before, she didn't want to be alone in her room with her cat, Lisa wanted to hug Jungkook and cry and maybe that's why she was a lousy friend but she didn't give a shit anymore, not in that moment.

"I'm tired," she murmured after sniffing, she was a mess. She knew that Bambam wanted to know but she couldn't explain, she couldn't even speak.

"Go to sleep, I'll take care of Leo," he combed her hair gently and Lisa nodded.

She climbed the stairs and threw herself on the bed in the guest room, hugging a pillow, and then, when she was finally alone, she caught a hint of Jungkook's scent on the shirt she was wearing. She was still wearing his shirt.

That was the closest thing to a hug she could have at the time, nothing more. She wished it felt just as welcoming as it had when they kissed, she tried to recreate the feeling of his strong arms around her waist in her mind but it was difficult when she only had a shirt with his scent and the clear statement that he didn't want to have anything to do with her.

She took her phone and dialed his number again, just because she

wanted to check once more if it was true.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

A heavy tear ran down from her eye to her ear, and others soon followed. Lisa didn't like crying this way, she didn't like feeling sad or guilty. She hated the pressure in her chest that kept her from breathing normally. A fist clenched her sad heart and threatened to kill it, although it was already broken by itself.

She was alone. Lisa could survive alone, she had done it all her life, she had been able to play alone and grow alone, she had been her greatest source of support ever. But now, she felt so alone and it was different.

She was alone with her tears and she had looked for it herself.

She didn't like herself at this moment, wanting to hit herself.

Maybe if she had spoken to Jungkook that first time they met in the library... If she had directly confessed her true feelings instead of being a coward and giving all the chances to her best friend... If she hadn't hidden like an idiot and she would have kissed him once more instead of running into the arms of another guy... If she had confessed the truth ...

But it didn't matter anymore, she couldn't turn back time.

"This number is not available at the moment, leave a message"

She sat on the bed and pulled her hair back, wiping the tears from her red cheeks.

"Hey...", she stopped to breathe, preventing a sob coming out from her mouth. She forced a smile, to sound better but it didn't work, her voice still sounded weak and sad when she said: "I'm so sorry Jungkook"

Lisa was so mentally and emotionally drained that she passed out as soon as she relaxed on the comfortable bed, still wearing last night's clothes.

She woke up late and went down to the kitchen in search of water, her head hurt like hell and her nose burned after touching it so much due to crying and sniffing.

Bambam had left her a note saying that she could eat whatever she wanted from the fridge and that he had bought Pad Thai especially for her from Seoul's best Thai restaurant, Manoban's of course. And after she fed Leo and Bambam's cats who were apparently all friends, she sat down on a stool to eat, at the counter.

The penthouse had huge windows all over the right side, from kitchen to living room, and the day was just horrendous. Dark clouds gathered in the sky, heavy and filled with water, making noon look like 7PM, close to dusk.

She spaced out while eating and thought that well, shit, the day

was horrible as her social life.

But, now that she was well-rested, she had a more positive view of this.

Okay, Jungkook blocked her, he was probably pissed.

Chaeyoung was pissed too for sure, Lisa knew it would take her days to calm herself so they could talk. At least, in that place, Lisa knew that they would fix it.

But Jungkook made her nervous, restless, and it scared her. She never was in this situation with him before, she didn't know exactly how he would react.

However, Lisa had something going at her side, she was charming, insistent, stubborn and she had a smile so sweet that could weaken everyone's heart. Lisa knew she could get him to listen to her.

But what if he didn't?

No, he would.

Lisa knew that surely she had hurt him but she could apologize, she had to apologize. Everything would be settled with an honest apology.

Lisa wasn't going to let something else happen.

She had many things to do now and had the rest of the day off until four, the final of English would be her last exam of the semester and right there she would see Jungkook.

jjk97

jungkook

please

we need to talk

jjk_tt

.you don't have to block me

we need to talk first

please

jjk_tt

blocked here too?

who's gonna make me

my first tattoo now□

"Jungkook, stop looking at him like that, for God's sake," Jisoo scolded him, they were in the campus cafeteria having lunch, surrounded by Jimin, Taehyung and Jennie. It was the first time in days that they could meet without notes and texts and laptops between them.

Jungkook didn't listen to her, stabbing his pot of noodles with his chopsticks as he shot furious glances at that damn stupid rich little

piece of shit. A few tables away, Bambam swallowed hard, noticing that a bull wanted to pounce on him and pierce a horn through his chest.

He had no idea what the hell Lisa had done but she was definitely to blame for this and if he died today, he was going to torment the bitch and her lil dumbfucks forever.

"Why does he look like he wants to stab you and hide your corpse?" Yugyeom, sitting next to him, also noticed. He was complaining and about to cry with his books but well he had time to keep up with the beef with Jungkook.

"Lisa fucked up, that's all I know"

"She must have fucked up hard, Jungkook doesn't get angry," Yugyeom observed.

"I know, but I don't know why he's angry," Bambam shrugged and shuddered as his gaze met the dark, fierce eyes of one of the most beautiful Unnies on campus. "Bro, even his friends are glaring at me, Jisoo Sunbaenim is scary as fuck"

"If I don't look, everything is okay, this is a survivance guide," Yugyeom said quietly, raising his paper sheets to cover his face.

"Damn, give me a book too," Bambam took one of the books and put it in front of his face. "What the fuck Lalisa did?"

His best friend must have screwed up and very well, which was not new because Lisa always found a way to get into trouble but this was new. She wasn't likely to piss people off like this, not people like Jungkook, so something serious must have happened. And Bambam was in the middle.

"How could I know?"

"It's a rhetorical question, of course you won't know," he stopped himself from hitting him with the book, after all it was his and he could take it away, exposing him to Jungkook and the lil Satan at his side. "But she came crying to my house last night," he commented.

It had been devastating, Lisa never cried, not even in her worst moments he had seen her cry so easily but with so much pain as she did last night. He had wanted to know but it was better to leave her alone to recover, she would only tell him later but meanwhile, he was worried... He was also worried as shit about the last two finals that he had left in the day.

"What? Really? " Yugyeom was concerned and then brightened, taking his phone from the table. "Hold on, HOLD ON, Jaewon Hyung posted something with her last night"

"What?"

"Yeah, look," he showed him the screen. "Looks like a date" Shit.

"This dumbfuck!"

Lisa had gone on a date with him? But what the fuck? Why? And why was Jungkook so angry? He had told him that Lisa would do something like that, it didn't make it less shitty but he knew it was coming.

"No, wait, look at the caption"

"They're friends," Bambam muttered and was even more confused. What the fuck was going on between those two? Why was Lisa so sad and why did Jungkook want to murder him? What the hell had Lisa done?

"Yeah, so, I don't know why he would be angry," Yugyeom said thoughtfully. "Maybe he is jealous? But Jungkook is not like that and- "

Bambam was shocked to see that the devil himself was beginning to walk towards him. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, he is coming!"

How the fuck he could look so threatening just by frowning? His gaze became thousand times more intimidating, accompanying his tall, muscular body. And there was something special about the black boots he was wearing, they were the type that could step on your face.

"Fuck! He will destroy you! " Yugyeom saw it too.

Jungkook might seem calm as he walked but the aura he displayed was terrifying, dark as night.

"Don't kill me! All the times that I called you dumbfuck were all games, I swear, you're the smarter motherfucker out there," Bambam literally begged him.

...

...

...

Jungkook didn't laugh, didn't move, his gaze was dark and cold, no traces of feelings at all. It was like the cloudy day also erased all the stars and lively energy from his eyes. It was something Bambam never saw before, far from looking really angry, Jungkook was deeply hurt and tired and he felt like a real idiot for saying what he just said.

"The game was fun but it's over, tell Lisa to fuck off," and he was really serious about it.

Bambam had a message to transmit but there was no way he was going to, Lisa was sad and he wouldn't make her sadder.

"So, you are here alone" Jimin sat next to her, startling her.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes and chewed the small pepper she was chewing. "What do you want?"

He quietly opened a bottle of water next to her and took his time

to answer, after taking a sip. "Why are you alone, Cheesecake? What happened with Lisa? "

"It's none of your business," she spat at him with an anger that had nothing to do with him, she was furious with Lisa and herself. She missed her best friend, she really did, she couldn't believe that Lisa was gone and for hours she had wandered around the apartment worried until Bambam had finally answered the messages, telling her that Lisa was fine and in his place.

They had both fought and it was not new, however, Lisa had hurt her and was making her feel an unfair guilt. She didn't have to feel bad for whatever she had done between Lisa and Jungkook when they weren't more than friends. However, Lisa seemed so affected that Chaeyoung had been unable to stop thinking about her disappointed gaze all night.

Maybe she did cross the line at calling her unfair... But Lisa attacked her first.

"Hey, hey, I haven't done anything," he flashed her a teasing smile that only made her madder.

She sighed and pressed her temples, that day was not for this. "Leave me alone, I'm not feeling well today," and she allowed herself to show herself vulnerable before him, as she was really felling.

She felt bad, really bad. She couldn't even enjoy that in some way she won, it felt like an empty and sad victory and she didn't have the energy to approach Jungkook and talk to him like she would do usually. It felt incorrect.

Jimin's smile faded as he noticed the seriousness of the matter and he nodded, low-key surprised to find her so down and no as happy as he would have imagined after knowing from Jungkook's mouth that he was officially done with Lisa. He wasn't going to try anything with Chaeyoung but for sure she was thinking that.

"What's wrong, Cheesecake?" his sweet tone was soothing, she couldn't explain how but it was.

However, she was not going to tell him, she did not want to talk about it and that is why she was alone. The friends she and Lisa shared were going to ask and she didn't want to explain the truth or make up a lie. "Nothing," she replied seriously.

"Fine but ... I'm here to talk if you want to, you know?"

"I won't want to," she scoffed.

He leaned toward her with a charming smile on his lips, surprising her with the sudden closeness as always, and goosebumps showed up on her skin as a pleasant reaction. "Whatever you say, Cheesecake, whatever you say"

Somehow, he made her smile at that.

She pushed him back, almost playfully, almost. "Leave me alone" Jimin giggled and obeyed, not without winking at her before.

3:58 PM

The room was almost full, everyone had sheets of paper in their hands as they reviewed the last details.

Lisa was waiting for Jungkook, she has prepared everything to conquer his heart again. She bought him a classic banana milk, she looked pretty (she made wonders with the basic makeup she had in her backpack) and she was in the best mood to talk to him and get his forgiveness.

3:59 PM

Lisa looked anxiously back at the door as her legs moved under the table.

Where was Jungkook? Wasn't he coming? This was important to him and his GPA, he wasn't going to miss the exam for ignoring her, right?

4:00 PM

Still, no traces of Jungkook and the professor was already there, he hated people being late. Lisa would text him but hey... you know, it's not like she can.

4:01 PM

Where the hell was he ?!

The exam was about to start, the professor began to line up the multiple sheets of paper to hand them to the multiple students and Jungkook...

Jungkook arrived!

Lisa lit up with joy and straightened up in her chair, glancing at the small banana milk bottle just for him. It was her peace offering.

Then, she frowned, shocked.

WHAT THE HELL DID HE DO TO HIMSELF ?!

WHO BROUGHT SCISSORS TO HIS PERSON AND CUT EVERY GLORIOUS BLACK STRAND OF THAT HEAD?!

It was so insulting.

But then she cared little for that because their eyes met and the coldness he expressed froze her in her place.

A knife pierced her chest as he pretended not to have recognized her and instead of approaching his usual place with one of his pretty smiles, he sat far away in another empty chair. Far away from her.

That was a clear message.

Lisa didn't know what to say or think, she just felt an emptiness in her stomach and chest.

And as much as she kept her eyes on him, he didn't look at her,

not a single time.

She was still wearing his shirt.

As Jungkook looked at the blank exam sheet, sitting at the other corner of the class, all he could think about was her.

Damn and beautiful siren. Despite the pain she had caused to him and the hellish night he had spent thinking about her, Jungkook still wanted her. It was enough just to see her and see her hopeful eyes for his heart to beat desperately for her.

This was the same old shit, no matter how many times they hurt him, he was still going to love them. And now it was stronger because it was the first time and a part of him refused to believe that she had done what she obviously did.

But Lisa was still wearing the clothes from the day before, neither she nor Jaewon had come to work in the morning, and Jungkook only had to put two plus two.

The idea of the two of them spending the night together, she still wearing his clothes, made him nauseous but he couldn't throw up because his throat was closed, just as she wanted his heart to be.

He had to stay away from her so as not to fall back like the idiot in love that he was, he wasn't going to allow another girl to use him like a dirty rag

And even if she wouldn't do it again, Jungkook didn't want to be close to her, he couldn't pretend to be her friend anymore as she would like.

Lisa waited for him at the exit of the exam, still having a bottle of banana milk with her, wishing him all the luck in the world although she trusted that he would do well.

The contrast of this time with the previous one was very obvious. When leaving Jungkook didn't smile at her and asked her how it had been for her with that honest curiosity and interest of his, he noticed that she was there and went to the exit. Not a single word to her, as if he didn't know her, as if she didn't exist.

She wanted to follow him but she was paralyzed. For the first time in her life, Lisa was afraid of being rejected. She knew that if he did it, it would destroy her.

She was impulsive and brave, those qualities were always her best friends and very helpful to get where she was right now, but now, when her heart was in the fame, they abandoned her. Maybe they were trying to protect her.

However, when she went to the mural's work area and saw him work, she found new strength. Ignoring the fact that her best friend might be around, she approached him.

Jungkook was standing, this time at ground level, delicately painting small white details of light with a brush. Lisa was only two steps away and stopped, the lively sound around them from students making plans for the summer festival of Sunday and the happiness of passing finals stopped as she was only able to focus on him and her heart raced in response.

Fear? Emotion? What was it?

Then Jungkook turned around and startled her, he was also surprised to find her so close and barely avoided smearing her with paint.

They looked at each other in silence, it was tense and thick, getting out of oxygen. They were again in the space but not in a bubble, just floating on it without the equipment. It wasn't romantic, just cold.

"Jungkook-"

"I'm busy," he said coldly and walked past her.

Lisa looked down at her hands, the bottle felt even more ridiculous, just as she was feeling herself. A tear fell onto her hand and she quickly brushed the back gently under her lashes, avoiding more tears and ruining her makeup.

She decided to give him space as he wanted and sat in her usual place.

Chaeyoung passed in front of her millions of times but never spoke to her or gave her a glance, she was ignoring her. Lisa felt miserable but no less outraged by her behavior, that day her love for Jungkook was stronger than her love for her friend and the realization confused her, making her think if wasn't this what everyone said was wrong.

"Never leave your friends for your partner, your partner will leave but your friends will always stay"

Lisa could now understand that sometimes that phrase lost meaning in situations like hers.

Especially now, because seeing Jungkook talk to other people and give them smiles was painful but she couldn't care less about what Chaeyoung was doing.

She wanted that, she wanted a talk, a smile, she wanted to see his sweet gaze and hear his soft tone, she wanted to hear his little chuckles. She missed him.

She couldn't fake her typical joy, she couldn't force some emotion, she felt sunken. It was like being a hungry child and standing in front of a candy store.

How could he be so well? How could he end everything with her so easily?

He was still mad at her at least and that was something. After

growing up with parents like her own, Lisa had learned that anger was a thousand times better than indifference, because that meant they still cared about you and you could fix it.

The indifference was just the cold acceptance that things were never going to be the same.

Lisa was holding on to just that, only then could she keep chasing him.

He approached her table after like an hour and her world lit up like an amusement park, was he going to let her talk? Were they going to fix it?

But Jungkook pretended that she didn't exist and only went to take some brushes that were on the table. Lisa had to do something before he left, stop him, get his attention.

"Jungkook?" She called out without thinking and terrified of being ignored again.

"What?" HE ANSWERED HER!

Lisa felt the taste of triumph and looked to what to say, it must be something light, something not very important but that could lighten the atmosphere and so they could both start a conversation. "Uh ... I ... I ... I passed Introduction to Visual Culture! Finally! "

And she didn't get the reaction she expected, Jungkook just muttered, "Congrats," and fled from there. Like nothing. Again.

Lisa pursed her lips.

Well.

It was something.

A little.

And she wasn't going to cry, no, not there, not in front of everyone.

She took a deep breath and focused her eyes on her laptop screen, where the last photos she had taken were displayed. They were all of Jungkook.

Jisoo Unnie

unnie

are you free?

i need to talk to you

if it's about jungkook

the answer is no

oh

okay

Jimin Oppa

oppaaaa

seen at 17:03

Jennie Unnie

unnie?
what
eye-
nothing
you know what lalisa?
i thought you were going to be better
i was wrong
im sorry
Well, she was screwed.

With a pot of ice cream in that Saturday morning, sitting alone on Bambam's couch, she looked at herself in the reflection of the television screen and sighed.

Did it hurt? It hurt.

It was weird for her to feel this bad, she didn't want to do anything, she didn't want to move, nothing could make her smile, she could only define this as tiredness, however she knew it was sadness.

She hated sadness.

Not even after talking with Bambam the night before helped her to feel better, not even his funny scolding and tons of Dumbfucks helped.

And she knew that this time it was serious because otherwise she would have gone running or to the gym, she would have gone to work to not think about it and get over it, but she didn't want to, she couldn't.

And it had only been a damn day, how the hell had Jungkook survived months and months of pain? How had he managed to live his day to day with a broken heart and Tzuyu coming to him over and over again?

Maybe that's why he didn't want her close, because he could still walk away from her without being a toy again and Lisa hated to know that he was surely thinking that about her. It was just a mistake, a damn and serious mistake.

But it was the wrong mistake, she touched the most painful wound on him and shit, she deserved that he hated her but it was hurting so much.

She wanted to apologize, she wanted to get his forgiveness and get him.

She didn't want more days without Jungkook but Jungkook apparently wanted the rest of his life without her.

How could she communicate? Send him a letter? Harass his friends? Camping on his doorstep until he called the police to prove her love?

Nah...

...Well

It wasn't a bad plan, Jungkook would go save her and they would have time to talk...

No, that would be dirty, she would continue to take advantage of his kindness. Everything was in her damn hands and shit, since when was it so difficult for Lalisa Manoban to get something? Since when did she give up?

No, she wasn't going to give up.

"Leo," she spoke to her cat, who lifted his head as he recognized his owner's sweet tone. "Today, we're stalking someone..."

And Google had the answer.

She took her laptop, which was next to her, and opened it. Fingers typing instantly.

"What to do when you have been blocked"

Oh Google had all the answers.

What To Do When Your Ex Has Blocked You On Their Phone...

Damn, ouch??

That was so rude, it was not enough to make it clear what it was painfully clear already, this had to mark the word EX too.

HE HAD NOT EVEN BECAME HER EX.

Well that was her fault, she could accept it now.

After reading, she found nothing, just tips to get his attention which was damn ridiculous because Jungkook WASN'T GOING TO SEE IT. SHE WAS BLOCKED.

Lisa went through about twenty sites and none gave her a solution, this was being stupid. Maybe she should really go camp on his doorstep and wait for him, the problem was that little detail of not knowing where the hell he lived.

Discouraged, she closed her computer and threw herself against the sofa. She picked up her phone again and entered his chat, feeling a thousand times sadder.

The messages from the other day were still there... And the rest of their conversations.

"Hey💕"

That hurt, it was stupid, she should have answered.

And she didn't dare slide her finger down to read the rest of the conversations, knowing full well that it was going to hurt even more. Even the dumbest conversations would be like bullets to her heart.

Wasn't there a way to get him to unblock her? Apple didn't have one?

Damn, couldn't they step up their game for creeps like her?

She went to Settings and checked, phone... messages...

Her profile showed her account and she lit up. It was possible?

She went to the message option, "*Send & Receive - 2 addresses >*"
Her account was there and she pressed and "*start a conversation from ...*".

OH MY GOD.

YES.

HE BLOCKED HER PHONE, NOT HER EMAIL ADDRESS.

DAMN.

YES.

AMAZING.

FANTASTIC.

"Leo, I'm a genius!!!" she screeched and picked her cat up to spin around in a small victory show.

Jungkook

STOP BLOCKING ME

IT'S SERIOUS

WE NEED TO TALK

how-

bye

Aaaaaand... he blocked her iCloud account too.

Cheesecake!

Skinny Legend

BAMBAM

WHERE ARE YOU

I NEED YOU

DAMN BITCH

WHERE ARE YOU

YOU'RE NOT HOME

WHERE ARE YOU

I

NEED

YOU

DAMN FUCKER

THIS IS IMPORTANT

fuck pranpriya

im fucking

what do you want

wait

for real???

WHAT DO YOU WANT

damn sorry

i need your apple id

and your password

ah do you want my black card

number too???

it's important □□

no lisa

wtf

it's private

i need it for two seconds

to text jk

he blocked me

yikes

you're a creep

but well

I'll give it to you

in the name of love

it's: kunpimookbhu@icloud.com

pw: bitchyouthought

YAH

fine

fine

i was kidding

it's bb970205

you're so easy to hack

don't look at the last

pics pls

OH MY FOD

YOU'RE REALLY FUCKING

AND TKAING PICS

DOES SHE KNOW

ofc she knows ugly

I'm not an asshole

well

shes really hot

tell ha

she says thanks

now

pls

leave me the fuck alone

damn bro

you're the one replying

kunpimookbhu@icloud.com

hey yo bro are u there

i don't want to know how

you did this lisa but stop it

right now

im tired
leave me alone
jungkook pls
don't make me block bambam
fine im sorry
i really am

from: lalisamanoban@gmail.com

to: jjk_1997kg@gmail.com

subject: jungkook please

okay i really want to leave you alone but i can't jungkook, i just can't. you really have to listen to me, it's not what you think. there's a real reason behind all my actions and i have a lot to explain to you, you know i would never hurt you.

please, please, please, give me a chance.

Jungkook laughed softly, low-key flattered by the effort because he would never have expected her to really chase him, no one ever did. But he didn't want to give her a chance, I mean, he wanted but he was scared of ending up hurting again.

He went through this before, he forgave a girl a thousand times and she still fucked him up again and again. How could he know Lisa wasn't going to do it? She never did something else than being his friend and, at last, playing him.

She knew that she did something wrong, she wouldn't be after him like this if she hadn't done anything. She knew that she did hurt him in the worst way possible, denying him honesty which was something he really needed. Now was too late for explanations, what was she going to say anyway? "I like Jaewon, let's keep being friends"?

And his heart was still fluttering and racing for her, like a fool, screaming to run to her and give her a chance. But his bitter mind, his confidence, and all his insecurities were gathered in a dark deep hole, not wanting to have anything to do with her.

He didn't want to be her friend anymore and Lisa obviously didn't want more, she was just.. chasing him for some reason, maybe because it was just her not wanting be in bad terms or because...

No, he wasn't going to let himself build another castle again.

All he was doing was having a pity party by himself in his room, drawing out his sadness but there was more and more to give. Giving her a cold shoulder was hard but he had to be cold to not surrender because he knew that Lisa had much power than he thought at first, she could ruin him.

Lisa might have felt ridiculous doing something like this but it

was the last thing she had left, she no longer knew what the hell else to do to get his attention.

She was becoming a stalker and it was only the second day, what would she do if she didn't convince him with this? Follow him home like a dog and get herself arrested? Start a new life in prison and tattoo her face, a false tear under her right eye in his honor?

Surely her new friends in the cell would support her, she had seen Orange is the New Black, it was tough but not so tough and she would look great in orange.

A new bus arrived and she got excited, hoping it was the right one. Lisa had decided to wait for him at the bus station, the one where they had sat together for several nights, the same one where they had met even though she didn't remember it.

Jungkook would go to work at some hour in the afternoon and she wanted to meet him there.

She had no idea which one he was taking daily since she didn't know where he lived so she had been sitting and waiting for more than two hours and getting nervous about any bus. She had lost count but she was finally lucky, because she saw Jungkook through the windows of the one arriving.

She stood up, adjusting her jeans, with the box she had decorated herself, inside she had a homemade chococake. She had spent the whole morning baking for him. It was one more offering of peace, she would offer all she could to get his forgiveness or at least that he listen to her.

Lisa dodged several people who came down, like an anxious little puppy, and all the nerves in her body tensed with emotion when she found herself face to face with Jungkook, who had his black backpack hanging from one shoulder, his outfit was like before, a huge black t-shirt and cargo pants. His short hair was new but he was still just as attractive.

But, once again, he hit her coldly. Jungkook raised an eyebrow at her and his gaze was contemptuous, as if she were just garbage.

"You're crazy," he laughed bitterly, shaking his head.

And walked away, again.

No, he couldn't keep running away from her. Yes, she deserved it but damn it, was it so difficult to give her a chance?

"Wait!" she chased after him, taking long steps and thanking God for having long legs.

The wind was cool and the day was dark once again, the perfect weather to reflect how stormy the situation was between them.

"Jungkook!" she screamed at him and had to run to stop him, getting in his way.

Jungkook stopped and sighed, refusing to look at her.

"You-"

"What do you want Lisa? Isn't it already enough?" he asked in a harsh tone and for the first time in a long time, his eyes didn't shine.

"What it's enough?" she asked even though she knew what he meant, he wanted her to leave him alone but she couldn't, she didn't want to lose him, she didn't want him to keep looking at her like that.

"Your stupid games, your push and pull, isn't it enough?" he snapped and surprised her.

Lisa shook her head. "What games? I mean, they weren't games, I really have a- "

Jungkook pointed to the box, just as cold drops of water began to fall. He didn't care: "All this is bullshit, Lisa. The cakes and the banana milk and all that stupid shit as if we were fucking kids, it was funny and cute but it's not anymore and I thought you were going to get the clue, but what do you want? Me to tell you to fuck off?"

That was like a slap, Lisa felt the icy drops burn against her hot cheeks, just like that she knew it wasn't her own tears.

"Of course I don't want that! Listen, I- "

"I'm tired of listening, Lisa," he sighed and dropped his arms, his eyes were teary, turning red and Lisa felt like the worst shit in the world, this was her fault. "I'm tired of being your friend and I know that is what you're going to ask and I don't even know why you keep insisting on that shit, isn't it obvious that I'm on my knees for you? I can't be your fucking friend, Lisa. I never could and I regret trying, I regret getting myself involved in your shit "

No!

He couldn't regret it, please, not like that. He couldn't give up on her, she couldn't let him. But she couldn't find the right words, the lump in her throat was as big as the ache in her chest from causing this to someone like him.

Why did she insist on this shit? Why did she do it? Why couldn't she be honest?

"But, listen, I didn't-"

"I thought you were feeling the same and maybe it was all in my mind, but you should have told me...", his soft voice became weak, Lisa's heart broke into a thousand pieces when she saw that he was on the edge, tired and hurt. She pushed and pushed him to this. "You should have fucking told me that you wanted him, especially after the kiss, after all the kisses," she wanted to tell him that it wasn't what he thought but those were her true intentions when she went to meet with Jaewon and she couldn't keep lying to him, but

how could she explain this without hurting him?

The rain was heavier on them, it was no longer like that time when they ran under it, that memory had been replaced by this moment when the drops covered the tears. No more light, no more yellow, no more smiles and chats, just this tragedy that had grown like a snowball.

"You didn't have to use me ...," he pursed his lips and formed an ironic smile, holding back tears. "And it's so unfair because I really want you, Lisa. I really do but... "

Jungkook didn't finish, he shook his head as if he wanted to add was worthless and left, leaving her alone as she deserved.

That was it...

She got him tired of her, she ruined him like everyone else, she broke him, she crossed the line and the cake in her hands was stupid, everything was stupid because nothing could solve this.

"Jungkook..."

i don't even know what to say here so hehe ♀ ✌ ✌ *waiting for the hate on my chair*

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

QUESTION: do you think this made sense or was unnecessary?

well i know it looks hopeless and super sad but ill try to bring you all next chapter fast because it will be a real turn of events.

and if you're enjoying this angst omg what's wrong with you psycho

btw sorry for the lack of author notes this time, I know they add something to the lecture but rn I'm tired and using my last energy lol

Chapter 31

sorry for the delay fam, this week hasn't been my best week and my anxiety levels are too high for my own safety so pls be understanding with this mentally unstable bitch 🤩🕊️📧

so while you all read this i'll be replying your comments because damn I CANT WAIT TO UPDATE, I HAVE TO.

TRIGGER WARNING: i can't believe what i did pt2

from: Kim Chae Min kchaemin@snu.com

to: Jeon Jung Kook jeonjeonggukk@snu.com

subject: Final Drawing Project

I am glad to inform all my dear students that your final grade is not closed because of your work in the Project: Art Mural. I call your presence in my class, Monday at 10 AM, to talk about your final project proposal.

The year is not over, kids.

Thank you.

Kim Chae Min

Fine Arts College Faculty

Seoul National University

(a/n: if you didn't have a bitch like that in college? did you really attend college?)

Drawing II

(a/n: not adding names to them bc they're not relevant check 🤩🕊️📧)

xx

wtf is wrong with her????

she can't do this???

xxx

is she dumb?

the year is over

x

im so tired of this professors

being so arrogant

xxxx

we can't do anything but attend

im not redoing this subject y'all

i dont want to face this old woman

never again in my life

x

didn't they say they were
going to count the work done
in the mural

xx

she's salty
bc we took one of her
periods
that's why she's doing this

x

maybe she's just trying
to be sure we are good
c'mon guys
one project more or less is nothing

xx

delete yourself plz

xxx

she should get laid kkk

xxxx

kkkkkkkk

guys

some of us should
make the sacrifice
and fuck her
for the team

xxx

this is so disrespectful
you all better grow up

xx

shut the fuck up
nayeon that hag
Is being disrespectful
I ALREADY BOUGHT MY JEJU TICKETS
you all know what?
im dumping this
and going to the bitch

xx

bon voyage bro

Jungkook sighed and dropped his phone on the mattress. Couldn't his life be worse? He didn't want to do a project and with this, he would surely have to work with someone and he didn't want to socialize with someone new either.

He just wanted to wrap himself in his blankets and sleep and

sleep and sleep for days until feeling better.

"Jungkook?" Jimin's voice sounded as he entered his dark room, even the LED lights were off. Jungkook didn't answer, wanting to make him believe he was asleep but Jimin didn't fall for this. "Bro, you can't lie down there for the rest of your life"

Jungkook raised his head with a frown. "What? I just came back from the gym," he still had wet hair from sweat because of that. It was an intense session, Jungkook worked the machines like a maniac till he barely could walk home without falling on the streets.

"Exactly, go take a shower, your smell is making me cry. Are you a fucking onion?"

He wished, he would be less miserable in that way.

(a/n: chopped and in a salad?)

"Just leave my room? It's easy? " he replied with obviousness in his tired voice.

Jimin rolled his eyes. "You're having such bad humor," no shit Sherlock, as if Jungkook had reasons to be in a good mood and jump around like a happy bunny in the wild. "Why don't we go to the summer festival"

"No, thanks"

"C'mon, it would be fun, we always have fun"

"No"

"Bah, don't be a party pooper. Let's go celebrate, the year is finished, we both passed all the finals, we shouldn't stay home," Jimin approached the bed and patted his leg. "Bro, we can't let Taehyung be the only one having a good time in Paris. That rich bitch..."

"I couldn't care less, Hyung," Jungkook sighed, even thanking Taehyung for deciding to go with Jennie to Paris as soon as they both received their final grades. So he didn't have another Hyung on him wanting to comfort him when he just wanted to be alone. "I wanna take a nap"

"Be compassionate with your bed and sheets and take a shower at least"

(a/n: yeah asshole think about them for once

3 Retweets, imagine from who)

"Hyung, please ..." Jungkook practically begged him, he wanted darkness, sad songs, a blanket... and a real shower for God's sake.

"Fine," Jimin sighed deeply, not content to leave him alone anyway. He was so annoyingly caring sometimes and Jungkook would appreciate it normally but he just wanted to take a fucking nap. "I'll go to the festival anyway, call me if you need anything"

Oh, thank God.

"Fine," Jungkook rolled onto the bed and hugged the pillow, closing his eyes.

"Are you sure you don't wanna go? Twice will make a show... "

"No," he was sharp, for God's sake, a Twice member could do him a lapdance and he wouldn't give a shit if it wasn't Lisa. God, he hated wanting her so much, not just his heart was still crying for her, his dick too and he dick didn't even meet her, to begin with.

(a/n: and whose fault is that uh?)

"C'moooooon, they're hot," Jimin insisted but Jungkook didn't budge, he didn't even move, not like he could. "Fine... There's a big party after, I will come for you"

"For what?"

"At least you can get drunk there, you know, have a good moment," he shrugged before leaving. "Think about it"

And for some reason, the idea sounded appealing in Jungkook's mind.

God, he needed alcohol.

Actually, he needed a hug from Lisa. Regardless of everything, he wanted to wrap her tight in his arms, on his bed, cuddle and sleep with her there.

Gosh, he was fucking obsessed, since the first fucking second.

"Bambam?" Lisa asked, coming down the stairs in that Sunday morning and bumping into several men as they were bringing boxes full of drinks to the center kitchen counter. "Oh, good morning," she greeted everyone, not caring too much that she had just woken up and looked really bad, puffy eyes from crying and no makeup, just wearing long shorts and a huge T-shirt. "Hi, hi"

The men greeted her in response and she walked around the penthouse, petting to the cats as well. "Bambam, where are you?" she yelled and, at receiving no response, she stopped one of the men who was entering: "Excuse me, have you seen my friend? The owner of the house? "

"He's coming right there, miss," he answered her and continued on his way, right behind him, she finally found Bambam.

"Thank you," she thanked him with a friendly bow and approached Bambam who had just finished a call. "What is all this? It's Sunday "

"Good morning, sunshine. I'm throwing a party tonight," he told her with his usual good cheer and energy.

"What?" She looked around, the boxes with drinks could hydrate an entire nation. "It's Songkran Festival or something? Why so many things? "

(a/n: it's a water festival in thailand)

"Oh, that's actually a good idea but not in my house, I love my sofa too much for those fuckers to ruin it"

Yeah, as if he wouldn't ruin it with another white and really hard to wash substances.

Lisa focused on the main subject, crossing her arms and noticing that besides alcohol, there were also many boxes of snacks. "How many people will come? Are you even allowed to do this? What about the neighbors?"

"Lisa, the whole floor is mine, the building too if they want to complain they can move whenever they want," he said nonchalantly with a touch of his typical rich-boy arrogance, Lisa didn't blame him, he was privileged and proud to be, with an excellent relationship with his parents, I have to add. "And the whole university is invited, I don't think that more than the usual will come but we gotta be ready," he concluded, putting his hands on his waist with pride, like Superman, then looked her from head to toe through his yellow glasses. "Should we go out for a good outfit for you? My clothes are amazing, Lisa, but if you get in my closet one more time and make a mess, I will push you off the stairs"

"You're so sweet," she grinned sarcastically. "And no, we shouldn't and we won't. I'm staying up"

Bambam's face dropped in disappointment. "What? Why? "

"Isn't it obvious?" she pointed at her obvious devastated face. She was not in the mood either, she just wanted to stay in bed and do nothing, take advantage of the fact that she didn't have to work because her boss had given her and Lucas the day off.

"Nothing that makeup can't solve," Bambam dismissed.

"But I don't want to"

"Buh, Lisa you're the star of the party and it will make you good to dance around and get some drinks," he tried to convince her, he wasn't lying, Lisa knew she was the life of the party all the times but all she was going to be this time was a cry baby in a corner.

"No, thanks, I'm staying up, bingeing fried chicken and kdramas"

"You sound depressing af. Why aren't you a normal college girl and get drunk to cure your broken heart? " He judged her and made her laugh.

"Normal college girls love insolation and pity parties, leave me alone"

"I don't care what you want, at least stay down and give the party a chance," he tried again. "Maybe you will get in the mood," he smirked and grabbed her hips to move her side to side.

Lisa smiled amused but shook her head. "No"

"Oh, c'mon, Lisa," he huffed. "I think that even Chaeyoung will come, you two should talk, it will be better if you two are drunk."

You two get clingy and lesbian "

"Since when are you so pro Chaelisa?"

"I am not but you miss her, she probably miss you, you two should make up and get back to your toxic friendship," he knew her well, Lisa was really missing her best friend, having the usual weekend breakfast with her and chat about everything that had happened in the week but a part of her refused to do that, she still felt angry about what Chaeyoung had said and done and for the first time her pride demanded that Lisa wait for her to come to talk to her first. Maybe her love for Jungkook was involved on this too. "Also, you have to tell her the truth... and then fuck Jungkook," Bambam added like it was as easy as grabbing a glass of water from the sink.

What the fuck?

He saw her crying her eyes out last night.

"Chaeyoung won't want to talk with me and Jungkook would prefer to fuck a cactus than my pu, so I prefer insolation"

"Shut up, he would fuck your pu even if you had spines in there. Like cats "

"Cats have it in their dick, idiot"

"The example keep working, you'd get that dick even if it had spines"

"Can we stop with the dick spines talk?" she scrunched her nose in distaste. "The thing is that Jungkook is so done with me"

And it was sad to say, it reminded her of the horrible scene from the day before, the rain and tears, her broken heart and Jungkook's hurtful but also full of pain words. Shit, even the cake had been sad, Lisa had eaten it while crying in the kitchen, alone as she deserved to be, torturing herself for not saying anything to stop him.

But at that time, she couldn't talk, she was so scared, so shocked by his sudden anger and sadness. It hit her the depth of her actions so hard that she couldn't untie her own tongue to tell him something.

"And you will give up?" Bambam asked with an arched eyebrow.

Lisa raised both eyebrows in a smug expression. "Of course not, but I will give him time," Lalisa Manoban was still a stubborn ass and well, her first and second attempts had been a fucking shit but that didn't mean she was going to stop trying. She had to go for Jungkook and at least explain to him, after that... she would see, if he rejected her despite knowing the truth, she would give up on him and that scared her so much it tightened her heart with anxiety but Lisa preferred not to think about that possibility. "He needs his time to think, he asked for it and he will get it"

"Dumbfuck, please, just go lock him in a room and show him your

titties to keep his attention, then you talk," Bambam said simply, as if that was normal. "I'm sure he will listen"

"Or I could be less a psycho and... wait"

"You can't wait," he said, knowing her very well.

Lisa nodded. "No, I can't. On Monday I will be over him again... I don't know how or where but I will"

"That's my girl," he said proudly and Lisa felt better.

At times like that she felt like everyone was hating her even though it wasn't true but having Bambam on her side, being sassy, straight forward and well, a bitch, was like a warm hug. It made her feel normal, like nothing happened and everything was okay, like everything was going to be okay.

"Now please leave me have my self-pity party alone," she said and turned to head to the kitchen, looking for something to eat. Although her stomach was closed, she had to eat.

"Oh c'mon, have some fun with me. What happened to my drinking buddy? "

"She's canceled since she fought a bitch and almost got Jungkook arrested," Lisa replied as she buried her head in the refrigerator for something to eat.

A wistful smile formed on her face as she remembered that day and her heart really ached for him once more.

Chaeyoung didn't know what she was doing at Bambam's party, she felt lonely even though she was with her friend Sooyoung and other girls from the art department and it was obvious that it was because Lisa was not by her side. Both having as much fun as possible.

Last year they had gone to the festival together, eaten in the different stands of the different departments and played the games offered by the older students. This year it was just her and Sooyoung walking around while they were eating, which had not been the bad but not as good as with Lisa.

Jimin had been around and the two had crossed paths many times, he was with his friends and there was no trace of Jungkook but Chaeyoung cared little for his absence. She even felt better because seeing Jungkook was making her remember Lisa and feel that weird ache in her chest. She was too busy exchanging glances with Jimin, anyway, who seemed to be really amused at distance every time he caught her looking at him.

It was that she couldn't help it, her eyes went to him without her being able to control it, just as it was happening at that moment at the party.

Chaeyoung and her group had sat on the balcony of the

penthouse, in a corner, sharing glasses of pink champagne while laughing, she was already dazed and in the way to be wasted, glaring at Jimin shamelessly, who was at the other end chatting with Seulgi, both close and really entertained with each other.

Was she jealous? Yes, very much. Why? WhO kNoWs.

And obviously the bastard knew it, sending her victorious smirks. She hated him so much, he was so arrogant and cocky, but he looked so hot. His games were tempting for her, they always were and she couldn't figure out why.

Maybe it was the constant attention, the obvious attraction for her that was caressing her ego softly.

And everything would have stayed like this and avoid what was going to come next but Jimin decided to approach, relaxed with his hands in his pockets, obviously attracting the attention of her friends. He was handsome for them too, of course.

"Good night, ladies," he said charmingly and slid in next to Chaeyoung on the white sofa, blessing her with a new source of warmth in that fresh night. "How are you tonight, cheesecake?" he asked, close to her face as usual.

Maybe Chaeyoung was drunker than she thought she was because she wanted to kiss him, eyes fixed on his thick lips. The piercing was back, in the same silver color than the crucifixes hanging from his ears. A thin necklace was hanging from his neck, showing in the open place on his chest thanks to the two unbuttoned buttons of his shirt.

His neck was... *something*.

"You look cuter tonight, it must be that blush," he complimented her as usual, again. But she couldn't stop staring at him, her drunk self attracted to him in a more obvious way.

"I think we should leave you both alone, right?" Sooyoung said playfully, noticing the atmosphere.

Chaeyoung didn't care, following the sharp lines of his jaw when he lifted his head to say bye to the girls.

Girls...

Girls...

"Are you sleeping with Seulgi Unnie?" she asked, not caring at all how she was sounding.

Jimin raised both brows. "What?"

So, he was.

Chaeyoung huffed. "You're so unbelievable, flirting with me and fucking others," she said bitterly and drank her glass to the bottom, unaware of how amused Jimin was getting. "Like, do you really want me or not?"

He checked her out shamelessly, she was wearing a short white

dress but this was clearly a nightdress, tight in her curvy and petite body, uneven neckline, and getting tighter in her small waist with just two very thin straps hanging from her shoulders. Sharp collarbones showing between the long strands of her blonde hair and golden necklaces matching her skin tone beautifully. She was beautiful and looking gorgeous, of course he wanted her.

Her being a real pain in the ass just made her more attractive for him, Jimin loved challenges and he loved more pretty brats like her.

She was so into him but trying to believe she wanted a guy that couldn't cause anything on her.

"How is Seulgi related to this, cheesecake?" he took her chin softly between his fingers, not letting her glance away, keeping her pretty eyes with curled lashes on him.

Chaeyoung tilted her chin up, arrogantly, like the rich girl with tons of pride she was. So precious. "Forget it, I don't care," she lied so easily but with cockiness.

Jimin chuckled, her eyes were burning with fury and jealousy, who she wanted to fool?

"If you want me to be just yours, just ask for it," he told her softly, leaning closer. Her perfume was sweet and delicious.

Chaeyoung got breathless, lips opening a little bit, clearly taken aback. "I..."

Jimin got closer, breaths mixing. She was also, so drunk. "Yes?"

She frowned then, regaining her senses and pressed a small hand on his chest. "No, wait, you're bad," but her voice was cute and childish, brows furrowing. "Where's Lisa? I came here for Lisa," she forgot about him abruptly.

Jimin froze.

"Lisa is here?"

Chaeyoung nodded and tried to stand up but she stumbled back to her seat, Jimin holding her out of instinct. Her body was small even for his hands, but it wasn't the right moment.

Because, fuck, Jungkook was here too...

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Jimin should have known before bringing him here.

What was he going to do? Jungkook was fucking dangerous when drunk but in no way he was going to leave a clearly unstable and drunk Chaeyoung alone.

Lisa, stay fucking away...

The noise from the first floor was being annoying but not so much, Lisa thanked being locked and her AirPods for keeping her away from the party. Also, Bambam's huge bed was the damn

seventh heaven.

How could that bad friend let her sleep in the guest room when he had his own king size bed? Shit, Lisa was sad, she deserved this bed, and the other four cats accompanying her too.

It was great to be surrounded by so much cat love, by the way. They were purring and comforting her in their way. Leo especially, her baby was over her all the time, nuzzling her hand and demanding her attention all the time, knowing very well that would keep her distracted.

(a/n: whoever that says cats don't give comfort and dogs are more sensitive is lying. it's not cats fault that your cat doesn't like you)

It was already two in the morning and she couldn't possibly fall asleep. Although she had just finished a highly interesting drama and was up since 9 AM, she had not been able to stop thinking about Jungkook and she was still thinking about him with a pressure in the pit of her stomach that made her regret having eaten everything she ate.

And she still brought a Dorito to her mouth, because God, it was extra spicy and delicious. If she wasn't going to have a sexual orgasm, at least she could have one on her tongue.

(a/n: i think I've not eaten a dorito since i was like 8)

Bored, she stretched out on the bed like a depressed starfish and stared at the white ceiling, wondering what to do. Going down to the party was not an option although she could go get more Doritos... and maybe, JUST MAYBE, get some vodka.

Lisa scrunched her nose. Nah, she didn't want to deal with drunk people this time, or people in general. Surely her college friends would be there and Lisa wasn't going to cry like an idiot in the middle of the party, nope, not this time, sir.

She had enough yesterday, fuck, three ladies asked her what the hell was wrong with her and one mom even moved her child away from her, thinking she was mentally unwell.

Anyway, she had no tears left to cry, only emptiness in her chest.

What was Jungkook doing? Drawing? Designing? Would he feel as miserable as she was?

He had seemed like it the last time they talked, his reddish gaze filled with sad emotions still haunting her mind. And yet he had thrown her out of his life.

It hurt so much.

Don't think about it, you have to wait, don't think about it, Lisa, distract yourself, distract yourself.

She dragged her hand on the bed until she ran into her phone and brought it up to her face, entering Instagram immediately. Several people were making lives at the same time, probably from the same

party. Bambam was popular and everyone was down there, having fun.

Knowing that at least someone could cheer her on, she entered Sana's live and, quickly, a smile appeared on her lips, watching her beautiful friend dance with Momo, both laughing as they babbled that the "*orange juice*" they were drinking was very good and that Momo was going to have an orange farm when she was old.

Lisa chuckled and rolled onto her side on the bed, stroking Leo absentmindedly as she continued to listen to them.

"WOOOOO, HOT BOY CHEEEEEEECK!" someone shouted next to them and caught their attention, Lisa also wondered who it would be.

Someone new?

Maybe someone popular?

Lisa didn't pay attention to many guys since she was interested in Jungkook.

The faces of her friends showed obvious interest as they began to cheer up. "YEAAAAAH!! GO!" Sana screamed. "You all gotta see this, hold on," she brought the screen up to her eyes, looking cute and lost as she searched for a way to turn the camera. "How the hell this works? Aish, I can type "

It took a few seconds that only fueled Lisa's curiosity until Sana finally succeeded in her mission.

Lisa almost lost both big eyes because of the shock.

Literally.

She sat bolt upright, gasping.

JUNGKOOK

WHAT THE FUCK WAS JUNGKOOK DOING?!

Sana focused her camera on Jungkook, who was for some reason standing on the coffee table of the living room between two girls, clearly drunk while dancing with them.

Lisa burned, she literally burned with jealousy.

They were touching him, the one in the back hugged him sticking to his body while the one in front was shaking her ass on his crotch. AND HE WAS LETTING HER DO IT.

WHAT THE HELL?

UNDER HER OWN ROOF?

(a/n: bambam's roof actually)

Lisa didn't think twice, the real Lisa inside her, the impulsive and determined bitch, jumped out of bed and cared little about just wearing just a huge Bambam T-shirt. She ran out of the room, her blonde messy bun bouncing with each confident step she took.

The small living room on the second floor was full of people, especially horny couples kissing and touching, reaching into places

not at all suitable for the public eye. The smell of tobacco, alcohol and sweat was strong, the music booming like in a fucking club.

Lisa leaned on the stair railing, which was also crowded, and looked around for Jungkook although it wasn't difficult, he was the only idiot standing at the coffee table with two girls. His black hair shining under the lights of the crystal chandelier in the living room.

A current of relief ran through her body as she realized that he wasn't paying attention to the girls at all, just holding a bottle of beer while dancing between them.

Lady Gaga's Bad Romance started playing and Lisa frowned in confusion, what kind of gay bar was this now?

She wasn't complaining anyway.

(a/n: in honor of mommy gaga for her collab with the pinks, also for being a mf legend, go listen to the old bops loser)

(a/n: the song lyrics also fits this btw)

The coolest thing of all is that Jungkook knew the lyrics, she smirked softly because God he was really... amazing.

Then he dropped the empty beer bottle onto the carpet and started unbuttoning his shirt to the rhythm of the beginning of the song.

HOLD ON

WHAT

THE

HECK

WAS

JUNGKOOK

DOING

The girls next to him got down and joined the small group around him, to enjoy the show. He smiled seductively at them, even Lisa felt goosebumps bloom on her arms, sliding her gaze from his dark eyes to his long tattooed fingers unbuttoning his shirt slowly, he wasn't even showing skin yet but the hint that he would soon was hot.

And other girls were watching it too.

WITH WHAT RIGHTS?

Lisa ran downstairs, she had to get him out of there before he undressed in front of everyone. Maybe he didn't want to be right now, BUT HE WAS HER FUCKING MAN.

Jungkook swayed, throwing his head back as he continued his game, enjoying the music. His neck was visible, strong lines of muscle shining in gold.

Lisa had imagined him drunk many times but never expected this. Jungkook revealing his inner stripper was something... SOMETHING.

"LISA!!!!!" Momo screeched when she saw her and Jungkook turned fast as light, his clouded gaze quickly found her and he staggered across the table.

Lisa leaned forward terrified of him falling as if she could hold him if he did. Jungkook steadied himself and smirked, pointing at her.

"THIS IS FOR YOU, DOLL!" he dragged the words and closed his fist bringing it to his mouth. "*You know that I want you,*" he began to slide the shirt down his arms while literally dancing, thick shoulders and biceps debuting for everyone's thirsty eyes. "*And you know that I need you ... I want it bad, like your bad romance,*" and he tossed the shirt away, sweaty muscles and black ink at its best, wetting the panties of every present person in the room. The pic he posted on Instagram was nothing next to the real version.

(a/n: somebody come get her cuz she's dancing like a striiipper)

I want your love, and I want your revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

Jungkook jumped around, pretending that he was Gaga herself, and then moved his hips and feet, announcing that if you got into bed with that man, he would kill you with those moves. He was giving, pulling his hair back and his eyes on her, just on her.

He was... so hot.

Lisa had to get him out of there, like, right now.

She reached out and took his arm, Jungkook let her do it and went down without problems, wrapping her in a warm hug, his whole body clinging to hers and stealing her breath away. Fine, she didn't expect this, not at all.

"Hi, doll, I missssssed you sooo much," he purred at her, his face burying into her neck where he literally breathed in like a drug addict.

Oh, now he didn't hate her?

Brilliant.

But he was still damn half-naked, drunk and sweaty, holding her so tight, like she was his girl.

Lisa knew they were all envying her ass, she would if it was them.

"Lili!!!" Sana and Momo approached, as drunk as Jungkook.

Shit.

It wasn't the right time for this.

"Girls!" She forced a smile as she felt Jungkook hug her tighter and tighter. Her nipples, pressed to his chest, got sensitive and hard like rocks, sending currents of pure lust to her core.

"Get that dick, Lili! He's soooooooo hot!" Momo giggled and Sana hugged Jungkook from the side, which affected Lisa unexpectedly.

LET MY MAN GO, yelled an intern Lisa she didn't recognize.

"Mmmmm so happy for you both," she said innocently, nuzzling her face against Jungkook's bicep.

"Yeah," Lisa gave a nervous laugh and her eyes widened when Jungkook started kissing the sensitive skin of her neck.

"Letz get a room, doll, 'm so horny, I want you so bad ..." and he pressed his hips close to her, something hard pressing her stomach like a damn gun and Lisa was sure that Jungkook didn't have a literal gun.

Wha-

Gulp.

What?

Lisa wasn't going to lie, her stomach twisted, her uterus excited because maybe she was going to get his babies tonight. Her body was very interested in having that hard-on against it, craving for it sliding insi-

WAIT

NOT

HE'S DRUNK

"Jungkook, we have to leave," she leaned back and took his cheeks, forgetting everyone around. Momo and Sana left anyway. He was flushed, his nose glowing like a pinpoint, and his smile was goofy, relaxed, eyes lost. God, she wanted to kiss him so bad. She couldn't resist him being this cute.

"We ssshould, 'aight? " and the cuteness vanished because he leaned toward her, he would have kissed her if she wasn't holding him. "I wanna fuck you so hard," he whispered to her, eyes narrowing on her lips.

I-

Oh my God

He-

Lisa couldn't breathe.

So, uh, horny drunk?

JUNGKOOK WAS A HORNY DRUNK

Lisa could get excited despite that, he was saying this to her and no one else, he knew who she was and he wanted her, despite everything... Her heart fluttered hopefully and the joy almost made her jump. Maybe he didn't hate her that much.

Jungkook then frowned and as Lisa came out of her excitement, she noticed his huge hand on her ass, the grip on her waist had pulled up the shirt and the edge of her buttocks was in sight, just under Jungkook's fingers. "Where r ur pants?"

OH FUCK

RIGHT

(a/n: WEAR FUCKING PANTS)

And his fingers there were causing things between the legs, things really wet.

Lisa lowered her hands and pulled her shirt down, but Jungkook kept his brow furrowed, his gaze almost... angry. "You r zo careless," he literally scolded her.

THE NERVE

HE WAS THE ONE HALF NAKED

... She too but, you know, at least her titties were covered.

And thinking of her boobs was that she remembered that she was not wearing a bra and her crushed nipples against Jungkook's bare chest were definitely enjoying the attention.

And God, it was great, it felt good, she would rub them on him like a cat in heat if they were in another situation but they weren't and this was wrong.

Her awareness quickly took place and she scolded herself, she knew that all this was the effect of alcohol, Jungkook didn't want her close when he was in his right mind.

Or maybe he did, his body clearly wanted her, but not while being hurt, not without the truth and she did want him to know the truth and make love to him with all things clear between them.

"We ..." she had to really use all her strength to stop herself from kissing him and erasing that frown from his face. "We have to leave, right now. You're too drunk "

Jungkook showed a predatory smile that she never imagined on him, a confident and arrogant expression, he didn't have to say anything for Lisa to know that he planned to go with her anywhere she wanted to do... things.

And it was tempting, very tempting.

But no.

Lisa had to sober him up fast or she was going to surrender and lose him forever, because Jungkook was never going to forgive her if they had sex while he was drunk, especially after what happened between them.

She took his hands from behind his back and forced him to release her, Jungkook put up no resistance but was confused. He was happy again when she put his arm around her shoulders and led him toward the stairs.

Lisa gasped at his weight, Jungkook had no problem leaning against her like he weighed the same as a kid. The idiot weighed as much as a damn truck, she had to use her leg muscles and she knew they would hurt the next day as they swayed among the drunk people there.

Jungkook buried his face in her neck again, tempting her with

kisses and murmurs of promises to destroy her ass which were bold and left her shocked but they didn't sound bad at all, if she was honest.

Climbing the stairs was a double effort, especially when he somehow hugged her from behind, pressing her to his hard body. Memories of them dancing together came back, but now he was shirtless, bare muscles pressing perfectly to every corner of her back, strong arms wrapping her right as his breath was caressing her neck.

Lisa was literally burning, she was going to sweat soon.

"God, if you're listening to me..." she murmured a prayer because she needed God, Jesus, the whole holy spirit and even Maria's help for this.

(a/n: i know she's buddhist and he too but latin catholic prayers are funnier)

△□△□△□

Lisa managed to get him to the room, but as soon as she opened the door he pushed her inside and leaned against the door, looking her from head to toe, pausing for a few long seconds on her bare long legs.

He was hungry for her. Famished.

Hot, too hot.

Lisa shuddered and prayed to all the Gods again because she was going to do something she shouldn't if he kept looking at her like that, leaning against the door with all those muscles bulging in his torso, the tattoos decorating him like pure art and that dangerous smirk on his lips. SHE DIDN'T HAVE HER KNEES PROTECTORS EITHER.

She stepped back as he advanced like a predator, she couldn't believe that she was in this situation with the same boy who couldn't stop stuttering when they started talking. Then the back of her knees hit the bed and she fell on the mattress like a hopeless doll. Jungkook leaned forward and climbed on top of her, his thighs catching hers as he gently raised her face with his hands.

"Fuck doll," he muttered and Lisa gasped.

Shit, she was going to get a nose bleed.

He was so close and despite the alcohol, he smelled so good. He was a fantasy and a nightmare, dazing her mind.

The music was still there, Tia Tamera by Doja Cat reached her ears only because he started to move, giving her a fuck fuckity fucking slow lap dance. And Lisa never expected that to be so damn hot, but he was a masterpiece of defined muscles, tattoos on his right pec and on his ribs, with the most beautiful face...

His hips rolled, abs tensing and flexing as his body danced on her,

hands still cupping her cheeks softly. But then, he brought one of her hands to touch him, dragging it through all the hard muscles of his stomach and her fingers curled out of pure desire, to feel him more. The red tips of her long manicured nails scratched his skin softly. Lisa looked at his face and gasped, he was biting his bottom lip so hard, and when their heated gazes met...

"Lisa!" Chaeyoung's voice came from behind the door, she was screaming and although the music was loud, Lisa could tell she was steps away.

SHE COULDN'T OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE THIS

LISA HAD ENOUGH DRAMA ALREADY.

Lisa had no idea why her best friend was looking for her JUST NOW, LIKE COULDN'T SHE WAIT TILL NEXT MORNING OR SOMETHING? NOOOOOO, BECAUSE EVERYONE ALWAYS HAD TO INTERRUPT THEM.

(a/n: should i say sorry?)

Chaeyoung sounded drunk and determined so Lisa moved fast and pushed Jungkook back, making both fall to the ground because he gripped her hips. Lisa ended up on him and crawled over him until she reached the door, just in time to press the lock button and lock it.

"Lisa! Lisa, we need to talk," Chaeyoung knocked on the door and sounded totally drunk, she always spoke English when she was drunk.

Lisa turned to Jungkook just to shut him up but she gasped in surprise, eyes going wide and mouth hanging, because he bit her, Jungkook BIT HER THIGH.

The right spot, Lisa didn't moan because she was shocked.

He grabbed her legs and lowered her hips to his hard chest, delivering warm kisses up her legs that made her tremble and shudder, biting her lower lip in pleasure.

"Just like I imagined," he murmured and slid his warm, wet tongue to the edge of her damn underwear, a thin lace thong.

Lisa was about to die, it was official.

"So pretty"

Was she? For him?

Fuck, yes.

She stifled a moan and forced herself to react, crawling back and taking his face in her hands. "Are you crazy?" she whispered to him, possibly more to herself for stopping him. In that moment, Jungkook was dazed, eyes full of lust and lips shining, probably because he just licked them just as he licked the inside of her thigh.

"Lisa! Open the door, pleaaaaaseeee," Chaeyoung whined like a child, taking the doorknob and moving it to open the door.

"For you," he declared and brought a huge hand to the nape of her neck to lower her and crash his lips against hers.

Lisa moaned in surprise but was quickly seduced by his bold soft lips, devouring her mouth.

"Lisa!" Chaeyoung woke her up from the lustful cloud and she tried to separate.

"Fuck no, not anymore," he murmured and kissed her again, rolling onto the floor and leaving her down. His big body hovered over her while his mouth erased all kinds of thoughts from her mind, his tongue reaching into her mouth to play with hers in such a way that Lisa moaned with pleasure, imagining him doing the same down her body.

She buried her hands in his silky hair and let herself go, responding to his kisses with the same pent-up hunger that he had. Fuck, yes, she had wanted this for so long and so hard.

Her body arched unconsciously, wanting to feel him closer, to feel his body against her once again. Her nipples needed some friction, they wanted his chest.

His muscled arm held his body up as his other hand reached down to cup her thigh, fingers just below her ass and brushing the inside of her thigh tantalizingly, probably feeling the damp heat coming off her panties.

She was so wet, so fucking horny for him.

Her shirt had climbed up to her stomach and Lisa noticed when he lowered his hips and his hard bulge rubbed against her barely protected center easily. Jungkook moaned against her lips and she writhed with pleasure, just from the sound and obviously because of the sudden sensation. But then his hips began to move, grinding against her, fucking her through the clothes, and she moaned in surprise, her core quickly going crazy. It had been so long and she wanted him so much, shit, Lisa wanted him deep inside, moving his hips like that. Deep, wet, just like his tongue was in her mouth.

Jungkook was moaning against her lips, desperate, really dying to take her like this. She tugged at his hair, taking control over his tongue even as moans and gasps rose in her throat. The knot in her belly was tightening, desperate for being released.

Jungkook attacked back and lifted her leg higher, opening her wider for him.

His entire length, covered by his jeans, lined up perfectly between her wet folds thought the fine panties and it was the perfect position for him to rub against her clit perfectly, driving her crazy. Just like that, exactly like that.

And he wasn't even really touching her, others would have had to dig their fingers into her panties and try to do something, but he

was just kissing her, surrounding her with that body and dry humping her like a teenager and just with that Lisa was at the edge of coming, and she was going to come so hard.

"Fuck, I love you so much," he murmured against her lips, barely parting to look her in the eye as he accelerated the movement of his hips, as if he wanted to see her squirm.

Lisa gasped surprised but those words were enough to send her to the edge. She arched moaning, belly twisting in pleasure as waves of a sudden climax started to hit her with every new thrust of his hips.

"Oh my God, Jungkooooook~, " her voice trailed off in a purring moan.

Her legs tightened around his waist and her own hips ground against his length, clit sensitive and hungry for the hardness of his groin. Bodies moving desperate and fast, rubbing, grinding, humping, looking for more pleasure because for sure there was more to give.

Lisa kissed him, forcing him to lower his body and press it completely against her. Jungkook didn't refuse, numbing her once again with his lips as her body was calming down under his warm and soft skin, and, surprisingly, he stopped moving.

Their lips parted, wet and swollen, and she opened her eyes just to see his deep dark orbs and remember his words.

...

He... He loved her?

Lisa was surprised, frozen. She stared at him, panting, he was also panting against her swollen lips. She got conscious of their position, his body on hers felt so correct and warm, new but familiar, giving her the desire to never want to let him go from her arms.

His dark eyes, bright as night, reminded her that he was drunk and at concentrating more on the situation, Lisa savored the taste of beer in her own mouth.

But, she somehow knew that what he said weren't drunk words, Jungkook really loved her.

She could see it now as she could see when they really kissed for the first time. Actually, he had that same look for so long and she could finally recognize it.

It was love, it was adoration, it was lust but also softness.

She grinned, sliding her fingers to his soft cheeks, and opened her mouth to confess the truth to him, though perhaps he would not remember. However, Jungkook rolled away from her, agitated, holding onto his hands, clearly not feeling romantic as she was.

"Jungkook?"

"I feel so bad"

Oh no, she recognized that tone, it was familiar, very familiar.

Lisa quickly got up, took his arm with a strength that not even she knew where she got it from, and dragged him into Bambam's huge white bathroom. Jungkook fell to his knees against the toilet and threw up.

(a/n: are we really surprised?)

God, it was terrible.

Lisa knelt beside him and stroked his bare back, trying to avoid the tempting sight of the golden muscles flexing.

"I'm so sorry, baby," she murmured in comfort and left him alone to fetch the bottle of water she had by the bed.

The cats had curled up against the windows overlooking the city, freeing the bed, and Lisa cocked her head, wondering for a few seconds if it was proof that Bambam was fucking a lot in the room and cats just were used to it.

When she returned to the bathroom, Jungkook had slid onto his butt, resting his back against the tub and letting his head fall back. He was sweaty and looked like a clear mess, Lisa smiled, her heart racing for that mess.

She flushed the toilet and grabbed a towel, then dipped a tip of it in cold water.

Slowly, she climbed onto his lap and sat on his strong thighs, happy that she hadn't been pushed or rejected. Her heart still had the fear of being coldly rejected again but it didn't happen and she got more confident.

"Jungkook, baby, take some water," she murmured to him, Jungkook didn't react and she decided not to force him, starting to run the wet towel over his face and neck. He had gotten a little dirty but she didn't mind because shit, she loved him so much. "Are you okay?" she asked when finished.

"Ye, you're zitting on my dick, Lisa, I'm more than okay," and he said that without looking at her.

She noticed that yes, indeed, she was sitting on his boner. That soldier was still hard, standing still, ready for the battle.

"I'm sorry," she slid back but didn't want to get off, she wanted to stay as close as she could on a whim, because she knew he would push her away if he were in his right mind... or maybe not.

She ran the wet towel back over his face, finally touching his soft, silky black hair with too much satisfaction, this time being conscious about it. She wanted to do that since she saw him the first time.

"You're so bad, Lisa," he murmured, his voice saying clearly that he was still drunk. She wondered what he was referring to and saw him chuckle, shoulders shaking. "Have you watched your name? It

had bells marking the soulmates of fate and... No, wait, that was the red thread of fate... or it was both? Good movie though. It has good visuals... I like cherry blossoms... the movie had cherry blossoms... and bells... I always hear bells when I'm with you, like, cows... cows have bells? And Tinkerbell. But maybe it's my heart because I'm so fucking in love, like real love, since the first time in that red Christmas dress... *last Christmas I gave you my heart ~~~*"

Lisa burst out laughing, not knowing what the hell he was talking about but he was so cute.

Jungkook was also a rambler when drunk, talking way more than he would ever will when he was sober.

Wait.

In love? With her?

"Jungkook?" She took his face in her hands and made him look at her, slowly so as not to make him more dizzy. Jungkook looked at her through narrowed eyes, sleepy, but a goofy smile on his thin swollen lips. "Are you in love with me?"

She needed confirmation, another one, without the heat and passion of the moment. If he said yes, she would fight to the end of the world to get his forgiveness and be with him.

Jungkook nodded. "Doll, I fucking love you"

Lisa melted with pure love. Relief ran through her body and all the sadness she had felt evaporated like water, replaced by pure joy.

"But you do me so wrong," he added and she saw it, the sadness, the fear, not even his drunk self could hide it. He was also resigned. "But you're my obsession..." and his finger touched her plump lips softly, smiling softly.

He had a pure heart, a heart so kind and warm that was ready to give but was never receiving. Lisa hurt this beautiful heart but she promised to herself and to him silently that she was going to stay awake and alert to be sure that it was never going to break again.

Lisa was going to protect him completely this time, from everything.

She hugged him, tight, surrounding his neck and sticking her entire body to his. Jungkook hugged her languidly and she felt him tinker with her hair. It was intimate, tender, it was everything she needed.

"I fucking love you too," she whispered, burying her face in his neck. His familiar scent was still lingering there.

And within seconds she noticed that he had fallen asleep in her arms, breathing deeply. Lisa smiled and caressed his face freely, appreciating every detail, from that cute mole under his lips to the cutest mole on his forehead.

"I'm coming for you like a wrecking ball, Jungkook, be ready,"

she promised mischievously and left a kiss on his nose.

Lisa had many things to solve, but at least now she was sure that Jungkook loved her, she just had to make him know that she loved him back.

The party was still going hard and now smelled more like alcohol than before when Lisa let Jimin and Jisoo into Bambam's room, both coming for Jungkook.

She wasn't surprised when they both ignored her and walked directly to the bathroom in search of their friend, who Lisa had left as comfortable as possible with a pillow under his head and shoulders to protect his muscles from the cold of the marble bathtub and a blanket over his body.

"Wow, he's wasted," Jimin commented almost amusedly, clearly holding back a laugh.

Jisoo crossed her arms and showed clear disapproval. "I prefer him getting new tattoos than this"

She looked sleepy, of course she still was. Lisa had insisted until she exhaustion, until she woke up and barked at the phone: *"I hope it's a damn emergency."*

It wasn't but Lisa couldn't contact Jimin and she didn't have Taehyung's number, Jisoo was her last option and she was thankful that he hadn't blocked her despite being furious with her. Jisoo was then able to contact Jimin.

"Do you think you can take him home?" Lisa asked Jimin, not doubting his strength but Jungkook was a damn tall and muscular bull.

"I've done it before," he shrugged but his response was ice cold.

Lisa felt sad for causing this, Jimin used to speak to her with so much affection before. Jisoo too. Now both were cold like ice and she understood it, she would be like that to the person that hurt her friend too. She knew she deserved this treatment but that didn't make it less painful.

"I can drive you all to your place, Bambam has a car," she offered, hopeful to make peace, she knew very well that she needed to be okay with both of us in order to be okay with Jungkook.

Jisoo shot her an emotionless look but nodded because she was practical, still crossing her arms to show her clear disgust to be there, as Jimin put Jungkook's arm on his shoulders to stand him up. Lisa stepped forward to help him and it was easier between the two of them, but it definitely left them panting.

"Fuck, fucking muscle pig," Jimin growled. "What the fuck has he drank?"

"Weren't you with him?" Jisoo asked accusingly like a mother

would.

"I had to take Chaeyoung home"

Lisa looked at him taken aback, remembering then that after knocking the door, Chaeyoung had not reappeared. Lisa didn't worry, thinking that she would easily settle into one of the armchairs to sleep as she always did in every party. "You did what?"

"She was drunk and coming for you, I saw you two coming here and I stopped her," Jimin accused her, really accused her, as if she had taken advantage of Jungkook.

"He was getting naked in the living room, I had to get him out of there," she defended herself. "But thank you for stopping her," she conceded, the situation would have become as dramatic as a Shakespearean tragedy if Chaeyoung realized what was happening. Especially if she was drunk.

"It was for the best but you have to stop her delusions," he said seriously and Lisa nodded, she was going to do it soon. "She didn't even care about Jungkook, all she was talking about was you so don't worry about her being hurt for this... whatever you have with Jungkook that is clearly hurting him," and the last part was a clear and poisonous warning between lines. He wanted her to know that she was being a bitch.

"It wasn't my intention to hurt him," she said honestly. "I wasn't thinking and was desperate but I never did anything"

Jimin and Jisoo exchanged glances but remained silent and the three of them dragged Jungkook through the party to the elevator, then to Bambam's expensive red Audi. Jungkook was totally passed out and slid into the back seat without a single reaction.

Lisa expected that the police didn't stop her on the way because she didn't have a Korean driver's license and it wasn't a good time to end up in jail. She didn't want to end up locked up in a cell with Jungkook.

"What do you mean you didn't do anything?" Jisoo asked, straight to the point, when they were leaving the parking lot.

Lisa took a deep breath, feeling embarrassment wash over her but she had to confess, she hadn't been ashamed to make a date with Jaewon so she should face the consequences with bravery now. "I... When I went on that date with Jaewon Oppa I was being selfish and not thinking, afraid of ruining everything with Chaeyoung and ruining the scholarship for Jungkook. But he made me think about it and realize I was doing wrong, so it was nothing, nothing happened between us. I was going to tell Jungkook everything that night, apologize and explain all this mess I created but it was too late, Chaeyoung told him about my date and... I know I hurt him but I'm really sorry, I really want to make up with him and be with

him," she glanced at Jisoo through the mirror, wanting her to know that she was being honest.

"So you didn't sleep with Jaewon?" Jimin asked her.

Lisa looked at him in surprise, where had he got that from. "No? What? Why would I?"

"But Jungkook ..." he cut himself off before continuing and Jisoo decided to ask something else.

"So you won't ask him to be just friends? You really want to try something with him?"

"Yes! Damn, yes!" Lisa sighed, it was even liberating to say it. "I should have thought about how it was going to look when I fucked up. I'm really sorry. But I don't want to be another Tzuyu. I really want to be with him"

Jimin and Jisoo looked at her genuinely surprised.

"Have he told you about Tzuyu?" Jisoo asked as if Jungkook had revealed a national secret.

"Yeah?"

They both shared a look as Lisa focused on the road, silence reigned for a few seconds as they silently communicated until a decision was made.

"Why did you insist on being his friend for so long, Lisa?" Jisoo asked then.

Lisa sighed: "Chaeyoung likes him and I... I lent him to her like he was some kind of object, I really ...," she swallowed, feeling really bad. "I didn't consider his feelings, I never thought he loved me till now and I never thought I loved him this much till now... I really love him, I love him so fucking bad that I don't know what I will do if he dumps me and it's ridiculous because we never were nothing but that was my fucking fault too," she admitted bravely with bitter humor, she wanted them to trust her again and saying the truth was the first step.

She was leaving herself vulnerable in front of them, they could fuck her up with this if they wanted.

Jisoo sighed but leaned forward and gave her a narrowed look. "If you love him, prove it"

"I will," Lisa assured although she didn't know how... yet.

"I swear to God Lalisa, you better prove it and love him hard," her words were harsh, threatening. "I had him crying, soaked and hurt, in my arms yesterday because of your fault. Maybe I don't show it that much but he is one of my boys and if you're lying and you hurt him again, I will really hunt you "

Lisa's skin bristled with sheer terror plus the image of Jungkook, soaked and crying, invaded her mind and made her feel like shit, turning her pale. She had also cried at the bus station, wet and

freezing, but she had asked for it, she had hurt him, she deserved it, not him.

Jimin noticed her state as he was by her side and his gaze softened. "You're not a bad person, Lisa, I know," he assured her warmly as he had always spoken to her. "You fucked up and bad and we all are angry because of it but ... I trust you can do better," he comforted her and brought tears of relief to her eyes. So he forgave her? He was giving her a chance?

"But you have to prove it," Jisoo barked from the back seat, giving her approval between lines.

Lisa's spirits lit up and she smiled. "I will, really, I will"

But how?

She then looked at the flower tattooed on Jimin's arm which reminded her of the rose tattooed on Chaeyoung's arm and therefore that first time she and Jungkook talked, when they officially introduced themselves at his parlor.

With a snap of the fingers, the idea appeared in Lisa's head making her smile so much that her cheeks ached.

Oh

MY

GOD

YES!

THAT'S IT!

THAT WAS DAMN CRAZY RIGHT?

I CANT BELIEVE GOSH

NOT EVEN I CAN BELIEVE

in my defense when i planned this chapter, it wasn't going to be as heated as it was but i spent my sunday insolated reading a saga with many smut scenes and well...

btw i recommend bound by honor by cora reilly. it's a mafia book and it left me thinking how something clearly sexist didn't feel that sexist??

sorry for the not related comment

told you all this rollercoaster was going to be crazy, i bet you didn't expect that right?

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 what do you think is Lisa's idea to prove her love?

i just don't know what else to say, I'm so excited for this one and more now when publishing it. hope you all enjoyed it after the angst.

I AM SO FUCKING HAPPY YOU ALL DON'T UNDERSTAND. I could cry rn bc i was feeling really bad but writing this really lit up my mood and i hope that if you were feeling sad it helped you too

but don't forget that sober jk is still mad

EXTRA: Rawr

this is the only jirose stuff you will get from I'm warning you all
"But Lisa!" Chaeyoung squirmed in his arms as Jimin pulled her away from the door.

He huffed and continued to lead her away from that locked door, obviously on purpose.

He hated the idea of Jungkook being locked up right there with Lisa, also known as the sick bitch with the Barbie face that just broke his heart, but there was nothing he could do to prevent it while trying to control this drunken little beast.

Chaeyoung wasn't much different from her best friend, now Jimin could see very clearly why they were friends despite looking so different. Lisa was a bratty bitch like her but she knew how to hide it much better. No one would have expected her to do something like that.

He had no idea what the hell was going through Lisa's head, before this he thought it was clear at seeing her with Jungkook but after her fucking actions, he couldn't trust her. She fooled them all very well. When Tzuyu was in the matter, it was obvious for everyone except Jungkook, how bad she was but Lisa was a enchantress.

Now, getting his friend out that room and creating a huge drama between the two girls with Jungkook in between was not something he wanted to do, enough drama was Jungkook doing on his own with his lil broken heart.

It was best to get Chaeyoung out of there and then talk to Lisa. Jimin pushed Chaeyoung against the wall and held her face while pinning her with his body. "Chaeyoung, stop! Chaeyoung!"

As soon as their dark gazes met, she stopped struggling and shot him one of those many looks that drove him crazy. It was bratty, a sweet challenge.

Little fairy. "Cheesecake, baby, you should go home," he told her softly, noticing that she was much drunker than before. While searching for Lisa, she had taken another bottle of Champagne on her own, arguing with him every time he tried to take it from her.

Chaeyoung pouted childishly and he thought she was going to whine for her freedom but she surprised him at whimpering: "Will you take me home?" She dragged her finger through the small gap

of skin his shirt showed. Her nail caused chills that traveled directly to the south of his body.

Jimin would have laughed if he hadn't been so suddenly aroused. He cupped her cheek and raised her face. "You really want that, Cheesecake?"

It was not a bad idea, it was better to get her out of there with her leading the way than taking her on his shoulder like a caveman.

She nodded and her fist closed on his shirt, pushing him closer to her small body. A bubble of desire was created and surrounded them, she had forgotten about Lisa again. "Yes, please. I..." she cut herself off and her pretty eyes focused on his lips, distracted.

Jimin unconsciously bit his lower lip and she imitated him, clearly eager to kiss him. He giggled, enjoying that she couldn't hide her desire while being drunk, and took her hand, intertwining their fingers. "Let's go then"

She staggered after him and Jimin shot one last look at the closed door, praying that Jungkook would become a little bit more aware of the situation and not sleep with Lisa or that Lisa would have some awareness and stop it. The last thing Jungkook needed was obsessing over her body too, because Jimin knew Jungkook Junior was craving for that pussy and once he got a taste, he wasn't going to let it go.

Jimin didn't want Jungkook in such a situation again, it had been enough to see him suffer for a long year for a heartless bitch who wanted another guy. It wasn't good for him to go through the same thing and he was doing a good job at avoiding Lisa. He hoped Lisa wouldn't take advantage of this and his best friend because it would definitely ruin everything.

Jimin managed to get Chaeyoung out to the elevator and was surprised when she pushed him against the mirror, planting a hand next to his head as she leaned to him, entangling her finger in the chain hanging from his neck. She looked hot but she was still blushing and she was doing something weird with her expressions, looking adorably funny.

Did she want to seduce him? After all this time of rejection and arrogance?

He leaned against the mirror and cocked his head with an amused smile. "Do you need something, Cheesecake?"

She leaned against him, her small breasts pressing against his chest and one of her slender legs slipped between his, her thigh dangerously close to his crotch. Jimin would have been afraid of it if she weren't so drunk. "I think I need you..." she leaned closer.

Jimin chuckled. "Really? Now you need me? "

She nodded and moved closer with clear intentions to kiss him

but he moved his head and got a kiss on the cheek. "Jimin-ssi," she scolded him in a high-pitched tone and took his face in her small hands, her brow furrowed like a little girl's. "Why aren't you kissing me? You don't want me?"

Of course he wanted her, but in this way, it was just fun and it was even funnier because she was feeding his ego, turning her sober self into a silly clown. "You're too cute, Cheesecake"

She smirked and hung on his shoulders, her silky hair falling back. "I know, right? So... will you kiss me? "

"Maybe, maybe not," he played hard to get. He wasn't going to kiss her at all, taking advantage of drunk girls wasn't among his favorite things you know.

"How can I get a yes?" she fiddled with his necklace like a baby would do.

"Try to convince me," he played and looked at the number above their heads, about three floors to reach the lobby.

She ran her hand down his stomach to his belt and Jimin raised both eyebrows, she shot him a look trying to be seductive, raising and lowering her eyebrows and, God, this was embarrassing.

"What are you doing?"

"I never did this before but Lisa told me once how to..." she hummed, hooking her finger to the waistband of his jeans.

What the hell was she doing?

Jimin pursed his lips to keep from laughing and grabbed her wrist, raising her hand. "Chaeyoung, please," and it was a please of the type of please stop embarrassing yourself.

She giggled. "What? You don't want me down?"

No?

I mean, yes, he wanted her, but now she was just making him laugh.

"Didn't you say before that I'm disgusting?"

Chaeyoung opened her eyes innocently. "Nope, never, you are... sooooooooooooo hoot"

God, why wasn't he recording this? This deserved to be saved.

The elevator doors opened, surprising her. She turned as she always did but lost her balance and almost killed herself against the ground but he managed to hold her. "Where do you live, Cheesecake?"

"Oh, close, close!" she tugged on his arm but kept close to him. "Are you gonna have sex with me in my room? Say yes "

He decided to say nothing and she rubbed her body against him temptingly again.

"I know you want me, you always do," she was arrogant even being drunk but she was much more lovely in this state. "I want you

too but sssshhhhhh," she pressed her index finger to his lips. "Don't tell Jimin"

Yeah, Jimin was going to make sure that Jimin never knows this.

"But I want Jungkook," she added thoughtfully, still leading him out of the building. The night was cool but she didn't seem cold at all. "He's hot too but you're hotter..."

"Obviously," he put his hands in his pockets and followed her as she headed out into the street.

"And Jungkook ... he is weiiiiird," she giggled and tripped over a bush, thank goodness she was wearing sneakers with that pretty dress of hers that highlighted her round cute butt. She laughed and straightened up. "Lisa is angry with me because of him, like?" She approached Jimin and hung on his shoulders again, he paid attention to her drunken talk, interested in the way this was taking. "She went to that date and I just told Kookie, so he will know she's not single anymore," she explained but there was something else on her face, the fun fading. "She left home and hasn't been there since days... I miss her," she pouted sadly, warming Jimin's heart.

Although he wondered, why did Lisa leave the house? Because she was exposed? Wasn't that very cowardly? At least this drunken and arrogant mess was honest with her words... even though they were questionable. Jimin knew that Chaeyoung wasn't a good person.

But there was still something strange there. Jimin saw Lisa with Jaewon and saw Lisa with Jungkook, the difference was obvious to everyone except Jungkook, so how had she become more interested in Jaewon? Why had she done something like that knowing she had Jungkook eating from her hand? The normal thing would have been to go for Jungkook and get him. At least fuck him if she just wanted him for that, but she just ghosted him.

What kind of sick game was she playing?

"Why did Lisa go on that date with Jaewon Hyung?" he asked but was ignored, Chaeyoung was distracted by his lips again.

"Your lips are so pretty, it's unfair"

"Chaeyoung..."

"Wanna meet my house? I live right there," she pointed to a building that was literally next to Bambam's.

...

Hold a second.

Chaeyoung and Lisa were making a whole drama for being apart when all they had in the middle of them was one small green space?!

If Chaeyoung was missing her so much, couldn't she just, I don't know, cross the sidewalk and knock Bambam's door?

Women were weird.

"Let's go," he nodded. "But, Cheesecake," he grabbed her arm and pulled her back, she wrapped his waist with her arms like a girlfriend in love would do and it was downright hilarious for him but he had to focus. "Listen"

"Yeah?"

"This is serious, Chaeyoung," he gently gripped her chin with two fingers.

"I love when you call me Chaeyoung," she leaned in and purred at him?

"It's your name, Cheesecake"

"My name is Roseanne," she giggled foolishly.

What? Her name was Roseanne? Or she was going in stripper mode like Jungkook and trying to seduce him with a new name?

Jungkook, Lisa, right, the point.

"Why Lisa went on a date with Jaewon?" he asked slowly.

Chaeyoung giggled again. "Because I told her! Aren't they super cute together?:

...

What?

Taking her up was relatively easy, Jimin was planning to say goodbye at the door and go back to the party to rescue Jungkook, but then Chaeyoung grabbed him by the shirt, slammed him against the wall, and devoured his mouth.

The champagne flavor was sweet on her lips, which were soft and just thinking that her lipstick would smear on her whole mouth drove him crazy. He kissed her back, holding her head and digging his fingers into her blonde hair, but when she tried to stick her tongue in like the playful little fairy she seemed to be, he pulled her away firmly, her hair in his fist, and she moaned. God, that moan. Jimin was going to lose his sanity and all kinds of moral if she moaned like that again.

"Hmm, Daddy yes, pull my hair"

Ah, there she was ruining it.

She was lucky that she was pretty because she was so bad at flirting.

"You really need to sleep right now," he released her hair gently, running his fingers through the long blonde locks in a caress.

She giggled. "With you?" and she fluttered her lashes like she was having some blinking issues.

"No, alone"

She didn't believe him and tugged on his hand, making him enter the apartment. It was large, not as big as Bambam's, but definitely

luxurious and spacious, with warmer colors, beige, white, and pink hues matching.

"Will you think the same if I ..." she fiddled with the straps on her dress and Jimin hoped she didn't mean what he was thinking. But she ran her hands down her body while doing a really awkward dance and he released a relieved sigh.

And then he was shocked and widened his eyes in fear as she began to pull her dress up.

"WO WO WO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?!" He reached out to stop her before she revealed her underwear, she was at the edge of doing so.

Chaeyoung pushed him back and he fell onto the couch, then she took off her dress and threw it away.

Oh my God...

Was she... slow dancing?

Or?

Oh...

Jimin couldn't help but look at her beautiful, perfectly proportioned body, slim curves in all the right places. She was really a very good sight.

Her white lingerie gave it a special touch.

And she was getting closer.

Yeah ...

No.

"Cheesecake, baby, you gotta sleep," he held her hands and stood up, trying to hold her back but she was watching it as a game.

"No, no, no, you and I gotta sleep, daddy"

Jimin, don't laugh. Jimin, don't laugh. Please, don't laugh.

"Where's your room?"

He had to wrap her in a sheet and make her sleep.

Her eyes lit up and she let go of him to stagger to her room, swaying her really pretty hips to give him a good view of her ass. Jimin followed her, letting out a sigh, he was amused and interested, he wasn't going to deny it.

Her room was white but with many pink details and he couldn't observe the decoration too much because she was already kneeling on the bed, leaning on one knee, exposing her body to him, waiting for him.

"Cheesecake, what are you doing?"

She slid down and rested her hands on the mattress. "Rawr..." yeah, her hand formed a small claw and she crawled to him.

Jimin burst out laughing.

"Come for me daddy, grrrrrrrr ..."

Aish...

Karma tasted delicious.

Getting that beast to sleep was easier than he expected, he just had to really wrap her up and stroke her hair and she fell asleep with her head in his lap, looking like the angel she wasn't.

But she was beautiful, with a perfectly upturned nose and those soft childish cheeks. He admired her as he kept running his fingers through her hair and wondered how a person who looked so heavenly could be so wicked.

Or maybe she wasn't evil, she was just very stubborn and spoiled.

Hearing her murmur about Lisa before falling asleep had shown him that there was some humanity in her, Lisa brought out that warm part of her. He remembered the thousands of times he saw them together, happy, laughing, chatting, looking like two rays of sun...

Chaeyoung said that she told Lisa to go to that Jaewon date, but why did Lisa go? Didn't she ever tell her that she and Jungkook kissed? No? Was it because Chaeyoung was interested in Jungkook?

Because if that was the case, Chaeyoung seemed to not give a shit about Jungkook actually. Drunk words are sober thoughts and Jungkook wasn't there.

Chaeyoung wouldn't have jumped on him as she did if she really was into Jungkook. But then, why Lisa went to Jaewon and even slept with him?

God, he had to talk to Lisa and get an explanation, and as if it were a signal, his phone buzzed in his pocket again. It had done it before but he was unable to reply while dealing with Chaeyoung.

It was Jisoo.

At this time?

"What's wrong?"

"Jungkook is wasted," Jisoo's hoarse, tired voice told him. "Lisa called me, she is taking care of him"

Oh, so she didn't take advantage of the situation.

Well, maybe Lisa deserved some rights and he felt relieved because maybe he wasn't wrong about her and she was honest and had an explanation, a real one.

Jimin knew that Jungkook needed her to be honest and he prayed for it to happen. After all the shit he went through, it was fair for his best friend to be happy and loved.

"Good morning sunshine"

Chaeyoung jumped in fright and quickly wrapped herself tighter in her pink silk robe. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Then she realized.

She was in her underwear...

He was shirtless, having breakfast in her kitchen...

Oh no.

Oh no no no no.

Her head hurt a lot and she didn't remember anything because she was so drunk the night before and...

"OH MY GOD, YOU! PREDATOR! " She came for him to hit him in the chest but Jimin was quick to hold her wrists, with rights, her bony knuckles were dangerous.

"Calm down!"

"No! You bastard!" she yelled at him. "How could you? I was drunk and defenseless! "

AND WHY WAS HE LAUGHING AT HER!

THE AUDACITY

HE WAS THE WORST!

"Cheesecake, calm down!" But she wasn't going to stop fighting, not as long as he kept that damn amused smile.

"I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! "

"CHAEYOUNG CALM THE FUCK DOWN"

Oh

He...

HE JUST YELLED AT HER ?!

"DON'T YELL AT ME! WHO THE HELL YOU THINK YOU ARE?! "

And after that, they both calmed down, breathing hard against the other while their gazes were silently arguing. Then, his serious expression broke into a smirk: "Cheesecake you're so cute when you're mad"

She narrowed her eyes and kicked at his shin, Jimin groaned and released her to rub his leg in pain. Chaeyoung kicked his shoulder and threw him to the ground, then crossed her arms, totally angry. "This was... THIS NEVER HAPPENED PARK JIMIN!"

Of course she didn't expect him to get angry too, his usually warm eyes hardening in fury as he stood up. It was attractive to see in some way, he was dangerous, sexy, defined but not exaggerated muscles, rising to his full height. He was considerably taller than her.

He scared her a little bit, even though she knew he wasn't going to do anything to her.

But he made her feel like a small rat in front of a lion.

"Listen," he said seriously as he approached her frozen self and an accent that she didn't recognize was just in that single word, his voice becoming deeper and silkier. "I've never put a hand on you so never again put a hand or foot on me, is it clear?"

She was speechless, low-key scared.

He looked scary.

"Cheesecake, I have limits and trust me that I'm not a fan of violence"

"Then you shouldn't have taken advantage of me!" she responded with renewed spirit, raising her chin.

He watched her silently, staring into her eyes, making her feel somehow stupid for implying that... WHY WAS HE MAKING HER FEELING STUPID? HE SHOULD BE THE ONE FEELING BAD.

Then Jimin smirked. "Are you sure I did that? Because you were the one getting naked for me last night "

WHAT?

NO

HE WAS LYING

"YOU'RE LYING!"

"And you're screaming too much, damn, Cheesecake, just like last night"

OH MY GOD

Chaeyoung walked back, hugging herself. No, it couldn't be, she didn't feel anything strange in her body, he couldn't...

No!

And curiously, what worried her the most was not remembering it and that she wanted to remember it. Jimin was famous between girls for a reason...

And if she offered herself... Was she really expecting him to reject her? Was she really that drunk? Because even her tipsy self would have accepted...

Was she really offended?

(a/n: you should stupid dumbass)

Jimin burst out laughing. "Okay, I'm done," he sat down on the bench at the counter, crossing his arms. He looked so comfortable with himself, confident and hot. "You begged me, really hard, to fuck you ..."

"No way!"

Park Chaeyoung never begged, NEVER.

"Yep, you did. But I said no because taking advantage of drunk girls is not my cup of tea, Cheesecake "

Wait, what?

So he... he was making fun of her all this time?

He...

SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEGGED AT LEAST

C'MON

SHE HAD SOME SELF RESPECT

SHE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, NOT TO JIMIN.

And as if he was reading her mind, he nodded. "Yes you did, I didn't record it because that's also dirty but it will stay in my mind for the rest of my life," he was really enjoying this and it made her burn with new fury. This bastard...

"Everytime you say you hate me, I will remember you stripping for me, asking for a good fuck and saying ," he cleared his throat and formed a claw with his hand: "Rawr"

"Get out of my house"

Jimin burst out laughing again... at her...

Deserved.

I KNOW I KNOW no one asked for this but it was necessary for the plot for me. i wanted to show jimin's point of view about this situation too bc i saw some of you getting angry at him when he was just you know just being protective and trying to handle this mess with chaeyoung and at least cheesecake got her karma for being too petty with him.

I'm a lil bit sad that it didn't end up being as funny as i wanted but i hope it made you smile a lil bit at least

if you like it, comment and vote💜

and no i havent started to write next chapter yet but damn karen its been just three days and the next one seems to be really intense



Chapter 32

idk what the fuck happened but the chapter disappeared and fuck i really hate this place so fucking much. it ruined my day. hope you all can comment this time at least

no trigger warnings this time bc you all get triggered just by the trigger warning but if you get triggered well...

Seulgi Unnie

6 Missed Calls

Seulgi Unnie

Lisa

LISAAAAAA

LISA

THIS IS IMPORTANT

HEY HEY

LISAAAAAAAAAA

sorry sorry

i was sleeping

dont you have to be
working in the mural?

just at the afternoon unnie
but not today

i have plans

and the work is done

i just gotta take pics
of the last night and the exposition

lisa baby

it's okay

im not your boss

your boss is in paris

she still sending emails everyday tho
that sounds like jennie

anyway im looking for you
for a job since you said you
are always free for jobs
and money

can relate tbh

oh really??

cool cool

what it is

i need you as a model

you told me you worked on this
already so you were the first that
came to my mind for this thing

its okay

when?

right now actually

right now?

well, at 10

can you be here?

Its okay if you cant but

you would save my life actually

bc i had to get

people yesterday but i forgot kkkk

nono its okay all i was

going to do this morning

was sleeping anyway so i can

THANK YOU

YOU'RE SUCH A QUEEN LILI

LOVE YOU

ill wait for you in the arts department entrance at 10

k unnie

That Monday morning, Lisa got up with a big smile, feeling that everything was going to be all right and the bright morning sun gave her a good feeling.

Jungkook's words from the night before were still fresh in her mind. As if she could ever forget them, they were sweet like the lingering taste of a milk candy in her mouth.

Lisa was so happy.

After clarifying everything with Jimin and Jisoo, when they left Jungkook in his place, life seemed to be much easier. Lisa was going to get the boy.

"Oh my God, Jungkook" and the way she arched his neck made him bit his lower lip, holding himself back to not lean down and mark her neck again. She was trembling under his body. Her legs tightened on his hips and she rubbed herself hard against his crotch, seeking for more and more.

Jungkook tightened his grip on her thigh to keep her still and to thrust into her wet center just as she needed it, fast and strong. He could feel her heat through the fabric of his jeans.

She moaned and murmured his name more times while her body was twitching and squirming out of pleasure.

She was a work of art, sexually and painfully precious, with the most beautiful neck and the most kissable parted lips in the world. Seeing her in ecstasy drove him crazy, almost pushing him to come in his pants.

Her orgasm finished slowly and she opened her huge brown eyes, long lashes fluttering, looking at him with such a deep and full of feelings gaze that Jungkook felt all his walls falling into pieces.

She had him in her hands, trapped and whipped but it wasn't just a thing of the moment, since the first time she looked up to him with those eyes, he was already her slave.

And then, Jungkook woke up to the incessant sound of his alarm.

He rolled onto his bed and felt nauseous, his head was hurting so badly that it was as if little workers were hammering at his brain with full energy, after six cups of coffee.

DRAWING II

9:00 AM

FUCK

He forced himself to get up and he instantly regretted it, he wanted to throw up so badly. He didn't have energy enough to resist and steady himself, he went to the bathroom and threw up whatever he had in his stomach. God, everything was spinning and his head just hurt more and more.

He spat out his insides and held his head, his hair was grassy and, God, all his body sucked. His skin felt gross. Fuck the class, he wasn't going to leave home smelling like vomit and alcohol.

What the hell was he thinking when he decided to go to that party?

Ah right, haha, he wasn't thinking.

On top of that, he was so stupid that he had gone with a little bit of hope to see Lisa there, but his main reason was the free alcohol. Just to be clear. He was a loser but not that much of a loser sometimes.

(a/n: lmfao sOmEtImEs)

He undressed and went under the boiling water, sighing with pleasure because it calmed his headache almost instantly. Anyway, his eyes ached too, as if the veins there were filled with blood, pumping with fury. Jesus, what the fuck did he drink last night? And how much?

And what the hell did he do? Jump out of a building? Being run over by a truck?

The ride on the bus caused him more nausea and headache, all Jungkook had with him was a bottle of ice-cold water pressed against his forehead and a sweet gum between his teeth. He was going to be about five minutes late but at least he didn't stink like

an abandoned corpse in the jungle.

He definitely looked like one anyway, puffy eyes, dark circles, and a really bad day of skin. He probably looked like a drug addict and for the first time he was happy with it, in that way he was keeping people away from him.

Everything was so wrong that day, he didn't want to talk with anyone, not even to answer if this was the correct bus. What's the point, anyway, you're already here.

And while he was standing there, he had flashes reappearing in his mind. He didn't remember much but there were quite clear scenes there.

He remembered arriving with Jimin, Bambam greeted him from the distance, clearly still terrified after that encounter in the cafeteria. Jungkook felt bad about it, he shouldn't have done that but, wasn't Bambam on Lisa's side? Didn't he know her real intentions and helped her to play him?

Jungkook couldn't tell but doing things like that wasn't part of him and he was having some cringe attacks, you know. Who the hell just go to someone and tell them "the game is over"? What more of a freak he could be?

The next thing he could remember was drinking and a lot, having some Doritos in the meantime. He wasn't talking with anyone, just leaning on the kitchen counter and when one girl tried to approach him, he was so cold that she walked away in seconds.

And nothing else...

No

Wait

Lisa, he had some flashes of Lisa there...

A sudden image showed up in his head, she was taking his hand and leading him up to somewhere, they were clearly going upstairs, but he was staring at her ass. Her long t-shirt wasn't that long and from that angle, he had the perfect view...

Oh...

OH!

THAT WAS NOT JUST A DREAM!

Jungkook wasn't crazy, he really did jump on Lisa last night.

He leaned his head against the bus window, cursing. He was the intense type who called his ex when he was drunk so he going back to the girl who had broken his heart was not new BUT JUMPING TO HER ARMS AND KISSING HER? DRY HUMP HER?

WHAT THE FUCK?!

THIS WAS SO UNFAIR

LISA DIDN'T REMEMBER SHIT ABOUT THAT NIGHT WHEN SHE MET HIM, SHE WAS DRUNK AS FUCK TOO. WHY COULD HE

REMEMBER THIS?

CAKE, YOU, BITCH.

He would have hit his head with a brick but he was suffering enough pain as if he had done it all night.

He was an idiot.

He was stupid.

"ThE GaMe wAs FuN bUt Is OvEr, tELl LiSa tO fUcK oFF"

HAHAHAHAHAHA

JOKE

HE WAS A JOKE

He was going to start juggling balls and getting a wig for his new job at the local circus.

He would befriend an elephant and a monkey, maybe he would be friends with the alpaca too. But he wouldn't be friends with the other clowns, they were going to envy him because nobody was a better clown than Jeon Jungkook.

What the hell was wrong with him?

And Lisa...

He wished he could remember the taste of her lips but all he could remember was her body against his. She was small, soft, but she held him so tightly as she was kissing him. He didn't know what the hell he had done exactly to end up in that situation but he remembered being on a table dancing and taking off his clothes, then all his memories were about Lisa kissing her... Well, kissing was an understatement, he was devouring her like the hungry man that he was.

JUST A MOMENT

ON A TABLE?

TAKING OFF HIS CLOTHES?

Jungkook squeezed his eyes shut. What the hell was wrong with him?

Couldn't he be more normal and, I don't know, just throw up in a bathroom and die? No, Jungkook had to get on the damn table and be a stripper.

If someone had recorded it, he was going to die. Officially. He wanted to die and have "he was an idiot" written on his grave.

Then it hit him.

Lisa.

Lisa kissed him back, Lisa made out with him and he couldn't remember if she was drunk or not but she definitely had a...

Oh

MY

GOD

LISA HAD AN ORGASM UNDER HIM LAST NIGHT JUST FOR

DRY HUMPING

...

...

...

Jungkook spaced out, looking at a blank spot.

Wow.

Apparently, his hips were holding some power down there...

But it wasn't so funny once he remembered the real situation, Lisa was having something with Jaewon... Lisa was fucking two-timing.

And he was involved in cheating... again.

He lowered his head and clenched his free fist, feeling as angry as he had been the past few days.

This was the last straw, the fucking last straw.

A part of him, silly and excited, wanted to think that maybe Lisa wanted him but he dismissed it. Memories and actions spoke loudly, Lisa friendzoned him since the first moment, even after kissing him, she never stopped him when he walked away trying to deny she was going to do it again, probably because she was with Jaewon and now... this.

He was fucked up, so fucking fucked up, because there was one part of himself feeling proud for giving her that orgasm, for getting something real from her.

He still wanted something of her, he wanted more.

Fucked up, really fucked up.

(a/n: damn stop cursing the guy, he is tired of waiting the best for a girl that has been always rejecting and turning him down even when looking in love with him)

"Girls!" Seulgi spoke to all the girls and clasped her hands together. She was wearing a white cap and comfortable white sweats, Converse sneakers on her feet. Her long, silky dark brown hair fell down her back.

Lisa shared a smile with Sooyoung, since they had been talking, and they both approached Seulgi along with the rest of the girls. In total there were only five, all really beautiful. Lisa only recognized Jang Yeeun, she and Bambam had something in Freshman year and she was part of the audiovisual department, she was studying something related to video games.

"First of all, thank you so so much for coming here," she laced her fingers together and her cheeks puffed up as she smiled gratefully. "So, I know you all have done work like this before but I have to make some things clear first, okay?"

They all nodded attentively.

"This is an anatomy project so those students will need to draw

your bodies, are you all okay with it?" they nodded in response, Seulgi nodded to and proceeded: "I don't want to judge any of the guys inside there but they are, well, men, so I have to protect you all. If any of them tell you they need to take you home to draw, that's a lie. There are multiple free classrooms to work here, you can even use them.

If they say they need to take pictures of your body, that's also a lie. If they could work with pictures, you wouldn't be here in person. If you see some phone sneaking out without your permission, just leave and tell me his name, I will come for him.

And last, I am still the council president till my graduation next week," she formed a really proud smile and the girls shared the joy for it too, they knew it was a hard way to go through and reaching graduation was something big. "That means that I'm still in charge of taking really important decisions and I will be listened to if I report a guy being a nasty asshole, so if something happens and it bothers you, just come to me and I will be on your side. Okay?"

"Unnie, you literally scared me," a girl said, she was short and probably a freshman, with one of the most playful smiles Lisa had ever seen. She was such a cutie.

"Don't worry, Yeri, you're my favorite baby, I will be checking on you all the time," she said like a real loving mother and the girl just chuckled. "So girls, again, thank you for coming here for me this morning. This Friday I will pay you all, okay? "

Lisa nodded excitedly. The idea of earning money always made her happy and that's why she spent most of the summers working since she was seventeen and had decided to be a professional photographer. All the money she earned was for cameras, parts, new lenses, zooms, equipment, and lights.

And working as a model was one of the best jobs she could find, it was easy, she just had to sit still. After her latest scandal, for now, she only remained an art model.

Everyone she had worked with was kind enough so she had no problem with that, at least it would keep her distracted from the crazy stuff she was going to do later.

Lisa was really terrified but she was into it.

"I can't be sure that you all worked during the mural project and I won't gift good grades," Professor Kim was serious, a closed and arrogant smile was on her thin lips as her firm ponytail swayed while she was walking from right to left in very high heels. She was old, around 46, and still beautiful, too bad she was a pain in the ass and sometimes she smiled like a psychopath.

She could be quite scary sometimes, you know, the type of

woman that smiles while she's dragging your naked ass through the asphalt.

She also did this kind of thing and Jungkook was a kind guy, really understanding, but with the headache he had he just wanted to kill himself for signing up for this class in the semester, literally.

This was so unnecessary, he didn't spend the last two months climbing a ladder like a damn circus acrobat for this lady to come to question his effort.

Oh, acrobat... He could be friends with acrobats in the circus.

He stopped listening to her as she continued to talk about what the project would be, which was also unnecessary. Jungkook knew it was about hands and feet, both parts of the body were the most difficult to draw for anyone and for most of the year they had focused on that, studying muscles and bones, finger proportions and measurements as well.

Why was this lady still talking? Where was the mute button?

(a/n: me in online classes)

There were only five that morning in the class, only they had been taking the course while working on the mural, and no one was really listening to her, probably planning a murder in their minds for lengthening the year a little more.

Jungkook looked down, appreciating the presence of his bucket hat, and closed his eyes as he rested his head on his arm. He was so tired and sore, and embarrassed to death but that was another matter.

"Please choose the models," Professor Kim said to everyone and Jungkook wouldn't have listened to her if it wasn't for Yugyeom hitting his arm to wake him up.

Looking up he felt dizzy and then he thought he was imagining things.

But no, damn it, no.

Lisa's surprised look on him confirmed that she really was there.

What kind of bad joke of fate was this? Because Jungkook was fucking tired. He was so tired of seeing her everywhere, he was tired of finding her everywhere, on the mural, in his own parlor, on the street, in the library, in the cafeteria and now in his damn class? God, was she going to show up under her bed one of these days? Pull his feet and say boo? Be present during his sleep paralysis?

With or without a shirt? If he was going to stay like that for a few seconds he preferred the sight...

Seeing her was a beautiful torture, it reminded him every time he would never have her, she was still a butterfly that obsessed him but he could never reach. This was actually like trying to touch the sun as a mere human on earth.

He looked at the rest of the girls, trying to figure out which one seemed the least likely to speak because 1. He didn't want to keep a conversation with anyone and 2. He really couldn't have a conversation with a person he didn't know and if she tried to talk to him, it would be very awkward. This caused him anxiety, he hated these damn projects of just two people and the only option that would not alter his social anxiety would be Lisa but guess what, he needed to stay away from Lisa.

SHIT

TRUE

How the hell was he going to look at her in the face after what happened between them? And why the hell was he the one who felt ashamed? She was still playing with him, she had kissed him back, drunk or not, Lisa was still a danger to him.

Still, he was embarrassed. He couldn't control it.

"I will choose the foreigner," the guy sitting a few chairs away murmured to his friend, not lower enough for Jungkook not to hear. But with those words, how could his bunny ears not perk up with attention? "Look at those lips, she's a sucker"

Jungkook was already mad with the situation, but those words made him send deadly glares to the back of the head of that disrespectful fucker.

"She doesn't have tits, though," his friend whispered back.

The guy snorted. "Who cares? I will just put her on four and fuck her mouth and then her ass. I heard foreigners like to take it from the back, they're freaks"

Yeah, like a fucking freak he was going to look once Jungkook put his foot on his face.

(a/n: jk would restart his life with one of those boots, just saying)

Who the fuck he thought he was to talk about Lisa like that? Did he think he was being cool with his racist remarks? Did he think he had rights to talk about a woman like that? Especially about Lisa?

"Tsk, I'll choose her," Yugyeom said, also listening to what they had just said.

No fucking way.

Jungkook didn't give a shit anymore, no one was going to be alone with Lisa and try to take advantage of her in this fucking class, not if he could avoid it and he did: "I WANT LISA!"

Everyone turned to see him, yes, he was the only idiot who shouted out of nowhere in class asking for a girl.

Did he care? No.

I mean, yes, but not right now.

"Wow, Mr. Jeon, you seem pretty enthusiastic today," Mrs. Kim crossed her arms over her chest and glanced at Lisa, who was

clearly surprised. "I think I can't blame you, right?"

Jungkook felt embarrassed for a few seconds but the fury overcame him, he looked with pure anger at the boys who also turned to see him and he enjoyed the way they cringed under his intense and dark gaze, clearly noticing that they couldn't fuck with the muscular and tattooed guy and his...

No.

Jungkook, no.

Don't go there, boy.

"Great, Mr. Jeon," Professor Kim noted it down on her iPad. "You can leave, schedule your meetings with Mrs. Manoban and I want your project in my desk this Friday, at 10, not earlier or after"

Jungkook took his backpack and hang it over his shoulder, advancing towards the exit where he found Lisa. He made a slight eye contact and instantly regretted what he had just done, because his insides melted like a cube of ice in front of a hearth at having her close.

Trying to act unbothered was being so hard, like, he could lift 50kg in the gym and be close to losing his intestines because of that and that seemed way easier than dealing with Lisa and trying to push her away.

What the hell was he going to do with her in a work where he just had to stare at her? On purpose. Just him and her, alone; him drawing her beautiful features and falling for her again and again and it wasn't just about looks, her aura was her magical and alluring power.

He did dream about it for so long and now it seemed like torture.

She had definitely not been drunk the night before, she looked as gorgeous as ever, even glowing. So she remembered everything...

Fuck

The walls were still high, now full of shame and regret, and he passed her at the door. "I will text you the day we can meet," he said quickly, ready to run away.

Yes, Jungkook, well done.

Now go kill yourself.

She saw that, he will remember it for the rest of her life.

And how are you so sure that you didn't come in your pants-
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK

Red alert, definitely, furious red alert... with a siren... an ambulance siren...

He. was. a. clown.

Oh my God.

It wasn't the end of the world, he told himself while trying to not cringe and see the positive in the dark deep hole of embarrassing

moments he was never going to forget.

(a/n: damn that's my home!)

He knew he was efficient and could complete the project in a few hours, in a single day, without the need to spend much time with Lisa. This would only be temporary, then summer would start, the mural would be exposed, and he wouldn't have to spend more time with her and could take a breath... if the cringe attack let him.

But of course Lisa wasn't going to let him run away. "Jungkook!"

He stopped and slowly turned to see her, sighing. He wanted to yell at her to leave him alone. She hadn't understood anything the last time they talked, both of them being sober. He needed to get away, he needed to get her out of his life before it was too late.

It was too late, c'mon.

He raised an eyebrow waiting and she fiddled with the chain on her backpack nervously, that day she was wearing a huge white T-shirt and shorts, her golden legs brought back heated memories and he had to look away. "I ... Do you remember what happened last night?"

Yeah, I think it's clear he wanted to die. "... Yes," he replied quietly, wondering the path she wanted to take with that question.

He honestly expected her to act like nothing happened, just like she did all the other times.

"Everything?" she looked at him hopefully.

Oh, he got it. This was another way to get close to him or a way to make him know that it was nothing.

Of course she was referring to the kiss, Jungkook couldn't deny that he was grateful to remember it but he also regretted it. He was walking back ten steps after advancing just two and it was stupid. "We kissed, it was a mistake, that's it," he forced himself to say selflessly, it was for the best.

Same old shit, Jungkook didn't like to be so used to it.

He thought she would be relieved, but Lisa looked at him in surprise, smiling. "You really do?"

So, it was the first option.

No, he wasn't going to fall this time. "Don't worry, I don't want us to act like nothing happened and keep being friends," the venomous sarcasm slipped from his tongue. He couldn't help but feel so angry.

Why was she still after him? For what? Why was it so hard for her to understand that all she was doing was hurting him?

Lisa ignored his sarcasm and tilted her head thoughtfully. "You don't remember-"

God no.

"Lisa, I don't want to talk about this "

She blinked, taken aback by his sudden burst out obviously. "You

don't want to?"

Jungkook was satisfied, he had finally been able to say it but damn why did it feel like missing an opportunity? Why was he so dumb? Because for two seconds he really wanted to think it was going to be different but no and it hurt him not to crawl to her and ask, be a puppy and say "yes, let's talk about it".

Where was his pride?

"Yes, this time, I don't want to talk about a kiss or us or whatever you want to talk"

Lisa was silent, looking down, clearly affected. He felt like an asshole, he was too rude with that? But she nodded suddenly. "Fine, I respect it," WHY SHOULD IT BE LIKE THIS? COULDN'T SHE PRESSURE HIM MORE OR SOMETHING SO COULD HE FEEL LESS LIKE AN ASSHOLE? "But you can't avoid me forever," she added, yeah, there she was.

She wasn't going to leave him alone, right? No matter the times he was cold or rude, she was going to stay, right?

(a/n: who's the pitiful one here, exactly?)

"I literally can't, Lisa. I have to draw you someday "

She snorted sarcastically in response, clearly showing that she was patient but not a saint: "If it's a big deal for you, we can change. I don't know why you chose me if you don't really want to work with me, I won't be a burden for you. This is a final project, it's important," and the final part once again filled his heart with warmth. Why did she care?

He shook his head, focusing on the main topic which was keeping her away from disgusting racist perverts. "No wait, you won't change anything," and he sounded hella bossy.

"Why? You seem so annoy- "

"Because it's okay," he interrupted her and searched for an excuse fast. "I chose you because... You-you won't... Because I know you, that's all"

"But you don't want me close"

Well, haha, that was actually a lie... kind of. But he didn't want her close to other guys for sure, he didn't want her in danger and maybe she could defend herself why would she have to? Why Lisa had to face those perverts?

He fucking cared so much for her. Fuck, he still wanted to protect her till the end of the world.

"It won't last much, Lisa, just a few hours," he managed to sound cold. "I would do it right now but my head hurts"

"Oh yeah, I know, the hangover. You drank a little too much last night, right?" she tried to joke.

Yes, he did, he fucked up but she was into it, she didn't stop him.

She was playing with Jungkook like he was a fucking Wii again...

...

...

...

Lisa erased her smile as she noticed the tension and the long silence. "Yeah, about it, I bought something for you," she picked up her backpack and opened it, he waited with curiosity because oh, that was a gift? For him? Lisa finally pulled out a flat, orange thermos from there and offered it to him. "Here, hangover soup. I bought it in a really good restaurant, I know it's delicious," and she smiled sweetly.

...

WHY WAS SHE SO FUCKING CUTE?

WAS THIS NECESSARY?

HIS HEART? INSULTED?

"Thank you," he murmured weakly, feeling like hugging her and beg her to love him for real. He loved this, he loved her...

"It's okay, it's a... compensation?"

...

Yeah

It was like cold water.

Of course it was that. Sorry for fucking up JK, let's keep it cool like before.

He rolled his eyes.

"No, I mean," she corrected herself quickly, waving her hands. "I really care, you have to be in your best form for these final days, especially for the New York Scholarship"

For God's sake.

Why did she and her friend want to send him to New York? One guy take one English class and suddenly he is forced to live in America?

"Oh, you too? I already told Chaeyoung that I don't want any scholarship, I'm okay here," he said in exasperation, what did she and Chaeyoung have with that scholarship, anyway?

"Wait, you don't want the scholarship?"

Why was she surprised? Didn't Chaeyoung tell her?

"No, I don't want it. I know it's weird for girls like you to understand it, but some of us have to work and protect our families, I can't just leave the country "

And he regretted it at the exact moment he finished saying it.

He shouldn't have said that, not to Lisa, not to anyone. He wasn't like this, why was he saying this?

"That's..." her voice trailed off as her index finger curled down, clearly offended.

Jungkook sighed. "I have to go"

"Yeah, fine," she nodded, finally agreeing to let him go. Gosh, his head was pounding. "Hold on... You really told Chaeyoung that? When? "

Why was that important now?

"Last week," he replied anyway and was about to finally go but he couldn't keep it in his mouth anymore, everything was wrong and he knew it, he couldn't leave it just like that to keep happening as he did the last time just because he wanted the girl. "And Lisa?"

"Yeah?"

"Stop giving me things, it's wrong, it's really wrong," he clarified pointing at the soup. "And tell Jaewon what you did"

Lisa looked confused but he didn't want to think about it, he left.

Rosie Posie

he told you he doesn't want that scholarship
and you didn't tell me anything?!

can you be less a bitch?

you don't talk to me for days

and when you do is about jungkook?

you were talking about him

all the time

that didn't stop you from

being a hoe butterfly around him

hoe butterfly?

bitch pls you could have done better

and your attraction to jungkook

didn't stop you from kissing jimin either

so you like jimin or what

why are you so triggered about it

you lied

about everything

you did too

we need to talk

we do

but

im busy today

good for you

i am too

fine

fine

Lisa put her phone in her backpack and looked at the glass door with the killer bunny painted white. It felt like a flashback.

One day, a few months ago, she was entering this place for the

first time with her best friend.

This day, she was alone and the friendship was falling apart for one guy, that guy that was just a stranger and now he was all she could think about. He was her reason to be here, terrified and feeling small.

But, she didn't want Chaeyoung there and she was really feeling like a betrayer, like all those girls she couldn't understand, those girls that were leaving their friends behind for a guy... But being here, alone, and for him, felt correct.

It was a desperate need of her heart, a selfish wish.

It was time.

She was nervous because when she got out of there, it would be the end or the beginning of everything. After her last talk with Jungkook, Lisa was even more terrified. He was still upset and there were high chances that he wouldn't forgive her.

He looked so tired of her and her chest ached, new painful shots hitting her heart every time she remembered his cold and annoyed look thrown at her like daggers.

God, she needed to be forgiven because she was really going to fall apart. It wasn't going to be the end of the world but it was going to be really painful, Lisa had never had her heart in pieces before and she had no idea what she would do if that happened.

Who was she going to lean on? Chaeyoung wanted to kick her ass almost as much as Lisa wanted to kick hers and Lisa knew that once she confessed the truth to her and told her everything she had done with Jungkook, including the kiss and the feelings, she was going to leave her alone.

And Lisa knew she deserved it, she had looked for it herself from the beginning.

Even though, Chaeyoung did many questionable things, Lisa couldn't blame her completely. She put that idea on her mind and her best friend just was... herself and did things to get what she wanted. And she wasn't going to be happy once Lisa tell her that she lost but-

"Hey, are you going to stay there the whole afternoon?" Jisoo opened the door for her with a raised eyebrow.

Well, one problem at a time, her grandma used to say.

Lisa forced a smile and entered. "Hi," she hummed softly. Her hands were trembling, literally.

Her jaw was shaking too? What the hell?

Why was she so nervous all of a sudden? She had made all the way from Bambam's building to the parlor calmly, casually, even humming one of the songs she had been listening to on the bus, but now she was a ball of nerves, trembling and weak.

The pit of her stomach was closed, there was also a heavy void there, and every muscle in her body was tense, ready to spring up. She was going crazy, definitely.

Jisoo noticed it, of course, because Lisa was standing in the middle of the parlor entrance with her long fingers intertwined, hands pressed against her chest, squeezing themselves, with a lost look.

She sighed and stood in front of her, making her look at her. "Lisa, everything is going to be okay"

Lisa nodded, trying to believe her but it was so difficult. What was she going to do if he rejected her? Cry? Laugh hysterically? Throw up? Cry, laugh and throw up all at once?

She was going to get some JungCompassion with that at least...

"Lisa," Jisoo called her back. "Listen, I can't assure you that Jungkook will forgive you but," fuck she really fucked her nerves up more if that was possible. Lisa looked at her with huge deer eyes, filled with terror. "It's not the end of the world, it will be sad for you and for him, but it will heal with time and you both will be okay"

Lisa started to nod but then stopped, analyzing the situation once more, turning away from her thoughts and fears.

Why being sad for the loss of something they both could have? Why being apart?

"Doll, I fucking love you," he said, the night before, not even 24 hours ago.

Jungkook loved her, he told her. Lisa loved him back. WHY WOULD THEY STAY APART FOR A BIG STUPID MISUNDERSTANDING?

Why?

Why saying no to something that was literally on their hands?

Why throwing it away?

For the first time since Lisa met him, ONE thing was clear, the most important thing actually, why would they just...

Oh my God.

Lisa let out a wry laugh.

God, this was stupid, very stupid.

They had to be less stupid, FOR ONCE.

(a/n: i feel like that should have been an author note lmfaoo)

Oh, fuck it, Lisa wasn't going to let him reject her. No way. He bit her so she was his now, he had to deal with the consequences now.

He couldn't come and say "We don't have anything to talk about" or more of that shit he said. He didn't have rights after confessing to her. She was on his fucking hands, C'MON!

"You're really scaring me now," Jisoo brought her back to the

world, noticing her sudden euphoric expression.

Lisa laughed again, her face beginning to glow as her smile widened. "Unnie, I'm getting that guy inside there"

Jisoo pursed her lips and smiled, slightly amused. "Lisa, baby, you can't do anything if he rejects you," she clarified, trying to put her feet on the ground.

"Unnie, he won't do it, I won't let him do it," Lisa told her confidently.

And she took the last steps towards Jungkook's studio and opened the door, without knocking, without even hesitating. There was no time, Lalisa Manoban didn't have time to stop, think and analyze, less when everything was so clear.

Jungkook was on his back, sitting in his black leather chair. He was wearing cargo pants, boots, and a loose red flannel shirt, the first buttons unbuttoned and showing a bit of his golden skin. From the door, his back looked really big and since he had cut his hair, the multiple rings on his ears sparkled more than ever.

That man? HERS.

"Jisoo, how many times I told you to kno-" his voice trailed off as he spun on his chair and saw her standing there.

Lisa watched the confusion cross his dark eyes. He blinked a few times to check if she was really there and his eyebrows furrowed. "What-what are you doing here?"

That stutter and those cute round eyes. He was a damn sugar cube wrapped in dark clothes and Lisa just wanted to eat him. She was going to do it, no matter how much he resisted. That man was crazy for her and Lisa was going to make him admit it.

But slowly, baby steps, spitting everything at his face didn't seem like a good method.

She smiled innocently, leaning against the door: "I'm getting a tattoo"

There it was, her master plan. Jungkook wasn't going to listen to her? Well, Lisa was going to show him that she loved him and this was her proof of love.

Maybe she was definitely crazy but if he wanted to mark every inch of her skin with ink, she was going to let him do it.

(a/n: yeah bitch you're crazy)

And her words were like slaps on his face, Jungkook really looked at her like she was crazy.

"What?"

"I am getting a tattoo, my first tattoo," she clarified, intentionally, pressing his weakest button more.

Jungkook looked around like he was looking for a camera.

"Jungkook, stop acting like you were in The Office," she said to

him; although she had a phobia she felt strangely calm, and she went to the leather chair, that same chair where her best friend the first time they were there. "I am really getting a tattoo"

He blinked a few more times and shook his head, rejecting this. "No, you are not, you-you-you hate needles," he accused her with his finger.

Yes, she hated them, but what difference did it make?

From the first Instagram chat, he wanted to get a tattoo, he joked multiple times about her getting a tattoo and she literally promised him that if he ever had one, he would. So here they were: "I trust you," she smiled at him.

She really trusted him.

That weakened him, she saw it clearly in his expression, but Jungkook recovered and stood up. God, he was so tall, especially from where she'd just sat.

Jungkook glared at her. "Lisa, you are not getting a tattoo," he ordered her? He was clearly being serious. "You hate needles"

"I know and I am getting a tattoo"

He was exasperated but the wheels turning in his head didn't take long in connecting the dots and he narrowed his eyes. "Lisa, you're not getting a tattoo for me"

She wanted to tell him that it wasn't for him and lie because with that single phrase he made her feel very silly for doing this, but lying had already gotten her in too much trouble and she wasn't going to do it anymore.

Yes, she was a fool in love, so what.

"You can't control what I do or not for you," she said instead, losing all dignity in accepting that she was doing this for him and only for him. "I scheduled a date, I'm here for my tattoo," she added stubbornly.

Jungkook seemed about to kill her, clenching his jaw, his gaze burning with fury. He looked really hot when he was angry. "I won't tattoo you"

"You have to, I paid half of it"

"You didn't, Jisoo doesn't ..." he stopped talking because he realized something. "Jisoo knows you're doing this?"

Yes, but Jisoo and Jimin did enough for her at covering her ass to get here, taking this date for Jungkook and scheduling hers instead, and she didn't want them in trouble.

"This is not about Jisoo, this is about you and me and my tattoo"

Jungkook huffed and headed for the door.

God, was he really going to make a fuss about this? To Jisoo?

Why the hell couldn't he tattoo her? Why did he want to push her away? Why was he denying his feelings so much? Yeah, she fucked

up but couldn't he give her a fucking chance?

"Jungkook, wait!"

And he kept walking towards the door.

Lisa became desperate and her reaction was immediate, unexpected, totally Bambam's fault.

Jungkook stopped with his hand on the door because something hit his back.

Did she just throw something at him? What the hell?

He turned around and nothing, absolutely NOTHING, would have prepared him for this.

All those jokes of dreaming about Lisa taking off her shirt out of nowhere? Well, it wasn't a joke or a dream anymore.

Lisa just threw her shirt at him, which was now on the floor, and she wasn't wearing a bra.

Lisa literally took off her shirt...

Lisa was naked...

I...

She had small but damn beautiful round and perky breasts, but that wasn't the cherry on top. Jungkook's heart literally skipped a beat, it stopped functioning actually when two silver balls sparked from her nipples, like winking at him.

Lisa had...

Lisa put her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow. "Will you listen to me now?"

Listen?

LISTEN?

JUNGKOOK COULDN'T EVEN BREATHE.

WHAT THE FUCK?

What...

WHAT WAS SHE DOING?

No, this was a dream, last night he drank so much alcohol that he really went to a coma and he was about to die and this was just his last dream.

Yes.

This wasn't happening. Nop. No way.

ILLUSIONS, JUST ILLUSIONS OF HIS SICK, DRUNK, ALMOST DEAD MIND.

Lisa giggled. "Bambam was right, your attention is really on me," she spoke and Jungkook shook his head, regaining his senses.

Okay, fine, this was real and she was playing dirty, very, very dirty.

"Really?" he asked, offended and aroused, shit, he could be angry as fuck but his cock was a damn traitor. The fucker was quite attentive to the situation. But the situation angered him, his blood

burned more when he saw hickeys on his collarbones. She was undressing for him, wearing the marks of another guy? Lisa was crossing many lines. "Are you really doing this?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed and didn't even try to cover herself, she was so comfortable with herself. "I can't believe that doing this is the only way to make you listen"

He snapped, he was so sick of this. "What the fuck do you want me to listen Lalisa? For real, what the fuck are you going to say? There is not a fucking explanation for what you did, for what you keep doing. I told you about my past, I told you how really miserable I was while being in such a situation and here you are, trying to put me in the same situation again. Why? That's the only answer I want, why? Why is it so fucking important for you to keep being my friend? Why can't you just walk away and leave me the fuck alone? I don't want to be your friend! I don't want to share you! I want you all for myself and you just want... I don't know what the fuck do you want, Lisa. I never knew. All I know for sure is that you're with another guy while showing me your tits, fuck, you even have his love bites on your neck right now!"

(a/n: damn make him angry and he turns into a talking machine)

Lisa leaned back, clearly surprised for the sudden amount of words spilling from his mouth. "What are you talking about?"

Oh, fuck, now she was going to act clueless?

But Lisa was fast and smart. "Do you mean Jaewon? There's nothing going on between him and I! Why is everyone thinking I fucked him? We are just friends!"

"We are just friends and look at us, Lisa," he said opening his arms.

"We are different!" she insisted. "You're the only friend I ever kissed, you're the only fucking friend I want to kiss!" she screamed in his face, approaching him. Getting angry too.

Jungkook backed away, refusing to believe her. She couldn't be serious, not after what she did.

"Love bites? Do you think this is Jaewon's work? " She pointed to his neck and laughed wryly like he was out of his mind for thinking that. "Jungkook, you did this last night!" she spat in his face, surprising him. No, he didn't do that ... right? "Look at this, you fucking did this too," she added and put her foot on his chair, displaying multiple hickeys in the inside of her thighs.

They were red, one was purple, definitely the mark of ... his own mouth?

HE WAS THERE LAST NIGHT AND HE COULDN'T REMEMBER THAT?

A heavy silence fell between them, their breaths were ragged and

furious. Jungkook couldn't believe this, this couldn't be real, she...

He was so confused. He didn't know what to think because this just hit him in the face.

It was...

What?

The only friend she wanted to kiss was him? Then why she went to a date with another guy? And she didn't do it just once, no, she did it three times, with or without friends around. And why the fuck she ghosted him, then?

"You still-"

"Jungkookie-" Jimin got silent at seeing the situation, eyes turning to Lisa's tits in seconds.

Instinctively, Jungkook stood in front of her, covering her with his body. He didn't want anyone to see her, not like this, even less without her permission.

...

...

...

Awkward, really awkward.

"So she's already here, haha," Jimin muttered and smiled, Jungkook cocked his head. Jimin was also part of this? Jimin had betrayed him? "I'll leave you both alone, sorry Lisa," he bowed and closed the door.

Thin arms wrapped around his waist then and she clung to his back, hugging him tightly. He froze, overwhelmed.

Like other times, her small body had the magical ability to fill every corner of his heart with warmth, her hugs were firm and soft, full of affection. But his mind was confused and his heart was reluctant to believe her, terrified of being hurt again.

"I need you to listen to me, please," she murmured, a real, anguished plea.

(a/n: i didn't even know the word plea existed before this but im sure i used it before which is funny)

Without him thinking about it, his head was already nodding, giving up against her affect. "Fine," he accepted and took a deep breath as she squeezed him happily, maybe it was just his mind playing sick games but he could feel the hard balls pressing down on his back and that... that caused some cries in his pants. "But put some shirt on, for God's sake," he pulled away and removed his shirt, giving it to her.

Lisa took it but fixed her eyes on his chest, her gaze burned his skin and hardened his sensitive dick, which would forgive her even if she committed a murder apparently. "Really?" she raised an eyebrow.

He nodded thanking her for pressing his shirt against her breasts, covering them. "I can't focus with your nipples staring at me"

An amused smile slipped on her lips, playful, tempting. Damn, she was going to kill him because he was close to say fuck it and fuck her, forgetting for a few minutes about his confused feelings and angry mind. "You mean the piercings?"

"We are not talking about the piercings," he warned her because he knew that he would end up putting one in his mouth to make her moan with pleasure and even make her come with just that and they had to talk, Jungkook was not going to get carried away by his dick with all the emotional charge between them. He was not going to play any more games with her.

"Do you think I can focus with your nipples also staring at me?"

"At least they're not pierced!"

"The could," she muttered under her breath and he glared at her. She shrugged her shoulders. "Just saying, just saying"

"Put the shirt on and explain whatever you want to explain," he managed to say coldly and he cautiously walked away, taking the sweatshirt that was hanging from his chair to put it on.

His body wanted her and his heart was pounding in his chest because he loved her too and having her here with her tattoo shit even though her biggest phobia were needles was slowly destroying him. Jungkook knew that after this, it would hurt more, but hearing her was the only way for her to leave.

He was so resigned, there was no chance for him to expect something else for him. Like, he already accepted there was no happy ending for them, no more than sex and maybe another request to be friends.

Lisa sighed and pulled on her shirt, deciding to turn around to do it. Thank God.

The shirt itself was already big on him, but it looked huge on her. Her fine collarbones were exposed, and her neck, with that pretty mole, looked thousand times more tempting. His hickeys were there, marks... his marks. A sense of possessive pride rise in his chest. For a few seconds, Jungkook allowed himself to imagine her wearing just that, one morning in his apartment, after a long night of making love.

That would not happen and he felt stupid for continuing to create scenarios.

"I ..." she started and stopped, looking nervous, vulnerable, it was still surprising to him to see her like this. "I like you since we first met, that morning in the library"

Jungkook would have laughed because she really didn't remember that December night, but her first words hit him too

hard. Did she like him for real? That wasn't just in his mind?

"I had a crush on you, really hard. I was always staring at you when you weren't looking, it's a little bit embarrassing actually," she giggled, crossing her arms over her chest. "I didn't know anything about you at that time, I just used to see you everywhere I was going and I was so into you. So, when we met here I was really happy and excited because I was going to finally meet you, know the real you," her small face really lit up as she said that, looking at her fingers as she remembered. She said it as if meeting him was like meeting someone famous. "And you were way better than I imagined, Jungkook," she showed him a shy little smile that caused revolutions in his stomach, just like her words were doing. "From the distance, I knew you were nice and funny, but closely, I got to know that you were kind and sweet too. I probably fell for you in that moment, my silly crush turned out being more than just that," so it was reciprocated? Since that moment? "But that day, I thought you were into Chaeyoung ...," he frowned and searched in his memory, it was not difficult to remember that shameful scene in which he offered her tissues... and asked for her number to speak to Chaeyoung.

He sighed, feeling stupid. Jisoo told him but that was cleared after, he never showed more interest for Chaeyoung.

Lisa was still lost in her story anyway. "I can't remember why now. There was something that told me that and I... I closed myself completely to the idea of you and me, I chose to believe you liked Chaeyoung and I kept my mind on it, in order to not fall for you and prepare myself in case she liked you back," she explained and shrugged with a hint of resignation, like him not liking her back was really sad to deal with. "I knew she was going to, who wouldn't like you, Jungkook?"

He got lost in the sincerity of her gaze, she didn't say it to make him feel good, she really believed it that way. Was this how she saw him? Really?

Why? He was just an insecure loser, even here and now.

"I must have been smarter because I fell for you anyway," she admitted with bitter humor, as if she were mocking herself. "I thought it was just my curiosity pushing me to you, I thought I was just thrilled by your personality and yes, I was, but because I liked you. I wanted to know you more. And I said, well, if I make him my friend, I will make up my mind," she made mannerisms, as if talking to herself and it was sweet, it made him smile. So that was why she asked him to be her friend and pulled all that destined to be friends card...

"Well, it didn't work. You said you never could see me as just a

friend, Jungkook, I couldn't do it too. And the fact that I want you so bad doesn't help at all," she added humorously, really feeling amused with her stupid tries to convince herself otherwise. But the sexual tension was hard to deny, it was palpable like electricity between them.

"But then Chaeyoung told me she liked you and there it was what I fear the most," she sighed and it hit him the way she looked devastated saying it.

Chaeyoung was the cause? Chaeyoung really did like him???

"In my mind, you were liking each other finally and were going to end up together so I supported her to go for you, it never crossed my mind that you liked me... I didn't want to assume your feelings for me but I..." she smiled bitterly and he did too. Everything was so easy... they just had to talk and at hearing her saying this, everything was starting to make sense. That was why she was always bringing Chaeyoung up to the matter. "I still did it anyway. I don't know why, I don't really know."

"And it was so hard. I knew I was playing dirty behind her back because I wasn't seeing you as just a friend, "despair was evident in her voice. She was not rejecting him, she was rejecting her own attraction to him, for her best friend and that was a beautiful thing, honestly. She was willing to feel miserable just for Chaeyoung's happiness. It made him feel like an idiot to think that she had hurt him on purpose, was Lisa even able to do that? "I wasn't even treating you as just one either. I was feeling so guilty but when I was with you, all I could think was you and how much I wanted you," she added and cut off every train of thought in Jungkook's head.

Despite her friendship with Chaeyoung, she wanted him and she was struggling.

Oh, fuck, whose fault was this? His or hers?

If he had been brave at the first moment, nothing of this would have happened.

"And I tried hard, really hard, to be just your friend and be loyal to her and... It was so hard. So I tried to feel attracted to Jaewon Oppa, he was the easy way, he had it simple, but he is not you and all I want is you, my heart wants you," she confessed and her huge eyes were watering, it was obvious in her tone that she was really stressed because of this, her feelings were overwhelming her.

Her voice cracked in the despair she was really feeling. She had really struggled to contain her feelings and for too long and now they were all reappearing in front of him. She was spilling everything for him to understand. Jungkook was still shocked to know all his feelings were always reciprocated, he never imagined

anything, Lisa was really into him and even when she didn't want to, she was expressing it.

The situation around them was just too messed up and that caused that weird push and pull in the middle of lots of tension and attraction.

"You were there every morning with all you are, making my heart race and fall for you. You became my first thought of the morning and the last one of the night, you were showing up even in my dreams. Every part of you is so interesting and wonderful, how couldn't I fall for you?"

How couldn't he fall for her? She was exactly the same to him, she was a damn ray of light illuminating his days and to think that she saw him like that was also overwhelming, like an explosion in his heart.

However, Lisa's expression became more anguished as she pressed her interlaced hands on her heart. "But then the scholarship chance happened and then we kissed and everything turned out being such a mess. I was surprised that you liked me, I really never expected it, I thought you were just being kind and yourself with me but wow, you did like me," she said truly shocked. "But I wanted you to get that scholarship and I knew the only way for it was leaving the way free for Chaeyoung," her voice got weak as tears started to fall, which tore him apart. So all she did was for him in the end, she wanted to protect him just as he wanted to protect her. But this time it was so useless, he didn't want that scholarship...

Oh, so that was why she asked him about it. Chaeyoung ever told her he didn't want it...

(a/n: cmon cmon call her a bitch, cmon)

What a... bad person.

(a/n: i hate you)

"I assumed again what you wanted and I knew I should have asked. Actually, I should have asked since the beginning but I was so stupid. So the chance to go on that date with Jaewon was there and I took it, thinking that it was the best for you, Chaeyoung and me," and he had thought the worst of her when Lisa really felt that way, her voice and her faces showed so much anguish. It was obvious that she had never wanted to do that.

He approached slowly, wanting to protect her from herself. God, she really was a danger to herself.

How could she sacrifice so much for everyone but her? How could she do this for a stupid boy like him? Why?

She raised her hands before he got closer and with pleading eyes she said: "Jaewon Oppa made me realize what I was doing but it was already too late and I feel so sorry for that, I really do. I'm

sorry, Jungkook. But believe me, I never kissed him, I never slept with him, all I did after that date was come back home and try to call you but... well..." she gave a tear-chuckle. "You know"

He blocked her, yes, he was stupid. He should have listened to her instead of assuming.

So he wrapped her in his arms, pressing her close to his body. He felt more tears falling from her eyes as she pressed her cheek on his chest, she looked so different from her real self. This weak, emotional version was new and just for him. Lisa trusted him enough to leave herself vulnerable in his arms, even after he hurt her in his way, and he promised that he would never do it again. This person was too pure, too kind, too beautiful.

This was the girl he was so in love with.

Lisa pressed her hands on his chest and leaned back to stare at him. Her reddish, shiny eyes were beautiful. "Jungkook, I love you. It's the first time I love someone like this and..." she looked away a little, trying to regain strength and when she did, she confessed: "If you want to dump me after this despite everything, I will understand, but you have to know that losing you will destroy me. I don't know what I will do after you because I am sure you are the love of my life, I am sure that fate led me to you, and I just can't lose you "

His own eyes filled with tears, literally, overwhelmed with happiness and love. God, she was beautiful and he was a loser, but she loved him. Finally, someone loved him and he was a lucky bastard because he was loved by a person like her.

Lisa fought against her own feelings for her best friend, she lost the battle and finally accepted her feelings for him, even though he was pulling her away. All for him. She then came to fight for him, despite everything.

Jungkook knew that she was risking her friendship with Chaeyoung but why did everything have to be a sacrifice? Why couldn't she be happy for herself without worries?

He cupped her face with his hands and wiped the tears from her cheeks with his thumbs. "I'm sorry," he muttered, embarrassed, but relieved to finally know everything. He was relieved to know that after all, she was the best person he could ever find.

"Why?" she whispered and sniffed her nose, like she didn't deserve an apology after all she did, and after all he thought about her.

"For not being honest since the beginning, Lisa, I'm into you since the first time we met too," he finally told her and a tear rolled down his cheek, he was truly happy, so fucking happy that he wanted to burst into tears.

"Really?" she muttered excitedly and he nodded, chuckling at her cuteness. She was fucking up his stomach because of the butterflies at being so happy for knowing this.

"And sorry too for being an asshole, I... I am insecure," he admitted even though he knew it was just an excuse.

But she laughed, as always, bubbly and sweet. "I love you like this, Jungkook, and please don't cry, your little nose gets red," she told him and pressed the tip of it, like that December night, when she was just a stranger in a Christmas dress.

Jungkook laughed and God, he couldn't stop looking at her, every detail, that stranger, that girl whose name turned out to be Lisa, that great girl, was finally his. He was afraid to blink and discover that it was not real. "I really love you so fucking much," and he had to say it clearly, loudly, no more misunderstandings. She had to know, she had to be sure.

"Then kiss me, please," she said after pressing her lips closed.

"But promise me that it will be just and me, no Chaeyoung, no Jaewon, no anyone but you and me, Lisa," he needed her to be selfish, more selfish than she was being right now.

"Jungkook, I told you, it's always been just you when I am with you. You are the only person I can think of when I am with you," she whispered against his lips and slowly raised her gaze to his eyes. "Even when I am not with you. It's always been just you"

So Jungkook kissed her, desperate to finally seal that silent treaty they just signed.

That's it, the cards were on the table.

Never before has a kiss felt so sweet.

Her thick lips transported him back to a yellow galaxy where the brightest star was her. She was his light and his sun in a world where for a long time everything had been black.

She wrapped his waist with her arms and stayed as close to him as possible, responding to his intense kiss. Lips so sweet and warm, she felt like heaven once again and he wanted to keep kissing and kissing her for all the times he didn't do it, for being a coward. She deserved a brave man, as brave as herself, and he was going to work to be it for her. He was going to be honest and tell her everything, every feeling and every thought, because damn, if she led them to another mess because of one misunderstanding again...

(a/n: she better not bitch i won't write hello frustration season two)

However, the happiness was so big that she couldn't help but laugh against his lips. Ecstatic

"Why are you laughing?" he asked her, barely breaking apart to speak.

Her warm brown gaze greeted him and she gave another sweet chuckle. "Because I am so happy. Are you happy too? "

He nodded, melting.

She smiled at him and left another kiss on his lips. "We're such idiots," she had to say and she was right, so fucking right.

Jungkook chuckled and kissed her in response, lifting her against his body. Lisa wrapped her legs around his waist and her hands cupped his neck, intensifying a kiss that was already intense, filled with the purest love.

"They wouldn't have sex right there, right?" Jisoo asked Jimin, who was sitting on the sofa of the entrance with his phone; he just finished with Jungkook's client.

He looked up and laughed. "I don't think so, why?"

"Jungkook has a date in ten minutes and it's been an hour," she said seriously and pointed at the door with her pen. She was happy for him with his love fairy tale and stuff but the kid had to work, there were bills to pay. "If he doesn't get out in 5 I will-"

And just then the door opened, Jungkook and Lisa leaving his studio. From the stupid smiles they both had on their blushed, happy faces it was easy to know how things had turned out. Jisoo and Jimin shared complicit and amused smiles, high-fiving at the distance.

"So, at your place at 7?" she asked, walking backward, she didn't want to take her eyes off him, his hair was messy and his lips were swollen after so many kisses. They literally spent all that time making out, once he lifted her to his desk, it was over, all they could do was kiss and kiss and kiss more.

Jungkook nodded, biting his lower lip and she nodded too, barely able to contain the excitement.

Lisa looked at them both and bowed. "Thank you so much for this. I have work to do now so... yeah," she explained with a mixture of embarrassment and barely contained euphoria.

"Have a good day, Lili," Jimin told her.

"Nyeongan" Jisoo hummed at her, waving her hand slightly.

Lisa left and they both looked at Jungkook, who had stared at the door like a fool in love. Exactly, what he was.

"I guess I will have to find a place to sleep tonight," Jimin commented, Jisoo raised an eyebrow at him and he shrugged. "Someone has lots of milks to release"

Oh..

Ew.

"Shut up," Jungkook growled at him though the happiness he had made it impossible for him to look really upset. "It's just for my

drawing project, she's the model"

Jimin stood up and raised his hands. "I'm still sleeping in someone's place. Thank me later, "and he went into his studio, leaving him alone with Jisoo.

She recovered from disgust and was happy for Jungkook, looking him up and down. "So, maybe you're not an idiot, don't you think?"

"Oh, I am, but things turned out well in some way. Maybe it was fate, "he shrugged casually, though he really did think so.

Jungkook closed the door behind him and leaned his back on it. He wanted to screech literally.

This was... surreal. But real.

He got the girl!

Well, the girl got him actually.

But the point was that both of them had the other, finally.

He laughed like a maniac and crouched down, ruffling his hair. He wanted to jump and scream that he, Jeon Jungkook, had the love of his life right there, with him, loving him back.

Who would have imagined?

Then he remembered something, the word shone in his mind like Las Vegas' sign: PIERCINGS.

How the fuck she got those if she was scared of needles?

ok i can't be the only one finding ridiculous that everything got solved in one talk

istg im a joke

what do you think? it was too fast after all the drama or you're actually relieved?

do you think he forgave her too easily?

feel free to tell me if it was bullshit or not

SO, FINALLYYYYYYYYYYYYY

lk going official guys☐

that's what we all wanted and it finally happened so yep they can fuck now

but have patience bc that one will be long and full of stories. lk gotta share many things to the other

talking about it, what are your theories about the piercings? next chapter is dedicated to the one that get it

also thank you to @/ifoundmyjams for the idea of the tattoo. thanks to her this turned out being way different and i think it was better.

if you like it, comment and vote👍 and thank you so much for staying despite the frustration, i know it was a long, hard, really hard way but you're still here and you have my heart💖

Chapter 33 • Pt. 1

remember when I didn't use to update for like 20 days? good days.

kidding i've been busy and this one is coming extra long so i had to split it and ITS STILL LONG AS FUCK (idk bruh whats wrong with me) so sorry for the delay

TRIGGER WARNING: this gonna be sweet and LONG (and kinda boring)

TRIGER WARNING pt2: i tried to keep it funny still bc is the essence of the story but my ass is not okay so EXCUSE ME

also thank you to Outhin bc she recommended me this song long ago and now it's the song of the chapter. It's finally // beautiful stranger by halsey

ANOTHER WARNING: sorry for the amount of repetitive words and things, i don't have more time since i really really really want to update for once.

ill try to edit it tomorrow if i wake up more inspired.

Jungkook, you won't have sex today.

"Jungkook, you won't have sex today," Jungkook repeated it to himself out loud to make it clearer to himself and his cock. He had showered and, maybe, maybe not, the razor was down there doing something BUT he wasn't going to have sex that night. Nope.

(a/n: you got the kiwis ready and you're saying that?)

Lisa would come to work, she would sit and pose for him to draw her and nothing else would happen. Nope, NOTHING was going to happen.

Well, her cock kept refusing these decisions, he was pretty stubborn let me tell you.

Jungkook tidied his room, hiding everything embarrassing, such as dirty clothes and figurines of his favorite anime characters (Funkos too) that he had on different furniture as decoration because he had just gotten the girl and was not going to scare her away with his weeb side, yet.

And he kept repeating himself, trying to reason. I mean, he was literally hiding a Funko of Sailor Moon in the closet, that should be reason enough to not wait for sex... or it was a way to wait for sex to happen?

Wasn't it too soon to have sex? I mean, he and Lisa weren't even

official yet.

Would Lisa like a date? Should he invite her?

(a/n: who do you expect to invite her, idiot? your mom?)

Shit, how could he do that?

How were those things done?

Shit...

Dinner? In a restaurant? Would Lisa like that? She didn't seem the type but she was also rich and was probably waiting for it... Or not.

Maybe just a night out?

Jaewon took her a to a... Oh, don't go there boy. It was still triggering for him to think about that, no matter that Lisa cleared things up about it.

Why was he still nervous anyway? Less than three hours ago, Lisa was officially his, she said she loved him, they kissed so much that someone down there cried a few tears of happiness, but God he was as nervous like in all the first times they talked.

He was also excited because he couldn't believe it. What kind of virtual reality was this in which he, Jeon Jungkook, had the girl he loved in his arms? It was crazy.

But shit, it was real.

God, he wasn't ready for this, he needed a few minutes to prepare and assimilate this before combusting.

He had no more minutes after four hours of tattooing people and humming like a happy mother on a Sunday morning, anyway, because just then his phone rang and he jumped to grab it, not at all excited. Nope, casual, normal, chill.

GOD, IT WAS LISA.

Lisa

im down

going up now

the doorman is pretty cool

Yes, he had told him that she would come. It was embarrassing to think about because he was so excited when he said it that his voice came out weak.

The excitement filled him again, winning over his nerves and anxiety at knowing what she would think of all this, and he jumped inadvertently as he looked around.

God, Lisa was going to be in his place. God, God, THIS WAS CRAZY.

Did he look good?

He walked to the bathroom and looked at his hair, which looked the same as always, black, good cut, not too short, straight and shiny... his face did not look bad, throughout the day the traces of the hangover were gone and well, that moment in his studio also

helped a lot to make him glow like Christmas lights in the middle of a snowstorm.

Fuck, he was so fucking happy.

And she finally knocked on the door.

GOD.

IT'S HAPPENING.

IT'S FINALLY HAPPENING.

OKAY OKAY.

JUNGKOOK CALM DOWN.

EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE, FRIEND, YOU ARE FINALLY AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

Well, the road to get the girl because the road to keep the girl started and he had no idea how he would do that, but if he failed he would die, for sure.

(a/n: aw dramatic like his author)

Lisa knocked on the door again.

SHIT, TRUE. LISA, THE DOOR, GOD, ASSIGNMENT, DRAWING.

"You won't have sex today, focus," he told himself, pointing to his reflection in the mirror.

And nop, his dick was still against it.

The door, Jungkook.

He took a deep breath to calm the excitement and headed for the door, not too fast, not too slow, nervous to the core.

Could he calm down?

No, he couldn't.

He took another deep breath and shook his fist while exhaling, hopping, like he was preparing for a run. Yeah, the run of facing the love of his life.

(a/n: phew romantic. did you see that? POETRY)

He opened the door and found her, same clothes from a few hours ago, just as beautiful and she smiled at him and he smiled at her and it was damn beautiful ...

She was his, Lisa, his Lisa, finally.

Oh my God.

And they really stared at each other like fools, she seemed as excited as he was, as full of light as ever.

HOW COULD SHE BE SO FUCKING BEAUTIFUL? WAS IT LEGAL?

Jungkook wanted to curl down and screech again.

He didn't know what the hell he did in his past life to deserve this but Jungkook from the past life deserved EVERYTHING GOOD IN THE WORLD.

And his eyes couldn't help but go down to her breasts, of course.

Piercings, piercings, piercings...

He didn't have much time to think about it either, she jumped

into his arms and took his neck, crashing her lips into his. Jungkook moaned inadvertently, surprised but not annoyed by it at all.



God, he missed her taste and the softness of her lips was still as magnificent as the first time. He couldn't separate after that, he wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed her against his body. Lisa stood on tiptoe, only to respond to his kisses with more intensity.

His mind was blank, totally clouded by the sweet but also hot currents of heat that ran through his body from head to toe. His heart began to pound furiously, just for her, fuck, just for this girl. *HIS.*

She brought one hand up to his hair while the other went down to his chest, caressing it thought the shirt, it was sweet but desperate. The palm of her hand felt like a burning ember over his body, making him want to undress and feel this but skin to skin, nothing else between them.

Lisa had craved these kisses as much as he had, there was no doubt of that and it was satisfying to know he wasn't the only one crazy here.

Jungkook lowered his hands to her ass and squeezed it, blinded by the passion that could finally blossom after so long from being suppressed. Lisa moaned against his mouth and he did too, his half hardon was on her belly, ready and eager. His cock could really make the party he craved so much for.

Just as he had probably spent over forty minutes kissing her in his studio, he could spend more time just doing it. He couldn't stop savoring her, licking her mouth and tongue, nibbling on her lips and pushing her so close to his body. Every hormone in his body drove him crazy, he wanted to fucking claim her like the caveman he was but kissing her was as addictive as a drug, he didn't care if he didn't get anywhere as long as he kept having those lips against his.

Lisa loved to touch him, her hands traveling from his hair to his neck to his chest and then to his shoulders in a meaningless but hot and constant way. He loved having her hands on him, shit, it made him feel so wanted.

He kneaded her ass, slightly surprised that it filled his hands and was really firm, and pressed her more against him. Lisa quickly moved her hips and tempted him, causing a soft moan from his mouth between hot, wet kisses.

She pulled away from his mouth and between ragged breaths she looked him in the eye to say, "Jungkook, please, fuck me"

Okay, fuck it.

Jungkook you will have sex tonight.

(a/n: ITS HAPPENING EVERYONE, IT IS HAPPENING)

He couldn't say no, who in their right mind would say no? He wanted too and he was too dazed in her to say something.

He lifted her by the buttocks and Lisa had no trouble quickly wrapping her legs around his waist. Her heat was strong thought her denim shorts and he felt it in his stomach, hardening his cock completely. God, she didn't even let him moan because she kissed him again, hands holding his jaw and neck like an anchor.

Lisa knew what she wanted and she wasn't going to let him go.

Hot, fucking hot.

He led her to his room without seeing the way too well, but it's not like he could get lost.

Upon entering, in seconds they both fell to the bed and he did everything possible not to crush her, Lisa laughed and for a few seconds he watched her enraptured, her hair had spread on the gray sheets, like sunflower petals surrounding the most girl beautiful in the world, that girl he had longed for so much. This was his girl, he couldn't believe this was happening.

"What?" she asked giggling, tangling one of her fingers in his hair.

Jungkook shook his head, embarrassed, but his smile said it all. He leaned down and kissed her again, she sighed and her legs pressed him closer against her. His hips finally lowered and his erection pressed against her center, right where it should be.

The hands of both began to travel in the body of the other desperately while their lips continued meeting in more and more kisses. He managed to touch her legs, her thighs, her ass, rise to her waist, and she traced his entire back as their legs rubbed together, hips moving in unison for more friction, more pleasure, his hard cock against her secluded clit was doing wonders, once again.

It was too good to finish, however Jungkook couldn't resist any longer and started a way down her neck, tasting her skin, sniffing it freely. She smelled as sweet as ever but brushing his nose against her skin was fucking better than just being surrounded by her scent on a normal day.

The despair and desire were so great it was suffocating but he didn't want to rush it, this still seemed like a surreal experience and he wanted it to last. Because for sure he wasn't going to last.

(a/n: bro same)

His hands went under her shirt as he was kissing the new spaces she offered by stretching her neck, sighing under his lips. Her hands were still buried in his hair and it was driving him crazy with every tug.

She had a sensitive neck, slim and smooth, she shuddered with

each touch and her legs tightened more. His cock ached in his jeans but its time would come after, now he was busy sucking the spot in where he could feel her strong pulse.

Lisa's body was soft but firm, his fingers explored her back and waist and his palms moved higher on her body as he kissed her collarbones and she arched for him. God, how much he had longed to taste the skin there, which was only touched by fine gold chains.

And the price was still hidden. Why? It was offensive.

"Can I ..." He pulled apart to ask shyly even though he was dying of desire. She understood that he was referring to her shirt and smiled.

"Yes please, I'm all yours," her tone was as if he had just lifted a weight off her, Jungkook would lie if he said she didn't make his stomach twist with pleasure but he laughed and helped her off with her shirt.

And there were his friends again, those piercings, Jungkook was dying to meet them and Lisa knew it.

"You can touch them if you want," she shrugged, propping herself up on her elbows on the mattress.

Jungkook laughed and leaned down, making a way down her chest. She was soft, her scent was stronger still, and he was drunk of her. And upon reaching her breasts, he took his time to get to know them. Shit, it was still amazing that he was experiencing this.

Her small breasts were soft and delicious, bringing a nipple to his mouth was a delicacy, the metal ball met his tongue as he looked up to see her throw her head back, gasping. He wondered if piercings made her nipples more responsive to her or she was normally that sensitive, but did it really matter? Her nubs were hard on his mouth, turning pinker as he stimulated them, alternating from one to the other.

"I really need to know how you got these," he murmured, more to himself than to her. Lisa obviously heard him and chuckled, but her frown was still furrowed, of course, Jungkook refused to take her boobs out of his mouth.

"I will tell you but not right no-Jungkook," she gasped as he had just sucked on a nipple hard, lapping it with his tongue instantly.

Why the fuck did metal turn him on even more? He didn't know but tried to nibble on her nipple and pull the piercing, Lisa moaned loudly, muttering his name, so he did it back with the other nipple and got more, a tug on his hair and hips grinding up, legs spreading more.

Fuck.

Making her moan was more addictive than kissing her. How many times did he dream of this and now he had her in his arms?

God, he really wanted to love her, every corner, every single piece of skin available.

He unbuttoned her shorts with the intention of undressing her further but Lisa did the rest of the work, taking them off for him. Jungkook made no objection and went down her firm stomach, the one he had wanted so badly to touch.

It was inexplicable how soft she was despite having such firm muscles, Lisa was strong.

He gained confidence because of having her so eager in his arms and smiled on her bellybutton, "Why I am surprised you don't have one here too?" he teased and Lisa laughed as she fell down the mattress again.

"I hate needles," she whimpered between giggles as he was tickling her with his kisses, which were on their way to the edge of her thin panties.

Jungkook almost laughed upon discovering that there was the cause of his wet dreams, the damn yellow thong. It was fucking beautiful, with floral details and matching that golden hue of her skin.

"What?" she asked, noticing that the idiot was really looking at her panties with intensity and a silly smile on his lips.

Jungkook shook his head, slightly embarrassed, but it didn't last long because he quickly focused on what was under her panties. "Can I-" He started to repeat his question but she cut him off.

"Jungkook, for real, undress me right now," she ordered him with a playful smile, giving him all kinds of power.

God, thank you. He really needed this.

She helped him take off her thong, which made him somewhat sad. He was not going to deny that he wanted to see her just on that, but that was a subject for another occasion because the view now was way more distracting.

Lisa was not shy at all, her legs opened for him as soon as she was released and God, she was fucking beautiful, her naked body made him want to kneel for her and kiss her feet, kiss and lick every inch of smooth and shiny skin. Even her damn pussy was perfect.

"You are so beautiful, doll," he groaned almost painfully, he was really feeling pain, and leaned down to kiss her, loving how she quickly put her hands on his cheeks and moaned into his mouth. One of his hands held the inside of her thigh and although their bodies were not touching, the heat in that small space between them was immense, almost magnetic.

"Please touch me," she asked softly.

His hand went up and as their tongues met, he finally touched

her pussy. Her folds were so wet that his fingers slipped between them and both pulled away to moan. He because he was dying to feel that on his cock, she because he was touching her.

"Do you like this?" he asked and got a desperate nod, puffy lips still parted, letting out small moans and purrs.

Their separate mouths did not last long, they both kissed again while he met her with his fingers, investigating what she liked and how. He wanted to be good to her, he wanted to prove to her that he was the best thing he would ever have in her bed, and he longed to bring her pleasure and hear more moans and sighs because of him. Just him.

"Like this?" He really wanted to do it right and even though her body told him so, he wanted her to say it too.

"Yes, keep going," she sighed, breathless.

The tip of his index finger found her swollen button of pleasure and she lifted her legs, further exposing her little clit to him. He stroked her in circles and ran his fingers down and up then back and squeezed, and went down to kiss her neck when she couldn't stop moaning. She sounded so pretty. Either he was very good or Lisa was easy to please, what was clear was that she was melting under his touch.

The kisses continued to drop and he sucked on a nipple again, flicking the ring with his tongue. Lisa clawed at his neck, arching, her hips swiftly swinging against his hand.

"You are so good," she moaned.

He smiled proudly and without further delay, finally came down to savor it but Lisa stopped him, pulling his hair. He raised his head in surprise at the sudden tug.

"What-what happened?" he asked, had he done something wrong?

Lisa rose and held her neck to kiss her hungrily, it was short and intense, stealing the air. "Please, please, fuck me right now. I can't wait anymore, please," she literally pleaded against his lips.

Lust along with despair sparkled in her eyes. Her entire expression was eager for him and God, that destroyed him. He could come right now just for that look.

It took Jungkook a few seconds to nod and start to move, awkwardly removing his pants. Lisa laughed and made him laugh too, he almost fell but who cared.

She knelt on the bed and helped him with the flannel shirt, which made him stop abruptly, being attacked by a sudden insecurity that had no sense of being at this point but it is not like he could control it. Her body acted quickly and he held her hands gently as soon as she began to unbutton the shirt.

"What's wrong?" she frowned.

"I-" He didn't know what to say because he knew it would sound stupid and then he felt like an idiot, she was completely naked for him with all that perfect and... clean skin. What would she think of him? "My tattoos," he murmured, releasing the words with an unexpected vulnerability. She cocked her head, confused. "They're... too many," he added trying to explain himself.

Yes, she had seen him shirtless before and in one he was surprised and embarrassed, in the second he was too angry to pay attention to nothing else besides his feelings and her nipples. Now the insecurity was strong, what if she didn't like to see so much ink on his skin?

However Lisa laughed. "What are you talking about? They must be so beautiful," she smiled at him so warmly that it toppled him. "Let me see them, Jungkook," she added fondly and well, shit, her power on him was strong because he let her open and take off his shirt.

Lisa's eyes sparkled with hunger as she uncovered his entire torso, every defined muscle and every tattoo on his chest. She planted both hands on his pecs and leaned into him, her breath caressing his lips: "I will lick each one of them later," she promised him and her hand came to rest on his tattooed thigh, making him tense under his touch.

Well, his cock was going to explode now.

He buried his hand in her hair to pull her closer and kissed her, as he pushed her back to the bed with his body. Lisa pulled his boxers down without embarrassment and he helped her. Quickly, he was completely naked and moaned against her mouth as she wrapped his cock in her hand.

"Fuck, you're so thick," she moaned and shit, she knew how to touch all his weak points.

But he was close, so fucking close.

"I need a condom," he recalled even though the tip of his cock was about to explode under her touch and he was dying to bury it into her.

Lisa shook her head, confusing him. "I-I have a ... Shit i don't remember the word," she murmured, as lost in pleasure as he was.

"Pill?"

Lisa shook her head again and raised her arm, pointing to her bicep. "This, this," then she squeezed his skin and he could see a ... toothpick? "Birth control, whatever, no babies, please fuck me," she held his cheeks, looking up at him with those huge pleading eyes.

(a/n: short sexual education moment here: the lil toothpick is actually a birth control implant also called nexplanon. good one if you are the type that forget to take pills daily like me)

"But...", he fell silent because then he was struck by the realization that Lisa fully trusted him. The tattoos also carried the stigma of diseases, from the needles, and she knew it, he could still remember her surprised and cute expression when she found out that she could catch something by getting a tattoo, however here she was. "Are you really okay with this?"

"Jungkook," she whimpered desperately and rubbed against him, he didn't know how but somehow his cock was perfectly aligned between her folds, coming back and forth, and his stomach contracted due to the strong currents of lust.

"Sorry," he kissed her and took his cock to line it up in her small but eager hole, but first he rubbed it all over her pussy, dipping into her sticky juices. Fuck, Lisa was fucking dripping and for him.

He circled his clit with the tip and kissed her, then he finally slipped inside and gasped for air as he felt her walls wrap him like a damn tight fist.

"Oh my God," he gasped against her lips and looked into her eyes, Lisa was as surprised as he was and the intensity in her gaze made his heart fill with the strongest emotions he ever felt.

Lust was put aside for a few seconds because love was overwhelming. He had never made love before but he could assure that he was making it right now. The way being inside of her felt like a heavenly experience was like a punch of feeling in the heart, letting him know that never again fucking would feel the same, it would never be this intense again.

Finally, he was in her, so close that their hearts were beating at the same tune.

He cupped her cheek and kissed her with all he could give of himself, every bit of love that was in his body was for her, through his lips. Lisa hugged him and sank into the romantic cloud that both of them had just created, it was warm and intimate, purely magical.

Slowly, he began to move, savoring every second even though this was tearing him apart. He really was close and it was embarrassing but he didn't want her to know, shit, she deserved something really good. He leaned on his hands up her head and observed her, recording in his mind every single second of this, every feel and every touch.

Lisa was enjoying it like him, still looking him in the eye with her face making small expressions of pleasure every time he got to the bottom.

"I love you so much," she whispered with a smile on her lips and stole another kiss that Jungkook continued, entangling his tongue with hers, swallowing her moans and sighs.

He loved her so fucking much too, every part of her.

(a/n: gosh i hate this moment in every smut i always get like lol now what)

His hips picked up the pace and he lowered his hand to spread her legs so he could brush her clit, he needed to get her there soon but he couldn't go fast or he would come himself. She was so wet he could feel her on his skin and her fingers clenched on his back, nails brushing lightly leaving scratches of pure fire. He was going crazy, control over himself was slipping from his grasp but it was so sweet he didn't want to stop. The whirlwind of pleasure he felt on his cock every time he entered that wet, tight cave, was making him addicted to feeling it.

"Please, go harder," she whimpered, holding his jaw and her finger brushing his lips, the touch was electric.

Jungkook obeyed, fixing his eyes on hers, and went harder, burying himself deeper if it was possible, loving the way she began to arch and moan more. Her walls wrapped around him tighter and he growled, squeezing the sheet. He needed to hold on to something to keep from falling.

Lisa ran her hand down his chest, his skin was so sensitive that the trail she left tingled pleasantly.

"I'm close," he admitted despite the embarrassment.

"Then cum, please," she moaned, not really caring.

"I don't want to, I want you to come"

"I will," she assured him, nodding. "Go faster and please, suck my nipples," she said in need.

Fuck yes, he was in love with her tits as he was with her.

Jungkook lowered his head and took her breasts in his hands to bring her nipples to his mouth as he began to fuck her faster. His cock swelled further as Lisa arched with pleasure, exposing her marked neck. New hickeys were on her breasts, also his creation. Shit and her swollen, sensitive nipples, each touch of his tongue on one made her jump.

The knot tightened in his stomach, contracting the muscles in his abdomen. His balls tightened too, he was so close that he could barely control the raspy moans coming from his throat. He thrustled into her harder, almost climbing her.

Lisa was blushing under him, moving her hips next to his, fucking against him at the same rate. She was greedy, enjoying every bit of pleasure that he was given her, every heat wave that surrounded her.

"Jungkook~" she moaned, desperate, close, gasping.

"Yes, Doll, I know, fuck," he pressed his eyes closed, it was too much, too fucking much.

She was hot and beautiful and a fucking treasure from heaven,

just for him. All his.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he had to stop because he started to come, Lisa took his face and raised him to her lips. He kept one of her breasts in his hand and between his tattooed fingers he held a swollen nipple.

"Cum, fill me, cum," she whimpered and Jungkook opened his mouth in a strangled moan as his cock began to release into her, contracting. He couldn't move because he literally lost all sense of reality.

He saw white and was hit with wave after wave of pleasure and it was like he couldn't stop coming. His entire body was sensitized and he was not even aware of the world for seconds that felt like hours.

And Lisa had never stopped moving, she ground her hips against his, milking his cock till the last drop, riding him through all his orgasm, and he was shocked to find himself still rock hard when he slipped out, after filling her with every drop of cum he could release.

He rested his forehead on her shoulder, breathing heavily. Lisa tenderly stroked his hair, her remaining hand making a tender soothing path down his back.

(a/n: serious question fam WAS THIS AT LEAST ROMANTIC bc for real the porn get out of my hands sometimes👉👈)

"I will make you cum, I promise," he murmured, he just needed to regain some strength. However, he felt her laugh and he raised his head.

Lisa smiled at him. "Let me ride you," she said simply. It took him by surprise and as soon as he nodded, she pushed him onto the bed and moved with him, that way she easily straddled him, bent over his chest, kissing him.

She really was like a siren, seducing him so easily that it was alarming and as she took his mouth, she buried herself on his cock. He groaned at the sensitivity, the tip of his cock pulsing inside her and his back arched unconsciously. He didn't know if it was pleasure or pain but the pleasure became obvious once she started to move her hips on him.

Lisa planted both hands on his flushed chest and straightened, making him look up at her like the goddess she was. Her thick lips were still parted, puffy and pink, and her small breasts swayed to the rhythm of her hips. Shit, her hips were something out of this world.

She went up and down the full length in front of his eyes, moaning softly. It was mesmerizing to see his cock disappear into that hot pussy as he felt her velvet walls wrap him up, squeezing hard. He was still sensitive, a stab of strange pain made him curl his

toes but he was enjoying it, he wanted more.

"You're so big, shit," she moaned, arching her neck back.

She was going to kill him.

Jungkook grabbed her thighs with his hands and then ran his hand up to her ass, squeezing as he felt a strong current of pleasure in the stomach. He didn't need to guide her, Lisa let herself be carried away for her own pleasure. Her body moved over his as if she danced on him, back and forth, with her fingers brushing his nipples that sent more heat to his swollen cock.

Lisa took his hands and brought them to her tits, Jungkook squeezed them, both looking into each other's eyes. Her expressions of pure pleasure were a masterpiece, he wanted to draw her right then and there because she had never looked so damn powerful before. He was completely whipped, a fucking servant of her.

Lisa increased speed once she dug her knees into the mattress, alternating between going up and down and coming and going, sometimes rolling her hips. He felt close again and he could feel that she was close too, her walls tightening around him harder and she was started to shake.

"Oh my God, Jungkook," she whimpered, pulling her head back.

He sat up then and wrapped his arms around her, pressing her to his body. He brought one of her nipples to his mouth and sucked, Lisa arched, scratching at his scalp and shoulders as he rode faster, clit rubbing furiously against his hard abs.

"Fuck, Jungkook, like this, please, please," she murmured probably not aware of anything but him.

She liked it fast and hard, it was obvious.

Jungkook lowered his hands to her hips and made her go faster, crashing her down his hard cock over and over again, Lisa screamed with each drop and then finally came, trembling in his embrace as he kissed her arched neck, sucking new spots. Her pussy pulsed around his cock and he continued to guide her hips, making her rub more and more against his stomach as Lisa writhed, moaning and muttering his name. And she didn't want to detach from her orgasm, she quickly started to bounce on his cock and kissed him again, making him come fast and strong once again.

He filled her to the bottom and even more of her seed, dirtying them both but that only fueled the pleasure further. They could not stop kissing or touching, extremely close. The piercings brushed against his chest, as hard as her nipples, and both continued to move against each other through pleasure and sensitivity.

They couldn't stop, they really couldn't.

They were desperate once more so Jungkook dropped her back onto the mattress and rammed into her again, swallowing her

screams. This time his hand went down to her clit and his fingers rubbed circles on the very wet button, Lisa's bucked up out of sensitivity and she moaned loudly, almost screaming with pleasure. Her cunt was still pulsing and tightening, it was harder for him to push himself inside but he was still torturing his cock through the pain. It was driving him crazy.

She was driving him crazy.

In minutes, they both came again, flushed and sweaty, hair sticking to their faces as they gasped against each other's lips, hips taking their time to calm down.

He had just rolled to the side to avoid crushing her but he hadn't released her, leaving an arm around her flat stomach. Lisa put a hand on his and their legs were still tangled on the sheets.

Finally, he was softening, but it was probably because they had stopped several seconds to take a deep breath, feeling the muscles of the body burn after so much activity.

A comfortable silence fell over both of them and he smiled as she got closer to him, ending with the minimum distance that was left between them. Lisa cocked her head against the pillow and smiled languidly at him, one of her hands came up and caressed his cheek so sweetly that he closed his eyes.

Then she laughed and he looked at her curiously, raising an eyebrow.

Lisa shook her head and rolled onto her side, only to be face to face with him. "I am so happy," she murmured, as if speaking louder would ruin the very intimate and beautiful moment they had just created.

Jungkook pulled her closer around the waist until they were practically holding each other side by side, she naturally pulled one leg up to his thigh, like they were doing this years ago. "I am happy too," he replied and laughed only out of pure happiness just because she tenderly brushed his nose with hers.

"We need a shower," she said then.

"Do you think I smell bad?" he joked comfortably, feigning some offense. Lisa giggled, wrinkling her pretty nose, and shook her head. He combed her soft hair on her back and looked at her with loving eyes. "We really need one... and change the sheets," he added, since not using condoms had really created a disaster.

(a/n: another loss for mrs. bed team 🤔 ARE THEY OKAY?!)

"Nah, we're gonna get them dirty soon," she promised and it was impressive how with just those words his cock had the audacity and energy to move around a bit, totally interested.

(a/n: mrs bed: wha-what?)

sheets: you all are paying my therapist

cake: let's start the collect then 🍷 🍷)

□△□△□△□

It was curious and kind of funny that after all they had done, dining together sitting at a table outside the bed felt... weird. It was totally different from all other situations. They were just looking at each other and laughing like fools.

"Stop laughing, I don't know why you're laughing," Lisa tried to say seriously but Jungkook shook his head and pointed at her.

"Because you're laughing"

"You laughed first"

"No, you did first because you had to heat the ramen," he reminded her and pointed to the microwave, which she had had to use for him. Jungkook was still embarrassed by that but it was difficult to maintain that feeling when the situation was so warm and sweet, both relaxed and comfortable with each other.

It was rare but expected, they weren't strangers talking for the first time.

They were... this. This beautiful thing.

"Ah, right. Okay, guilty," she raised her hands and sighed, then narrowed her eyes at him as she smiled, like he was a kid. "It's still adorable"

No, it was embarrassing.

"It's not," he scrunched his nose in distaste.

"It is. At least it's not dumb like my fear for needles, did you know that I pass out the last time I got a shot? "

"Really?"

Was she alone? Someone took care of her? And wow, her fear was really a phobia... Did she really plan to get a tattoo for him? Was she crazy? Jungkook would never put her through that and he mentally promised to never joke about tattoos with her again, Lisa could take it seriously as she did before.

"Yeah, I was with Chaeng ..." Her spirit deflated like a balloon at the mention of her friend and Jungkook wanted to put his arms around her to comfort her, he knew this was all because of him but he couldn't feel guilty, not after getting this, but he did feel sad for her. The situation was unfair. "I really have to talk with her but... I don't know what should I tell her, she will never forgive me," she said hopelessly and sighed, watching the chopsticks with too much attention.

He wished he had the words necessary for the occasion but didn't really know what to say. Girls could be dramatic sometimes, Chaeyoung definitely looked like the dramatic type and he could predict that once Lisa told her what was going on between them it

wouldn't end up good.

"Since when are you two friends?" He decided to ask after seeing her sink into her thoughts. She once mentioned that they were friends since childhood.

"Since we were kids, around 13 or 14," she propped her elbows on the table and her face on her fist, her long fingers playing with the chopsticks. "Her father started to work with my father at that time and we just... clicked? I think? She was my first "girly" best friend," a small smile showed on her lips as she made an expression between embarrassment and happiness, scrunched her nose.

(a/n: i found funny that lisa can't say 'lol her father was my father's employee' while chaeyoung is out there acting like she was the queen of england)

"Really? Why? " He cocked his head, then brought a few noodles to his mouth, trying not to make any noise in case it bothered her.

He was proud of himself for cheering her up in some way.

"I've always been most the 'one of the boys 'girl'," she commented and confused him because he didn't see the relation there. "My mom used to hate that because I didn't behave like a lady, you know, feminine and educated. I was more like a tomboy, maybe I still am," she shrugged and she had the audacity to say that with her manicured long nails, perfectly done eyeliner, long silky barbie-like hair, and delicate manners of a lady.

(a/n: that's not exactly the correct concept of tomboy but you do you jungkookito)

"But you're feminine," he argued without thinking.

"You think so?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," he nodded and felt he needed to add something else because she was really open to hearing his opinion. He swallowed and allowed himself to say what he had been thinking about her for a long time: "You are delicate but strong, very graceful like... a butterfly. Anyone would notice it," and he looked down at his cup, thinking that had really been corny.

"Thank you," she murmured weakly, clearly flustered, her tone making him snap his head up and noticing her state. He smiled, biting his lower lip, well at least she didn't think he was corny.

"So my mom was super happy when me and Chaeyoung became friends," oh, so she killed two birds with one stone with that. "She always says I should be more like Chaeyoung, she loves her, so she was the best influence for me and I'm not complaining, she made me enjoy a lot of girly things. She has the ability to make everything fun so we really clicked. It's weird, she's so different from me but we connect," she added, concentrating on the subject, but still not looking at him, she inspected Van Gogh's paintings

hanging on the wall instead. However, you could tell that her mind was far away, in her friend, a nostalgic affection was reflected in her face. "I'm still not at the highest girly level for my mom, though," she added wryly.

Jungkook felt more confident: "You're perfect the way you are"

"You are too," she smiled at him softly.

He got flustered too and the noodles he had started carrying with the chopsticks fell out, splashing soup into his mouth. His ears burned.

"Going-going back to-to Chaeyoung, I think she will understand. It's a friendship of years and I'm sure she loves you," he tried to act casual despite everything while wiping his mouth with a napkin but noticing that Lisa had seen it all and was pressing her lips closed.

However, the subject again seized her with sadness. "Wish I could be sure too but I fucked up so bad, like, I've fucked up bad before but this is the first time it is with her. The last time she was at my side, I really can't lose her," and she looked concerned, her big eyes shining with that vulnerability she never showed to anyone but him.

Chaeyoung was very important to Lisa.

Hold on, she said last time?

"What happened the last time?"

Lisa froze and opened her eyes like thinking she had just said something she definitely shouldn't have, it was almost funny. "... Well, hehe, it's... I got in some kind of scandal? Maybe? " her voice grew high-pitched as she shifted in her chair.

Jungkook thought he shouldn't ask but... this sounded juicy. "Scandal? Are you famous? " he tried to joke to lighten the mood.

"Well, for sure I'm more famous after that scandal," she added with a sardonic humor that sparked a slightly worried reaction at Jungkook. "Don't make that face, I don't have any sex tape going around the internet," she laughed even though he hadn't thought of that.

He was thankful to know it though, Jungkook was sure he couldn't bear to see her get fucked by someone other than him.

"But you for sure would find some bikini and lingerie pictures of me if you google it," she added and made him choke on the ramen. At least he didn't make a fuss or cough but he was totally surprised.

"What?" so he was dreaming about it when he could just google it?

"Okay, let me start this story time," she perked up, straightening up in her chair. Jungkook smiled happily that she was going to talk more about herself, it was obvious that he was dying to know everything he could about this ray of light. "Since I was 13, my

biggest dream has been photography. My dad gifted me for my birthday a camera, it was a normal Canon, because I was going on a school trip. I'm sure he regrets doing that so much," and she let out that legendary kkkkk giggle as she wrinkled her nose and covered her mouth with one hand, totally evil.

He wanted to ask why her father would regret giving her a camera, especially one that had made her so happy, but he preferred to remain silent and look at her carefully, also resting his cheek on his fist.

From the outside, he looked like a puppy in love.

"During that school trip I saw the light and I decided to be a photographer," Lisa moved her hands as if announcing something, her gaze was lost in her memories and you could tell that discovering her greatest passion had been the best thing that had happened to her in her life.

"But my parents were against it, you know, photography is not a really good career unless you're important and famous. I get my parents' point, actually, but I don't wanna be rich, I wanna take pics and get a piece of every moment my eyes see," she pouted like the misunderstood little girl that she really was and Jungkook wondered what this situation really had been like. Even though she seemed to be telling it with slight humor, there was some sadness in her eyes and words, it was more than just a concern for how she was going to survive with an unstable job. That sad hint he had seen the last time they talked about her parents and she mentioned being the biggest disappointment to her parents was here again. Was it because of this?

"Father was still against, mother too, but I wanted to study it and be a professional and the chance was here, in Japan too but my Korean is better"

"Did you know Korean before coming here?" he asked since he thought she had learned the language upon her arrival. For what other reason would she know Korean?

"Yes, my mom made me learn four languages. English, Japanese, Korean and Chinese, especially because my dad has business in those countries," she casually numbered with her fingers.

That was hot, in some way. That explained why she was so good in Korean and English, how she sounded in Thai though? And what about Japanese? Was her voice high-pitched or more deep? His weebo side was peeking there with interest.

"Anyway, Seoul seemed a good place, it's one of the biggest fashion capitals and there's more chances to get a job as a fashion photographer than in other places. I also love fashion and expensive clothes, I can't lie about it, I have some shopping issues," she

admitted and her voice dropped as she tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, she was embarrassed by that and he had no idea why.

Lisa continued: "But my parents were still against it and they weren't going to pay anything. I couldn't ask for a scholarship either. So I had to work. I could have asked my father to give me a job in one of the hotels, he would have paid me really good, but that was going to be still his money and I would play with his feelings too, I mean, he was going to think I was interested and raise his hopes and that wasn't fair. Especially, because he really wants me to be his heir, "and she seemed sad about it, her smile was melancholic.

So she was the "major disappointment" because she didn't want to work in the business. Jungkook always thought that only happened in dramas and movies but people with money seemed to be really complicated. His own mother had not been entirely happy with his career choice but she had never made him feel like a major disappointment.

How could she still keep going with this when the world was against her?

"I worked in Starbucks for a while, then my mom got to know it and almost died. Literally. It was funny to see, not gonna lie, she was really dramatic about, as if I just told her I was pregnant at 17, " she shook her head with a funny smile and Jungkook knew at that moment that although Lisa joked about her mother, she really loved and enjoyed teasing her. I mean, how could she not? It was her mother. "But I kept working on it and she couldn't get me fired from Starbuck but she didn't talk to me for like two months and those were probably the most calm months of my whole life," she added and Jungkook laughed at that sardonic humor again." For real, that woman talks too much "

He understood, his own mother was like that too but he liked talking to her.

What would Lisa's mother talk about?

She seemed ice cold when they met, Jungkook could understand why, but she was charming to other people, how was she with Lisa?

"Sorry, I'm rambling. While working in Starbuck, an important business woman noticed me and asked me if I would like to be a model and I was like "What?!" like for real, do you see me as a model? "

"Yes," he was frank and took her by surprise.

"Oh wow, that was fast, thank you," She gloated over the compliment cheerfully and he bit his lower lip, feeling himself fall deeper and deeper for her. All this confidence mixed with lovely charms was sexy, she was really a Pandora's box with all the good

things in the world.

"She offered really good money because she was just starting a new clothes brand and she said I was exactly what she was looking for and I was like "Oh, haha, thank you"," she fluttered her eyelashes, acting the scene, really flustered and excited about it; it made him laugh. "The thing is that I never expected it was going to be a bikini and lingerie brand. I should have known thought, summer was starting and I had a really good tan," she added with playful frivolity.

"And you still said yes?"

"Of course! It was good money! And I thought that no one was going to see it, pffft, like, all my mom's friends were buying Dior and Yves Saint Laurent, no one was going to check an online shop of an unknown brand, "and just as she said that with careless expression, her face fell in sudden seriousness. "Well, I was wrong"

Oh... Jungkook could guess it, she got caught.

But how?

Someone saw the pics and shared them to her mom?

"I had to lie about my age to show my body that freely, Bambam helped me to get a fake ID, don't ask me how he got contacts that do that because I don't want to know what he was doing with a fake ID. Probably buying an island in Malaysia," How much money Bambam really had? Jungkook knew he was a wealthy boy from Thailand but buying an island?

Tzuyu told him Lisa was also rich... Fuck, it hit him, Lisa was really fucking rich too.

"So, the job was good. I became a regular model for the brand, the pics and the money were amazing, I was finally getting the money to come here and make my dream come true. The brand got more popular through the year, I was in senior year at that time by the way, and then ... it happened," She ended with an expression that turned somber.

"What happened?"

"The billboard"

"Billboard?"

What the hell did she mean by that?

What kind of Billboard?

"Yep, in the middle of The Siam Square area, that's the center of Bangkok by the way, it was me... in a bikini... in a very compromising for a minor pose"

"Holy shit," he gasped. "Really?"

"Yep," she agreed with resignation, like someone recounting a bad event without much sensitivity. "That day I was walking with my mom, we were shopping for a gala, and she saw it, she gasped, she

let the bags fall and she... spaced out for like three minutes, it was like watching a real Shakespeare tragedy," she was trying to be funny, mimicking the exact expression her mother had made, and she was but Jungkook could picture the moment and actually see the mini heart attack that Lisa's mother was having. "I almost was disown and that's a summary of the next months after that"

She got silent, like that was it. Jungkook blinked completely struck by the sudden revelation that his girl had photos of her in underwear circulating on the internet, being a model... which didn't surprise him. She had everything to be a model and she used it to accomplish her dreams. It was admirable overall.

He was happy with that, he wasn't going to ask her for more, but then Lisa decided to speak more, like she really wanted to share.

"I have been a disappointment for my parents my whole life but that was the peak of it," unlike her witty tone and witty words, this time she was serious and sounded sad, really sorry for everything she had done. He stopped smiling, sensing the seriousness of the topic. "Not just because the photos got popular between the media since my father is quite famous, but also because... people started to say I was having some questionable relationship with most of my friends "

All of his protective alarms went off at that, he became defensive. "What? How-how is that related? "

Lisa sighed and decided to stand up, Jungkook noticed that they had both finished eating and she wanted to take the cups away. "I was labeled as a slut, it's simple like that," but her face said it wasn't just as simple and the way she was moving in automatic mode showed she still had problems to deal with it. Jungkook waited for her patiently and took care to bring the used glasses to the sink. "They said I was showing my body like a slut so I was probably having sex like a slut. Using my body to get things, it wasn't even the first time it was happening anyway. I had many guy friends and that didn't help," she was disappointed and hated that, Jungkook burned with rage at this. How dare they talk about her like that?

How could they be so cruel?

"I was also close to some of my father's close friends, they were uncles to me, but some people really said I was also having sex with them and created bad rumors about me. Everyone in high society were talking about me like that, spreading fake rumors and, you know, stuff, "Lisa tried to sound light, like dismissing it, while cleaning the glasses but it was a serious thing, something that really hurt her. Surely it was a horror for her to have to deal with those people and the rumors.

Jungkook leaned on the counter next to her although he wanted

to touch her and press her against his body, he didn't like to see her like that.

"Gladly, all my friends were on my side, especially Chaeyoung. She stayed really close to me and was, like, my biggest source of support, even though her mother and sister weren't so happy about the topic and me," she smiled faintly and then cleaned the cups.

Jungkook understood then why Chaeyoung was so important. Friendships gained more value in bad times, that's when you realized if your friends are real or not, what they are capable of.

He wished he had been her friend during that time, although surely they wouldn't have been close at the same school, Lisa was totally popular material girl, and he would be the idiot who would look at her with dreamy eyes from his seat at the back.

"My mom loves parties and events, she really glows for them, she loves the organization and being in control. She also loves being part of foundations and money collects. And because of me, she was like kicked out of her circle, none of her friends wanted to be related to us, no matter how rich and important we were," she explained and forced a smile, her gaze kept low on her hands while drying them. This proved Lisa's love for her mother more than anything, if she were as bad as they wanted to believe, she wouldn't feel as bad as she did now for those reasons. "I was always making fun of her for being so into those things but she was happy with it, it was her life, and I really fucked up that," her voice dropped so low that it was more like a whisper and then when finally looking up, Jungkook noticed that her eyes had moistened with contained tears. "I couldn't care less what they were saying about me, I knew it wasn't true, but I ruined it for my parents and that time, when they didn't say more than three words daily to me for months, it wasn't funny as before, because I knew it was all my fault," and there was back that little pout on her lips, full of sadness. Jungkook raised his hand to her cheek shyly and she leaned his face against it like a little kitten looking for love.

"It wasn't your fault," he comforted her because it was not, she was not guilty of the dirty words and rumors that others had said about her. Yes, the modeling lingerie and bikinis thing wasn't the best decision but she was just a girl desperate for her dream, he had been there... Sometimes you have to do crazy things.

She didn't deserve the rest of it, fuck, she didn't deserve anything but love because she was all love and purity.

Lisa smiled weakly at him and lowered her face to wipe her eyes, really embarrassed. "Sorry," she giggled to cover her condition and he chuckled, drawing her close to his arms. His hands went down her slender arms gently, trying to transmit warmth and company.

He didn't know how to comfort someone, Jimin would know, Taehyung would give a hug, but he suspected that she didn't want that, just that he listen to her.

She sighed, pulling herself together and shook her head as if shooing away the sad vibes. This was his strong girl, she was sensitive and more vulnerable than anyone could expect, but he was sure that Lisa was the type of girl who would get a reason to smile in the dark by herself.

Jungkook really admired her for that, he admired her more than before actually.

"The good thing is that my father gave up and told me that he was going to pay me a place here to live and pay my bills and groceries but I had to pay my own things for the career and the bad thing is that I practically was... kicked out of my home," she continued and shrugged, but he knew it wasn't so easy, not after seeing her nearly collapse in regret. "I mean, we both agree that I had to live to start college here and calm the waters in Thailand, but it really felt like being kicked out," she smiled and her attention focused on the buttons of his shirt. It was tender and intimate.

"But Chaeyoung was coming with me and she comforted me a lot during those blue moments, she was one of the reasons of why I came here too, her family was moving here with her and we really wanted to stay together too," she sound totally light because that part of the story was so much better for her. Chaeyoung made better that sad ending and he silently thanked her when Lisa raised her gaze and smiled at him with renewed joy. Chaeyoung had taken care of her in some way and he remembered the time when she got angry when she got to know that Lisa had been at the police station, she was dramatically overreacting because she was feeling protective, like a mom, tired of her problematic son. She was exasperated but it was all concern. "So, Chaeyoung is really important to me, she was there when most of people weren't"

Jungkook cupped her cheek again with one hand and stroked her soft skin with his thumb. "You said she didn't care about what people were saying about you, that means she really loves you, over everything," he told her in comfort, truly believing it.

The situation was bullshit but that couldn't kill a friendship like that.

However, Lisa's eyebrows drew together in concern. "But what if she doesn't forgive me? Then what?"

"She will, you are more important for her than me"

"I'm a terrible friend then, because right now you're more important for me than her," she simply confessed. Why did she always do that? She told him those things that altered every damn

butterfly in his stomach as if she were talking about the weather.

He bit his lower lip to contain an excited smile and focused. "The situation is different, she doesn't love me but she does love you. You love... both of us so you can get us. You're thinking about her right now while being with me, she's as important for you as I am"

"I did many things wrong with her, Jungkook, I don't think this will end up okay," she pouted and was so damn pretty when she was worried.

"But you feel sorry, that says a lot," he still tried.

"Feeling sorry and guilty doesn't fix things," she sighed.

(a/n: if you got a st flashback with that line DAMN STOP REREADING IT, GET OVER IT)

"But you won't just feel sorry"

That caught her attention and she lifted a finger, granting him that. "No, you're right, I will apologize," she was determined on that.

Brave, sexy, totally Lisa.

"Go fight for her as you did for me," he supported her and God, he was dying to kiss her.

Then she smiled playfully. "I don't think flashing my boobs to her will keep her attention"

"Maybe it does," he nodded with mock seriousness, it wasn't a lie anyway. Those pretty breasts could stop the traffic. "But I hope you don't do it," he couldn't help the warning tone, not at all into someone else seeing her naked.

"Oh, is that some kind of jealousy what I am hearing?" she patted his chest with her fingers.

Of course.

But damn, I wasn't that possessive...

He got embarrassed and shook his head.

"I'd be jealous if you were out there showing your chest to someone else," she admitted out of the blue.

"Really?"

"Yes, you're mine now," she leaned up and stole a kiss from him, it was hot and short. He licked his lips, savoring her as she parted. "Am I yours?" she fluttered her lashes flirtily.

"I'd love you to be," he answered her honestly.

"Deal," she offered her hand out of nowhere and he chuckled but shook hands with her, like two lawyers making an agreement. "Now, Mr. Jeon, who is mine and mine only, should take off that shirt because I'm feeling insulted," she tugged his shirt softly, teasing him.

"Why would you feel insulted?" He raised an eyebrow, smiling in disbelief.

"Because you're blocking the view," she pouted. "I gave you a good view a few hours ago, I should get a repayment," she whimpered.

(a/n: don't be shy, show some more, don't be shy)

"I did show you something," he argued, holding himself back not to cover his ears that were surely burning. "Do you want beer?" He tried to change the subject, pulling away from her to go to the refrigerator.

"Don't change the topic and that doesn't count, it was an instant reaction," she defended herself. "And yes, I want some"

He pulled out two bottles and turned to meet his stubborn girl with her arms crossed.

"Are you serious about this?"

She couldn't be.

"Yes, I love your tattoos and I wanna see them," she explained with an innocence that had nothing to do with what she was asking for.

How could she love them?

"You haven't seen them yet"

"And whose fault is that?" She raised an eyebrow, knowing she was winning on this. Jungkook pressed his tongue against his cheek, laughing. Lisa relaxed and lowered her arms. "I'm kidding, you don't have to do it if you don't want to," she dismissed it and took the beer he just opened for her. "But... You shouldn't feel insecure about them, they're part of you," she added tenderly, obviously referring to that moment before he undressed.

"I... It's not really like that I just... I didn't want to scare you?" he asked unsure of the reason of his insecurity. It sounded so stupid if he said it but it was true, he didn't know anything about her previous partners but he believed he was totally different, he had many tattoos and he was used to people being scandalized by them.

He didn't want to see that in Lisa, it hadn't happened thankfully.

"Do you have a tattoo of needles there?"

"No"

"Then we're fine," she shrugged and turned around, leaving the kitchen. Jungkook followed her with the beer and she motioned to him if she could sit on the living room sofa, he nodded and accompanied her, still feeling very surreal to have her there. Lisa settled on her side, on one of her legs, and put an arm on the back of the sofa to look directly at him. "There's nothing physical that I dislike about you, the tattoos make you hotter than you are and... I love you for who you are, trust me," her tone was warm and full of love.

Jungkook wanted to squirm from the tremendous feels in his

body. "Why?" he asked incredulously, what was the special thing that she saw in him? She was damn great, almost a heroine in a fantasy novel, what the hell could be lovable in him for her?

"Why not?" she leaned closer to caress his cheek and he felt her breath on his lips, dazed by her beauty once again. "You're special and perfect, more interesting than me for sure," she then finished with a kiss on his lips.

She wasn't serious, c'mon. She had stories of crazy drunk nights and probably more playful stories of her childhood. All he had was boring days, bullying in highschool and a tragic love story.

"I am not perfect," he clarified but kissed her again because fuck it was really addictive.

"You are for me, lemme think that you are," she complained and he giggled, pulling his head back, he didn't fucking know why he was so giggly. "I think couples start to see the flaws after six months of six years"

"I don't think I would find a flaw in you," he admitted with that loving look that he could give.

"Same. See?" She pointed out that she was right and he chuckled again, loving that she somehow always found a way to be right in a very funny way.

However, all this conversation created a new doubt and he felt comfortable enough to ask. "Have you been in a relationship before?"

"A few times but they weren't serious, high school love, more hormones than feelings," she said selflessly and drank from the bottle, he was very proud that she did not mention love. She had said before that she had never loved someone like she loved him before but that reassurance was better, it made him so damn happy. "And you?"

"Just once, it ended up bad," he also shrugged.

"Are you kidding? She was the only one?" Lisa was really shocked about it, he nodded in reply. "Why? All the girls were blind in your high school?"

"No, they had good sight and I was ugly"

"It's not about ugliness, remember my short hair? I looked like a monkey and still got my first kiss "

Probably because she was as confident as she was now. "So you've always been this confident?" he asked instead.

"I think so, it's probably because I always knew I got my back covered by a rich daddy. That's the only thing I can be thankful about the way I was raised "

"You really don't like your parents"

"It's mutual," she joked.

"They still love you," he assured her anyway and earned a thankful smile, because despite the jokes, she needed to know she was loved, not just by him. "They're still taking care of you and visiting despite everything what happened, that's real love"

"I think so, I prefer them away though, I can lie, my mom can be really annoying when she wants to," she rolled her eyes and sighed, drinking again. "How is your mom, by the way? And Yuqi? "

Shit, why was it so satisfying for him hearing her ask?

"They're good"

"Your mom told she works in a restaurant, it's hers actually," or he could see the instigation in her eyes. She wanted to know more.

"Yes, it's like that"

"You helped her to buy it"

"... Yes, I did," he reluctantly nodded because he knew his mother had surely made him look like the great hero after doing that when he only contributed a small part of the money to his mother's savings.

"You make all that money while doing tattoos?" Lisa asked with interest, not for the money but for his life.

"Well, yes, tattoos are expensive"

"Yours are. I did my research the first time, you're one of the best tattoo artists in Seoul," the pride in her voice shook his heart dangerously and he smiled as he drank. "I know why now, are all your tattoos designed by yourself?"

"Most of them," he nodded and realized that he was giving many short replies while Lisa looked genuinely interested in knowing more. She always was. Why did he feel then that he could bore her? "Ac-actually my first one was," he dared to start.

"Uh, can I see it?" her eyes sparkled.

He nodded and lifted his foot, pulling up his pants to show her his ankle. "Here"

"Why an arrow?"

"Because that was the first tattoo I made to someone"

"I sense there's a story behind it," she narrowed her eyes.

"It is," but it was nowhere near as interesting as the one she had told him.

He didn't end up in a billboard, half naked.

(a/n: sadly 🥹👉👈)

"Tell me please," she asked him though and he regretted starting this. God, he was going to bore her. Lisa was going to be asleep when he finished.

"Well... it's long," Jungkook tried to excuse himself, playing with one of his earrings.

"I don't have plans for later and I already told you my whole life

so ...," she was totally ready to listen. "How did you end up being a tattoo artist?"

He smiled while sighing, deciding that he would tell her everything from the start since he already knew her story, she deserved to know his. "When my dad died we went through a really bad economic phase so I had to get a part time job to help my mom. I worked as a barista for a while," she raised her hand after hearing that and they high fived. "But that didn't get much money so I searched for another job and found one in a tattoo parlor, they needed an assistant to schedule dates and stuff and the money was good. So I went there "

"Tattoo parlors pay well?" she cocked her head in surprise.

Jungkook nodded. "Yeah, I think it is because not many people want to work with us," he shrugged and Lisa motioned for him to continue. He took another sip of his beer before speaking. "The tattoo artist, owner of the parlor, was very known in his world, he was talented and was making some fortune out of this, I mean, he was really wearing expensive brands as any idol would do. He was pretty eccentric too, I loved strong and very saturated colors "

And he smiled wistfully, remembering those days with his Hyung. He was always in a good mood and it contrasted with his eternal disinterested and bored gaze, Jungkook would never have expected him to be as kind as he was when they met. He was intimidating but his voice was soft and he smiled a lot.

However, his art was the most exciting and he expressed it with bright eyes, looking like that 16-year-old boy entering the parlor for the first time. "I loved to be there because I always liked to draw and his art was really good, it inspired me a lot. I used to draw while working, he had all his walls painted by himself and those were good inspiration for me"

After school, he was until night sitting there, attending people with lots of effort because, damn, talking with strangers was like giving birth to a child every single time, but in all his free time he was drawing. The type of art his Hyung used to do was abstract and colorful, Jungkook could see now that it inspired most of the colors he liked to use on his manga.

"One day he saw my sketchbook and offered me a chance to learn, he said I was talented and I had to take advantage of it if I really needed money. I did, my mom wasn't being paid much as a waitress and we needed more money to pay the usual bills. So I said yes and started to learn and practice," he was distracted when speaking but not enough not to notice that Lisa had reached out to touch his hair, playing with it. He relaxed in comfort and smiled.

"Did you like it?"

"I think I have loved it since the first moment. You can do so much with it and every part of the body is different, it's more like just putting ink in someone's skin, you are working with a human, you have to take care of them and their skin, you learn a lot about anatomy while doing tattoos," he clarified as many people thought it was an easy job or didn't directly think about it; it actually required studying and being very careful in every way. The needles were no joke. But leaving logistics aside, passion seized his voice when he added: "And the fact that people carry your art in their skin? That's... such a feeling I can't explain"

Lisa smiled and he could feel her warm gaze on him, calming him instead of making him nervous because he thought he was going to bore her when she was actually so interested in him, that pushed him to talk more about even though it wasn't the main topic.

"It started as a hobby but I grew really passionate about it, my mom hated it at the moment and it made sense. She was worried about me getting as many tattoos as Hyung, I would never forget her face when she met him for the first time," he laughed remembering, his mother was really scared. She was concerned about his future at trying to find a job, she never expected he was going to turn it completely in his job though.

"What changed her mind?"

"Hyung. He was completely different from what she expected and he took good care of me, he really never let me get a tattoo, he was always saying "turn 18 and then we'll talk", he was also protecting me from bad friends. There are some bad people in our world, not all the people beliefs about tattoo artists are wrong, you know," he said very reluctantly, swallowing the desire to clarify that he was not like that because he would sound too defensive.

"Are you still in contact with him?"

Jungkook shook his head. "No that much, he moved to Japan last year, when he started to date a famous model," and he missed him sometimes, the good thing is that he was still only one message away but it was strange to talk to him despite the years they were together. Jungkook always found it awkward.

"A model?" Lisa straightened up.

"Yes, Hyung got recognition between famous people and was known between them, he was attending their parties and making friends. he tattooed many idols and actors and that's how he has became so rich, famous people also pay more for silence "

"Have you tattooed famous people?"

"Just a few," no one important, not like he could tell.

"So, about your first tattoo ..." She directed her gaze to his foot, reminding him that the story had to be that.

"Oh right," he ruffled his hair nervously and drank more beer. "I didn't use to tattoo people yet at that time, I was designing and observing, still practicing on some pig's skin and fruits"

"You use fruits for that?"

"Yes"

(a/n: sorry if there's some misinformation here, i just read a few blogs. guys im not a trustworthy source so)

"Sorry, sorry, go on," she apologized for interrupting him even though it wasn't necessary.

"A few nights after I turned 18, a girl arrived at the parlor. I was counting the money of the day, about to close, and Hyung wasn't there, but she really wanted a tattoo and I told her I never made one before but she insisted. It took a lot of push and pull but she convinced me. I also texted Hyung for advice and he told me that I should do it, he's seen me working before and he trusted me, "Jungkook could still remember how nervous he was that night. He had suffered a crisis and he didn't think he was capable, barely having time to breathe while being pressed by the girl.

"She wasn't even sure about what she wanted, I couldn't ask her why she was insisting so much but she took my sketchbook thinking it was one of the artbooks and chose the arrow pretty fast and got ready for the tattoo. I couldn't even tell her that those weren't for tattoos," he was too awkward to tell her and he could still feel it now, four years later. But part of him was pretty excited about what he was going to do and because it was going to be one of his designs.

Lost in memory he didn't even notice that Lisa had lifted a leg to his lap and he was caressing it absentmindedly. "She chose her ankle because she wanted to hide it easily and I made the tattoo... It was... I don't have the words to explain it but it was special in general. I did it well, it ended up pretty, she liked it and left feeling happy. Hyung congratulated me and gave me all the money she paid. I felt like..."

He couldn't vocalize it, the feeling was so great that it overwhelmed his being with intense and beautiful emotions.

"It was the first time someone bought your art," she managed to say for him.

Yes, it was exactly that.

"Yes... It wasn't much money, I couldn't make her pay more for a small tattoo made by an amateur, but it was my art what she was carrying and she still does I like to think," he added and chuckled, finishing his beer. "It felt so good that I wanted a memory of it and got my first tattoo"

"It's amazing how something so small can mean something so

big," she commented appreciatively. "So, that's how you started"

Why did she sound so proud of him?

"Yes, under Hyung's guidance I got better and better. Our art styles were really different but he was a good teacher, he knew how to understand and inspire me. He helped me to get clients and made a name of myself, and it was really good to know I made him proud. As a gift before living, he left me one of his parlors "

"Your parlor was his?"

"And it is. He painted all the walls white before giving it to me and told me to make my art there, to show myself to people from the first moment they enter to the parlor," and he remembered all those times that he painted something new, especially that time when he painted her...

Jungkook watched her slowly and felt again that this was crazy, he would never have imagined it. But then Lisa looked up at him and smiled sweetly, sharing his happiness. "So that's why you have the mural"

"Yes, I work on it from time to time, everytime I get to know something new about myself," or when he sees something new that he likes... or both, like when he first added color to his black wall aesthetics.

It was curious how from the first moment the symbolisms were there, clear as water, the product of his unconscious through his art. Since the first time he saw her, his heart was hers.

She was his muse...

"I should look at it better... I'm sure there is more about you that I don't know," she leaned in closer and he smiled at her, mentally wishing she didn't because he would think he was crazy.

"Yeah...", he muttered but was pleased anyway, they had both gone several steps in one night. Not many people were interested in meeting him like her, and he was grateful to have her trust and to know things about her that he had hidden and hidden behind that brilliant smile.

The intimacy felt bigger and Jungkook wondered if this would always be the case, if chatting with her and telling her things would always be that calm.

He could quickly imagine spending more nights like this, both sitting together on the couch, talking about their days. It was impressive how much that image accelerated his heart with emotion.

"How Jimin Oppa got into this?" she asked curiously then.

"Art was also part of his life, he was a good artist too and when his mother got sick, he needed money too so I told him to work with me"

"His mom is sick?" she widened her eyes in surprise.

"Yes, she has cancer"

"Oh my God, I ... He looks so ...," her voice trailed off, she was speechless, and he understood it.

"Yeah, I wouldn't expect it if I didn't know ... Hyung is strong. But his mom is better nowadays," he added, and noticing that they had both finished their beers, Lisa leaving the empty bottle on the floor, he stood up to go throw them away.

"I'm glad to hear that," he was surprised because she followed him but smiled secretly, because it seemed like she couldn't stay away. "About your tattoo Hyung, what is his name?"

"Jiyong, he was known as G-Dragon. Actually, that bar we went to before? That was one of his parlors, the biggest one"

Lisa gasped dramatically. "Hold on, G-Dragon? HE IS NANA KOMATSU'S BOYFRIEND! Did you meet Nana? Is she as pretty as she looks in the pictures?" She was excited as he placed the empty bottles next to the basket.

Nana Komatsu had a truly stunning beauty but Jungkook straightened up and saw the girl in front of him with those huge brown eyes and that adorable surprised expression. "Just once, she really is pretty ... but you're prettier," he was brave and managed to say it flirtatiously.

"You say it just because you like me," Lisa rolled her eyes but was totally flattered and approached him once more, hugging him around the waist.

Lisa loved to hug him, it was so cute.

"I'm being the most objective I can," he did not lie, she had a stunning beauty. He could easily believe that she was recruited on the street by a modeling agency, who would doubt it when she was making everyone turn around to see her every time she entered to a room?

"Lies," she continued to object but leaned up and kissed him gently. God, he loved this. "But I will believe you, you're the most handsome man in my eyes," she winked at him and drove him crazy with love. "Actually, there's no more man since you "

He really got red, covering one of his ears, and he was suddenly aware of the time as he looked up and saw the clock hanging on the kitchen wall.

It was late and she would probably want to go home, but he wanted her to stay.

He had no idea where Jimin had gone but he said he wouldn't return and Jungkook had no hope of having sex, but he wanted her in his arms... he wanted to sleep with her, just sleep.

He wanted to keep her close more than anything. Now that she

was finally here, he didn't want her to leave.

But how could he say it without sounding very needy or clingy?

"So ..." she said, cutting the silence between them.

The time was out, he had to talk.

"Do you ..." he regretted, shit, no, he should let her go. "I ..." What could he say? Shit, this was awkward, Lisa was waiting, and his mind was blank.

"Come here," she made a signal with her finger, making him lower his head.

"What-"

△□△□△□

She shut him up with a kiss, clinging to his body, hands slipping under his shirt, his stomach tightening with desire under her palm as their lips met once more, tongues brushing.

His arms quickly wrapped around her, taking her small waist in his hands.

The spicy flavor of the ramen mixed with some of beer still lingered in her mouth, but there was also a slight strawberry flavor on her lips.

"You are so hot," she whispered to him and he slowly opened his eyes to meet her playful smile as his fingers began to open his shirt button by button.

He was totally drunk on her, not thinking of stopping her at all, and once his shirt was open, she opened it and slid her open hands down his chest, bristling his skin, making his pants feel like a cage.

He wanted to kiss her again and he did, he held her face with one hand and leaned down to devour her mouth, his other arm pulling her to his body, and she whimpered at the feel of his erection against her belly. Even the contact of their legs together and intertwined was hot and her hands were still on him. His went down to her hips and ass, kneading the soft flesh, moving her to rub against his hardening cock.

Jungkook had to take her to the room and do all the things he wanted with her once again. Lisa was addictive and he hadn't even tasted her... yet. But he wanted to sink his face into her pussy more than anything... just as he wanted to have those thick lips around his cock. Maybe they could do it all at once.

God, he was going crazy, he wouldn't make it to the room. He lifted her from her thighs and brought her to the table, they were finally at the same height and Lisa brought her hands to his neck, arching. Jungkook reached up under her shirt, finding her soft warm skin which he squeezed in reaction as she bit his lower lip and stretched it out.

Lisa came down to kiss his neck and Jungkook could admit

having several weak spots there, he bit his lower lip as response. Her lips were soft and wet and her hands... She touched him slowly, discovering his body, the contact was warm and new, soft palms and sharp nails lightly brushing him.

He looked down and inhaled the scent of her golden hair, intoxicating himself. Then he had to close his eyes and moan softly, she sucked on his neck and brushed a way down with her teeth. Open mouthed kisses across his chest drove him crazy, wreaking havoc on his stomach.

Lisa stuck her tongue out and outlined the wolf on his right pec, Jungkook tightened her waist and felt himself burn, probably evaporating every trace of saliva she left on his skin. Then she licked his nipple and it was damn good, new and pleasurable. Her teeth gripped him as he would do and the memory made him reach under her shirt to grab one of her tits. Her nipples were already hard and he was somehow sure that she was already wet.

"Fuck," he whispered.

He couldn't stand this torture anymore, he held her face and gave her a warm but short kiss before taking off her shirt. Her breasts tempted him back and he leaned down to kiss them but Lisa kissed him earlier, ripping off his shirt.

She didn't let his lips go anymore, biting and licking, and lowered his pants meanwhile. He gasped in her mouth as she wrapped her fingers around his already hard dick and she pumped it, the pleasure clouding her mind and Jungkook allowed her to handle it, groaning in her mouth desperately. His cock was getting harder and swollen, spilling a few drops of pre cum. God, this was what he wanted for so long.

But he also wanted to fuck her and he took off her shorts, throwing them away. Lisa spread her legs for him on the glass table and sir, her pussy was wet and ready for him. Jungkook kissed her as he touched her, tempting her clit, both moaning in each other's mouths.

He was teetering on the ledge dangerously and his mouth still wanted to savor her, so it didn't take him any longer to pull apart and fall to his knees, burying his face in her pussy. No more damn doubt.

Lisa helped a lot by arching and moaning, legs getting up, as soon as he tasted her and shit, she tasted like fucking glory, actually like pussy but also like glory.

(a/n: lmfao what the fuck lena)

He looked up as his tongue traced a straight line between her folds and he knew that at some point he would have to draw what he was seeing, paint every line on her body, define every edge, from

the firm muscles of her stomach to the smooth edges of her ribs, her nipples were hard peaks pointing at the ceiling, and her pink-lipped open mouth released the sweetest of moans.

He played with her clit between his lips and stretched it out, keeping his tongue flat against her. God, pleasing her was like worshipping a goddess, filling himself with the most powerful of pleasures. The blood pumping in his veins was fire and it all went down to his hard shaft, which he squeezed on the base to avoid coming. *Shit*, it was embarrassing how easy it was for him to climax with her.

He was not an expert on this but Lisa's sounds were a good guide, she loved that he sucked and crushed her clit with his tongue, getting more wet with saliva and her own juices. She lowered her hand and buried it in his hair and pulled, the slight pain making him release that moan that was in his throat.

Jungkook ate her out until he felt her legs tremble, body squirming as she was hit by waves of orgasm. She kneaded his hair and stuck him to her pussy, rubbing against his face uncontrollably. God, she was so sexy.

And he would have laughed because somehow it was fun when she pulled his hair up to bring him to her mouth, hugging him with her legs, but he lost himself in her mouth, desperate to bury himself into her and that's why he aligned his cock and filled her to the bottom. They both moaned pleasantly and he started to move.

Her walls were burning and tight, so fucking hot and wet that he was literally moaning every time he rammed into her.

But he wanted to see her and he straightened up. She, open and lying, on the damn dining table, with all that hair spread around her and that creamy and precious body at his disposal was a dream.

Their gazes met and she reached out to touch him, her fingers sending pleasant chills all over his body, tensing every muscle. She was famished for him, clouded eyes and flushed cheeks. And then he could only see the way his cock disappeared inside her, with her swollen and pink clit on it. She was wetting it till make it shine and he became obsessed with pushing inside more and more, faster and faster.

She arched up and murmured his name, digging her nails into his arms. He soon discovered that if he leaned down and made short, quick movements he would graze her G-spot so he did, making her open her mouth and scream, scratching him.

"Just like that, just like that, please, please"

She was clenching him like a fist again, close to coming, he hadn't even had to touch her and he smiled victoriously even though he was tightening every muscle in his body not to come

earlier. The flesh of her legs, on his hands, was turning white due to the amount of strength he was using.

"Jungkook," she whimpered weakly with that pretty frown, as if warning him she was coming, and he kept up the pace, staring at her for his own pleasure.

"Yes, please, come, come," he told her, almost pleading.

She came again and it was a glorious sight, her back arched and her entire body trembled as her walls pulsed strongly. He leaned down and captured a nipple in his mouth as he accelerated his hips, seeking to come.

Lisa hugged his neck and moaned loudly, still writhing under him, and finally he came too, wrapping an arm around her to press her body to his in a hug, reaching deeper inside her, as he buried his face in her neck, growling.

His cock twitched, filling her once more, and he thrust in again and again, not stopping until the last of him was on her. Fuck, she was so his just as every part of him was hers.

God, he would never tire of this, definitely.

He raised his head and she smiled at him, stroking his hair, pulling his bangs back. Breaths still ragged and cheeks still blushed but clearly happy.

Being with her was magic but the sex? The fucking sex was a whole abracadabra explosion.

"You're so beautiful," he murmured without thinking and kissed her softly. He was still hugging her close, hovering her body, and he couldn't get away. He was afraid that after this, he would never could.

Lisa smiled in the middle of the kiss and her arms wrapped around his neck again. "I think the table got dirty," she commented out of nowhere and he giggled softly.

"Yeah, we can clean after," he said quietly, he suspected Jimin wouldn't really come back and he was grateful. If he went in the middle of the action, that would have been embarrassing.

Especially since Jimin never made any noise when walking and he would have sat down to watch with a mocking smile, ready to tease him forever.

"I'm still hungry for some more of ramen," she played, like nothing, looking up at him with those big pleading eyes.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised but not at all tired.

She was insatiable, apparently him too because his cock didn't plan to soften anytime soon.

No more words were needed, he carried her back to bed.

that was a long ride right? but not better than lisa's ride 🤔

lol im disappointed bc i planned this way better but im not in the best mood nowadays. but i promise that part 2 will be better and maybe with more smut

who knows who knows

but for real, do you want more smut?

i had to split the chapter bc it was never ending and i was getting really anxious bc i wasn't updating lol. hope it was good enough. the smut is not my best and if you have been reading me for a while you know for sure but well I TRIED 🤔

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

if them talking didn't bore you, tell me what you think about their stories. especially, lisa's. it softened your heart about chaeyoung or you think she's still a bitch?

she's still a bitch for me ngl

Chapter 33 • Pt. 2

first of all, i wanna apologize for hyping this so much and delivering chapters that are not as good as they could be, especially if we consider how long the wait was to reach this point. i hope that you still like it because well it's soft?? lol

at least we have them together

dedicated to ni_lla bc she got the piercings theory right first 🖤

aaaaaand thank you for the comments 💖 you all know I'm always reading. i will reply tonight bc lol I got distracted editing something (I'll show you all tomorrow, don't get hyped is not that important) and i can't keep delaying this chapter.

Lisa woke up confused.

She was definitely not in her room. This place was too dark to be her room or Bambam's guest room. Her damn white curtains were a nightmare and they weren't here.

Where was she?

What time was it?

She rested her face on the comfortable pillow and tried to wake up her brain, she was noticing that she was so comfortable in that bed that she could fall asleep again if she tried. The room was so gloriously dark, it was magnificent, her eyes appreciated it.

Then, as she began to notice a very familiar smell surrounding her, she finally remembered it, Jungkook... confession... tons of sex...

Damn.

DAMN.

She smiled lazily and rolled onto the bed to lie on her back, stretching her aching body. It had been so long since the last time she slept with someone that she had forgotten how it felt, although it never felt as good or as intense as it did the day before.

After the intense first time, perfect first time by the way she would never have another as good as this, they had not stopped at all.

She and Jungkook were like sex maniacs, they couldn't stop touching each other. God, they even made it on the table. Then they went back to bed where they inevitably had sex once again, calmer and softer, noticeably tired but way more sweet, full of cute caresses and dumb smiles; it was just as perfect. It was like they

both couldn't believe they were really doing that, together.

How could sex be so perfect? Or was it special just this time? She had never done it with as much love as with Jungkook, basically because she never loved someone before in this way that seemed to cover every corner of her body. She was never touched so fondly before either, it was as if to him she was the most precious thing his hands ever held.

She felt it in his gaze, in his voice, in every smile he gave her. Lisa wanted to laugh like a fool every time she was with him and so she did it without thinking. Giggle here and giggles there, she seemed like on drugs.

He was totally exhausted after the intense sex and Lisa thought about leaving but he, sleepy, asked her to stay. Lisa knew that if he was fully aware, Jungkook would have been too shy to ask, she saw him struggle after dinner and it was funny, just for that she kissed him and took him to bed once more. In the end her plan went well and looking to the left, she found her pretty boy sleeping soundly.

The room was dark but the computer screen was giving a comfortable illumination in blue, violet and green tones.

Jungkook was stretched out across the bed, hugging a pillow. His cheeks looked tenderly puffer, leaning against the pillow, and his thin lips were stretched out. His hair was a soft dark mess falling on his eyes. He was so cute.

Lisa leaned her face over her hand and stroked his face and hair, counting each mole.

There was one on his forehead, then another on the edge of his nose and another on the bridge of it, also another on his cheek but her favorite was the one under his lips. It was particular, special, Lisa could even appreciate that it was exactly in the center.

This felt like a nice dream, a utopia.

Could she make him feel all the things he provoked in her?

She remembered the long day that he had had, it was almost incredible to think that everything had happened in less than 24 hours. But they were together now... after weeks and months wishing they were but being separated by insecurities and misunderstandings.

Crazy, just crazy but real.

Her fingers slid down his arm, she couldn't clearly see the tattoos but the simple fact that he was physically next to her, literally sleeping next to her, that she could feel him under the pad of her fingers confirmed that this wasn't another silly dream.

She just laughed at that and decided to get up, noticing the immense urge to pee. Her legs ached, still weak, and there was a slight discomfort in her lower parts, clear traces of the latest

activities.

Well, that was also crazy.

Lisa wouldn't refuse more of that if he wanted it, she definitely wanted it too.

Playing dumb, Lisa put on his shirt that was on the floor and surrounded herself with his perfume with strong satisfaction once again. God, this was her new favorite shirt ... she would steal it from Jungkook but it showed that it was his favorite too, he had worn it many times.

Wasn't this silly? She was wearing his clothes... after a night of sex... like the girlfriend of...

Damn.

This was like a *deja vu*, but better.

Sober Lisa wearing his leather jacket would never have imagined. But daaaaaaamn, now she could wear the leather jacket with all rights when she feel cold and exaggerating it to get his jacket... or a hug. Oh my God, that was better, a hug with Jungkook wearing the jacket and wrapping her with it too.

Lisa giggled and ran to the bathroom to pee, paying attention in her surroundings more closely. The apartment was large and luxurious, was it paid entirely by Taehyung? Jungkook made a lot of money and Jimin sure would, but living in a place like this required being really rich, just like Taehyung was.

Lisa really had a lot more to know about him but she would have time for that over time. He was in her claws now and there he would stay.

She looked at herself in the mirror and totally loved what she saw. Her hair was a mess, her neck was marked with hickeys and her face screamed that she had just been fucked so well. The shirt was a sexy detail, she felt damn claimed and although it wasn't the most feminist thought in the world, it was hot.

And you should see how many hickeys Jungkook had too, he was hers too.

Hers.

Hers.

H E R S.

Damn, that felt amazing.

Fuck, people wish they were this lucky.

(a/n: tea)

She remembered the first time that some girls saw her with Jungkook, muttering that it was such a shame. *Well, hoes, shame of you not to have my man.*

Lisa smiled smugly at her reflection, gosh, she was so happy. She cupped her own cheeks, feeling the heat of happiness warming her

palms.

THIS WAS AMAZIIIIIIING

OKAY

OKAY

She had to calm down.

She didn't know how but damn, she had to try.

She put her hair behind her ears to comb it a bit and washed her face, erasing any traces of makeup left on her skin. She winced as she noticed that the mascara had left dark marks on her eyes, making it seem like she had deep dark circles, Jungkook didn't really want to see her like that but what could she do now?

Hell, she should have thought better of it before washing her face.

But the traces of mask on her eyelashes were annoying and sticky.

Oh, she had makeup in her backpack!

Lisa hurried back to the apartment entrance, where her backpack was still thrown and abandoned. The poor thing didn't reach other places because her owner was busy.

She took it to the bathroom and in minutes she made a new natural look, like she hadn't just filled her face with concealer and foundation, curled her lashes and added a light layer of lip gloss to make her lips look pinker and shiny. They were already swollen after so many kisses and they looked so hot.

Her hair was tied up in a high ponytail and there she was, like new, beautiful. She even took a few selfies in front of the mirror, proudly wearing her man's shirt.

She had to really hold herself back not to post it, she still had pending talks. But for now she could continue living her fantasy and in the process she sent a text to Bambam to make him know where she was, photo included.

Bambam

you better treat me a good meal

i got you that dick

expensive food or we're not friends anymore

and you will find your stuff next to the front door

why are you so angry in the mornings?

ITS MIDDAY WHORE

btw

we were right? did he destroy your pu?

positive

that's ma boy

don't forget about the meal

He really deserved one, honestly.

Inevitably, she felt sad at the thought that she couldn't enjoy this with Chaeyoung. She couldn't send her messages and tell her everything she had always done, she couldn't call her screaming with excitement about what happened... And this was all her fault.

Was it the right thing to choose Jungkook? Was it the right thing to stay here instead of calling her friend and telling her everything? Was it correct to be selfish?

But honestly, when was it right to be selfish?

Jungkook told her that Chaeyoung was going to forgive her and that she loved her, his words had been calming at the time but now they didn't mean anything. Jungkook didn't know Chaeyoung, he didn't know how proud and stubborn she could be, especially when she felt betrayed.

And this time it wasn't just about feeling betrayed, she had been betrayed.

Lisa sighed, feeling upset, and stuffed everything back into her backpack. Time would tell, maybe she was making the wrong decision but... her life was full of wrong decisions and this one felt too good to be so bad so maybe it was the right decision. What was the point of overthinking now anyway? Things were already said and done, the cards were on the table, she and Jungkook were together and she would have to face Chaeyoung.

(a/n: you can't go back bitch you got his jungswimmers in you)

Before leaving the bathroom, she brushed her teeth with toothpaste and her finger.

Jungkook was still asleep when she returned to the room. Actually, the whole apartment was totally quiet and Lisa thought that they were alone. She knew that Taehyung and Jennie were in Paris, Instagram was full of their photos, but Jimin had come home?

She hoped not, it would be embarrassing if he heard all the noise they made.

Lisa decided to stay in the room just in case. Her curious side came into play and she began to investigate around.

Jungkook was quite neat compared to her, everything was in place even though she didn't even know if that was the right place.

His desk by the door had a total of three black pencil cases, Lisa deduced that he would have brushes and more pencils to draw. Would he have colored pencils? And yep, she opened all three and found interesting materials... It was like being seven years old and getting excited about colored pencils, wishing to sit down to color as quickly as possible but if Jungkook was as protective of his pencils as Chaeyoung was, he would kick her out of his house if Lisa tried.

(a/n: fuck you all don't have idea how much i wanna sit down and color)

She continued to look around, the wood on the desk had many paint stains that were adorable, even the computer monitor had some that had been tried to be erased. Lisa knew this because once she spilled a pot of blue oil on the dining table and that never came out, Chaeyoung laughed at her for days and never admitted to being guilty of carelessly leaving the pot there.

On the shelves above the desk were books and folders, probably from the previous year. Boxes that Lisa wouldn't open because it would be weird even though she really wanted it.

There was a strange screen next to the keyboard that caught her attention. She pressed the power button out of curiosity and the computer screen also turned on blinding her with the sudden strong light, also scaring the shit out of her.

FUCK

FUCK

FUCK

HOW TO TURN THIS OFF? What the hell? Oh no.

Hold on...

Lisa froze and frowned, leaning back to get a better look. She wasn't wearing glasses or contact lenses but...

Killa?

Half-drawn?

...

...

...

Well... that explained why she looked so much like her...

No, it was worse, the hoe looked better than herself!

So, Jungkook ...

"What are you doing?"

Lisa jumped. "Fuck! You scared me! " She put a hand to her chest and giggled nervously but at seeing Jungkook's pure panicked face realizing that he had just been discovered, everything closed. "Oh well you look scared, so I'm right ... you are the author of the manga"

He looked at her with eyes so wide that she was surprised that he could open them so wide, they were really big... and pretty, real doe eyes.

"I... Listen, it's not what you think, I mean, it is but..." he stuttered, nervous, upset, pressing buttons to turn everything off. "mm not a creep, I mean, yeah, but it's not exactly that.. I mean your face... Inspiration... Fuck"

Why was he so nervous?

It was like when he yelled IT'S NOT HERPES.

He was so funny.

Lisa smiled. "It's okay," she put a hand on his arm to stop all that frantic movement. "I'm actually flattered," she admitted.

Jungkook froze and Lisa noticed that just awake, he looked great. There was something particularly sexy about his puffy eyes and the pillow mark on his cheek with all that messy black hair. She wanted to get up and see that every morning.

"What?" he asked, genuinely surprised. Was he judging her?

Lisa nodded and laughed incredulously, everything was in front of her face, Killa did look like her, some things Kai said that Sunday at that convention and Jungkook calling the manga not so good... "I'm so dumb," she put her hand on her forehead.

(a/n: and you're just noticing???\$#%&)

"Kai knows this, right? Oh my God, that kid, he been making fun of me all this time "

That was why he insisted so much for her going like Killa to the convention. That kiddo was making fun of her in her face and Oh my God, Jungkook was probably panicking at the moment. OH MY GOD. KAI MANIPULATED HIM FOR SURE TOO.

He would never waste a chance and that explained how he got all the limited edition stuff of the manga. Jungkook gifted it to him...

Lisa snorted, Oh my God, Jungkook was robbed by a 14 years old. How could be so fucking puuuure?

But... Did she look good enough for him? Did he like to see her dressed like Killa? Should she bring her back with the pink makeup and make some roleplay?

She was into it.

"Do you think this is... funny?" Jungkook was confused.

"Isn't it? Why didn't you tell me?"

He scratched the back of his neck. "Because it is weird... You know... I've been drawing you without your permission..."

Well, he had a point.

But the drawings were amazing and she was no one to judge him.

"Jungkook I am a photographer, we do the same with random people," she used it to her advantage and maybe she should admit something else, she pressed her lips closed and put her hands together shyly because this was embarrassing. "I mean... I may have taken pics of you too"

"What?"

"Yeah, most of them were before knowing you, hehe, call me Dispatch," she giggled although she had no regrets, she had magazine-worthy photos of Jungkook and she wasn't going to delete them. Nop. Judge her if you want to.

He could be a very good model, he was tall, handsome, he had the right proportions... too right actually, she appreciated his body only dressed in sweatpants hanging from his hips and imagined finally licking what was hers. She wanted so much to continue what she had started last night and go through it.

As she drooled, he was looking down, blank, processing the matter. Well, Lisa could understand it, it was weird but he couldn't judge her, he created Killa... with amazing makeup she had to admit and her hips were so well done, Lisa wished she was Killa.

(a/n: YOU ARE KILLA DUMBFUCK)

Then he looked at her totally puzzled. "Do you think I look good in random pictures? When I am not looking?"

"I act like a stalker and that's what you ask?"

"Well, I've been drawing you since January, I don't think I have rights to talk about stalkers," he admitted with a shrug, slightly more relaxed now that he knew she was as weird as him.

Lisa laughed and realized something there. "Hold on, you are into me since January? We met in April"

Oh, she caught him on that.

"I-"

Well, she could torture him with that later because now she could only think of something, on his lips and what she wanted to touch; kiss him and to erase that caught expression from his face, she leaned closer but he gently shook his head.

"I have bad breath," he muttered embarrassed.

Lisa rolled her eyes and held his cheeks to kiss him anyway, she had enough toothpaste in her teeth for both of them. Fuck it, as it mattered.

He hugged her and did that cute thing to draw her closer to his body, he was hard on the right parts but so huggable too. Lisa always wanted him close, wanted to hug him whenever she could because he gave her that feeling of protection that she didn't know she had yearned for so much.

(a/n: go solve your daddy issues with a therapist sis)

"So, there is actual merch with my face on it? Because I want a plushie," she told him as they slowly parted, lips tingling pleasingly.

Jungkook chuckled, it was as if he was always surprised that she said things like that but he encouraged her to do it more in that way. Seeing him smile recharged her like a sunflower looking at the sun.

He walked to his closet and she followed him like a curious cat, peeking over his shoulder, tiptoeing. Incidentally, she appreciated his body more. Gosh, he was so hot, especially his back. She wanted to graze his spine with her fingers, seeing all the muscles flex

around.

Lisa shook her head, suppressing her hunger and looked up. "Is that a Sailor Moon funko?" she asked excitedly and reached out over his shoulder to take it.

"Wait-" he turned quickly and something fell.

She leaned down to take it, it was a figurine of a girl in a red outfit, super long legs, orange long hair with bangs and two half-up pigtails. "Who's this?" she asked curiously, it seemed to be from an anime. She knew he was a fan, he told her, so he for sure had more merch there but why he had it on his closet?

(a/n: omg he is a otaku of closet mom)

Jungkook took it from her hands, Sailor Moon too. "Nothing, sorry, I was actually going to give you thi-this," he spoke quickly and put a wrapped poster in her hands, closing the closet in the blink of an eye.

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "What are you hiding?"

"Nothing"

"You're definitely hiding something... Sailor Moon included"

(a/n: lisa let him breathe, you can't force him to come out. he gotta tell his mom first)

"It's not important"

It was, his face said it. He was also embarrassed.

He was embarrassed of what? Figurines?

"I have plenty of Disney figurines too, you know?" She decided to take the path of playing dumb and slowly unwrapped the poster. "You don't have an idea how much money I've spent on those but they're so pretty, do you think I could get a Sailor Moon funko too-" her voice trailed off when she saw that oh God, it was a great poster of Killa with a red background.

Unlike the famous image that she had seen so many times, in this her hair was short and gray, looking more realistic, it was a closer vision and a more human style. She was speechless.

It looked like her, totally like her.

"It was for a special edition, she was the chosen character in a Twitter poll for the fifth anniversary of the manga," he said quietly, still uncomfortable talking about this but he was doing it for her.

"Her eyes are brown here," she noticed, remembering that Killa had them blue in the manga.

He nodded. "But this was more inspired by you, but it's the only one in which I kept the brown eyes. It was... for me. I like your eyes," he confessed with a shy smile.

He liked her eyes ...

They weren't special, too big sometimes and Bambam was always teasing her about their size but Jungkook liked them.

Lisa wrapped the poster up and gently pressed it to her chest like a little girl receiving a gift. It really felt like a gift, everything he had actually done felt like it. "I can't believe you turned me into such a good character," she said excitedly, too pleased. She had not read the manga yet but Kai spoke of Killa as if she were a goddess, Lisa listened to him with more attention since that day in the convention, and she would definitely read all the volumes after this. "I'm so thankful, like, for real"

"And I am... surprised"

She smiled, did he think she would get mad? Why would she be? No one had ever been so interested in her in a way that involved making art with her, no one had ever looked at her so intently with no intention other than just looking at her because she was pretty.

Jungkook had done it.

Thinking that she wanted to let this man go seemed so stupid.

"When were you going to tell me?"

"Never?" he shrugged, half joking. "You know, turning all the screens off when you get close and say I'm cheating"

"Or doing drugs?"

"Definitely," he nodded seriously but his eyes sparkled with amusement.

She loved that, so much that she was dying to kiss him. Standing in front of her, tall and full of tattoos he was delicious, then a smirk started to run down his lips as he looked at her and it was as if someone had turned on the heater in an already hot day.

"You look good with my shirt," he commented as his hot gaze slid down. She felt chills in her legs under his inspection.

"You look good without your shirt," she teased, biting her lower lip, and took the only two steps that separated her from him. He displayed a delicious body heat in which she wanted to surround herself forever, from the first moment she could feel it Lisa wanted this.

Jungkook was not shy this time and held her in his arms, keeping his dark gaze on her, still smirking but showing his teeth. "We should have breakfast," he murmured although she could see that he wanted anything but that.

"But I wanna have you," she whispered against his lips before kissing him and she loved the way he held her head, pulling her closer so he could continue that kiss. She opened her mouth to him and played with his wet tongue.

Shit, he kissed so good and she couldn't believe she'd been so dumb to avoid it so many times.

She had been very silly but she was no more.

And it was easy to push him onto the bed until he fell down and

she smiled at him from above, feeling powerful.



(a/n: dedicado a juliana maquillaje artístico)

"What are you planning?" he tilted his head, resting his body on his hands.

Lisa pulled the curtains to light the room in response, she wanted to enjoy the view now. "I'm going to have breakfast," she replied and with slow steps she got in front of him to drop to her knees.

How long had she wanted to do this?

"You don't have to," he said as if he didn't want it, as if he hadn't just nibbled on his lower lip and had that burning gaze.

"Yes, I have," she smiled with fake innocence and took a pillow from the bed to place it under her knees. Then she focused on that bulge in his pants, thick and long...

Jungkook helped her to pull down his sweatpants and she finally got what she wanted, right in front of her eyes. It was already hard, heavy on her hand when she took it, and soft under her fingertips. It seemed bigger from this perspective. Jungkook's lips parted and Lisa couldn't only keep her eyes there, she went from his tight abs to his broad chest and those wet lips, and then when she brought the tip to her lips, she enjoyed seeing him fall to his elbows with all his attention only on her.

Bambam was not lying, now that she knew she would see all of this, Lisa would have knelt for him in the nearest bathroom. She would do it for sure if she got the chance.

She stuck her tongue out and slid it along his length, kissing every trace of skin with her lips. His hand rested on his tattooed thigh and Lisa wanted to pay attention to it. Keeping his cock standing with her hand on the base, she went down with open-mouthed kisses from his pelvis to his leg. He smelled clean and manly, his skin was silky and she tasted it with the fullness of her tongue.

The tattoo was a huge flower, a lily with flowers surrounding it and the phrase "Please Love Me" that ended in a dragon down his knee, furious and strong. She outlined each edge with her tongue and felt him twitch in her hand, she looked up at him through her lashes, loving the look of pleasure on his face, and smiled as she left more kisses on the hard muscles of his leg.

Jungkook was impatient but allowed her to explore, he was in her hands and wasn't that what she wanted? He was all hers to love and use, in her own way.

Her pussy was already wet for him, throbbing with the urge to be filled.

She went back to his cock and tasted it, the tip had turned pinker

and wet, drops of precum slipping around it. Jungkook moaned hoarsely at the feel of her hot mouth and lips around himself, sneaky tongue lapping the small hole.

Lisa circled the tip with her tongue and purred happily, as if savoring a lollipop. Her clit was already swollen and with the light breeze from the window air, she felt chills of pleasure.

"I've been dreaming about this sight for so long," he confessed to her and she wanted to sink her hand between her legs just because of this.

Lisa licked up to the base, staring at him. "Me too," she admitted even though she didn't even have to dream it, everything was vivid in her head in daylight, when she was awake and he was standing in front of her.

She could never have imagined it would be so good.

He clenched his jaw, she didn't know why, but his gaze hardened and he bit his lower lip. It was as if he ordered her to put it back in her mouth without a word and Lisa did so, closing her eyes. She leaned over him, resting against his legs, and buried his cock into her mouth, flattening her tongue against the hard shaft.

Jungkook growled and his hand sank into her hair, he didn't push her, but Lisa knew he wanted to. She softened her jaw and allowed him to go as deep as he could even though he couldn't get it all the way in, yet she swallowed around the tip and her throat clenched him, giving him that pleasure that only her pussy could give too. Jungkook groaned again, throwing his head back.

"You're so good, doll, such a pretty mouth," he murmured, unconsciously guiding her head up and down, ponytail secured in his fist.

(a/n: I've got some new visions after mentioning the ponytail and pfffffffffff)

Lisa allowed it and loved having him like this, savoring every trace of him. It was delicious to hear him and own this, him. She squeezed his thighs with her hand with every contraction of pleasure she felt in her stomach, she was probably dripping at this point.

She wanted more, much more.

She took it out of her mouth to lick it and breathed heavily, moaning as she pumped it with her hand. Jungkook released her and just looked at her, letting out slight grunts and breathy moans. He was rapt, totally hypnotized. Lisa knew that if she asked the world for him right now, he would give it to her.

Wasn't he charming?

He was close though, his cock was more swollen and she could see his balls twitching, his stomach impatiently contracting with

each stream of pleasure and her hand rising and falling on his dick was not going to help it. Lisa leaned down and shoved his balls into her mouth, licking them gently. Jungkook moaned loudly, mouth open and lips swollen after biting them.

"I'm so close, baby," he warned her. "Fuck, you're going to kill me, you're going to kill me," he gasped, stomach and legs tensing as he got closer and closer.

Lisa was quick to put it back in her mouth halfway and suck, hollowing her cheeks around him. Jungkook growled and tightened the sheets.

"Fuck, life didn't prepare me for this, I will die," he was spluttering lost in pleasure, almost making her laugh even though it was hard with something that big in her mouth. "I'm weak, fuck. No one prepared me for this, it's so unfaaaair. Fuck. I will die happily. Thank you so much damn..."

Lisa moved up and down the length of his cock and dug her nails into his thighs, barely controlling his hips as they bucked up impatiently. But she loved the mess that they were making, the despair making him weak with pleasing moans as he got closer and closer to the edge.

"Doll," he growled and his mouth fell open without air.

She didn't take it out of her mouth when he came, spilling into her throat, she continued to suck despite the drops of cum sliding down her mouth to her neck. She swallowed and licked and when she couldn't breathe anymore, she released him but continued to move her hand as she watched him collapse before her between groans and moans.

And he was still looking at her through narrowed eyes, devouring her and even hungrier for what it was in front of him, the vixen on her knees with a wet swollen mouth and wicked eyes. She smiled to discover that he liked this, the mess.

Jungkook confirmed it by lifting her up to kiss her, Lisa was a little surprised at the intensity of his mouth and moaned, releasing his cock to dig her nails into his shoulders. He sat up and put a hand between her legs, caressing her pussy while his tongue made her dumb.

"You drive me crazy," he growled against her mouth in a not so Jungkook way and his lips went down her jaw to her neck, licking all traces he himself had left. "You're so beautiful and perfect and mine"

Lisa was burning in the shirt, dripping and stupidly lost in it. So silly that she let herself kneel down on the bed and arched down to him, tightening the covers as he sank all the way down into her.

It had been thick and big in her mouth but deep in her it was

huge, she still had a hard time getting used to it and he let her adjust, kneading her ass.

"Go on, please," she whimpered in a tone that not even she recognized and gasped when he left and entered the first time. Yes, so thick, so good.

He groaned too and started hard but slow. She spread her legs farther apart and bit her lower lip, savoring everything he was giving her. Slow at first, all the way down, and his hands caressed her, moving up and down her back under her shirt. Chills and currents of energy, all killing her slowly.

Lisa arched like a willing cat and pushed her hips back, asking for more. Jungkook gave her what she wanted, increasing speed but not so much. She was so wet that he slid in and out with so much delicious ease, she could feel him in her damn belly every time and hear the wet sounds of her pussy.

"So good," she moaned.

"Fuck," he groaned too, probably watching himself sink into her from behind. He liked to see that, Lisa didn't blame him.

Her stomach was tightening more in a knot of pleasure that was becoming more greedy, she wanted more and more.

"Please, harder, please"

Jungkook began to hit her skin with his thighs and his balls slapped her clit with each time, Lisa fell lower and lower because her arms became weak out of pleasure.

He leaned over her and the heat of his body was overwhelming, he put his hands next to hers and buried his face in her neck while pushing with his hips, perfect thrusts brushing each sensitive spot in her. She heard him groan as he kissed her neck, catching some skin between his teeth to then lick, robbing loud and louder moans.

She felt her legs tremble, barely enduring all this that was turning too much but she wanted more and more, she was so close.

"Jungkook, please, please," she moaned without thinking, her mind clouding.

"Yes, doll, yes," he said as if he understood her and continued like this, his hand reaching under her shirt to squeeze her breast, a nipple painfully aroused between his fingers.

She was so sensitive and hot, sweating under the flannel cloth and with drops of sweat dripping down her face from her bangs, and he was fucking her so well. She couldn't take it anymore and began to squirm as her climax began.

Lisa finally came and screamed and trembled completely under him, Jungkook grabbed her waist to hold her steady and lifted her against his kneeling body, fucking her through the pleasure, sinking even deeper into her. She could feel him in her tummy at this point.

Lisa arched up against him and buried her hand in his hair, muttering his name between lost moans as her pussy continued to contract around his cock, squeezing it tighter and tighter, making him growl.

He lowered his hand to her clit and made her squirm more and more. Lisa wiggled her hips against his hand, riding his cock and fingers, feeling another orgasm form as he began to breathe faster, close again.

"Fuck, doll, fuck, fuck," he gasped and came, pushing her up on his hips. He kept them both up but quickly lost control and pushed her against the bed, fucking her hard. Lisa screamed, loving the weight of his body and his cock sinking into her over and over again, filling and dirtying her whole.

She came again and he helped her with that, forcing himself to go further even though he had just finished.

Finally, they both ended up agitated on the bed with satisfied smiles on their lips as they giggled but it wasn't the end.

△□△□△□

(a/n: phew that was nasty)

"You're so talented," she mumbled, like drugged.

"In sex?" he arched a brow.

Lisa giggled. "I mean your drawings but yes, you're too good in sex to be so quiet. I think that what they say about the quiet ones is true"

Jungkook lost it, leaning closer to kiss her forehead.

Both cleaned up and went for breakfast but they didn't eat breakfast as they ended up fucking on the kitchen counter. It was fun though.

"This is so wrong," she moaned at him, her mouth pressed against his.

"I promise not to tell anyone," he replied with amusement before turning her around and fucking her from behind, digging his fingers into her hips as he reached deeper into her.

And then they fucked in the shower which was also fun because they ran out of hot water and had to run out.

But they could have lunch since their stomachs were growling like beasts and then they took a nap, with nothing sexual involved. Chatting with Jungkook was entertaining anyway and sleeping with him was sweet and soft, he hugged her when he finally managed to overcome his shyness and being in his arms gave her so much peace ... it also gave her warmth and the weather demanded that they separate so they ended up sleeping side by side, looking at each other.

It was pretty anyway, Lisa stayed awake a few more minutes just

looking at him like a fool.

He got up before her from their nap though and when Lisa woke up, she found him sitting in his chair, facing the bed, with a sketchbook on his legs like Leonardo Di Caprio in Titanic. She asked him what he was doing, already suspecting his actions, and he reminded her of the project, so now she was lying on the bed like a cat in the sun, enjoying the warm afternoon light coming from the window and showing her hands stretched out at the foot of the bed so he could draw them. A soft pop and R&B playlist playing from a red Bluetooth speaker.

In her opinion, he should be drawn instead of her.

Jungkook was focused and like every time he was like this, his lips were parted, cute teeth peeking out. His eyes moved from her hands to the paper as he traced and he looked somewhat childish, although the rest of him made her easily remember that Jungkook was such a man.

He was wearing only sweatpants, thankfully more confident about his body. But how could he not be? He seemed sculpted by a very good artist, pure muscle and hard lines, golden and silky skin like gold. Or a nice cappuccino that Lisa wanted to drink.

She watched her tattoos carefully then. She didn't know what the phrase in Korean said on his ribs but she had been able to read the words "dark night" and "don't worry". The wolf on his right pec was beautiful, preciously detailed, and right on his shoulder there was a sky and a moon with clouds, all dark in black. Several tattoos attached landed on the rest of his right arm with those paint strokes that she liked so much. And then there was the butterfly in his hand.

On his left arm he only had a single tattoo, on the forearm, it was a small scene of an anime she couldn't recognize. And in addition to the tattoo on his right leg, on his ankle and foot there were smaller tattoos, some looked like drawings that Soomin would do if she was honest.

He, in full, was a feast for the eyes of a starving person, just like she was. Relaxed in his chair with one leg crossed over the other, his black bangs brushing his thick lashes.

She wished Jungkook knew how beautiful he was in her eyes.

"I wish I had my camera to take a pic of you right now"

Jungkook chuckled, eyes still on the paper. "Why?"

Why? He was asking why for real?

"Because you're so handsome," she smiled, resting her head on her closed fist. "Aren't you tired of being so handsome?"

He gave her a tired but loving look, as if saying *"stop lying to me"*. "Stop," he shook his head gently.

Pffft.

As if

"You should be named the most sexy man in the world"

"Lisa..."

Lisa laughed playfully because despite his denials it was so obvious that he was enjoying this just as she enjoyed flustering him, her feet swaying like a teenage girl in a pink movie. "Would you let me take pics of you if I wanted to?"

"Maybe," he replied after a silence, Lisa didn't know if he was too focused or trying to say no. "But I'm not a good model"

Why was he so negative? He was so fucking handsome.

"Who says so?" She grumbled. "Don't reply, I don't care, if I'm your photographer you will look amazing no matter what, more than usual"

It wasn't going to be a difficult job anyway, he could stand alone breathing and he would look perfect. Was he aware of how many people turned to see him because of how attractive he was?

"Probably, you're talented," he commented as he erased something.

"How do you know?" She asked innocently, but her eyes narrowed in amusement at seeing him show that caught face again and move his mouth like a fish, looking for something to say.

...

...

...

"You have stalked me, right? Say yes so I will feel less embarrassed for stalking your accounts regularly," she admitted, delighted to learn that she was not the only stalker in the room.

In her defense, his account was addictive. Lisa loved wondering what the hell was going through people's heads to undergo so much pain from a huge tattoo on their backs but Jungkook uploaded videos and it looked so simple, all his art ended up being so beautiful. Maybe she could understand it, there she was drooling like an idiot for him and his tattoos although if he didn't have any she would have been attracted to him anyway.

"You do that?" He tilted his head in complete surprise.

"Did you stalk me?" she raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe"

"Then maybe I stalk you, who knows," she shrugged.

He chuckled again, it was not necessary to confirm, it was already obvious that he had also done it.

Charming but thank goodness that she did not upload all the photos she had taken to him, he would think she was crazy, or he would ask her again if it looked good for her.

"So, have you drawn another girl before?" she asked when she got bored.

He nodded.

Wait, what?

"Who?" She tried to sound calm, chill, casual, as if she didn't want all the details.

She hadn't been naked, had she?

"No one special," he didn't even flinch and Lisa knew he was being sincere, Jungkook with a caught face meant guilty, Jungkook with a calm expression meant everything was fine.

Good.

He wasn't going to see no one's naked body again. Or just hands or feet. Lisa was a model, if he needed one she was going to be ready to take off her clothes and say GO ON BABE. Even if she didn't need to take off her clothes, who needed clothes anyway.

If they ended up doing something else instead of drawing that was another matter, Lisa would be happy anyway, it would be like Titanic.

"Have you watched Titanic?"

"Yes"

Great!

"I love it"

"I do too," he admitted and she widened her eyes, pleased.

"Really?"

"Yes, it's romantic..." he put his sketchbook away to see it in perspective, tilting his head to a side like the Pitbull puppy he was and she bit her lower lip, considering that he really liked romantic things. That time they talked all night, he mentioned several movies that she now wanted to see with him, cuddling in bed. It was nice to have a boy who enjoyed things like that with her. He really didn't realize how perfect he was? "I'd love to have a love like that, without the dying in the ocean part," he added, returning her to earth.

"We can have a love like that. We absolutely wasted our first time in a car time scene BUT, "she held up a finger, making him watch her at the face with an arched brow. "You can... draw me like one of your french girls," she added and playfully sat down, unbuttoning her shirt slowly. Jungkook swallowed hard, following the movement of her fingers. "Wearing ... nothing," she teased and let the shirt fall down, showing off her body and loving the way he devoured her in seconds.

"I-I just-just have to draw your hands," he straightened in the chair, almost making the sketchbook fall.

"Baby ..." she pouted like a child, as if she wasn't just naked in

front of him.

Didn't he want to draw her? Like his French girls?

Boo...

Lisa wanted Jungkook, Lisa also wanted Jungkook's dick, why was he acting all shy and nervous? As if he didn't pushed her to the bed and fucked her brains out a few hours ago...

Her small show of feigned sadness with those huge eyes glowing was enough for him to let go of his nervousness and his face filled with excitement.

Jungkook stood up from his chair, leaving his sketchbook on the desk, only to lean on the bed and kiss her. God, she was irresistible and precious, she smiled against his lips. "That's a yes?"

He nodded. "Do you have any idea for how long I've wanted to draw you?"

"Then do it please, I want to see how I look in your eyes," although considering some glances it was easy to know that he wanted her as if she were good banana milk.

She loved to drink his banana milk, by the way. Could she sip a little bit more?

"Perfect," he whispered honestly, melting her into an embarrassing pool of love.

God, her heart was about to wave a white flag, tired of beating like an idiot and ready to give up because he wasn't getting the rest he needed.

Her heart was ready to sue Jungkook.

"Then I will have a better perspective than the one I got in the mirror," she said humorously.

He laughed and sat down again, because if he kept close to her he would do anything but draw her and he was dying to do this.

"Can I take naked pics of you after this?" She tilted her head, lying on the side of the bed to give him a very Rose view of Titanic for him.

Jungkook blinked, taken aback. "I..."

"Please?"

"O-Okay ...," a fast head tilt was the sign of his clear shock but his fingers were tracing new lines, focused on that.

Lisa smirked, she wanted those nudz. "I'm happy then"

He looked her slowly from foot to face. It was like a blazing breeze and she unconsciously clenched her thighs, heat and arousal pooled in her belly. Her golden hair spread carelessly on her shoulders and back, messy and wild. Some strands were softly resting over her breasts. And her skin was glowing, smooth, soft, she was like silk.

Jungkook focused his gaze on her breasts and Lisa felt small

pangs of pleasure in her sensitive nubs. His eyes went back to the paper then, holding himself back.

He had to stop if he wanted to draw.

"How did you get those?"

"I knew you were dying to ask!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Well, surprise, surprise, I was drunk"

"You do many things while being drunk, right?" he commented with amusement.

"Yes, I told you once, you know, claiming a shop and fighting girls ... Getting piercings too," she told him without feeling embarrassed but then thought about her words and the problems she had with other boys because of that. "It's not a good habit, I can change it if you don't like it," she offered, she should stop drinking and stop getting into trouble anyway.

"I like it"

"Really?" she raised her eyebrows.

"Yes, it's a pretty part of you," he confessed to her and she remembered a few things from that first time she was drunk with him, when she first kissed him. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment but she was thrilled to know that he liked her like that. Had it been for the kiss? "You do look pretty when you're drunk"

"You do too," she flattered him too. Drunk Jungkook was cool, confident, tousled, as sexy as when the Jungkook who fucked her.

However, Jungkook felt embarrassed. "Sorry for that ... And for the things I did," he added with a whisper.

"Don't worry, I liked it," having him on top making her come just with a little dry humping had been great. But the memory of both of them in the bathroom, she on his lap as she took care of him and listened to his drunk rants flashed in her mind, bringing a smile to her lips. "Especially in the bathroom"

Jungkook frowned. "What about the bathroom?"

"Oh, you don't remember that, right," he made it clear to her the morning after and Lisa decided she wouldn't say anything to him. She wanted to keep that little moment just for her, she also suspected that Jungkook would suffer an intense cringe attack for that.

"What I don't remember?" he inquired.

"Nothing"

"Lisa ..."

"It's nothing, you felt bad and that's it," she summed it up.

"Oh," he believed her. "So, about the piercings story. Were you alone? "

"Nope, I was with Chaeng and Bambam. They don't get along well

but a few drinks here and there and they both are singing Karaoke and hugging. It's funny to see, both deny it so bad the day after," she said with evil joy, oh, teased them about it was so funny. But she returned to what she should tell. "It was my first night in Seoul, I was still kinda sad so I got so wasted, like, real wasted," she threw up and kept drinking, it was a mess but Jungkook didn't have to know that part. "Bambam thought that since we were new babies in a new big city, we should go out and meet new people and get drunk, so we did"

Bad idea, of course, Bambam never had good ideas. Especially if alcohol was involved. He was fast to make fun of her as if he didn't do wild stuff too.

Mr. You-are-a-Dumbfuck was real quiet about that time he jumped from the balcony of the second floor of Lisa's house to the pool, breaking an arm. And it wasn't just that, he flirted with the ER intern, making jokes about his limp hand.

"I don't remember most of that night honestly," she did, she remembered dancing on a table and throwing up just when she got down, on someone's shoes. And she did remember getting in a fight with a group of girls but again, Jungkook didn't have to know that. He said she looked pretty and stuff and she wanted to keep that image for him. "But the thing is that the next morning I woke up with my nipples hurting so bad, like, I still remember the pain," she scrunched her nose, remembering that the pain had spread to her breasts and the simple touch of a finger burned. "Have you ever done nipple piercings to someone?"

"I don't do piercings"

That was good. The only titties he was going to see for now on were hers.

She went back to her story: "Gladly, Chaeyoung remembered the parlor we went to the night before and I ran there with a big hangover but nothing could stop me and my pain and my nipples. I was so scared, what if I got an infection? What if I take them off and hurt myself? " she felt chills. "Let me tell you that before doing that, I read a tweet about ... Okay, hold on, trigger warning, this is graphic, do you really wanna know?"

"I'm okay, I like body horror, I think I'm cured of everything," he shrugged arrogantly.

Yeah, but it was bad.

"Are you sure?" she asked with an expression of pain.

Jungkook shot her a knowing look. "Yes"

Well, okay, cocky boy. "Okay, so, I read a tweet about a girl that took off her nipple piercings and she saw a thread hanging from her nipple"

"A thread?"

"Yes, she thought it was like some residue from the piercing and she cut it..."

"And?"

"It was a nerve of her nipple"

It hit Jungkook.

It hit him hard.

"Oh fuck ...," he pressed his eyes closed, squirming just imagining the idea of cutting a nerve. "Okay no, I wasn't ready. How to delete..."

(a/n: i really saw that tweet...)

Lisa smirked. "See? I couldn't take off the piercings, what if it happened the same to me?" she went back to her story, remembering the panic of the moment. "I already wanted to pass out because of the panic and pain and I was thankful that I couldn't remember the exact moment when I got them. Anyway, I went to the parlor and met this man, Taeyang"

She could remember it as if it had been yesterday.

Lisa came in with tear-filled eyes, wearing a hoodie with shorts, the largest she'd been able to find because she couldn't bear the slightest brush against her nipples. Taeyang, a muscular, tanned man with a charming smile, the kind who was contagious and made his eyes narrow, was there and didn't even blink when she whimpered, "HELP ME, WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?" and she showed him her boobs.

In her defense, those were desperate times.

Taeyang choked on the water he was drinking and ordered her to cover himself immediately. Lisa yelled at him in response: "FOR REAL? YOU ALREADY KNOW THEM, DUDE! DON'T ACT SHY"

Then he pointed to the other man who was also there, about to enter the studio and get a tattoo, staring at her nipples... and Lisa burned with shame, muttering curses.

"Oh... that's the Taeyang's story," he stretched his lips thoughtfully, as if he knew him.

"Do you know him?"

"He is a close friend of my Hyung"

"Noooo, you're lying...", Lisa crawled across the bed to the feet to sit on her legs, forgetting her nudity because surprise washed over her.

"They are close friends. He invited me to his wedding last year," Jungkook added nonchalantly.

God, didn't he see it?

"That is so crazy, Seoul is actually a tiny town after all," she said, her voice heavy with happiness. "Isn't it crazy that all our acquaintances know each other? I think I mentioned it before but

it's really shocking"

"It is," he nodded and watched her deeply. "Maybe it was fate ...," he added in a stifled voice, as if saying it was very crazy even though she felt it in her heart too. "Maybe we're destined to be friends" he teased her then.

"Yah! Are you making fun of me?"

"Let's be friends, Lisa!" he imitated her, exactly as she did so long ago.

"Nooooo, you're so evil! I was trying to make peace," she pouted and climbed his lap, he just let her, getting more aroused at having her shirtless body so close but loving how natural this was. She, just in her yellow underwear, confident and pretty, close to him. "But, do you think we are destined?"

"Maybe ..." he sighed, sketchbook aside, his free hands caressing her small back. Lisa felt pleasant chills that aroused goosebumps on her skin, her body still not used to his touches but it loved them. "I do think that it's really curious that we met in the most random places so many times, there was always a reason bringing us together after we tried to walk different ways"

(a/n: YOU'RE WELCOME)

"All the ways lead us to... each other," she sighed with glee.

"Maybe"

"I like to think it's real"

"I like that too," he admitted, his hand finding hers in the middle of both. Lisa had fingers as long as his but her hands were still small and much softer. Palm against palm, the feelings flowed like electric energy. "Many times I refused to see those signs and believe it was fate because I was feeling ridiculous, saying those were coincidences, but now I really want to believe that we are meant to be"

"Let's believe it then, because trust me, no one made me feel like you're doing right now and I no one else would be able to do so," she confessed, needing him to know that he was the only one and always would be.

"Do you remember that once I told you you were yellow?"

"How to forget it, that was A NIGHT," she made exaggerated gestures, gleaming like the sun that she was.

Their first real kiss, surrounded by a starry night, surrounded by desire and the purest love. She could still feel it in her lips.

"You really are. You've been lighting up my world like the sun since I met you "

How could he be so deep and say such beautiful things to her? How could he see the world in colors and give her the most beautiful color of all? The color that represented joy and warmth...

"You're going to make me cry, that's unfair," and she was not lying, like a fool she felt tears wanting to accumulate in her eyes. "I love you so much," she sighed, charged with love for him.

How could she have denied herself of enjoying this? She had missed so much but a part of her thought it had been good, she had come to know and love him much earlier as a friend, and she suspected that if she jumped on him at first, she would not have had the opportunity to enjoy moments like these with so much love and appreciation.

Perhaps fate had delayed their love for this, so now they were sure it was real and deep.

"I love you too," he replied and closed his eyes, receiving her kiss.

Their kiss was sweet and warm, lips intertwining delicately and comfortably, as if they had all the time in the world. Maybe they did, she would take advantage of every second though. Boys like Jungkook who drew her and looked at her like a treasure, boys who had a pure heart despite the pain, boys who were ready to give themselves completely even though life was hard on them, *boys like Jungkook deserved all the love in the world.*

Lisa was ready to give him all she could.

She stroked his cheeks and with the tips of her fingers outlined his jaw, then held his neck as she opened her mouth to him. Then she stroked his silky hair, feeling his hand on her back and waist.

"So what happened when you went to the parlor," he asked her when the little kisses that followed the first deep kiss ended just as she murmured, "Why did you cut your hair? I loved it long "

"Sorry," she dismissed his question as she didn't want to lose the track and recalled that adventure: "Taeyang told me to deal with it, I already went through the pain and had my nipples already pierced so I had to wait for them to heal and enjoy them," she said simply, just as Taeyang did as she sobbed in panic and passed her water and tissues to wipe away her tears.

"He really knew how to handle girls because I was crying my eyes out and well... last night I discovered that nipple piercings are really enjoyable, my nipples get so sensitive," she teased then.

She didn't believe Taeyang when he told her that her nipples would get more sensitive and she thought they would always hurt but when the wounds healed, they were just accessories and now she knew that when they were in Jungkook's mouth, under his tongue, she could see stars.

"What do you mean?"

"You're the first person that touches them, so, congratulations Jungkook, you are my first... in this one"

A possessive glow gleamed in his eyes that was lost in desire,

sweeping her away with a heated gaze. "No one else saw them before?"

Oh, he liked that.

She did too.

"Nope," she assured him. "I'm glad that you like them"

"Fuck ..." he sighed and his hands went up her waist to her ribs, burning on her skin. He licked his bottom lip and she pulled her hips closer, thanking him for moving so their cores would meet.

He was already hard, of course. The fine lace of her panties did nothing to keep her from feeling him.

"I love when you have that look," she said, breathless, lust already clouding her mind.

"What look?"

Lisa wiggled her hips, biting her lower lip at the great feeling of rubbing her clit against his hidden cock. "The one that says that you're going to fuck my brains out. Will you? " she purred, sliding her hands down his chest.

Jungkook wasn't a man of words, he kissed her instead as a reply.

Fuck, she loved this man so much.

He stood up with her in his arms easily and moved to the bed, kneeling on the mattress as his hand went inside her pants to dip between her folds. Lisa moaned softly, legs wide open for him.

She pulled him closer with her arms around his neck and Jungkook took her hips to move her up the bed. But then he groaned in pain, real pain.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK," he rolled to the side on the bed holding his leg.

"What happened?" she asked, alarmed, jumping up like a scared cat.

"CRAMP CRAMP CRAMP CRAMP"

...

...

...

Okay, Lisa lost her shit laughing, he was suffering, but she laughed and hard.

This couldn't be happening.

"Too much sex, I think?" she murmured with amusement and kneeled, straddling his leg, to help him to stretch, squeezing parts of the muscles of his thigh.

It took him a few minutes to calm down and start laughing thought the pain. "Why these things happen to me?" he mumbled, pouting. Leaving himself fall on the mattress.

"Don't worry," she laughed it off and kissed his pouty lips, staying closer. "I can massage another thing when I finish with your leg"

Jungkook chuckled. "You're going to kill me," he confessed and she just laughed playfully.

"Then you will die happily"

It was already night, the department was dark and seemed quiet.
Seemed...

SEEMED...

"Jungkook! Oh my God, Jungkook..."

Jimin stopped on his tracks and frowned. "What?" he mumbled.

THEY WERE STILL GOING?

IT'S BEEN MORE THAN 24 HOURS!

Jungkook still had milk to release? Bro... WAS HE A COW?

How was he still alive?

What?

Jimin sighed, yeah, this was too much. He took his phone, dialing a number. "Mom? I'm coming back home. There's some... plumber issue here. It keeps leaking and I feel like soon we will swimming in... Forget it. See you"

hey! it's cake your water girl again
enjoy the sunny day because the storm is coming
someone gotta spill the truth to chaeyoung

if you like it, comment and vote it's so weird to write them like this lol what do you think? it's making your hair go boom boom or...

BLACKPINK COMEBACK IS FINALLT COMING FAAAAAM
tell me, what do you expect? or what concept you would like to see? im dreaming about a concept like watermelon sugar video, you know, beach and warm colors, kinda vintage. and I say dreaming bc yge will never give us that. hate them.
it seems like it will like a pool concept??? I can't imagine

Chapter 34

SORRYYYYYYY for the delay. this one gave me nightmares and stress BUT it's long as fuck. honestly, it's scary how long it is and I hope wattpad doesn't glitch but in case it does, take off the story from your library and add it again to read it good.

FAM, LISTEN: for this one, **every time you feel like cursing, do it in your first language** i wanna see something 🙄👁👁

btw sorry for some mistakes, i don't have time to proofread again, my class starting in ten minutes.

His phone...

His phone was buzzing...

A call ...

A call?

Who the hell was calling at this time in the night?

Jungkook rolled on the bed, drowsy and tired, releasing the small body that was curled against his, showing him its back. He forgot the curtains open last night so morning light was entering from the window but thanks to that he could find his phone fast; it was charging on the wooden floor.

But he couldn't reply to the call, it finished when he put a finger on the phone and the name "*Chaeyoung*" showed on the screen.

Chaeyoung?

Why was Chaeyoung calling him at... 9AM?

AND COULDN'T SHE WAIT FOR HIM TO ANSWER BEFORE HANGING UP? Now he was awake without a clear reason to be.

Jungkook closed his eyes and rested his face on the soft sheets, his tired eyes were refusing to open for now. He yawned deeply and licked his dry lips... he was so hungry. It was like he had a roaring lion in his stomach.

When was the last time he ate something?

Last night? Ramen?

Yeah, he and Lisa had Ramen. Both meanings.

Gosh, he was dying for some good breakfast and well, Chaeyoung woke him up already, he couldn't go back to sleep. He was well rested, anyway.

His body felt amazing, except for some sore muscles in the legs. The cramp he got yesterday was something embarrassing he was going to remember at night before sleeping but well, Lisa did

massage something else after his leg so he could deal with the cringe.

A smile ran down his lips as he recalled the last events. He was such a lucky bastard.

How could a fool like him have someone like Lisa? It was perfect, every part of her. His sweet and soft body drove him crazy, the taste of her skin was still lingering in his mouth and all he could do was hum out of pleasure and want to taste more, leave kisses on her slender neck and lower his tongue down her chest to her breasts.

Hmm...

Sex with Lisa was fantastic, better than anything he could have imagined.

He might wonder where she learned so many things but he wasn't going to get into that area because sadness was going to invade him and it wasn't time to whimper angrily in the corners thinking about who could have touched the one who was now his girl.

She said he was talented in sex though, so, uhu, uhu, Jungkook was ready to show his best cocky face and feel like the guy with the biggest dick in town.

Should he bring her breakfast in bed like in the movies? That would be romantic, corny as fuck, but romantic and cute too. And he was a really good cook.

Lisa's long blonde hair was scattered on her bare back as the sheet covered the rest of her body, she had clung to it and had it in her fist against her face. She was so beautiful and small, delicate bones were outlined under the smooth skin and her tousled hair shone like golden silk.

He pulled the sheet up to cover her body a little more and smirked, leaning forward to see her adorable face.

Plump cheeks and long lashes, that little nose crowned the best profile in the world.

God, was it being weird to see her sleep? Yeah, very much.

He was afraid that she would open her eyes suddenly and everything would get weird so he pulled away. Lisa wasn't aware of anything anyway.

Lazily, he put on clean boxers and sweatpants, he went to the bathroom and then to the kitchen, although he had just washed his face with cold water he still felt his eyes heavy. He turned on the rice cooker and reached for some fish to roast in the refrigerator, humming a song while smiling like an idiot.

Here he was, cooking breakfast for Lisa ... Natural... casual... DOMESTIC. He squirmed out of happiness, biting his lower lip.

He was her breakfast yesterday... hehe... AMERICAN BREAKFAST.

(a/n: if you all knew how hard i laughed with those comments tysm)

Jungkook finished cooking and prepared a tray with rice, fish and eggs, and a glass of water. He had no idea if Lisa would like it but hoped so.

Gently he went back to the room and smiled when he saw her, Lisa had stretched out on the bed on her back, one hand on her stomach and the other next to her head. Her bangs-free face was new but very pretty.

(a/n: cmon pussy admit her forehead is big)

He laid the tray on the bed and gently touched her to wake her up, feeling a mixture of emotion and anxiety making his stomach go crazy. Lisa's eyelashes fluttered slightly as her eyes slowly opened, seeking to get used to the light. She spotted him then and smiled lazily, rolling onto her side, curving her legs and catching the sheets with her.

"Good morning," she hummed in English, her voice hoarse but still sweet.

"Hey," he greeted her and despite the shyness, he stroked her leg over the sheet. "Did you sleep well?"

"Uhum," she murmured and noted the tray, scanning the contents, then her eyes snapped open. "That's for me?" Her voice rose a few tones in excitement as she sat on the bed and Jungkook nodded, too happy that she was happy to notice that the sheet had fallen into her lap, revealing her appetizing naked body.

The long blonde locks covered her breasts quite well though, making her look like a mermaid sitting on a rock in some fantasy from a tale.

"Thank you so much," she said in a tone full of tenderness that if he was a dog he would have said *woof woof* and wagged his tail.

Lisa picked up the chopsticks and put some fish on the rice before taking a bite and bringing it to her mouth. She moaned appreciatively and showed him her thumb up. "This is so good," she covered her mouth with one hand as she chewed happily. Then she took another bit and leaned over to him. "Taste it, taste it," she encouraged him.

Jungkook allowed himself to be fed and loved seeing all that emotion shine in her precious eyes. God, he had only made her breakfast and Lisa was acting like he had just saved the world.

He would save the world just for her, honestly.

She fed him a little more after she ate, she danced a little for the taste and drank water. The calm was great, it felt like being lost in a cabin in the middle of the forest, as if nothing else existed.

But the real world was waiting for them outside.

His phone vibrated again in a call, on the mattress. They both

looked at it at once.

"Oh, that was the buzzing sound," she reasoned, apparently he had continued to receive calls after he left?

Jungkook took it and was instantly uncomfortable seeing who it was, again. "Uh, it's Chaeyoung"

Lisa froze with her chopsticks in the air, brushing her lips. "What?"

"It's Chaeyoung"

She frowned and leaned forward to look at the screen, leaning on her hands. "Why is she calling? You two talk regularly?" she looked up, totally confused.

"No," he said to her obviously, slightly affected by the sudden closeness of her face. "And I don't know"

So what did he have to do? Reply? Throw his phone? End the call?

The phone continued to vibrate between them until Lisa reacted: "Reply! I wanna know"

What did she want to know? Wasn't it going to be uncomfortable?

Why was Chaeyoung calling him to begin with?

"Hi?"

"Jungkook! You finally reply! " her voice was excited from the other side, he could imagine her jumping with joy.

"Yeah, sorry, I was ...," having sex and sleeping. "I didn't have my phone close," he said instead, glancing at Lisa who was back at eating.

"But you're okay?"

"Yes?"

Sis, he was better than ever and Lisa had just fed him a little bit of fish, cupping her hand under his mouth so that nothing would fall. Jungkook smiled at her with his mouth closed.

"Oh, well, since you didn't come yesterday... I thought something happened," yeah, Things happened but he didn't think she knew what things.

Wait.

"Uh? Come to where?"

"University? Mural?" she reminded to him.

"Aaaah, right, sorry. I've been with..."

Lisa shook her head, alarmed.

"I've-I've been busy, I mean, I have a project to-to do and work is being crazy this week so..."

"Project? The term is over"

"Yes but you know what Mrs. Kim of Drawing is like," He tried to joke to cover up the obvious nervousness.

"Oh, that's such a bitchy move. Hope you can handle it well," she

said with a sweet voice, pouting for sure.

"I can actually," he replied lightly, sharing a smile with Lisa who was far from innocent. She fed him again, pursing her lips to keep from laughing.

"I'd love you to come here anyway. I miss you and you're an important part of the team. I need your advice on some things," and she was still pouting, Jungkook didn't listen to her very well since he had to cover his mouth to not laugh when Lisa dropped some rice on his lap and made a super concerned baby face, half joking. "Will you come this afternoon? Please, please"

He could get the last part and replied: "I guess," he mumbled distractedly, Lisa was patting his thigh to clean the fabric and he was sensitive, his dick detected a hand close and twitched back to life.

"Yay! Thank you!" she screeched.

Jungkook nodded without noticing that she couldn't see him, momentarily lost in Lisa drinking some water, her elegant throat bobbing gracefully and the way her lips were around the bottle. The marks in her skin, tons of slightly purple hickeys were there, beautiful and eye-catching.

He wanted to kiss those swollen pink lips.

"Have you seen Lisa?"

"Uh?"

Pfft, no. Of course. Who was Lisa? The naked girl in his bed? No, not Lisa.

"Ah, you didn't, that says it all. She didn't come to work yesterday either, I think she is still mad at me. It's unprofessional, "she started with concern but ended with some kind of annoyed tone.

"She's mad at you?" he arched a brow at Lisa, looking for answers.

Lisa sighed and looked down, eating the egg.

"We're both upset, we got into a fight a few days ago but it's okay. Don't worry "

Fight? What fight? Lisa never mentioned a fight. Or did she?

(a/n: i honestly don't remember)

"Uh, okay," he muttered because he was silent.

"Anyways. See you, Jungkookie "

"See you," he hung up and put down his phone, an intriguing look at Lisa. "What fight she's talking about?"

Lisa swallowed the rice that was in her mouth and with the chopsticks she stirred them in the cup. "Last week, after the date with Jaewon Oppa, I saw the DM she sent to you and I confronted her. I was so mad because she did that and I don't know why, I mean, I know she did it because she's been feeling threatened by me since the beginning and well, see us, she had rights. But that was

so... dirty and I wanted to talk with you so bad but I was blocked so I got angry and we argued," she ended up shrugging, after many mannerisms and her soft tone of voice surrounding him like a blanket. "I found out there that... I couldn't give up on you for her, she doesn't....," her voice trailed off and she looked down again.

She doesn't what?

But, Lisa was angry and then came for him.

"That's why you chose me?" He asked unsurely, not sure if it was about her choosing him because she loved him more or because she wanted to seek revenge against Chaeyoung.

But, Lisa wouldn't do that, right?

"Yes," she sighed.

But, was it because she really loved him or because she was angry with Chaeyoung?

Did he really want to know? Did he really want to sink into that hole? What would he do if she was caught between a rock and a hard place because he instigated more? Let her go?

You know, sometimes it is for the best that you act like an idiot.

"So you both haven't been talking since that?" he asked, visibly more discouraged, smoothing a raised line from his sweatpants.

"Not. I've been sleeping in Bambam's place these last days "

"What?"

So, was it that serious?

"Yeah, his guest room is my new room until I make up with Chaeyoung"

Chaeyoung kicked her out? What the fuck?

"That's why you were in the party"

"Yup," Lisa nodded. "Do you want more?"

Jungkook shook his head.

"Why did you leave your place?"

"Because I was so angry that I couldn't even keep breathing the same air and I still was until we kissed," it brought a smile to his lips that one, his kisses could do that? Lisa was still devastated though. "Now, that my mind is clearer, I feel bad. She's my best friend after all and we can't fight forever for this"

It couldn't be that bad. C'mon. He wasn't that important... for Chaeyoung. He really wanted to think he was THAT important for Lisa.

"Yeah, you can't," he agreed, but he was afraid. "But ..."

What if Chaeyoung made her choose between her and him? What would Lisa choose?

She wasn't as angry as she was when they argued, she really wanted to make up with Chaeyoung and now that the fire was low... Was she going to choose him?

Chaeyoung had been in her life since she was a child while he was there since less than a year...

Fuck.

Was this going to last?

Did Lisa really love him? Or he loved her more and he was going to be the one lying in the cold hard ground in the end?

(a/n: OUH... OUH... TROUBLE TROUBLE TROUBLE)

Lisa was away from his worries and said: "I mean, after all you were just a whim for her. She can't be hurt for losing you, right? She can't be that affected for us being together. Jimin Oppa told me that she cares for me after all"

That didn't mean anything. What if she was selfish and wanted Lisa just for herself? What was Lisa going to do?

HE WAS DESPERATE HERE.

"What if... What if she-she t-think you should... uh... cut this," and finally he could say it, awkwardly, scared, but maybe it was the best to know from the beginning.

Lisa looked at him like he was crazy. "That would be unfair and I wouldn't accept, Jungkook. It'd be stupid, she doesn't even love you," she said obviously, as if the idea was unimaginable.

Oh

DAMN

THANK GOD

So she wasn't going to give up on him for her?

"Sorry, that sounds bad," she apologized pouting. He could kiss her right now.

"I think it's better that she doesn't love me," he sighed in relief, God, and if she loved him? It would be a disaster.

Why would she love him anyway? Jungkook did absolutely nothing to earn her love. At least with Lisa they had spent time together, shared talks, talked about everything, had fallen in love in the process.

What did Chaeyoung have? Love at first sight?

That wasn't real... for her because Jungkook did fall in love with Lisa at first sight.

"I have to talk with her," she sighed again in discouragement, it showed that she didn't want to face that battle at all. "But... Can we keep this in secret ??"

BOOM

It hit, the bullet hit hard and in the heart.

(a/n: rhymes-cake.com)

Why did she want to do that? Was she embarrassed of him?

"What?"

"Just until I talk with her," she replied quickly, clearly noticing

his sad bewilderment and quickly calming him down. "I think that coming out as a couple in her face would be too harsh, I have to prepare her," she explained better.

"Oh," he murmured thoughtfully. She was right but... was it necessary? He wanted to shout at the four winds that they were together, that they were *finally* together, but she wanted to keep it a secret and although he understood why, it caused a slight stab in his chest. He had already gone through that *"let's keep this in secret"* shit and it didn't end good.

It was hard not to relate it to the past but then he saw Lisa's innocence and reminded himself once again that she and Tzuyu were not the same.

"I think it is okay, if you want it," he finished accepting, shrugging.

"Really?" she leaned toward him, to see his face. She wanted to know that he was sure.

"Yes," he nodded.

"Thank you!" Lisa kissed his cheek sweetly and knelt close to him, this time keeping the sheet up. "And thank you for this too, I promise to wake up earlier some day and make it for you too"

Did she have to be this cute? Was it necessary?

Jungkook smiled. "It's not necessary"

"It is but don't wait for more than cereal and milk from me, I'm a real bad cook," she made a sad pout but then lightened up. "I have a better idea! I'll treat you a good dinner in the best Thai restaurant of Seoul "

"Uh? What? No. Doll, it's not necessary," he contained the sudden recharge of euphoria in his body, endorphins running through his brain like drugs.

"I like when you call me Doll," she told him softly, nibbling her lower lip. "From where you got it?"

Fuck. He didn't want to say that.

Jungkook scratched his neck, awkward. "I ... Uh ... When I didn't know your name I used to call you Dollface in my mind because you look like a doll..."

"Do I"

She didn't know it?

"Yes"

"Thank you," she hummed pleased. "I can be your doll," she added, moving one leg over him to sit on his lap. Once again, he had her half naked and radiant in his arms, intoxicating him with a powerful and golden energy that made him stupid.

Her doll, she could be his doll..

His cock was thrilled by the matter.

Jungkook leaned his head back to look at her, holding her soft hips in his big hands. "Just mine?" He moved closer to her face, both breathing the same air.

"Just yours," she assured him, leaning down to get their lips together in a kiss.

It was easy to forget all his insecurities when she was like this. Maybe he had to trust, after all, she couldn't fake all this, she couldn't fake her love. And he was smarter to see the signs after the mess with Tzuyu, Lisa wasn't showing any.

He preferred to sink into this cloud anyway, out of reality, away from the world, just him and Lisa and hot kisses that increased the palpable desire between them, tongues meeting in the middle just to add more electricity. She altered every molecule in his body and it tingled wherever she touched, powerfully poisoning him until all he could think of was her and it wasn't like he thought of anything else when he was around even if she wasn't kissing him.

She was an unreal creature.

However, her phone vibrated this time and she stretched out on the bed to take it, only to return to the old position. Jungkook hugged her, sinking his nose into the warmth of her neck. It was as soft and smelled delicious, sweet, smooth, like Lisa. His lips were still tingling from the last kisses and he felt the powerful desire to kiss her even more, throwing her phone away.

"Oppa?" she muttered confused.

Oppa?

What Oppa?

He raised his head, almost breaking his neck to take a look.

Jaewon?

JAEWON?

Why was he texting her?

Lisa was typing, not even bothered that he was seeing.

Jaewon Oppa

hey barbie

are you coming to the
mural this afternoon?

yes

i think

good

could you bring a flash drive
or camera with your edited pictures?

Oh it was all work. Good. The knot in his stomach, caused by the cloud of fears and insecurities, again twisted violently and he had to calm down, however, it wasn't going to happen soon. Nope. He didn't like this.

He didn't have the right to complain anyway. Lisa wasn't hiding or acting suspicious or something, it was a casual talk.

Jaewon Oppa

key

i have more to take btw

is the doc finished already?

nope

there are some things to add

see you barbie

"BaRbIe," he mumbled rolling his eyes before losing himself again to her skin.

He didn't plan for her to listen to him, Lisa typed something else and threw her phone away, then took her face by the cheeks, crushing them and making his lips stretch. "Doll is better," she assured him and kissed his pouty lips, erasing all worry and thought from his mind.

Jungkook smiled and deftly slid her onto the bed to continue with more kisses and snuggles, giggles sounding in the room as he discovered she had some tickles in the waist. Her bubbly laugh lighted up his whole year, honestly.

"Well, GOOD MORNING," Bambam yelled from the kitchen counter when he saw her enter the apartment.

Lisa felt caught like a child but very happy, she walked towards him writhing with joy. "Hello," she hummed, leaving her backpack on the sofa. "Hi babyyyy," she greeted Leo who was between her legs and picked him up. "Did uncle Bambam take care of you?"

Leo meowed as a reply, not very pleased but I can't know if it was because Bambam was a bad nanny or because he wanted Lisa to put him down.

"I'm his new daddy," Bambam spoke loudly. "Since his mom abandoned him for some dick," he spat with false disgust.

"That's not true," Lisa pressed Leo to her face and the cat only kept a face of clear disgust, he didn't like being squeezed. She put him in front of her eyes. "I'm your only mommy, right?"

"Meow," and it sounded like *whatever, put me down, Karen*.

"And he will have a new daddy," she winked at Bambam.

Bambam forced a laugh. "I wanna kill myself after hearing that, thank you" he said with a stiff smile.

Lisa stuck out her tongue and pampered her cat a little more before lowering it to the ground.

"You smell like good sex," Bambam wrinkled his nose and only got a silly laugh as she took a seat next to him to steal some of his breakfast. "Why are you so shy? Tell me what happened. And don't

eat my food!" He hit her in the hand with his chopsticks.

"Ouch!" she stuck her tongue out at him even though she'd just gotten a piece of carrot anyway and ate it. "What do you want me to tell you? It was good"

He looked at her neck, Lisa deduced that he had found a hickey that she had not managed to cover before leaving Jungkook's house. "I see. You look like you slept with a vampire, what the fuck is this?" He stuck his finger in a spot on her collarbone that the huge collar of Jungkook's borrowed shirt exposed.

"Nothing, gosh," she clapped his hand. "Stop acting like you never saw a hickey before"

"I saw hickies before but you are like a dalmatian. Your foundation is shit," he scoffed before bringing some rice to his mouth.

Her foundation wasn't shit!

"I had to leave fast and didn't have time to spare. I have to go to the mural in two hours, Jaewon Oppa sent me a text "

Bambam looked at her like she was an idiot. "And you're going just for him?"

"Because it's my work," she corrected him. "And I have to talk with Chaeng, she's gonna be there," she added, shrugging.

Bambam narrowed his eyes, suspecting, then he smirked. "YOU DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOUR MAN ALONE WITH HER! ADMIT IT!"

"YAH!" she hit him though shit, yes, it was true.

"ADMIT IT!"

"ADMIT WHAT? IT'S NOT TRUE!"

"GO TO LIE TO THE LIARS CLUB, UGLY, NOT TO ME"

"Stop!" she whined. "What's the worst she can do? Ask him on a date? He will say no," and of that Lisa was absolutely certain.

(a/n: how are you so sure)

Bambam looked at her with amusement and stretched his lips. "I don't know, maybe she comes bold today and shows some cleavage, ooohhhh try to kiss him?"

Lisa looked at him seriously, yes, on her fucking grave she would do that.

"You two are so disgusting," he chuckled, after surviving his glares. "He did the same face when I talked about Jaewon and you"

Oh, he could eat out very well when he was jealous too and Lisa smiled playfully to herself. Gosh, she was so lucky to have him. Jungkook was perfect, so fucking perfect.

If he just knew it...

"How are you going to deal with Chaeyoung, anyway? Whiny brat will snap after this," he asked, noticing she was getting lost in

JungLand, again.

Lisa leaned her face into her fist, sighing and puffing out her cheeks. Her lips had taken on a new shade of pink lately. "I don't know, I'm trying to think what to say and how"

"It shouldn't be that hard, c'mon, she's not into Jungkook, she left the last party with Park Jimin"

She nodded, remembering that, and pursed her lips thoughtfully. Leaving aside that Chaeyoung acted like a saint when she kept having something with the best friend of the guy she supposedly liked, the situation was interesting. "Do you think she may like Jimin Oppa enough to forget about Jungkook?"

"Honestly, I think she's just into Jungkook because he's into you," Bambam told her simply, Lisa looked at him expecting more and when he finally finished chewing on the bite he had just taken to his mouth, he added: "She thought she had a chance with him but he rejected her indirectly by showing more interest in you but you know how she is, you say no but she wouldn't care and would try to get a yes, especially if she's feeling threatened. You know, it's obvious after all the things she did to keep you both apart "

"Right"

(a/n: that's all you're gonna say? Nothing like lol my friend is a bitch?)

"So, your talk with her won't end up nice"

Lisa sighed deeply. This was so fucked up. "She deserves an apology because after all, I started this"

"But SHE decided to keep believing it when it was obvious he couldn't give less a shit. Again, she's not even into him. Didn't she tell you all the things she doesn't like about JK? "

The memory made her blood boil. True. She wanted to change him, she didn't even know him and refused to do it or even appreciate what he was. Maybe Bambam was right and Chaeyoung only wanted him because he saw Lisa win.

It was disappointing, anyway.

She could accept guilt for what she had done but perhaps Chaeyoung wouldn't accept that she didn't want Jungkook.

Silence fell between them but Bambam cut it pretty fast: "Let me eat and go take a shower, you smell like cum and I don't think your Rosie Posie would like that when you two meet"

Oof.

She didn't smell like cum, she cleaned herself.

But she smelled her shirt just in case and...

Uh no, just Jungkook's perfume and some of Downy.

"You're so stupid, Pranpriya," he rolled his eyes.

"Yah! Keep talking and I'm not treating you that meal," she

warned him.

He was so offended after that. "Excuse me? I worked my ass out, going on a date with your stupid boyfriend, paying his dinner, talking good about you to him, and risked it for you and Jungkook when you fucked up and you're acting like this?"

"Okay fine, sorry," she sighed, Bambam had told her what he had done that night after Jungkook rejected her and her chococake. She was very sad to scold him for meddling in her life and sadder still to know that she had screwed up even more by thwarting Jungkook's attempts to get her, despite being so shy, and that explained the change of clothes and that he was so bold with her at the bar and the kiss. Still, it had felt good to know that Bambam had done that for her, even though Lisa didn't want to; It was heartwarming to have someone to fight for you selfishly. "Thank you, by the way," she murmured with aegyo and stood up to hug him from behind.

Bambam patted her arm gently. "It's okay. Prepare that credit card, we're going shopping too"

"What?"

She wasn't going to buy him clothes, nope, she had limits.

"I don't know how much you plan to stay here and I'm not lending you more clothes"

"Why are you so mean?" she whined. Yeah, she made some mess in his closet but it wasn't that serious.

"I don't know, maybe if you didn't stain my shirts with Jeon's cream?!"

That wasn't...

No wait, that time in the kitchen... she was wearing the shirt...

Lisa decided to keep quiet, nod and smile.

Bambam cringed at her lack of response, he was just talking out of his ass but he didn't expect her to accept it... So she did stain his shirt with... "God..."

"Why are we doing this?" Jungkook asked with an arched eyebrow, locked in the art department girls' restroom with Lisa.

Lisa tapped the beauty blender on his neck, covering all those hickeys and marks. It was hard to concentrate though, his thigh neck was too hot and all she wanted to do was kiss him there more, licking the muscles and lines a way up to his mouth. But Jungkook was enjoying the softness of the caresses, leaning on a sink with his head pulled back while she was leaning on him, not aware of her filthy mind.

"Because Chaeng can't see this"

Or she didn't want anyone to see it?

"She will ask and I don't want you to lie," she bit her lip in

concern.

(a/n: covering the EVIDENCE IS LYING IN POLICE TERMS)

"I don't really want you involved into this... more than you are already"

Yeah, he didn't have to continue overthinking. Was the thought of Lisa lying somewhat inconsiderately, when she'd been ashamed of him anyway?

"It's okay," he shrugged, relaxing the muscles taut with emotion. "Jimin Hyung was a pain in the ass about them anyway, Yugyeom would be too"

"For real? What did he say? "

"I arrived when I was cleaning the kitchen... He connected the dots pretty fast"

Jimin was very delicate about everything, questioning everything and whether they had really done it in every part of the house and had used it as an excuse not to clean or cook. Jungkook just rolled his eyes and turned a blind eye, he wasn't going to share any details of his sexual activities with Lisa. That could make his Hyung imagine it, naked Lisa included, and Jungkook preferred to sit on a burning stone rather than allow that.

Those piercings were his secret.

"Oh my gosh!!" she put her hands on the sides of her head, embarrassed. Jungkook smiled slightly, she looked cute and sweet. "What did you tell him?"

"Nothing"

"That must have been so embarrassing, I'm sorry"

"Sorry for what?"

"Foor seducing you while doing breakfast," she slid her hands up his chest, the hot touch was electrifying.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow, looking down. Her long fingers spread across his chest, flattening the black fabric against her pecs. "I said yes in my memories," he said in a hoarse voice.

"I'm glad for it but I would have begged if you asked for it by the way," she looked at him through her lashes, she knew very well what she was doing, but contrary to what she would have done on other occasions, She leaned down to grab the Maybelline foundation pot and spurted more in the beauty blender.

Jungkook arched a brow, picturing a few images fast... What would have she done if he played hard to get? Maybe get on her knees?

Not like he could say no, his figurative dog tail was wiggling every time Lisa was close. He would be the one getting on his knees to get a meal, lick her whole and make her scream.

NO.

JUNGKOOK DON'T.

NOT HERE FUCKER.

They were in a fucking bathroom, dammit.

(a/n: do you all see some problem with it? bc i don't)

"What-what Bambam said about yours?" he asked instead. Lisa had no traces of hickeys in her neck but Jungkook was proud of knowing she had tons of them in her neck this morning so she probably just covered them.

"He called me Dalmatian"

Jungkook snorted. "There weren't that many"

"I know, right? He also said my foundation was shit, how could he dare? It was expensive," she was really offended by that.

Was foundation that important? He knew skin care was, he had acne to fight with. Should he try foundation?

"It's really soft and smells good," he commented, noticing that being around her was intoxicating, even having a picnic in a sewer would seem nice, but the gentle touches of the sponge were really soothing.

"You like scents too much, right?"

"Yes. I like sweet things "

"Well, you like me, that says it all," she cupped her own face like a flower, huge smile on her face.

Jungkook chuckled, foolish smile refusing to leave his mouth.

"You do smell really sweet"

"I noticed, you smell my hair even when you're sleeping," she said, LIKE NOTHING.

(a/n: girl...)

Fuck.

Why was she so happy about it? It was weird.

HE THOUGHT SHE DIDN'T NOTICE!

"It's cute, though. Because then you would snuggle more and pull me closer like a cute cute cat," she scrunched her nose, feeling it too sweet to handle. Jungkook scrunched his nose too, embarrassed. How could that be so sweet for her? "I love sleeping with you"

He loved that too, especially because she was close and her hair smelled good. Exactly that thought brought him to this predicament but he couldn't lie and change his mind.

"Both senses?"

"Both," she giggled quietly. "You make me feel so protected. Did I tell you that it drove me crazy that time when you defended me against those drunk guys? "

Oh that...

"Really?" he felt so many cringe attacks after that, he thought it was too much. In the moment, he was ready to fight but after that,

uh, not so much, it was embarrassing. The drunk guy even laughed at him.

"Yes," Lisa sighed happily. "You look hot when you're angry, so hot that I may have done some things at night thinking about it," she casually added. Once again, knowing very well what he was doing.

"Lisa ...," he whined, feeling real pain.

THEY WERE IN A BATHROOM. A PUBLIC BATHROOM.

(a/n: so what)

"Sorry, I never met a guy this hot and handsome before"

And here she was saying things like this.

Jungkook pressed his tongue against his cheek, arching an eyebrow. "I never met a girl this beautiful and hot before either"

Lisa laughed. "That's so a lie, Tzuyu is gorgeous and what about Seungyeon?"

"Seungyeon?" he asked really confused, where did that come from? Why precisely Seungyeon?

"Yes. I know you both had something," she didn't sound jealous but the words hinted at something.

"It was nothing. We're just friends," he clarified, because yes, they had slept together and Seungyeon was perhaps very loving but respectful, once she knew that he and Lisa were something she would stay away.

Still, she seemed to have more of a crush on Lisa than on him.

Lisa looked at him for long seconds in silence, then she tilted her head and continued working on his neck and collarbones. "Okay then"

That "Okay" sounded weird, she was indifferent but it was suspicious.

"Is it?"

"Is it what?"

"Is it okay?"

"Why wouldn't it be okay? You said you two are just friends... just as you're friends with Tzuyu," the sigh that followed was strange. He looked at her with intrigue and she shook her head. "Sorry, I don't like asking questions like this but, why are you still friends with her? After all she did"

"Because it's in the past"

And she stared at him in silence again. "Fine, I guess," she shrugged.

What was going on in her mind?

"Li-"

"Lean back a little bit more, please," she said sweetly instead.

He sighed but did what she told him, keeping his eyes in her, her

lips were open and her front white teeth were visible. She had a golden age actress type of mouth, so beautiful. His hands stayed on her waist and his thumbs circled her waist anyway, comforting her. She shouldn't have to worry about other girls, past was past.

(a/n: i think she's worried about your friend chewy being an ungrateful bitch actually but ok bro, live the jealousy fantasy)

"I think you're ready," she said and left a peck on his neck that tickled him.

He lowered his head to look at her and there were his bright, happy eyes back. "Thank you," he murmured, pulling her closer with a hand on her cheek to kiss her lips.

"You look at me too much, though, it makes me nervous," she whispered shyly, and amused. Jungkook licked his lip, smiling.

"I make you nervous?"

"Uhu," she nodded before kissing him again.

His hands traveled to her ass and pulled her closer, opening her mouth with his tongue. Lisa held his hair, arching up for him.

It was heated and short, though. It wasn't the correct place but damn if he didn't want to keep kissing here there for the rest of the day.

"I can't wait to tell everyone that we're together," she smiled but a concerned frown showed on her forehead. "Do you think Chaeyoung will forgive me?"

"Yes," he kissed her forehead softly. "Everything will be okay. I'm here for you," he added, showing his pinky.

Lisa interlaced hers with it, giggling.

"So you finally decided to come to work"

She wasn't going to make it easy, right?

"I don't want to fight," Lisa made it clear from the beginning.

"Who's fighting? I'm just commenting it since you didn't show up at all this week," she said simply, but the smile on her face said just the opposite. Too innocent to be honest.

Jungkook didn't come either and she wasn't over his ass!!

"Chaeng, really," Lisa literally begged her.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes and kept working, Lisa did it too, sighing. At her side, Jaewon chuckled quietly, tilting his head.

"Don't laugh, this is actually sad," Lisa scolded him even though she was smiling but it was a sardonic smile, laughing to not cry.

"Barbie, if she's being a bitch, be a bitch too," he replied simply, looking at his laptop the photos that Lisa was passing from her camera. It was easy for him because he was not friends with Chaeyoung nor did he want to do things well nor did he carry the weight of guilt on his shoulders.

"It can't make peace if I am a bitch"

"Why do you want to make peace? If she can be happy for you and get over a guy she doesn't even like, hence she's sleeping with his best friend, then say fuck it and keep fucking Jungkook in peace"

"Shhhh!!" Lisa covered his mouth. "It's a secret!"

Jaewon laughed and hard, looking at her like she was dumb. "Tell that to your face, Barbie," and he pointed at Jungkook, who was laughing hard with Yufyeom, literally glowing. "Or tell him that to get rid of the I just got laid face"

The worst part was that Jaewon was right, Jungkook had THE face.

"I mean, it could be sex with anyone else," she tried to defend her cause, in a low tone for Jaewon to imitate her.

NO ONE HAD TO KNOW, DAMN.

There were just 20 people working, rumors could pass through them like the flu.

"Everyone knows he wanted to fuck you and he would be that happy just after fucking you"

"We spent two days together too, it's not just about good sex," she had the need to say.

"Sure, and you two were playing UNO, right?"

Lisa laughed, covering her mouth. FINE FINE FINE, they had tons of sex and it was good but they were more than that. They ate together, slept together, spent time lying on bed together, finished the project too and they talked a lot while doing so. Jungkook could turn in such a tease when he was in good mood and he loved to touch, while Lisa had a thing with his soft hair and would be touching it spontaneously, Jungkook would be caressing her leg, foot, arm, waist, ass, whatever part of her body that were the closest to his reach.

It was cute, Lisa could still feel his soothing touch, it was extra special when she was about to fall asleep in his arms.

How could everything with him feel so natural? It was like they were doing this for years but they were together since just three days.

(a/n: welcome to the magic of fanfictions)

It was intense, probably because they held themselves back for too long. She wanted to be with him already, in a safe place, kissing, hugging, talking, giggling...

"How is it supposed to be a secret when you're smiling like this?"

Her vision focused back on the real world and she turned her head quickly, trying to process his words. God, she was really lost.

Jaewon laughed at her again and Lisa smiled sheepishly,

wrinkling her nose. She ended up putting her hands on his face, annoyed by his teasing, and shoved him back as he enjoyed her childish reactions and bubbly giggles.

"So..."

And here it was Jungkook, in front of them.

(a/n: jungkook like 🙄👀👀)

"Hey!" Lisa released Jaewon quickly and smiled at him so brightly that Jaewon rolled his eyes.

And he, who had obviously been jealously upset by the small interaction between the two, melted at her, forming a small closed-lip smile that was very incriminating, it was obvious that he was hiding a secret that wasn't even a secret because THE I JUST GOT LAID FACE WAS THERE.

"Do you need something Jungkook?" Jaewon asked.

"Uh?" he raised both eyebrows and stammered like a fish. Did he really want something or was he jealous? Like all those times when he found a way to interrupt all his conversations with Lisa.

HE NEVER HAD A THOUGHT EXCUSE.

(a/n: actually the author is too lazy to think in one. sorry 🙄👉👈)

"Jungkookie..."

Jungkookie?

"Jungkookie?" Lisa whispered.

Chaeyoung hung onto Jungkook's arm lovingly, resting her cheek on his shoulder. She literally had to tiptoe for that. Jungkook looked at him like he was a spider crawling up his body as Lisa's expression turned serious, like she just ran her hand over her face.

Jaewon relaxed in his stool, crossing his arms, ready for the show.

"Uh?"

"Could you please go check the last details of the upper part?" she said with too much sweetness in her tone, so much that it was cloying.

Jungkook nodded, it was his job after all. "Sure," he gave Lisa a last look and left.

Chaeyoung's sly smile hit her in the face, it was with pure intention of pushing him away from her and with all the arrogance of feeling proud for achieving it.

What the hell? This wasn't kinder anymore, she was a fucking adult and she was behaving like this after the talk they had. He was just a toy for her and it showed.

"Are you really doing this?" Lisa couldn't contain her tongue. She wanted to make the damn peace but it was difficult if she kept that hateful expression, looking to sting her.

"Doing what?" she asked as if she hadn't just done all that cheap

and mellow theater in front of her to show superiority.

What the hell was wrong with her? Chaeyoung was NOT like that.

(a/n: maybe she was and you're just noticing)

"All that, we made it clear that you don't even like him"

"It's time for you to accept that you don't want me to like him. It's not even your business Lisa, you're still here flirting with another guy in everyone's face," SHE WASN'T FLIRTING AND SHE WASN'T WITH JUNGKOOK AS SHE WANTED TO BE TO PROTECT HER FEELINGS AND SHE WAS SAYING THIS? "Sorry, Jaewon Oppan, I don't want to involve you like this but-

WAS SHE REALLY APOLOGIZING TO JAEWON?

"Don't worry, I'm not listening," he lied and stared at the screen.

Honestly, this wasn't funny, not for Lisa.

"We need to talk," she told Chaeyoung who silently let her lead her out of the building, to the entrance which was calm and lonely. A few students were walking out on the campus, while others were sitting on the benches with papers and books, for sure about to take some make-up opportunities.

Chaeyoung crossed her arms and looked at her like she was a nuisance. "You really have to stop coming for me every time I talk with Jungkook, you're with Jaewon Oppa"

Damn, was she taking classes to be a pain in the ass? It was funny when both were being like this against someone else but when it was in between, it was annoying.

Lisa took a deep breath, keeping it calm. "Again, I'm not with Jaewon Oppa and I "came for you" because we talked about this, you don't like him"

"I do," Chaeyoung snapped back, almost interrupting her.

Why was she so stubborn? Everyone knew she didn't like Jungkook.

"You don't! You don't like his style, his habits, his friends- "

"Why do I have to justify why I like him? It's not something you can explain "

"How are you supposed to like someone if you don't even like parts of him?" Lisa said, tired, done, it was like arguing with a child.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes again and sighed deeply. "Okay but when did I say I didn't like all you say?"

Did she lose her memory in an accident or what? This wasn't a Mexican telenovela.

"Last week!"

"You put those words in my mouth," she objected, pointing at her with all her sass.

Why was she being sassy? What was her problem?

GOD.

"Yah, Chaeyoung!" Lisa explained but just got as a reply a cocky chin up and eyes looking to a side, refusing to face her. "He's not even your type," she added.

Chaeyoung arched both brows, looking her up and down. "And who are you to say who is my type and who is not?"

...

...

Did she really ask that? To Lisa? Like she was a stranger?

It hurt, it really did fucking hurt.

"Your best friend of years," she couldn't control her voice to not sound as weak as she was feeling. How could she act like this with her? They were friends after all, they could be angry but there were limits.

Chaeyoung scoffed. "Oh, now you're my best friend. If you really were, you would be supporting me regardless of all those excuses you're making instead of pushing me to explain my preferences "

"I'm trying to help you to not make a mistake. C'mon, you even slept with Jimin Oppa "

"I DIDN'T DO THAT!"

Oh, defensive much?

She did it.

Then why was she still after Jungkook? After all the things Lisa knew she did with Jimin, it was obvious there was something, it even happened in front of her eyes, the sexual tension was thick; but Chaeyoung wanted Jungkook and for what.

"You don't have to shout it," Lisa tried hard to not mock her, staying serious because it wasn't the right moment.

"Why are you so intense about this? He has nothing to do with you, and soon it will be the same with me because I'm tired of you doing everything that's in your hand to push me down. What kind of friend are you?"

"I-"

What?

Was she really considering ending everything with her because of this? Lisa knew that her relationship with Jungkook was going to make her mad but Chaeyoung was already thinking of dumping her just because she wasn't supportive of her crush on someone. she. didn't. even. like.

Just because Lisa was saying she was wrong.

Did she ever tell her before that she was wrong? Or she was as scared as now because of losing her?

"I've been there for you in any stupid thing you did. I was there

when you got in trouble with the police and I covered you so your father wouldn't know. I said fuck it to an opportunity in Australia to come here to Seoul for you. I supported you even when no one was doing it, why are you then making such a fuss for just a boy? Why are you being a bitch? Is him more important than me? For God's sake Lisa, you even left home for him. What the hell is that? " Chaeyoung argued, showing her real sad emotions for once. Tears came to her eyes, showing that under the sassy facade, she was struggling over this too.

It is impressive how simple words can stick into the body like poisonous arrows. First they create a tingling and then they start to bleed, you just try to process the first hit while feeling nothing but weakness.

Lisa gasped, scared of what she had just discovered while Chaeyoung finished her angry speech and headed for the entrance, leaving her alone as if she hadn't quite made Lisa wonder if everything she had done was okay and if her heart had made the right decision.

The truth is that she felt divided, one part was furious that Chaeyoung had just thrown all those things she did for her in the face as if they were a sacrifice of force majeure and she hated having done it while the other part was sore, full of guilt because she had really left her house for a boy, for Jungkook, fucking all her principles. And she was also refusing to let her friend go even though she showed clear signs of being a selfish bitch.

(a/n: sorry for the last part, haha, my bad)

Gosh, maybe Lisa was a bitch, not for trying to make Chaeyoung analyze her liking but for getting in something with Jungkook. Chaeyoung did a lot of things for her and this was her payment?

After years of friendship, she really said fuck you Chaeyoung for a guy.

For Jungkook.

"You're leaving Jungkook?" Chaeyoung's voice reached her ears and Lisa unconsciously turned as if a thread was pulling her.

There they were both in front of the door, side by side, the best friend and the boyfriend. It was easy to deduce that Jungkook had just heard everything and the insecurity that Lisa saw in his face was something she didn't like at all.

He was hesitating and seemed not to trust in her, it was understandable because unlike Chaeyoung, he didn't have the security that years of stability brought. He still didn't know her well enough to know if she was going to follow her heart or mind, which was yelling at her to stop getting in trouble and leave him for Chaeyoung, her best friend.

But the simple fact that he was terrified of losing her and that she had a sudden urge to take refuge in his arms, certain that he would never bring things to her face, was a sufficient response.

Lisa couldn't regret anything, but that didn't mean it hurt less.

"Hello..."

Her head snapped out at listening to her voice and it was like the cold night was suddenly a sunny day. "Hi!!"

Lisa was about to close, waiting for the couple with the child at one of the tables to leave when they finished their ice cream, and she didn't expect Jungkook to come. She thought he was going to wait for her outside.

"What are you doing here? Did you finish already?"

"Yeah, I also feel like having some ice cream today," he rocked on his boots, hands in the pockets of his ripped jeans.

"Don't you want the ice cream girl too?" Lisa flirted at him helplessly.

"Especially the ice cream girl but her shift is not over yet so I guess I'll have to be happy with just ice cream," he sighed helplessly.

Lisa giggled. "What do you want?"

"Cookies and cream and strawberry"

"Coming"

"And what do you want?"

"Uh?"

Jungkook pointed to the counter. "Ice cream flavor, what do you want?"

"Me too?" she was taken aback by that.

"Wouldn't it be impolite to get ice cream just for myself?" He cocked his head innocently, this was his way of inviting her to eat ice cream and it was quite smooth.

Her heart pumped merrily inside her chest. "Right," she nodded and then remembered what she told him that morning. "Oh wait, this is on me," she winked at him and started to grab the big cones.

Her boy deserved the best.

"I was going to pay for you," he complained, while pouting inconsciously.

Lisa wanted to jump the counter and leave pecks all over his face, especially his lips. She also wanted to take refuge in his leather jacket.

"Of course you won't, this time is on me and in the next is on you. Welcome to equality," she made a bow with her hands as if presenting a show.

Jungkook didn't look very happy but he nodded resignedly. "I

guess it's fine, but I wanted to pay"

"Why?"

"Because," he looked at her with those dark, glittering eyes and an attractive smile slid across his thin lips. "You look like you need an ice cream"

She was moved, her eyes turned into emoji puppy eyes in a blink and Jungkook had big needs to hug her. She had a horrible day after talking to Chaeyoung, her mood was no longer the same even if she tried hard to be happy. Lisa couldn't hide the sadness very well which made it clear that it was the best to keep her happy. Jungkook wanted to take her back to his place and lock himself in his room, where it was easy to make her forget the bitter taste that her best friend left in her mouth with a few jokes and kisses.

"Thank you," she whispered weakly and giggled nervously, clearly shocked and uncomfortable for getting emotional over that. He respected that and didn't mention it.

Jungkook watched her move as she did her job, she was mesmerizing and cute, she took short steps in the small space behind the counter and her low ponytail swayed, some strands falling to the sides of her face. The stupid unicorn handband wasn't doing its job at all but it was still sweet to see.

"Who a' you?"

The kid showing up out of nowhere scared the shit out of him. "Uh?"

He was probably around 2, black hair, dark eyes, a serious furrowed brow on his small forehead. "Stop seeing he' like dat "

"Uh?!"

"Sorry!" the kid's father picked him up, like he was a potato rag under his arm. "He has a crush on Lisa"

(a/n: i just have to show many people having a crush on her to show lisa's supremacy 🙄 thank you. you're welcome)

"Punch him daddy!" the kid was struggling, shaking his small legs like a beetle.

"Sorry, sorry," he bowed apologetically.

And since he was bowing, Jungkook did too. "It's okay, it's okay"

"Defend Lili, daddy!"

"He watches too many cartoons, sorry"

"Don't hang the kid like that!" Kid's mother took the kid then, while glaring at Kid's father. They were quite young to be parents, Jungkook noticed. She changed to a smile when she looked at him, she had big round eyes and thick lips, a mole under her eye like Lisa; Kid was on her waist and he now had his eyes narrowed glaring in his childish way. "Sorry. Are you Lisa's boyfriend? It was about time! She's been single for so long and I told her it was unfair

since she is so pretty. Perfect girlfriend material, but you know that better, right?"

...

What?

So many excited words at once were scary, he was taken aback by it, not so many people were that vocal with him. But he ordered his brain cells and replied the question: "Uh... Yeah, we're together"

GOSH

THAT

SAYING THAT

WOW

"Yes, we are!" he added, more cheerful than before, tilting his head like he couldn't believe it.

"You're so lucky, our Lisa is an angel"

"My Lisa!" the kid added. "You not good for he"

Well, he was sure her mother would think the same, Kid wasn't special.

Maybe the boy's mother would think the same and he got worried that she would say something, it wasn't a good time for someone else to make Lisa doubt her own. Enough fear Chaeyoung had caused him that afternoon, even getting into the ice cream parlor had been challenging because he thought Lisa would kick him out.

Obviously, it didn't happen.

(a/n: why would she do that?! # ")

"Sorry, our Byummie is the phase of mine, mine, mine," the woman explained to Jungkook, not giving two looks at the tattoos on his hands and the all black look.

I think no one noticed that Lisa was still there, watching the show, with hers and Jungkook's ice creams ready in her hands. "Byummie, maybe when you get older," she said to the boy.

"Byummie" crossed his arms, pouting. "U mine!"

Mother rolled her eyes. "It's time to go," she smiled at Lisa. "See you when Byummie remember his crush on you again"

Lisa laughed out loud and nodded. "Bye bye Oppa, bye Unnie," she shook her hands with the ice cream.

Jungkook gave little bows in farewell, and the boy's mother surprised him by whispering to him as she passed by, "Use protection, you don't want a kid at your age."

Jungkook widened his eyes, shocked and a confused laugh escaped him. The whisper was not so low, Lisa heard it too and shared with him the look of serious terror.

Both were too broke and too young for kids.

And her mother already hated him enough before knowing he was dating Lisa, imagine how much she would hate him for dating

her and also knocking her up.

Yeah, no kids.

And he suddenly got concerned about all the times he came in her... Was that implant really effective? He had google that because... No...

"Well ...," she said to cut the awkward silence as it was too early to talk about children, they had been dating THREE DAYS. "I'll go change super fast and then close, we don't want this to melt," she pointed at the ice cream and got lost through a door.

Jungkook chuckled, reviewing the situation. Lisa really had something that appealed to boys... and men... and anyone really, and it was not even a surprise, her charm was impressive and conquered hearts from the first moment, so strong that it could cause pain or set it on fire.

Ah, that was just himself.

Dramatic much? Yes, of course, it was about Lisa after all.

He looked around and without being able to not do anything, he lowered the pastel pink blinds on the front and door windows, so they could both go faster and the ice cream would not melt.

So he saw a dirty table and cleaned it, then cleaned another and a third one that was the last one and then he threw away the napkins and picked up some that were on the floor, then he closed the bag from the garbage can. And straightening up he found Lisa with her arms crossed.

"Sorry, you can't pay ice cream with work," she said with mock seriousness.

Jungkook pouted. "Damn it!"

Lisa covered her mouth, letting out kkkk noises, and took the ice cream, giving him his. She looked considerably more lively now.

Since Jungkook had done her job and got a kiss on the cheek as a reward, Lisa closed the store and they both headed towards the bus stop, chatting about the weather since it had rained all afternoon and now the streets were wet and the wind felt considerably colder.

Lisa was wearing a huge, light gray sweatshirt and ankle-length jeans with white sneakers.

"Aren't you cold?"

"Not much," she replied, running her tongue over her chocolate ice cream in a way that made Jungkook almost gasp. "This was the only thing I could take from Bambam before working, this is his gym sweatshirt," she commented with amusement.

"You haven't gone back home yet?"

Duh? Mister obvious.

"No... You heard her, we're both balancing at the edge and I feel like we could fall in the first second we talk," it was something that

tormented her mind so much that it even tormented his, he was scared of how this could wind up not only for him and Lisa together but also because Lisa was with her heart in her sleeve for Chaeyoung and from what he had seen, she seemed to be able to knock it down and stomp on it. It was something new however, Jungkook would never have imagined that she could spit words like that towards Lisa.

"Ooof, this is all my fault," Lisa sighed with a bitter smile.

"C'mon, it's not," he wrapped his free arm around her and pulled her close to his body, rubbing her arm as he walked. Lisa was freezing, Jungkook noticed. "She's building a castle and making me the prince when... I'm not even a prince, not even Shrek, maybe Donkey"

Lisa snorted. "Shut up, you are... *a dark knight*," she said in English, confusing him.

"Batman?"

(a/n: i imagine him saying like "pardon?" lol)

"Not! Oh my God, I mean dark knight," she explained this time in Korean.

Jungkook noted down the meaning in his mind.

Hold on, she just called him dark knight?

Wow.

Sexy.

"Oh... If you say so," he ate more of his ice cream and noticed that he was about to finish it while Lisa slowly enjoyed it, sucking on her fingers every time they got dirty and those thick lips were going to kill him, making him remember situations not very convenient. "Anyway, don't worry about it, she will be okay about everything soon. You're Lisa after all"

"What do you mean?" she asked confused, with a frown under her bangs.

Jungkook dropped the cone and held her arms, they had just arrived at the bus stop, smiling at her tenderly. "You are Lisa and Lisa can get anyone's heart. Who doesn't love stars?"

Her eyes glittered with suppressed emotions again and she whimpered, "Jungkook ...," she leaned down and rested her head on his chest, in a funny way since her body was one step away. "Thank you, for the ice cream and for the words and for being you," she said in a choked voice and gently lifted her head, holding her ice cream back in front of her mouth.

"And honestly..." his voice trailed off, first because she just made eye contact while running her tongue around the ice cream and got him half hard instantly, and second because he didn't know if he could say this.

"Honestly?" she asked, obviously she had noticed his gaze on her lips that were curiously stained with ice cream and curiously she decided to brush her index finger and suck the remains.

Fuck.

"I think she is the bitch," he said absentmindedly, too busy visualizing "things" to think about what he had just said.

Anyway, it was what he thought. Chaeyoung had emotionally manipulated Lisa, playing with guilt and loyalty, mixing things up. It was cruel, especially since she knew exactly what she was doing. Jungkook had not suffered such manipulation, not even Tzuyu had dared so much, but he could easily recognize it... but could Lisa?

Lisa frowned. "Don't call her a bitch"

"Sorry, I don't usually call girls bitch but... I mean, anyone, I don't like calling people bitches... I mean, I'm not a saint and I think it sometimes but it's not correct and... I mean, damn! " he sighed, annoyed with himself, and rubbed his eyes. "What I mean is that she's been very mean with you and you shouldn't let her treat you like that"

"But what if I should, I don't think I deserve congratulations for what I did"

"You don't deserve that kind of treatment, either," he was adamant about that and waited for Lisa to throw the cone to take her by the arms, holding her close to have her full attention. "Listen, I chose you, because as you said, I'm an adult, a person with a brain and rights," he clarified seriously but keeping his loving tone, it's not like he could use another one with her. "For some reason, I got myself two beautiful girls liking me but I chose you, I love you," he assured her. "She has to know that. Lisa, you didn't steal me from her, because I was never hers and, again, I'm not a dog "

(a/n: i can't believe I made them both throw the cones to the fucking trash can. THERE ARE KIDS DYING IN AFRICA KIM)

"But, she liked you and I knew it and made it bigger for her," she whimpered.

Lisa was stubborn and he couldn't believe he was just beginning to notice it. Once she believed something, there was no way to make her change her mind, even if it kept her from being so hurt and worried. Lisa refused.

"She made her own mind up, she's also a person with a brain, she can think and she created her own fantasies. Doll, for real, stop torturing yourself," he asked and stroked her cheek, which was also cold.

Lisa leaned against his hand with the corners of her mouth down. "... Yeah, you're right," she agreed, though he wasn't sure she really

believed it. "I love it when you call me doll," she changed the subject then and Jungkook got it, she wasn't to stop torturing herself soon and preferred to tease him.

It was okay, anyways.

"I love it when you call me señorita..." he sang softly, playfully, trying to raise the edges of her mouth up again.

It was easy, Lisa lighted up. *"I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya ... but every touch is ooh la la la,"* she danced as she hummed and allowed herself to be pulled by his arms until their bodies were together.

Jungkook laughed and Lisa wiped away some of the strawberry ice cream that had been left at the corner of her lips. Her touch gave him pleasant chills, he was just a bundle of nerves in her hands.

"Thank you"

She shouldn't be.

She kissed him and he let himself go as he wanted, wrapping her in his jacket since it was frankly freezing. Lisa snuggled closer and wrapped her arms around his waist, hugging him as their lips met sweetly. Together they created a safe protection against the cold breeze, bodies together and perfectly molded. Jungkook already felt like home to her, a warm home in the arms of a boy, something she had never expected to find and less in a person she didn't know so long ago.

Jungkook's impact was strong.

"Uh, just how I imagined," she murmured against his lips, hugging him closer under the jacket.

"Uh?"

"Nothing"

Jungkook

we need to talk

hello□

yes, what do you need?

are you free for lunch?

yes

let's have lunch then

say where

im paying

(a/n: jungkook sweetie...)

Bambam

UGLY

YO LAZY UGLY

all you have to do is
cross the corridor yk
no thanks
let's go tomorrow for lunch
i wanna try 365, it's close to nsu
and i got payment yesterday
so we gotta spend
this is why you're broke all the time
don't try to go economic with me
you have no rights
you spend tons every day
BECAUSE IM NOT DISOWNED
don't worry about my feelings
kunpimook i swear i'm not hurt☐
shut up drama queen
btw
when did you arrive?
fifteen minutes ago
i took a shower
why so late
jk and i spent some
time in the bus stop
THAT'S ILLEGAL
NASTY DUMB FUCKS☐
WE JUST KISSED 🤪🤪
with his dick inside
his pants not you?
DUH?
good
i can't go for you both to the police station
i'd save just jk tho
YAH
☐
im sure he's more neat than you
If you wanna kick me out just do it
fine
get out of my house
idk you don't sound convinced
so tomorrow...

Jimin was sitting on a bench, in the campus, with his phone and big yellow sunglasses, even though it was cloudy. He was really a sight, he was wearing an all black outfit with a black biker jacket and a black cap on his head, crossed legs and phone on his hand.

Chaeyoung was on her way to her *date*, which had her extra happy that day, but she couldn't ignore Jimin's presence as she was about to pass in front of him. What was he doing in the campus? Summer started last week, unless he was doing a make up exam, which wouldn't surprise her.

He was acting all the time like he was the smartest guy and that was so common in guys that were a failure.

"What are you doing here?" She stood in front, skinny legs in jeans in front of his face.

"Hello to you too, Cheesecake," he greeted her with a huge, attractive smile. "I am tutoring a friend for his makeup exam"

"Oh, do you teach?" she said condenciously.

Jimin ran his tongue inside his mouth, under his lip. "Whatever you want me to, anatomy too," he flirted with a silky voice.

Chaeyoung rolled her eyes, sighing. "You're so annoying"

"Just for you, Cheesecake," he winked at her, stepping up and towering her. He wasn't very tall but he was taller than her and he looked bigger with the biker jacket, definitely more handsome. And the Chanel necklace between his necklaces was still sinful. The silence got thick while she was staring, especially when he licked his lips before talking: "Are you going out for lunch?"

Jungkook! Right!

"I have a date," her face glowed with excitement but why was she more excited about telling him and see his reaction than the date itself.

Jimin stared at her, full attention, smile stiffening. "A date?"

Where was the flirty Jimin? I wasn't that amused now, right?

"Yes, with Jungkook," she rubbed it in his face. He could eat his words now because Jungkook was into her just as she knew.

Jimin's eyes went wide in disbelief. "With who?"

"Jungkook, and you don't laugh, it's rude," she frowned when he started to chuckle.

"Jungkook invited you to a date?" he asked her as if she was crazy.

"Yes. Yesterday night. Late night thoughts and I'm there, apparently," she said arrogantly. Last night she couldn't believe it and screeched loudly in her room, thankful for staying up.

Maybe Jungkook wanted to talk about New York? Or them? She couldn't wait to know and she was sure it was one of those topics.

"Trust me, I know what his late night thoughts are and your name is not the one he moans," Jimin popped her soap bubble just like that.

Why was he like that?

"I didn't mean that kind of late night thoughts, you're disgusting,"

she scrunched her nose.

"Sex is disgusting for you?"

Of course it wasn't, less if it was for him, but after that terrible morning, she would never sleep with him. She wasn't going to give him a reason to brag and annoy her.

(a/n: are you afraid of saying rawr in bed?)

"I won't talk about sex with you," she raised her forefinger to give herself more seriousness. "And the comment was so unnecessary"

"Why? Because he's not interested in you at night?"

Damn annoying guy.

"Forget it," she rolled her eyes. "I have a better place to be right now, with better company"

"So you're really going on a date with him?" he asked again, Chaeyoung gave him an exasperated nod. "Lisa knows it?"

"Why would Lisa have to know?"

"Oh, then why would Jungkook have to know about Lisa's dates with Jaewon?"

What was his problem?

"Excuse me?" she said, offended. "Who are you to question things like that?"

"I don't know, you tell me, Dino"

Chaeyoung sighed, tired. He wasn't going to stop soon right? And why was he still so fucking attractive?

"Why are you like this? Your flirting methods are like the ones of a 5 years old," she said arrogantly, trying to insult him indirectly.

"It's not my fault that you're so easy to annoy. Also, your delusions and denial about your attraction for me it's so attractive"

He was delusional for just saying that.

She didn't have any important attraction for him, not anymore, never.

"I was drunk"

"You weren't drunk when we kissed or all those times you were looking at my ass in work"

Annoying. Annoying. Annoying.

"I'm leaving"

"Good luck with that *date*, Cheesecake," he hummed mockingly and she almost raised her hand, showing him her middle finger.

Bold of her to think he wasn't going to follow her. Jimin had to know the truth behind this and he knew it wasn't a date, Chaeyoung was delusional and Jungkook wasn't the best communicator so there was a misunderstanding.

He called Jungkook on his casual way, steps behind Chaeyoung, checking the graceful sway of her hips.

"Hell-"

"What the fuck are you doing?" he interrupted him.

"Uh, about to have lunch?"

"With Chaeyoung?!"

"How do you know?"

So it was true?

"She just told me, are you out of your mind, bro? This is bad," Jimin scolded him, reaching the entrance of the university. Chaeyoung was going to the right.

"No, I have to talk with her. Be clear for once, you know"

"Wait, really? Clear like what?"

"Yes, Lisa and her need it. If I tell her that I'm not interested in her, she will forget about me and everything will be solved"

Oh, Jimin stopped even though it wasn't necessary but he just got a realization. "That's actually a good plan"

"Of course it is, Hyung, I'm really smart," Jungkook said arrogantly. Fuck him? Since when he had rights?

"So you won't tell her about you and Lisa?"

Jungkook sighed. "Lisa wants to keep it in secret for her, I won't steal that. It's not right"

Well, Lisa had her ideas clear. Showing up in front of Chaeyoung with Jungkook would be an attack in her face, but that was exactly what she needed, a reality hit. Lisa was being too soft.

"Yeah, Lisa should tell her," he agreed anyway, Lisa wanted to go for the peaceful way because she wanted to keep the friend, Jimin could support that. "But, do you know that she thinks it is a date?"

"A what?" Jungkook almost screamed. Oh yeah, he was shocked.

"A date"

"With her? Why?" he was so taken aback, like someone just told him his whole life has been a lie.

"You tell me," Jimin replied with irony.

"I just told her we have to talk," Jungkook defended himself and Jimin knew he just did that, but Chaeyoung was living in her own world, he had to say all the things clearly. You know, like screaming *IT'S NOT A DATE*.

"And she understood you both are about to marry"

"Can't she read?" he said with the tone of *"is she dumb?!"*.

"If you were this mean with people out of your circle..."

"Nah, I'm polite"

"Yeah, polite my balls," Jimin rolled his eyes and crossed a street, a few meters away from Chaeyoung. "I'm going there, where are you?"

"365? It's new apparently and expensive but I guess the sacrifice goes for breaking a girl's... dreams? I guess? Why are you coming, though?"

"I gotta see the show," Jimin smiled.

"Don't make faces from the distance, I have to keep it serious," Jungkook warned him.

He would do it if he had too.

In Jimin's defense, no one knows what Chaeyoung could come up with and he had to save Jungkook.

"Sure, see you," he hung up.

And then he called Lisa, she had to know, no more fucking misunderstandings because what if Chaeyoung decided to post a picture of her food and "date".

"Hello?" she answered with a light tone, too calm to be aware of what was about to happen.

"Where are you?"

"Having lunch?" so Jungkook was waiting with Lisa? He didn't mention it.

"Right now? With Jungkook?"

"Nop, Jungkook told me he has things to do, why? Something happened?"

Oh, so she didn't know.

WHY JUNGKOOK DIDN'T TELL HER? GODDAMMIT.

"Chaeyoung told me she's having a date with him today"

Jimin heard her hands slamming the table and glasses clinking.

"What?! No way!"

Oh, she was furious.

"I know but there must be a misunderstanding. Where are you?"

"365, it's a new restaurant-"

"FUCK!"

SHE COULDN'T BE SERIOUS.

"Don't tell me that...", Lisa got it with his burst out.

"Yes but hide yourself"

"Why?"

"Jungkook will talk with her and I think it's for the best if you don't involved"

"What? No! He doesn't know her, she will make a scandal and embarrass him and-"

So that's why Jungkook didn't tell her.

"Listen to me, let them solve it up"

"But-"

"Lisa, I'm serious. I'm on my way"

"I'm with Bamba-FUCK they're getting in. Do you bring sunglasses?"

"Yes, why?"

"We have to hide"

What?

"That's not-Okay, whatever, I will keep them on," he gave up, there was no time to waste and he was kind of imagining what was going on in her mind. "You're so cute, by the way"

Lisa chuckled. "I know Oppa but don't tell my boyfriend, he might get jealous"

"So, what do you want to tell me?" Chaeyoung looked pretty, long blonde hair down and a white long sleeved crop top, cropped just in the waist of her skinny jeans. She was sitting at his side too, which was unnecessary but Jungkook didn't know how to tell her to sit in the front since this was serious.

(a/n: how do you tell someone that? Like MOVE BITCH?)

"Uh..." he raised a brow at her, she was too close, literally leaning on him. How should he start this? "Did you work this morning?"

Yeaaah, casual topic, starting it normally.

"Of course. It's finished already, anyway, we're cleaning the rests and some stains. We don't want Mr. Kim to see it"

"Right, she's... intense," he opined... still thinking.

This was fucking awkward.

"You said you had a project with her, how did that happen?" Chaeyoung asked, interested, sipping the straw from her glass of water.

"She said she didn't know if we were working or not and she wouldn't give grades for free so... Yeah, we all were forced to be there," he replied, playing with the napkin holder, still trying to find out how to introduce the topic to this.

"That's so unfair, why didn't you call me? I could have talked for you"

"I was..." with a hangover and she wasn't even in his mind. It was just Lisa showing out of nowhere for him to draw her... like one of his French girls... getting naked, taking off his shirt... Uh... Lisa's tiddies.

Jungkook chuckled at himself.

And he didn't notice he was smiling at her, lost in Lisa's nipples. Chaeyoung misunderstood it and lowered her gaze shyly.

"So, could you finish?"

Yeah, in Lisa.

"What?"

"The project"

Ah, that too.

"Yes. It was easy," but hard to do at the same time because he was getting...distracted.

(a/n: is that a synonym for hard or fucked?)

"I'm glad. You have worked so hard," and she put her hand over

his.

Why was she touching him? Ma'am, you have to ask his mom first.

"What is she doing?!" Lisa whispered loudly between Bambam and Jimin, on a good table behind a big decorative plant. Menus were up and glasses were on, they were really going incognito. "Why is she touching him?"

"And she said she wasn't a jealous person," Bambam told Jimin, who laughed.

"Shhhh... Can we move to a closer table? I wanna hear," she pointed to the table literally in front of Jungkook and Chaeyoung. Both boys looked at her in disbelief, didn't she know they could see her? She wasn't wearing Harry Potter's invisible glasses. "Let's move to that one!"

"It's literally in the front, he will see us," Jimin HAD to tell her.

"Not if Bambam goes first with the bucket hat and glasses and then you go with your cap, you two will cover me with your bodies if you sit giving him your backs," she explained to them as if it was reasonable.

"Why are you talking like this was some kind of army mission?" Bambam asked.

"Because it is," she insisted. "Move, move! And don't be suspicious!"

"This is not the cartoon movie you think it is" Bambam said but obeyed.

Casually, taking advantage of Chaeyoung's eyes on Jungkook and Jungkook's desires to dig a hole and bury himself there, Bambam could sit in front, showing them his back.

Lisa showed her thumb up and then pushed Jimin, who was sure this wasn't going to work at all.

"Don't be suspicious!" Lisa yelled in a whisper.

She couldn't be serious.

Jimin followed soon and frowned when none of them noticed. How couldn't they notice? It was obviously himself, with yellow sunglasses, they weren't hiding anything. Or many guys in all black outfits were common?

(a/n: yes, they are)

Lisa acted like she was a real cartoon and moved fast to them with not at all suspicious steps with a big menu on her face and big black sunglasses. She wasn't hiding, don't try to think she is.

Now, she could hear.

"Listen, there's something I want to talk about with you seriously," Jungkook couldn't find a good excuse so he had to go straight to the point.

Damn.

This wasn't going to end good.

He never imagined he would ever have the chance to reject a girl like this. What the hell was wrong with universe?

"Yes?" she fluttered her lashes as she shifted on her chair, straightening her back.

"It's important you know this so there won't more misunderstanding between you and me or you and Lisa"

Chaeyoung frowned. "Lisa?"

He swallowed, feeling like he was stepping on quicksand. He shouldn't have mentioned Lisa but it was already done. "Yeah, I heard you two yesterday," he told her, waiting for a reaction, something like shame because of her words to Lisa.

And she seemed surprised. "Everything?" she asked. Oh, she was ashamed.

He felt relieved to know she wasn't that bad and she was sorry. "Kind of," he agreed, not saying much more, he didn't want to embarrass her. He was no one to shame her.

"Oh... This is embarrassing. I didn't you to find out this way"

Wait, what?

"Find out about what?"

Chaeyoung got shy and stuck a strand of hair behind her ear, avoiding his gaze. "That I like you, I mean it's obvious lately but..."

SHE WAS EMBARRASSED BECAUSE OF THAT?

"Oh... Damn...", he sighed, looking at the table. This was bad, SHE was bad.

Oh no...

"I didn't want to pressure you since you're shy and it'd be too much but you know now and that's amazing"

What was she talking about?

"It is?"

"Yeah, like, we have things clear so why keep acting like nothing happens? We should move"

Jungkook felt like both were speaking different languages.

"Move? Like what?"

"Jungkook, please...", she laughed like he was playing. "Aren't you going to confess? You don't have to do that, I know and I think we could skip that part and maybe go out," she told him with COMPASSION.

"Go out where?"

"You're so funny," she laughed way too hard for what he said. "You know, like dating, silly," she told him sweetly, flirTING.

"Dating? With-with-with you?" he stuttered nervously. Was she serious?

HOW THE CONVERSATION TURNED OUT BEING LIKE THIS?

"You don't have to be nervous. It's okay"

"But I-I-I can't..."

"Why? Do I intimidate you? Sorry I didn't want to, I'm too straight forward sometimes and-"

No!

NO

NO

NO

He was so thunderstruck that he couldn't speak properly. This was getting out of control.

"No, it's-it's not you. I-"

"It's okay"

"But it's not. I mean, Lisa-"

DAMN

NO

"What about Lisa?"

Lisa and him.. Together...

No, he couldn't say that.

Fuck

Fuck

Fuck

"Lisa... Hmm...", he didn't know what the fuck to say, his mind was blank.

Chaeyoung stared at him and her eyes turned slowly into cold black stones. She huffed and deflated on the chair, crossing her arms. "She talked with you, right?"

"What?"

"Of course she did," she rolled her eyes looking away as her mind raced through miles of thoughts, trying to figure out what Lisa had said to him exactly.

"Talk about what?"

"About her narrative of me not liking you and stuff. You even hear her yesterday too, surely"

"No, she didn't...", but she did, but not with bad intentions. THE POINT WASN'T THAT ANYWAY. "The thing is that I...", don't like you but saying that was so hard, it was harsh and too straight forward.

"You?" she shot him a not so nice look, her fingers were tapping the table. She seemed like a teen girl in the principal's office who wouldn't admit the punishment.

"I mean, I... Lisa..." oh he didn't like what he saw in Chaeyoung eyes when he mentioned Lisa after saying I and Lisa in the same sentence.

"You and Lisa?!" she exclaimed, connecting the dots fast.

"No, I mean-"

Fuck.

"Oh my God! That's why she's so against me and you! You two slept together?!" she literally screamed, a few people turned around to see them and Jungkook burned with shame, as if he had cheated on her.

"Uh, what?" he asked puzzled, looking around and finding several offended faces.

"Oh my God, you two did!" she slammed the table, more people turned around. Jungkook leaned back on his chair, about to fall. Was she going to throw water or something at him? She looked capable.

"No! Yes! I mean, it's not-" he stuttered, alarmed. How the hell could he explain this?

WHY COULDN'T HE SAY SOMETHING GOOD? HE FUCKED UP.

Chaeyoung was silent, she was furious, breathing heavily and leaning over him. A girl of no more than 45 kg was intimidating him with just a glance.

"I can't believe she did this to me," she whined, furrowed brows and wide eyes, and stomped under the table, crossing her arms over her chest again.

"Listen, It's not what you think," except that it was, not in the way she was thinking but they both slept together, many times. "She did try to help you with me but I-" don't like you. FUCK, JUNGKOOK, SAY IT!

"Ooof, of course she did, sleeping with you is such a big help," she called him out with bitter sarcasm.

Jungkook was sure that someone whispered "*he's such an asshole*" from another table.

"Chaeng, no," he murmured, trying to make her hear him but she had closed completely and seemed to radiate fire.

"Why am I even surprised? This is not the first time shit like this happens," she interrupted him.

His ears perked up, interested. "Uh?"

"How do you think she ended up here in Seoul instead of studying in Bangkok? For being a whore"

"God..."

She didn't just say that.

Jungkook knew the whole story and she did too, why was she saying this?

Chaeyoung was too fed up to care. Noticing that he was listening, she leaned closer and started to spit with venom: "Yes. When the rumors started I was on her side, of course because we are best

friends, but some of my friends were hating her because she slept with one's boyfriend and I didn't want to believe it even though Lisa has always been around guys, flirting and teasing, provoking every human with a dick, but now, I believe it because damn, she did this to me and I'm her best friend. I wouldn't be surprised if she slept with those old men too, Jungkook, those were her father's friends"

How could she say that? SHE SAW LISA'S STRUGGLE AND HER PROBLEMS WITH HER PARENTS BUT SHE WAS SAYING THIS?

This was cruel.

"You shouldn't say that, you don't think that...," he tried to save her. Lisa deserved better, she couldn't have a friend like this. Chaeyoung was saying this because she was angry but he wanted to believe she wasn't serious, he could keep it secret from Lisa if she changed her mind.

Chaeyoung shook her head saying no instead. "I think it now. I understand everything now, she didn't want me in the middle because she was coming for you on my back, laughing at me like the shameless whore she is. And I can't believe you got involved into this, Jungkook, I thought you were better," she even blamed him, disappointed of him.

Okay, that's it.

Jungkook was mad.

Terribly mad.

She was really thinking Lisa would be capable of doing that and calling her whore when she was here, talking shit out of her ass and insulting the person that loved her the most.

Lisa's love for her was such a waste and he couldn't believe that she was throwing it to the trash can like this. He was glad that he talked with her first because she was really going to smash Lisa's heart at the first chance with rants like this, coming from her selfish soul, like nothing and he hated the idea that maybe Lisa was dealing with this since they met and she was letting her.

Honestly, Chaeyoung should go fuck herself.

"You know Lisa would never do that," he told her with a dead serious face and barely contained rage.

He wanted her away from Lisa, away from himself. She was disgusting.

"What do you know? You don't know her Jungkook"

"No, I don't know you and I don't want to," he told her harshly, Chaeyoung blinked, leaning back. "This is awful, everything you're saying"

She opened her mouth, not believing what he just said. "It's the truth!" she exclaimed in her defense.

It wasn't the truth.

"No, it's not, and you know how I know it?" he felt her cringe before his rage, like a child finally being put in place. "Because Lisa never ever talked shit about you. She's been worrying about you all this time, afraid of losing you, and you just threw her under the bus at the first chance," and he was close to shouting at her, gritting his teeth. Jaw so sharp it could cut.

Chaeyoung didn't feel sorry after hearing that, she really couldn't give less a fuck. She laughed bitterly. "What do you want me to do? To clap for her being a slut?" she said sarcastically. "I did once, how fool of me, but I won't do it when she is one against me, taking my things"

Things.

She said things.

He was a fucking thing for her.

At least Lisa apologized for thinking of him as a thing, instead of saying it in his face.

Did she really expect him to date her like that? Wow, Jungkook was so excited to go out with a girl that would use him as a toy. For real, no sarcasm.

"You're not a good person or a real friend," he said it to her face just as she spit *thing* in his.

"Excuse me? She's the one that fucked the boy I liked," and she still wasn't getting the point. She didn't care about anyone but herself, not even noticing that she was looking so bad.

She didn't deserve compassion nor soft words.

She didn't deserve anything.

"Listen, it's not Lisa, it's me. I don't like you, I never did and, trust me, I never will"

That's it. He said it and satisfaction ran over his body when Chaeyoung blinked, bewildered. His words slapped her and it was kind of surprising that she never expected that after all the things she said, about HIS GIRL.

And then he saw Lisa... and Jimin and Bambam.

Both boys turned around, shocked for his words, and Lisa was in the middle, in the front, and she wasn't staring at him.

Eyes full of tears, heartbroken, and her pain was like a dagger piercing his chest. She heard everything and he felt so sorry, she didn't deserve to know this. She had to know but this wasn't the way, she didn't have to find out that her friend was this horrible person with her like this, not like this.

Chaeyoung followed his gaze and froze, like everything she said just hit her because in the end, she could talk talk talk but for sure she wouldn't tell Lisa that. Apparently, she knew limits and she didn't plan Lisa to know all that shit.

What a fake bitch.

Jungkook wondered if she did this before, you know, talking shit behind Lisa's back and then act like the best friend ever, even rubbing in her face all the things she did for her. How could she say all that shamelessly? What kind of psycho was she?

"Lisa...," Chaeyoung called her softly, all the venom was off, she was a completely different person.

Lisa didn't burst into tears, Lisa didn't cry out loud and when a tear ran down her cheek she wiped it instantly. Anger was clear in her just as pain was. She stepped up and got closer, Chaeyoung made herself smaller at his side, like a caught kid.

She wasn't annoyed anymore, all that was visible in her face was regret and fear.

Maybe, she had a heart there?

"Get-" Lisa's voice broke so she cleared her throat and with dignity finally said: "Get your things out of my apartment and out of my life. Go to New York and get lost, I will spend the summer in Bambam's place and I hope to find my place pristine clean when I come back"

The stability and seriousness in her words was surprising. She didn't stutter or think about it more, she made a decision and communicated it to Chaeyoung.

Lisa was done.

"It's not-"

"I've heard enough. I'm glad to know what you really think about me," she smiled bitterly, trying to sound sarcastic, but this was painful.

Lisa felt at the edge of breaking apart and just her anger was keeping her up. She didn't want to give her the satisfaction of seeing her cry either. Lisa didn't know her anymore, it was like she never knew her actually, and she didn't know if her feeling bad for her would be truly or just another fake act.

Chaeyoung stuttered, getting up too, moving her hands like trying to stop her. "I was... I was angry! You can't act like you didn't do anything wrong!" she then tried to guilt trip her... again.

Lisa nodded, accepting it. Why should she feel bad about it. "Yes, I did and I guess I deserve this," she shrugged but added: "but I would never say things like that about you, I would never think them," and she wasn't rud it in her face, it was just a sad truth. Lisa loved her more and was tremendously stupid. "I thought you knew me and I thought I knew you but we both were wrong clearly"

"I don't really think that, you know I say bad stuff when I'm angry and-"

That give her rights to say that? And think that?

Lisa wasn't going to buy that fairytale anymore, not after this.

For the first time, pride was more important than this stupid love.

(a/n: FAKE LOVE... FAKE LOVE...)

"You know what? All my life people have told you were a bitch and I never believed it, but now I believe it. I had to see it with my own eyes sadly," she mocked her bitterly, the smile didn't reach her eyes. It was forced. Chaeyoung opened her mouth to disagree but Lisa shook her head. "Don't try, this is it, we're over"

And she left, as she should.

That wasn't the friend she thought, that girl was a stranger and one that seemed to hate her so bad.

It was so painful, it hurt everywhere and she felt like out of air. Everything happened so fast, knife after knife stabbed her back until every muscle burned. Words were going in circles in her head, "whore" and "slut" and coming from the person she thought she could trust the most. From the only person Lisa thought it was going to be always by her side, fighting for her.

Everything was a lie. All the last years felt like a big fat lie and Lisa believed it all.

Chaeyoung didn't follow her because she was so ashamed to do so, she was already crying quietly and she didn't know what to do. She never expected this to end up like this and she wanted to blame Jungkook, she wanted to think this was all made up to make her fall but... she said those things, they never obliged her, she dug her own grave and she felt so sorry because, honestly, fuck Jungkook, she didn't think Lisa did all those things when she was younger.

"Lisa..."

Bambam sighed and stepped up, fixing his shirt. "I'm glad she's over, finally," he said shamelessly and left after Lisa.

Jungkook was glad too but he also regretted that this situation happened. He shot Chaeyoung a disappointed look and followed Lisa out of the restaurant too.

Chaeyoung sat down, thinking about everything that just happened and slowly, more heavy tears ran down her cheeks leaving a salty test in the edges of her mouth. This was so fucked up. She was so sorry.

She raised her head and found Jimin sitting in front of her, he was feeling clear pity.

Chaeyoung didn't have the energy to argue or laugh it off, she buried her face in her hands, mumbling: "I didn't want to... It wasn't my intention... She is my best friend..."

"Yeah, too late for that Cheesecake," he sat in front of her and checked the menu, this time for real.

She shook her head. "I wasn't thinking. I don't think she is... a

whore. I don't really," she looked at Jimin with teary red eyes, did he believe her? Someone had to believe her.

Jimin just shrugged. "But you say it and I think angry words are like drunk words, sobre thoughts in the end of the day"

"But I don't really think that"

"I think you do and it's okay, we all think shit when we don't know the whole story," he said as if he did it before.

"What's the whole story?" she wanted to hear it now, Lisa for sure had an explanation and Chaeyoung wanted to listen to her and apologize. She still thought what Lisa did was wrong but... she didn't even care about Jungkook and she sighed, thinking about it.

His rejection didn't hurt as much as Lisa kicking her out of her life did. That said it all.

"What's the point of knowing it now? You fucked up and I don't she would forgive you"

Why was he so straight forward?

Well, maybe she deserved it.

"I don't think either. She's the purest person ever but..."

She backstabbed her in the most cruel way.

"That's why you don't fuck with good people," Jimin clasped his hands and rested his face there. "I think you should go to New York and make new friends, make up a new mind, be better"

"You really think I am that bad?" she whispered, weakly, afraid of hearing his answer. She knew she wasn't the person she turned when she was angry, she knew her rage was problematic, but she wasn't bad... All the things she did for Lisa were truly from her heart, she never regretted anything and she felt so ashamed of spat it to Lisa.

"You're not the best person out there, Cheesecake, but everyone can be better"

At least she wasn't bad...

"Could you... walk me home? I don't want to be alone right now," she asked, he wasn't the best person for it but he stayed, even though he knew she was awful.

"Sure"

(a/n: what do you think about her now? serously)

"Where are you going?" Jungkook had to hold her arm and stop her, Lisa was frantic, breathing hard and with red eyes but not crying, not yet, some tears were escaping her control but she was trying hard to stop.

He pulled her close and hugged her, wrapping her small body firmly. He thought she was going to melt as usual but Lisa let him hug her and then pushed him back softly with her hand on his

chest.

"I need to... walk," she raised her face.

"Uh?"

"Alone. I want to be alone, okay?"

She wasn't asking for permission, it was more like a question about if he understood.

How could he leave her alone? She didn't eat, she was about to cry, her heart was broken and it was about to rain... She couldn't be alone right now. She should go home with him and cuddle, watch a movie, something that distracted her mind.

But Lisa begged silently and he sighed, releasing her arms. "Uh, yeah, sure, but-"

"I will be okay," she assured him and left a peck on his lips.

And then she left and Jungkook didn't want to let her go but he couldn't force her to stay in his arms. He had a bad feeling in his stomach about this, why was she leaving? Why did she want to be alone?

Was this mean...?

"We didn't have lunch after all," Bambam said, standing at his side. Jungkook glared at him, was he serious? "What? I'm hungry," he shrugged and Jungkook huffed, annoyed. "Don't worry, man, she's strong and she doesn't need protection"

"She does"

Bambam denied it with his head. "Nah, she needs comfort and when she is ready for it, she will come," he patted his shoulder calmly. "Stay up tonight, she loves spicy ramen at 3 AM"

hello👁️👁️👁️👁️

im here to announce you that you just read 17.3k words and fuck hope you're still there.

thank you for reading 🙌👁️👁️

SO, that was dramatic right? poorly written and probably not as emotional as i wanted BUT idk how to make it better so pls force a tear out for me lol

what do you think about it?

btw, were the fluffy lk scenes good? sorry for the big amount of repeated words. im annoyed by it so much

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

THE COMEBACK IS COMING TOMORROW FAM!!!!!!!!!! I can't wait.

and lol this concept is like all we never expected. **what's your fav look?** mine is Jisoo in the first teaser. queen slapped with visuals. let's pray it is a skirt. amen.

Chapter 35

HENLO!!

so fam, first of all: **THANK YOU SO FUCKING MUCH FOR THE 200K READS!!!**

it's still 199k anyways but who knows when the hell I will update again so let's pretend it's 200k already

I'm so fucking happy and grateful, I know i'm corny and annoying about this all the time so yeah i will less dramatic this time and just say that **I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH**

and probably you don't know but this book turned a year the 7th of July sO DAMN IT'S BEEN A YEAR!!! it feels like 2 for me but a friend told me it feels like it started 6 months ago. lol what do you think

aaaand, to finish this supper long shit. sorry for the delay, it's been like half a month lol but i decided to take a break and, you know, wait until feeling like writing so i can deliver something better and i think this one is considerably better written so tell me what you think.

cuddles, closure, catfight? tell what you think c is for fam

"It's the third call in the same hour Jungkook, if your house is not on fire I will go there and set it on fire myself"

Jungkook looked out through the large windows of the apartment. The light drizzle that started an hour ago had turned into a raging spring storm. The drops were heavy and the city was shining much brighter than usual, and Lisa still hadn't appeared at all. No calls, no texts, nothing.

"Bambam, it's raining, isn't she there yet?"

"No, for the 100th time, NO!" Bambam literally yelled at him, probably rubbing his face. "She'd have called you if she was here, don't you think?"

Jungkook ruffled his thick black hair, really desperate and doubtful. "I don't know, honestly," he hated not knowing too, he couldn't predict what Lisa would do because it was the first time and he felt the anxiety running through his veins, after all, all she had been through was his fault for opening his mouth. Would Lisa blame him? Would she be angry at him after provoking Chaeyoung's fury and making her say those things?

(a/n: jungkook stop blaming yourself for everything challenge)

No, she said them by herself, he was just a... trigger.

He should have talked to her in class or in some hallway, he should have made sure that Lisa wasn't around.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm his head because it had been hours of just thinking and blaming himself; and he looked out again, as if it were possible to see her from there. The time on the small decorative clock next to the television showed 2, Lisa was gone at noon. "It's late, damn, where do you think she must be?"

"It started to rain ten minutes ago, Jungkook, she's probably taking a bus or something. Do I look like a psychic?"

Well, he was really tiring Bambam. "Sorry," he muttered with resignation and headed towards the kitchen, looking for some bottle of water. "I'm just-"

Worried, upset, frantic, anxious as shit ...

(a/n: damn lisa call the boy he's dying)

"I know, bro, but trust me, she's okay," Bambam said simply, there was not a trace of concern in his voice.

Why the hell was there no concern in his voice? Wasn't he concerned that his best friend had been missing since noon?

Jungkook closed the refrigerator door perhaps too violently, upset.

"You really have to calm down," Jimin said with both eyebrows raised. "They don't gift refrigerators in the city, dude, you can't break ours"

Jungkook rolled his eyes and drank water, it had only been a small tap... that made the whole damn appliance shake.

"If you want to date her, you have to learn to deal with this type of thing," Bambam continued over the phone. "Bro, chill"

And hang on her last little kiss on the lips? And her last words of wanting to be alone?

It was hard shit, but he couldn't force her to stay and he hated it because he was terrified of the idea of her slipping out of his hands, fluttering away like the butterfly she was.

(a/n: no kidding, the goal in life is getting someone as terrified as losing you as ht/jk)

"Fine," he nodded and threw himself onto the sofa. "Sorry for calling, I'll-"

Knock, knock

The door!

(a/n: thank you for the announcement, i thought it was the phone)

Jungkook stood up with both ears perking up with interest, metaphorically, obviously.

The one who did have ears to perk and a lot of curiosity was Yeontan, his owner was back and he was too, so he walked with his

short paws towards the door, sniffing and barking. It didn't take long for Jungkook to follow him, his heels hitting the wood hard.

Taehyung emerged from the bathroom and raised an eyebrow at the movement, Jimin smirked at his side, amused by the desperate behavior of the youngest of the three.

Jungkook cut the call and opened the door so hard and fast that Lisa leaned back scared. A surprised gasp escaped his lips at the sight.

Lisa was soaked from head to toe, her long hair was a darker blonde shade due to the water, and her clothes clung to her body.

But she just smiled and waved her hand, like nothing happened. "Hey"

(a/n: did the bitch just say hey after making jk go crazy of concern)

"Wow," Jimin let out a surprised laugh from behind Jungkook as Lisa greeted an excited Yeontan.

Jungkook couldn't believe what he was seeing but was relieved that Bambam's predictions were true and she was here. "Co-come in," he reacted and moved to the side to let her pass. "I'll go for towels"

He literally ran inside, still trying to process the fact that she was fine and had come toward him.

"Hello there, Lisa. How was the shower?" Taehyung greeted the girl, looking her from head to toe with amusement on his expression.

"Refreshing," Lisa raised her arms and let them drop in a sigh, she was so wet she was dripping on the floor.

"I imagine"

"I didn't know you were back, how was Paris, Oppa?" she continued chatting as if nothing happened while Jungkook rummaged through the closet shelves in the bathroom, looking for the biggest and softest towel.

"Beautiful, you should talk about it with Jennie"

Lisa winced, wrinkling her nose. "She didn't want to talk to me the last time..."

"I know, but it's okay now. You're making our Jungkookie happy"

He pointed and Jungkook just came back with hurried steps.

"Gosh, how aren't you freezing?" he murmured, putting a small towel over her head and wrapping the larger one around her as he gently rubbed her arms.

Lisa giggled, amused but delighted by his so loving attentions. "It's not cold out there, summer and spring rains are my favorite"

"Mine too but I'm not out there showering in them," he told her sarcastically, concern speaking for him, but Lisa just laughed. Jungkook didn't take it that simple anyway, instantly regretting his

tone: "Sorry, I'm... "

He fell silent, he felt overdramatic now that he had her close and okay, she was only wet but she didn't seem sad or desolate as he had imagined. Because yes, Jungkook had imagined Lisa walking through the empty and wet streets of Seoul, crying with puffy eyes and a dramatic song in the background.

(a/n: that already happened for your fault lemme rEMIND YOU)

But she was okay.

"I'm sorry too," she whispered, noticing his discomfort and she smiled sheepishly. "I shouldn't have come."

What?

"What are you saying?" he interrupted her in disbelief, she was no trouble and never would be. He was grateful that she was actually here, he wanted to take care of her even if she no longer looked as badly spirited as before. At least warm up her little body and tell her that Chaeyoung was a bitch.

"It's okay, Lisa," Jimin added.

"You can take a shower here if you want to," Taehyung offered quietly, pointing at the bathroom door with his cup of tea, and then pointed at the cup itself. "I can make you some tea too"

And Lisa looked at Jungkook, waiting for his reaction, as if she still wasn't sure and believed that his friends were just being polite. Jungkook leaned down and stroked her covered arms, appreciating attentively how extremely adorable she was wrapped in big towels. "Doll, I'm happy that you're here," he smiled warmly at her.

"Really?"

"Yes," he assured her and would have kissed her forehead if his friends weren't there. "Hyung said it, you can take a shower or have some tea... or spicy ramen with me," he added, easing his voice very sweetly.

Lisa's eyes lit up. "You have spicy ramen?"

"He bought ten cups, he's ready," Jimin pursed his lips in agreement.

Jungkook glared at him.

Fine, he was a whipped puppy but Jimin didn't have to expose him like that!

"I'd like that," Lisa smirked, with a tone not so innocent, and melted him into a puddle of water on the floor, accompanying the one she had just made with her clothes.

Right, she was still wet.

I mean, soaked, not that other wet.

But, who knows...

"But take a shower first, you can get a cold if you stay like this," he repeated with serious concern, spring rain or not, the air

conditioner was on and the wet clothes would dry on her body, cooling her bones. Jungkook couldn't allow this. "I'll lend you some clothes"

"The red shirt?"

Listen, if she wanted to wear his damn underwear, the most embarrassing boxers, and she asked him for that with that pretty and precious little face, he would give it to her... in an altar... with a chocomilk too.

"Whatever you want, Doll"

"Thank you," she sighed and leaned up quickly to kiss his cheek.

Jungkook burned like a 14-year-old virgin teen, like he hadn't eaten her pussy on the same table behind them.

But her full lips against his cheek were magical, warm, making him as silly as her kisses on the mouth. God, he was so happy to have her here, safe in his arms.

(a/n: sorry for repeating it every two sentences but he's really relieved)

"So, we're going to sleep," Jimin caught both their attention, cutting off the cute moment.

"Yeah, c'mon Tannie," Taehyung called out to his dog, who ran up to him to be lifted up.

"Don't make much noise," Jimin winked at them and Taehyung chuckled, obviously aware of the traumatizing cow *milk* moment Jimin had witnessed, he wasted no time filling his chat with the tea.

But was it damn necessary to say it in front of Lisa?

"Hyung ...," Jungkook scolded him, glaring at them fiercely, as Lisa looked down with an embarrassed smile. His muscles weren't just decoration, he was going to use them against him and it wasn't going to end well.

Jimin was not affected at all and just laughed playfully.

"Goodnight guys," Taehyung greeted slightly as the gentleman he was, without disturbing the lady present, and locked himself in his room.

Both replied the greeting and were left alone in the living room.

Lisa's expression quickly changed, pushing away the joy and replacing it with concern. "Sorry for coming here I just ...," she stammered without knowing how to explain it.

He liked that she didn't have an explanation, she had only come to him back without any thought and that revolutionized his heart. "I know, it's okay," he assured her but was it necessary to do these things? Just leave? Something could have happened to her. The thoughts only hit him with a wave of sudden and yet slight anger. "But I..." *was worried as fuck, couldn't you call me?*

But he couldn't scold her, it wasn't the right moment. His temper

couldn't give less a shit about it anyways, so he was really struggling to control it. That part of him was really mad at her, it was shocking that she was fine after all she put him through the past few hours but it contradicted his concern, which was alleviated by her condition.

"You?"

"I was worried," he decided to say just that, letting out a sigh and scratching the back of his head. "You could get ... a cold and ... it's not important," he shook his head, because after all, Lisa had enough with Chaeyoung already.

"Sorry for worrying you," Lisa admitted the guilt, nodding, even though he wanted to hide it he wasn't very good at it and she could sense his annoyance. "I..." she stopped and pursed her lips, thinking of what to say. She then huffed and shrugged: "I'm not used to someone asking, sorry, I will try to change it and send a text"

Why was she used to it? Why did everyone think it was okay not to worry about her?

Jungkook nodded, unsure what to say because maybe he would mumble the wrong words at the wrong time. So he made his way to his room for clothes, Lisa's bare feet followed him making a slight dragging sound against the wood.

She sure was colder than she was noticing, her cheeks were pale, without the usual healthy glow, and he glanced at her small toes, too white. However, she only acted like a little girl who had gone out to play in the rain without permission.

With a shirt in hand and the smallest sweatpants he could find, although she could fit her whole body in one leg, he turned and pressed his lips together, hiding a smile. She looked much smaller wrapped in towels and how could he be upset with her? How could anyone not worry about the welfare of someone so pure?

And then he noticed it, the vulnerability in her huge eyes despite the mischievous smile on her lips. All the walls were down and thank goodness he had contained himself, because he was afraid he would have made a mistake and made her cry.

Sometimes Lisa didn't need someone yelling the truth at her, just kindness and time.

The memory of her vulnerable eyes when he rejected her a short time ago attacked his mind, softening his temper even further and making him want to steal her a smile, a true and amusing one of those that could give energy to an entire city.

"Here," he handed her the red shirt but before she took it, he held it tight and Lisa looked at him curiously. He cocked his head, narrowing his eyes: "Why do I think you will steal it someday?"

It was a real concern anyway, he saw her eyeing it with too much

love... and here it was Jungkook thinking it was because of him.

Lisa's face broke into a big smile, letting out a small snort, and she faked an offended face. "Excuse me? Are you implying that I am a robber?" she pointed to herself, opening her mouth.

"Yes," he nodded and sighed dramatically, looking out the window. "You stole my heart"

Her bubbly giggles invaded the room and she got closer to him, wrapping her arms around his neck. Their noses brushed warmly and she left a quick kiss on the tip of his nose that surprised him. "Thank you, really, thank you"

They kissed for a few seconds in each other's arms, Jungkook huddled her and felt chills from her cold hands on his neck, however it was only a contrast with the familiar warmth of her closeness. She radiated the purest of joys and to provoke it in her was magical.

Yeah, he was relieved that she didn't blame him, he was relieved to have her here and that despite everything, she was so strong and happy. Her lips so sweet were enough to confirm she was okay and calm, with the heart still open to love him.

Lisa released him at the end of their kiss and took the shirt from his hands, then she winked at him: "See you in fifteen, Hottie"

When Lisa came out of the shower, warm and smelling of Jungkook's sweet shampoo, she felt refreshed. If the rain had helped cheer up her sad spirit, washing away her anguish in a way that only nature could do, the shower had warmed and relaxed her body to a point where she could only think of sleeping in Jungkook's arms and stop thinking about everything.

She was tired of thinking, enough had she done it as she walked with her gaze lost in Seoul like a soul in pain.

Jungkook had stacked the pillows against the wall of the bed, preparing a good spot in front of the television in his room so that they could snuggle together. The bed looked so warm and comfortable that she quickly dropped onto the white sheets and sighed with pleasure.

His mattress was a hundred times better than hers, fluffy, and it fitted perfectly to her body. Although perhaps it was only because it was Jungkook's and his room was beginning to feel like a safe hiding place where there were no thoughts that involved anything more than the two of them.

"Are you comfortable?" Jungkook entered the room, closing the door with his foot, and Lisa propped herself up on her elbows.

"Uhum," she replied, and when she saw him bring hot cups of spicy ramen, she sat up folding her legs. "I'm so hungry, oh my

God," she reached out and pouted, impatiently.

"You didn't eat anything?" He frowned, sitting next to her and opening the cup for her. "Be careful, it's hot"

Lisa took her time to respond because the smell of hot ramen made her completely intoxicated and her stomach made loud, strange sounds, growling at some food. "This will be so delicious," she sighed and took the chopsticks he just pulled apart for her to stir. "And nope, I wasn't hungry"

"I see," he nodded seriously but his gaze dripped sarcasm.

Lisa laughed, he was so cute when he cared about her, it causes her a latent desire to devour him whole. "I'm sorry, I really promise to call next time"

"And eat"

"And eat," she nodded obediently like a soldier and he smiled, looking away. It was as if he couldn't resist her cuteness and it was for the best, Lisa wanted to torture him tenderly so he would never be upset with her again.

She finally ate and moaned with pure pleasure, it was hot and spicy, perfectly seasoned, her tongue had five orgasms and her stomach jumped with happiness, filling slowly. Jungkook stared at her, making sure she ate well, and bit his lower lip and softening for no reason other than Lisa being Lisa.

"So, are we going to watch a movie?" She pointed to the television, on but in mute, on a news channel.

Jungkook shrugged his shoulders. "If you want to"

"Yes! We should! " She perked up and knelt on the bed, the sweatpants were so loose that they were annoying but she really needed to wear them, she knew she wasn't going to watch anything if she was just with the shirt on. "We should watch something romantic," her lashes fluttered flirtatiously and she glanced at the screen, squinting to focus. It was not easy to see without her contacts that she refused to wear but her eyes caught "Your Name". "Hey! Let's watch that one! You mentioned it before"

"I did?"

Oh right, he couldn't remember.

"Duh? How can you not remember? " she sighed, mocking him even though he had no idea.

"Are you sure you wanna watch that movie?" he leaned forward, really curious. It wasn't common, people usually didn't like anime movies.

Lisa nodded and settled on the pillows, sitting comfortably with the ramen in her hands.

He put the film on and sat next to her, Lisa soon leaned her head on his shoulder and leaned her legs on his. Jungkook secretly

smiled.

Lisa thoroughly enjoyed the film, amused by the warm start with light colors and funny situations due to Taki and Mitsuha changing bodies, trying to understand what was going on. She gasped in surprise when she found out the truth and her eyes filled with tears of frustration as she saw that time was running out and perhaps they could not fulfill their goal. For the magical scene of twilight where both main characters tried to write their names on time, she had already burst into tears and took refuge in his arms. Jungkook had shed a few tears, knowing the movie like the back of his hand but it still affected him and Lisa wasn't helping at being a sobbing mess.

(a/n: for real no cap if you didn't watch the movie, you should)

However, he had enjoyed seeing her reactions. Like an expectant little boy, he had watched her throughout the movie looking to know what she really thought of what she was seeing and whether she liked it. Lisa was totally hypnotized and silent, giggling when necessary and gasping when she was surprised. It amazed him that she really could understand Japanese and was ignoring the subtitles, not like she could see them clearly.

She was so beautiful, so much more interesting than the movie.

Even without makeup and with messy hair, she was a work of art. Her bright aura was lovely all the time and let him to take his eyes off her, which was good because if he would have paid attention to the movie he would be a sobbing mess like her and that would be embarrassing.

The thrilling finale caused Lisa to cover her mouth and lean forward on the bed, holding her breath. Jungkook couldn't avoid taking a peek of her thighs and the attractive arch of her back, finishing in her perky ass. But then she dropped on her legs when the movie suddenly finished... "What? That's the end? " she asked totally offended although with puffy eyes and a red nose, she lost all seriousness.

Jungkook nodded, understanding her frustration quite well.

Lisa pouted. "That's not fair, I'd love to see how they develop their relationship"

"I'd love that too," he agreed. "But don't you think it would ruin the magic?"

"No, like, imagine our story ending when we met in your parlor months ago. I got to know your name was Jungkook and you knew I was Lisa, that's it. The end. Pack your bags guys"

Okay, he couldn't refute that logic.

(a/n: yeah fucker imagine leaving me jobless)

Lisa crawled over to him and dropped gently onto his chest,

hugging him. Jungkook put an arm around her and his fingers quickly found a distraction at the tips of her hair. She was already warm and dry, just as he wished he had her.

(a/n: normal guys want their girls wet jungkook why are you so weird)

"I'm happy we could know our names and keep meeting each other," she murmured softly but her voice sounded very weak, on the verge of tears.

Jungkook looked at the crown of her head, unable to inspect her face, but the slight dampness he felt on his shirt gave him signs that tears were falling from her face.

Wait.

Was she crying?

Why?

"Lisa?"

Lisa snuggled closer to his chest and sniffled. "I'm sorry, I will stop soon," she whispered against the fabric of his shirt.

Why did she want to stop?

He didn't know why was she crying but he could understand that type crying, like when you can't control your tears no matter how hard you try and crying is an inevitable event ... but necessary

And then it hit him, this was the final catharsis. Her body and mind finally gave up on containing her feelings and they were letting it all out, she just needed to be comfortable in a safe place.

"It's okay," he leaned down and kissed her hair, hugging her tightly as he had needed it just that night when he met her.

Lisa began to sob heavily, frustrated with herself but at the same time enjoying the bitter process that had just been triggered by a movie too intense for her weak emotional state.

Everything had gone to shit so fast, in less than ten days her best friend hurt her and broke her heart in the worst way and now she was in Jungkook's arms. She was grateful but not happy about how this had ended.

It was too much in a short time.

Suddenly, her mind was attacked by the frustrations of dealing with her mother, her father's bad comments about her career, having to hide her feelings so as not to disturb her friend, pretending to be fine when she wasn't, Chaeyoung's hurtful words, even the small but painful arguments she had had with Jungkook. It was too much and it was like that raining afternoon in the bus stop.

She couldn't stop crying and wetting him whole, she tried to apologize but he cooed her again and kissed her head, caressing her hair, her back, her arms and making light paths with his fingers from her shoulder to her fingers that relaxed her, despite the

intense and painful crying.

"Shhh, it's okay, it's okay, I'm here," he whispered fondly.

She smiled a little, then, because at least she had Jungkook and he loved her.

She couldn't sleep.

It was that hour of the night when your mind is only filled with thoughts and every time you close your eyes, they simply became stronger and clearer, removing all traces of drowsiness.

Lisa was hearing Jungkook's heartbeat and his soft breathing was copied by her own body, yet she couldn't share his calm or his state. She was staring into the dark with her head lost in bright, happy memories that were slowly surrounded by black clouds. Everything sounded false, everything looked like a simple play and the only one who didn't notice it was, was an innocent and silly fifteen-year-old Lisa.

Lisa sighed and rolled onto her back, tired and fed up with not being able to sleep. Was it so hard to close her eyes and just sleep? Was it really?

Every time she thought she was about to fall asleep, her brain was activated again with new and painful memories, more worries because despite everything, she was still a damn idiot who cared about her best friend...

Oh, well, *EX best friend*, she thought bitterly.

Damn.

She was so tired of this.

Couldn't her mind shut the hell up? For just a minute? She just wanted to sleep and it was so frustrating not to be able to do so that she wanted to throw a tantrum like a tired 5 years old child.

She was tireeeed...

How to turn of your brain?

Lisa looked at the ceiling and then at the television, it was still on and the Netflix startup was providing dim lighting.

She got tired of tossing around and sat down to find something on Netflix and distract herself, worrying not to wake Jungkook even though he was totally passed out. It seemed that not even an earthquake could wake him up.

Damn, she was so envious.

△□△□△□

However, she couldn't help but slide her gaze down. Jungkook's shirt had climbed up to his stomach and hard abs were in sight, slowly rising and falling in time with his breathing.

The lines of his muscles were sharp but smooth, she unconsciously slipped a finger between them and the reliefs became

tempting. Lisa remembered him standing in the middle of her legs, when she was lying on the table, the same abs were tense and hard as rocks and the lines were clear up his pecs which were firm and the peaks of his nipples made her want to lick them.

Jungkook, over her, was a sight...

His entire body contracted when he was thrusting into her, lips parted, moaning and sweat glistening, with messy onyx hair and eyes so dark always on her, devouring her and fucking her with them just as he was doing with his hard dick.

She felt goosebumps at the memory of him inside her, making her feel so full to the brim, with her toes curling and her heart beating so hard she could hear it in her ears.

Lisa's breathing became heavy, hand reaching into his abdomen with smooth, warm skin under her palm. Her mouth filled with drool, eager to taste his skin and follow the paths her hand was making. Her whole mind went out and heat spread down her back to the nape of her neck.

Jungkook sighed and raised a tattooed arm, covering his face with it. Lisa wondered if he could feel her burning beside him, if he was aware of how much he could turn her on even while being asleep.

Could he wake up with just touches?

A mischievous smile slid across her thick lips as she got an interesting new idea. An idea that was already in progress because she would get some fun and finally stop thinking.

Lisa took off her sweatpants as a first step. She was not wearing panties and it felt weird, but that was how she noticed that she was already slightly wet for him, a slight breeze passing by made her skin get more goosebumps. And God, she had only had to touch him and look at him so that her body reacted in this immediate way.

She moved one leg over his body and held herself on her knees, both hands running slowly up his stomach, lifting the shirt. Jungkook didn't react but his abdomen did, tensing under her touch.

He was as hot as an ember, or perhaps she was very cold, anyway they would both end up burning at the end of the night.

Lisa leaned forward, tucking her hair behind her ears so as not to tickle him, and closely admired the sharpness of his jaw. Jungkook had his head tilted back despite still resting on the pillows, thus marking the thickness of his neck and the delicious lines of muscle he had there. Lisa didn't hold back and kissed his skin gently.

Jungkook was soft, no facial hair despite the hour, and he smelled so like him, but he was too calm. She wanted to dig her teeth and wake him up, to make him moan.

But all in its own time, because exploring him was as interesting as everything else.

He should have a tattoo on his neck too, he would look a hundred times hotter if that was possible.

Lisa outlined an invisible tattoo with her tongue and he stirred, his head rolled to one side but he didn't try to cover his neck. He was liking it. She got more excited and started to leave slow, wet open-mouthed kisses, sucking on where he was weak.

He had a sensitive neck, Lisa had noticed it in one of the so many sex sessions they had, and tempting him like this was fun. She would love to do it when they were in public, caress his thigh and whisper something dirty to him.

Why waiting anyway?

"Jungkook ..." she hummed softly in his ear and with her teeth tugged at his earring. "Wake up, baby," and she captured his lobe between her lips.

Jungkook groaned sleepily.

Lisa went down the length of his neck and her hands went up to his chest, fingers pressing his pecs under the fabric, after outlining the tattoos she knew he had there, as her teeth nibbled at the delicate skin of his sharp clavicles.

How the hell could he be so perfect?

Jungkook muttered something intelligible and her eyes went to him, watching him through her long lashes.

He moved his legs and bent them over the mattress in an arc, away from consciousness but sensitive to her touches. Lisa looked down at his crotch, just below her, and noticed the bulge in his pants, curving to the right and growing slowly.

Interesting.

She could pull his pants down and put it in her mouth, that would be interesting and the simple thought was enough to cause a twitch in her belly, she was hungry but... her wet core wanted attention and she had better ideas.

With her hand she eased it to the middle, Jungkook flinched just for the slight touch but she wasn't done. Lisa dropped her hips and gasped as the hard length fit perfectly between her wet folds. Jungkook growled hoarsely and finally woke up, his eyes fluttering open slowly and through the slits he located her.

"Hey," she purred and shamelessly moved her hips, warming up slowly and enjoying every second of it.

Jungkook just watched her, taking his time to understand what was going on although it wasn't too difficult to realize. A beautiful demon with long blonde hair in a huge shirt and one bare shoulder had climbed his body and through the thin fabric of his sweatpants,

she was fucking him.

His hands went up over the smooth flesh of her thighs and he felt the muscles tense under his fingers, as she moved her hips relaxed.

Her long hands were firmly pressed to his chest, nails brushing his pecs, and they were her support so that she rose straight above him.

"What are you doing?" he muttered, aroused but somewhat confused. When he fell asleep she had been sniffing loudly and her cheeks were wet with tears.

Now she was riding him, grinding on him slowly. His sweatpants were no use to avoid the wetness and heat, he could feel her completely and his toes curled with pleasure at the currents of pleasure running through his body from his hard dick, tip getting eager as the length was being ridden, pumped harder due to her weight. He was enjoying having her on top and yet so painfully away.

"Having some fun," Lisa cocked her head to nibble at her bottom lip, rubbing her ever-more-desire clit against a cock that was getting harder and thicker. Direct contact was great but having just one cloth between them was rarely better, fueling a despair they were already so used to.

If she wanted the fun, who was him to ruin it.

There was no place for words, just light sighs and moans, and he was already awake so why not kiss him.

Lisa leaned down and took his lips, or did Jungkook take hers when he held her neck with his hand? It didn't matter because the kiss was hot, tongues licking each other's mouth and tangling together...

He was so so so hard under her, every time her clit pressed against his cock she whimpered and did it again, addicted to the friction and pleasure that continued to build in her belly.

Jungkook slipped his other hand under her shirt and stroked her back, Lisa arched like a cat and pulled away from his mouth to gasp. Jungkook sucked on her earlobe and then on her jaw, her fine golden necklace tickling his neck.

He inhaled her scent hungrily then. "Fuck, Doll, you're the best damn thing," he groaned hoarsely, his morning voice traveling directly to her clit and she kissed him again, her mind so clouded that she only felt hot and hot on her cheeks in her back, her neck, her body and between her legs.

God, she couldn't take it anymore. Her core throbbed with hunger to have him inside, wet and gaping.

"Fuck me," she gasped and tugged on his shirt impatiently.

"Fuck, yes, baby, everything you want," he sat up to take it off,

Lisa followed him and undressed completely for him, arching in seconds because he held her back with his hands and pressed his mouth to a swollen nipple, tongue in action in seconds.

"Jungkook~, " she moaned, burying her hands in his hair. He moved to the other nipple and sucked on it, all the little nerves there altered and she writhed with pleasure, especially when he pulled her piercing. "Like this, please, please"

Her swollen clit was at the limit with every friction their hips created, and Jungkook was too much, too much for her. Lisa was panting, trying to control the sounds the more it was difficult when he nibbled and pulled her nipples, lapping them next and sucking and his dick was so hard between her legs...

Fuck.

She needed him inside.

Lisa grabbed his hair hard to push him away, Jungkook breathed heavily with his head back and puffy lips, tongue almost out and eyes clouded with lust. She groaned. "Fuck, Jungkook" she kissed him and he bit her, clenching her hips in despair, guiding her faster over his hard bulge.

She pushed him back onto the pillows and held him there with one hand on his chest, exactly on his heart, feeling his shaky breathing under her fingers. Jungkook was barely contained but agreed to let her take control and with heavy eyes he saw her just lower his sweatpants and hold his cock up to sink into her. She never took her gaze from his and seeing her face contract with pleasure, mouth falling open in a silent moan, drove him crazy.

Her wet walls engulfed him all the way, until Lisa sat completely on him with his cock so deep that it made her squeeze her legs around him and stop for a moment to breathe. It was too tight and hot, dick so sensitive he felt like about to burst.

"Fuck, you're so pretty"

He was dying to thrust up but she had to adjust first. Lisa didn't take long, the sway of her hips started slowly, keeping him deep and wetting his pelvis with her sticky sweet juices. He preferred to observe her, Lisa was majestic, arching with her small breasts bouncing, hard nipples shiny with his saliva and those piercings sparkling. "Such a masterpiece, baby, like this, c'mon"

"Jungkook," she moaned almost with what seemed to be pain, so lost in pleasure that she couldn't speak without biting her lower lip.

Her messy hair danced on her back as she arched her neck moaning, pulling her head back. The gold chain on her fine clavicles sparkled and further defined the luscious, feminine lines of her neck. Her hips rose and fell through his cock, it glistened to the reflection of the television and he moaned, hypnotized and lost.

"Damn, Lisa, like this, fuck"

In this way she felt so full that he could touch all the sensitive spots and she wanted more and more. Her hips were out of her control and following all the pleasure they could get, from top to bottom fast and then slow, loving the way she pushed him close and then calmed him down.

Her orgasm was building so big that she barely could breathe, her own body complaining about not being released but at the same time enjoying the simple pleasure of moving and having him inside, sliding out and in.

Jungkook was still drowsy and seemed without energy, at her mercy, moaning, muttering hot, filthy words and letting himself be fucked. He reacted to her fingers pressing on his chest and responded squeezing her hips, ass and thighs with long tattooed fingers, not trying to guide her because she was honestly doing so well.

He was so hot under her, sweating and moaning, all his words and noises were clouding her mind more.

But she managed to cross the limit of his despair after a few seconds and Jungkook planted his feet on the bed, hips bucking up. She fully arched as she was filled all at sudden, roughly, and a strong, sweet moan escaped her lips. He could lift her so easily and bury his dick into her hole all the way to the bottom, holding her ass up to keep her still and be able to fuck her as hard as he wanted.

His body rippled beneath her, stomach flexing as he threw his head back and groaned, selfishly seeking his orgasm as if she were a delicious, wet toy but taking her with him because with the roll of his hips he was thrusting perfectly, brushing all the right spots.

And he looked so hot doing that.

Lisa dropped onto his hard chest. "Jungkook, Jungkook, please, harder, please, ohmygod," she whimpered breathlessly and was fucked harder, enjoying her clit rubbing against his stomach more firmly now. He squeezed her with one arm and with his free hand raised her face to kiss her, licking her mouth and biting her lips.

"Fuck, Jungkook~" she whimpered, so close, breathing hard against his mouth. She was flushed and heavy-eyed, drunk with pleasure.

"Come, for me, fuck, eat doll, wet my cock," he growled, his hand buried in her blonde locks, holding her like that to see her face when she came.

"Jungkook~" she gasped and a high-pitched moan cut as she started to shake and come, clenching his body with her trembling thighs.

Wave after wave of orgasm hit her and she could barely move, pressed against the hot, hard body of this man causing every corner of her skin to burn, oversensitive nipples rubbing against his chest just as her clit was strongly imprisoned against his restless abdomen.

"Ah! Jungkook~"

Jungkook threw his head back on the pillows, ecstatic from the pleasure of her walls squeezing his cock about to explode. Lisa was panting at his neck and her nails clenched his arms tight, scratching him. Everything was getting more and more intense and the sounds of their skins slapping was an aphrodisiac as loud as the sound of her juices engulfing him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, you're gonna kill me someday, fuck, too much," he mumbled out of his mind. "Damn, I knew you were dangerous, damn, damn, damn..."

His thrusts became sloppy and he trembled as he came, releasing everything he had in her, while holding her close. His entire body trembled and his thighs tensed, hips bucking into her hard and precisely, almost making her jump. He moaned and gasped, feeling her kisses on his neck and the small movements of her hips to absorb him further and tighten, up and down.

God.

"Fucking God," he growled and finally released a last long breathy moan of release, letting all the air out of his lungs as the tremors of climax passed.

Calm fell on them as their breaths calmed and the light coating of sweat on their bodies dried. Still together and holding each other.

Lisa yawned deeply against his chest and snuggled in, finally too exhausted to think. "I don't wanna get up," she whimpered, exhausted and sleepy weighing on her eyes. But she had to go to the bathroom and pee.

(a/n: short sexual education class pt2, this time something i think i never mentioned in my fics bc it's easy to forget: pee after sex to avoid utis)

Jungkook said nothing but moved her onto the bed, spooning her and burying his face at the nape of her neck. He breathed it in and stayed there for a few long minutes. Lisa was about to fall asleep when she heard him speak.

"Did you sleep?" he murmured in a raspy voice.

"No"

He sighed deeply and sat up, lifting her with one arm, Lisa leaned on his shoulder and he laughed. "Doll"

She just hugged his arm and hid her face there. He let her lie back down and leaned on the edge of the bed, taking the box of

tissues he left there after a few times.

He never did this before.

Uh... what was he supposed to do?

Wipe her thighs?

"Lisa..." he called her softly.

Lisa fluttered her eyes open slightly and saw him sitting, with a tissue. She frowned but connected dots. "Uh, thank you," she mumbled and opened her legs, then she closed her eyes again.

Uh...

Well then.

At least he has her permission but... Okay.

(a/n: lisa stop making jungkook awkward challenge)

Lisa was like about to pass out so he swallowed the weird thoughts since she was really comfortable and gently cleaned her up. He smiled, slightly proud of all that mess, although he liked that she was so warm and sweet, trusting him completely. When he was done, he got up to throw everything away and returned to the bed, leaning over her.

"Lisa," he called her again, holding her cheeks on a bed and raising them tenderly until she looked like a cute sleepy baby. He shook her face gently and laughed. "Lisa..."

Lisa growled and shuffled her feet to the edge of the bed, shoving him off without much strength. "I know, I know," she spluttered and stumbled into the bathroom.

△□△□△□

When she returned, completely clean and with her already dry panties on, Jungkook had changed the sheets, left a new and clean sweatshirt at the foot of the bed for her and was waiting for her with open arms, half asleep too. She sank into them and fell fast asleep, finally.

He felt so much like home in moments like that.

Why did she have him as just Jungkook in her phone? It was cold, very formal, too ugly.

All her worries about waking up and being alone in bed melted away as she thought of a name name for him.

Jungkookie? Nah, it sounded ugly since the only thing she could think of was Chaeyoung's voice saying it.

"Do you need this Jungkookie?"

"Can you help me Jungkookie?"

"I need your opinion Jungkookie"

She rolled her eyes, mocking her friend. *Shut the fuck up, his name is Jungkook.*

Kookie? Not yet, not even in person she called him Kookie.

Maybe Jungkook💖👤 was better.

Yep, that was nice. Yellow was her favorite color and black was his, they were together so... yep, really good match.

Now that she solved that issue, she could ask him where the hell was he.

Jungkook💖👤

heeeey

where r u

i woke up alone

And why was she tempted to send him a photo?

She should. Something sexy but not so sexy, like a nude but not exactly a nude.

Something that made him run back to her and cuddle some more.

Uh, yeah.

Jungkook wasn't answering yet so she had time to find the best pose. Her face was totally out of the game after the long night so...

Hmmm...

It looked weird upward but she took a few from that angle. She didn't like them anyways, she thought that it'd look better if she was wearing a bra because maybe it was too soon in their relationship to send a titty.

(a/n: he got your titty in his mouth five hours ago thot, what are you talking about???)

Maybe sideways?

She tried a few poses and shot some good angles.

Uh!

Uh, yeah, that's a good one. Her butt looked massive from there.

Jungkook💖👤

jungkooooook

baby why im lonely

[nude]

Maybe he was busy? Where would he had gone? He wasn't in the apartment, Lisa had gotten up to the bathroom a few minutes before and the place was totally empty, except for Tannie who had celebrated all her way back and forth and was so cute that Lisa had let him get on the bed and accompany her a little. Now she had a super softball resting next to her but not her boyfriend.

Boyfriend? Could she call him a boyfriend already?

They were not official.

Why weren't they official?

There was literally no impediment left.

Her phone buzzed then and she snapped it up, excited. But her face suddenly dropped as she read the message and where it came

from.

God, she should change the name to lying bitch.

Rosie Posie

heeeey

are you up?

sorry for bothering

yesterday was a big mistake and i'm so sorry. i know that you know that i don't really feel that way about you, i know you know that i don't really think all the things i said. i was so angry that i couldn't think and you're right, it's not an excuse but im just trying to explain what was going on in my mind or what wasn't going on haha. but im so sorry. i really am

lisa please

come home

let's talk

Aish... Bullshit.

At this point? Bullshit.

Lisa didn't trust her at all.

But...

A small pain in the chest began to create a knot of anxiety in her throat. Did she really want to lose Chaeyoung? After all the years and adventures? Was it really that important...?

Yes, what she had said was important, it was low and dirty.

But that's how Chaeyoung was when she was angry and...

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

She wanted to meet and had talked to her before, perhaps she cared and was truly sorry. The mural exhibition was in a week, Chaeyoung was super busy but she was thinking about her, that could mean something...

Shit.

Rosie Posie

fine

i'm going

And Jungkook called her then, Lisa slid her finger and the feeling of comfort that wrapped around her heart was something new, amazing, as if her little muscle already knew who the right person was.

"Hey," she replied, getting out of bed looking for her clothes.

"That's so low, I was in class," he whined like a child.

Lisa laughed wickedly. "Sorry, I just wanted your attention," she said without regret and put the phone on speaker, on the bed, to dress in her white jeans from the day before. "Why were you in

class?"

"Because I had to submit my drawing project"

She frowned. "You finished it and didn't show me?"

"You wanted to see it?"

"Yeah?" She replied obviously and took off Jungkook's sweatshirt to put on her bra, already dry and folded by Jungkook for her. He was so cute, her clothes were now dry and soft, sweetly smelling like cotton although Lisa had no idea what cotton smelled like. "Those were my hands by you," she complained tenderly.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he murmured, truly sorry. "But, you don't remember I told you that I was leaving for it?"

"Nope, you did?"

"Yes, you asked for a kiss and all so I thought you were kind of awake," he said amused.

Lisa laughed. "Sleepy me is smart," she picked up her pink crop cardigan as she finished adjusting the straps of her bra and began to button it. "Are you coming back?"

"Yes, hmmm," he fell silent to doubt something and Lisa patiently waited, looking at herself in the mirror in his room. She looked tired but relatively well considering the situation. "Do you want some coffee? Or something to eat? "

"That'd be good," she smiled, running her fingers through messy hair to accommodate it, she had a few knots to brush. "But, can we meet at my place?"

"Your place?" Jungkook asked confused.

Oh, no.

Wait.

Lisa put her hand on her bangs, calling herself a fool for not thinking about it sooner.

He wasn't going to like this at all, Lisa was used to Bambam complaining and Jungkook would be no different. And she knew she was actually being stupid in doing this.

"Yeah, Chaeng sent me a text, she wanna meet," she said in a low tone, ashamed of her decisions actually.

"And you're going?" his tone was brusque, as offended as he had been yesterday, and butterflies fluttered in her stomach.

He was so protective.

"Yeah," she admitted weakly, knowing now more than well that he was unhappy with this.

"Lisa...", he sighed. "That's not good"

"I know but... You know, it's hard and maybe she...", she really couldn't justify, she was impulsively following her heart like always and it was sad because her heartbeat was leading her there when her brain couldn't even say "*she can change*" or "*she wasn't thinking*"

out loud. She knew the truth.

Jungkook fell silent on the other end of the line, probably doing the thing of running his tongue inside his mouth, jaw tense and hard with a pierced gaze...

Lisa was distracted again by imagining him, unable to control those crazy hormones that twisted her insides every time Jungkook was involved in her life and she was aware that she could do things with him. All the things she wanted.

Hot, he was so hot and even more so.

And the fact that he was upset that she was going to meet Chaeyoung? Just because he didn't want her to get hurt?

Wet, she could get wet just for that.

He could be rude to protect her, stretch to his full height and intimidate people for her but then continue to be her soft boy and make her feel like his cute chick to take care of.

"Jungkook..." she called out, pulling away from her hot thoughts because the tense silence on the line made it clear that Jungkook was really angry.

"I'm here," he huffed and Lisa wished she had him close to kiss his neck and calm his anger, seducing him until he kissed her like just he knew. He shouldn't worry anyway, she was going to be fine. "I'll see you there," he conceded.

But it didn't feel right and Lisa didn't want to leave it at that.

"Don't be mad"

"I'm not mad," he said perhaps very lightly.

"You are," an inevitable mischievous smile formed on her lips because he really couldn't lie.

"I can't be mad with you"

Okay

Okay

Okay.

Lisa could swear she blushed at that. "Really?" her tone sounded between excited and incredulous.

"...Yeah. What kind of coffee do you want?" he quickly changed the subject and she laughed quietly. God, when he was around, she was going to kiss him so much that his lips were going to turn purple.

"Vanilla latte," she replied, adding: "I won't take long."

"Sure... Just... Don't forget how you felt last night. When you're talking with her, I mean, don't forget how bad it was and the things she said," he softly advised her and Lisa's smile began to weaken upon hearing him. "Maybe what you did was wrong but she called you a whore and... It was low, Doll, remember that"

His words, though tender and considerate, were a hard reality hit.

He was right and he wasn't talking shit out of his ass, he was there with her when everything happened and after it happened.

How could Lisa forget about that so quickly and think that everything would be fine just because she was well rested now and the sun was shining?

The rain couldn't erase the facts and the sunlight was just a warm illusion, her chest still ached and she was still alone.

It was low.

It fucking was.

And all she said really was really bullshit, just as Lisa thought at the first moment.

*"How do you think she ended up here in Seoul instead of studying in Bangkok? For being a **whore**"*

*"...she didn't want me in the middle because she was coming for you on my back, laughing at me like the **shameless whore** she is"*

"...I wouldn't be surprised if she slept with those old men too, Jungkook, those were her father's friends"

*"What do you want me to do? To clap for her being a **slut**?"*

Her sweet melodic voice hit her in her memories with those poisonous words back, slicing her heart into pieces that bled instantly.

Chaeyoung had seen her suffer for her parents, she had been there the nights that Lisa cried on her lap and she seriously blamed herself for all the problems she had inadvertently caused and nobody better than her knew the truth of everything. Or it was just a fake play and Chaeyoung pretended to believe her very well, holding her close to use her.

After all, Lisa gave her a beautiful and spacious place to live, Lisa filled her with expensive gifts and when she was disowned, her parents continued to send gifts to her best friend every birthday; and Lisa was an easy idiot to manipulate, the fool who forgave everything and agreed, the fool who sought to keep the peace and the fool who had lost herself many times just to please her...

God, she was so dumb and even more for thinking of giving her another chance.

"Lisa?" Jungkook called her, she had become extremely quiet but her mind was screaming with fury and indignation at the moment.

Chaeyoung should really go fuck herself.

"I'll see you there, love you," she said fondly, because in the end he was being a great support, and she hung up.

She was now sure about she was about to do, thanks to him.

The keyword was: Closure.

"Lisa"

Well, at least she was packing already.

Chaeyoung had as many clothes as Lisa herself so there were a total of six suitcases around the house, two of them open and half-filled, obviously perfectly arranged. Lisa could grant her that and somehow it bothered her that Chaeyoung was doing exactly what she told her because she had prepared so many mental arguments, she was ready to fight her.

What the hell was wrong with her? Now was she going to act like the usual soft little lamb?

Excuse me?

This was not fair.

The tired face of her friend was much more unfair, her eyes were swollen and red. Lisa's too but she had only slept five hours in her defense.

This was such a waste, now what was Lisa going to do with all her pent up anger?

"What did you want to talk about?" she asked, crossing her arms.

She hadn't been home for two weeks and it felt so strange, she disliked the place by relating it to Chaeyoung but the familiarity of two happy besties living together remained, their photos were still in frames around the house, most of the decoration was chosen by both, their plushies were around and that soft pink blanket that both loved to use in movie nights was there on the couch, as just a distant memory of good moments that now were bitter.

"Lisa...", Chaeyoung called softly to her like a strangled cry and moved toward her though Lisa stepped back, making it clear that she didn't want her to touch her. She sighed and clenched her fists next to her body, helpless and hurt. Lisa almost felt bad but now that she had her face to face, she couldn't stop hearing her horrible words. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," she pouted, looking truly sad.

Well, she didn't want to fight.

Lisa could grant that and she sighed. "I'm sorry too," she relented a little. "I didn't expect things to turn out like this"

"Me either," Chaeyoung nodded. "But, can't you forgive me? Can't we make up? " she literally begged her and took her arms even though Lisa tensed, her heart ached because even though it hurt, no, she couldn't. Thinking of forgiving her was much easier than having her in front apologizing as she had done so many times before and Lisa didn't like to count but now everything sounded so false. "We've been friends for years, this can't be the last of us"

Right, but was she serious?

Her cynicism made Lisa fuck her good side.

"Chaeyoung, you called me a whore," Lisa snapped, disgusted at how dumb she had been to be fooled for this and think she could

forget, not this time, not when it was so clear. She started to show her fingers as she counted: "You called a shameless whore, a slut, you implied that I slept with my father's friends and even with another girl's boyfriend. You know that's not true but you told Jungkook that, and for what? What was the reason? "

Chaeyoung blinked in surprise and gestured awkwardly, because in the end, the reason was obvious.

"You didn't care about me at all just for Jungkook, after getting in my mind for all these months for doing things for Jungkook and my stupid ass was being just his friend and hurting him just for you!" and while she was saying it, Lisa started to be more aware of the situation and she got more offended. "Oh my God, you really didn't care at all for me"

Chaeyoung looked to the side, nodding like a scolding girl. "I'm sorry about that but I care about you! I just... I was too angry because you slept with him even while knowing that I like him," she murmured, because she really had no more excuses.

Lisa snorted. "And the bitch keeps going and going with the same old shit ...," she muttered annoyed.

Chaeyoung opened her mouth offended. "Don't call me a bitch, we're trying to make peace," she had the guts to scold her.

"There's no peace to make! You fucked up and you can't even accept it, you can't accept at all that you were as wrong as me and you keep trying to make me feel bad about myself just to get forgiven"

Chaeyoung pursed her lips and looked at her helplessly, incredulous that Lisa reacted like this and obviously, because she had never chosen someone over her before. "Are you serious? All this for Jungkook?" she said, not even listening to her.

No, because she hit low and in a place she knew it was wrong to hit!

But Lisa was tired. "Yeah, it's because Jungkook's dick if you're so into it," she snapped harshly.

"Lisa!" she exclaimed, scolding her back, but she exhaled deeply and regained her composure. After all, she was the one to lose. "Listen, we can make up, stop being so angry. Don't you think it is too much?"

Lisa giggled sardonically. "Do you want me to stop being angry? Let me recall you, you. betrayed. me," she remarked seriously. "And now you want me to pretend like nothing happened?"

"It was just the heat of the moment! You know I don't think like that! " Chaeyoung insisted.

"I'm tired of believing that bullshit, you do believe that and that's why you said it"

"I don't!" she squealed in frustration. "I'm sorry!" but more than a sincere apology it sounded like a fucking *sorry, please stop making a big deal about it*.

"I won't forgive you," Lisa told her with serious calm.

The levels of frustration surpassed Chaeyoung and it showed, she didn't know what to do, but she was tired of this. "You're being so immature, Lisa, c'mon"

And she insulted her, invalidating her feelings again like she always did, damn it. Lisa was tired too, she couldn't low her head and nod anymore, not after knowing the truth of her thoughts and heart.

"Ah, now I am immature?" she asked wryly, getting upset. "I wasn't the one throwing a tantrum because the guy didn't like me back, fucking brat!"

Chaeyoung opened her mouth. "Excuse me? You, whore!" she spat.

"You know what? Call me a whore, maybe I am and you know who likes to fuck this whore? Jungkook! "

Fine, that wasn't pretty mature but it hit where it had to hit and Lisa was proud.

Chaeyoung narrowed her eyes, she couldn't believe her. "Okay, that's so disgusting," she said with the most annoying rich bitch tone.

"Ah, now it's disgusting? You talked shit about me to get in his pants first!"

That made Chaeyoung snap: "Well too late anyways because you were already in his pants without giving a shit about me!"

"Because his dick is so big and fat that I couldn't resist, so sorry I'm not fucking sorry for that!" Lisa clapped back.

"You're being so annoying right now!" she screeched in response, crossing her arms.

Did she call her to call her annoying? For this bullshit?

She wasn't sorry at all and it was fucking obvious, she was a selfish brat and Lisa wanted her so out of her life. She was tired and exhausted, and so fucking angry because she was so fucking bold and narcissistic, trying to guilt-trip her again and again AND CALLING HER A WHORE AGAIN.

"Better, right? So you can leave for once and keep talking shit about me! Now you have reasons!" and she walked to one of the open suitcases and spilled all her coffee on it.

"What are you doing? Crazy bitch!" Chaeyoung lunged at her and tried to hold her hand. "Yah! You're so freaking immature! I can't even recognize you anymore!"

Yes, she couldn't recognize her anymore because Lisa wasn't

acting like she wanted, being an idiot.

Lisa resisted, moving around as Chaeyoung tried to stop her, gripping her free arm tightly. "Leave my house then!"

"Leave my clothes! You're going to pay for all that!" she screeched and hit her in the hand, it was too late anyway, the empty plastic glass flew through the apartment and a few drops stained the walls. "Not like you can pay it with your stupid poor job, broke bitch! I guess you will have to sleep with men like before for money"

FUCKING BITCH.

THIS WAS THE FUCKING PROOF THAT SHE WAS ALL SHE WAS OH-SO-FUCKING-SORRY FOR.

So she only cared about her damn clothes?

Did she want her to pay?

She was going to pay.

"Fine, let me pay for more!" Lisa took a bunch of it and walked to the balcony. "Lemme sleep with more men! You know how much I love dick"

"What are you doing? !!!" Chaeyoung screeched in alarm and followed her.

"Kicking you out! Ugly!" Lisa yelled at her and violently threw everything into the abyss.

"You're the liar! Leave my clothes!!!!" and Chaeyoung pulled her hair, bringing her back to the apartment, Lisa grimaced and screamed in pain. "Stop!! You can't pay for them because even your parents hate you!"

"Yah! At least the guy you like loves me!"

Lisa screamed and slapped her hand but Chaeyoung pulled her hair harder so Lisa copied her, pulling her head back too while they were hitting each other and screaming and growling.

(a/n: lmfaowtf is wrong with them)

Jungkook decided to wait for Lisa when they met at the entrance of the building and she greeted him with a kiss, and another to thank him for her latte... and another kiss just because, and another and another. So yeah, they basically made out in the entrance for a few minutes until Lisa finally went up. He was going to stay out of this for now and let Lisa handle it, she was a big strong girl after all.

(a/n: yeah, she's being really mature and big right now)

But everything became strange when clothes began to fall from the sky, Jungkook was not crazy since the doorman of the building also saw it and was as surprised as he was.

Jungkook walked away from the door, walking backwards, and looked up. Was someone throwing clothes?

Oh, a furious wife had just been cheated and was throwing her husband's clothes off the balcony?

Funny, he thought it only happened in the movies.

But then he noticed that a dress was lying in the garden of the building... a white dress that he had seen before.

OH FUCK.

LISA!

WHAT THE HELL WAS SHE DOING ?!

WAS SHE OKAY?

He ran inside again and into the elevator, almost slipping but it didn't happen thanks to his chunky black boots.

*(a/n: promotes Prada *wink wink*)*

(a/n: though he's not wearing Prada here ofc he's a broke bitch in ht)

The elevator didn't go up fast enough but it did so after eternal seconds. Jungkook ran outside but in the hallway he stopped abruptly, meeting Kai in the middle of the hallway, sipping a banana milk while hearing the screams from inside the apartment.

"Hyung?" Kai looked at him in surprise.

They both cringed at the sound of some glass breaking inside the house. Damn, things were worse than he thought, they were killing each other.

"I... I think you should go home," he recommended to the younger boy.

"Do you know what's happening?" Kai was really concerned.

"They usually argue but nothing like this, I can hear them from my kitchen"

"Stupid poor bitch!"

"Shut up, jealous witch!"

"Aaagh !! Keep sucking dicks for money"

"Oof, shut up! You'd love to be me and suck HIS dick," weird noises, punch, punch. "Ouch!!"

"Keep that junkie dick for yourself!" Chaeyoung screamed.

Jungkook put his hand on his chest, offended.

"Yeah that fat big junkie dick is all mine!!" Lisa clapped back.

Uh

Fat? Big? Dick? His?

Hers?

Oh... haha.

Sweet, flattering, she was so hot...

"Let me go!!"

"You let me go first!"

RIGHT! Were they really punching each other? What the hell was going on there?

"Do you know the password?" he asked after facing a closed door.

Kai nodded. "Yeah, lemme open it"

Oh, the mess that Jungkook and Kai found when the door opened...

There were clothes everywhere, ornaments and broken photos on the floor, even the armchair cushions were thrown away, and was that an extension? No, wait, there were many more extensions on the floor than he would expect.

SO THE LONG HAIR OF BOTH WAS FAKE???

(a/n: of course it was fake!)

Chaeyoung and Lisa were in a pitiful state. They both had messed up hair, held in the other's fist. Their clothes were ripped, Chaeyoung's black top had one of the sleeves ripped to her elbow, and Lisa's cardigan had been violently ripped open, with no trace of buttons and her white lace bra was in sight. But the worst were the scratches and the blood, a huge pink mark was beginning to show on Chaeyoung's cheek and Lisa had a thread of blood running down her nose.

What the hell was wrong with them?

And had they stopped before the new visitors? Of course not, they were very distracted walking around the apartment while insulting each other and pulling their hairs, hitting each other like the Kourtney and Kim, with less foundation in this occasion.

"This is why no one liked you in highschool!" Lisa yelled at Chaeyoung as they both fell onto the sofa, the last astride the first and with advantage.

"At least I wasn't the slut of the school!" Chaeyoung answered her, trying to slap Lisa but she was hitting back.

"No, you were too busy calling me slut at my back!" Lisa said with difficulty as she used the strength of her abdomen and pushed her to the ground.

Chaeyoung fell violently to the wooden floor but didn't seem to notice, clawing at Lisa as she tried to hold her down while hitting her.

God, Jungkook had to stop this.

"Shit," he muttered and reached out to take Lisa by the waist.

She fought fiercely. "Let go of me!" she screamed and kicked, Jungkook was grateful to be much bigger because if he wasn't it would be impossible to move her. She was fiery and he should have expected it since she was like that when drunk, but with all her senses it was all pure rage and strength.

"Lisa!" he called even though it was impossible.

"Hold your fucking slut, Jungkook!" Chaeyoung yelled at him, sitting down on the ground and rubbing at the scratch on her wrist.

"Yah! Watch that mouth!" he growled at her seriously and

inadvertently softened his grip so Lisa ran away and lunged for Chaeyoung again.

"You're the worst witch!" Jungkook just managed to stop her, putting himself in the middle of both.

Worst decision ever.

"You are! Fucking liar!" Chaeyoung yelled behind him.

She wasn't going to help at all, was she?

"You're the fake!" Lisa tried to climb him, yelling at her over his shoulder as he was moving from left to right to prevent her from passing at the same time he was opening his arm to try to stop both.

"You are just calling me fake because you can't admit you're a slut as everyone says!" Chaeyoung replied, also trying to climb him back to grab Lisa.

"Yah!" Jungkook exclaimed offended for her.

"No! You're really a fake! Let me remind you that you were the one saying shit after acting like my friend for years with your whiny annoying fucking voice!"

Okay, Lisa was making some points there bUT SHE JUST HIT HIS SIDE UNCONSCIOUSLY.

"You didn't hate my voice when I used to sing for you when you were crying like the stupid ugly monkey you are after fucking up"

The fuck she was calling an ugly monkey?

DAMN CHAEYOUNG HIT HIS BACK!

"I lied, ugly rodent! Sometimes I can't wait for you to shut the fuck up and stop whining every time you lose! Bitch, you're 22"

"Don't come for me for acting stupid, you're the one doing aegyo like a fucking child every time you want something. Guess what, it's embarrassing, Thai slut"

"I am embarrassing? Weren't you the one crawling for a guy that was fucking me just the night before?"

Jungkook was sure that he heard Kai say OooOoOOOooh in the background.

"Keep bragging about it hoe, your pussy will get so big someday that you would fit a bowling ball inside!"

Fit a what???

"At least it won't be as big as your bike seat head!"

"Excuse me?"

"And I will get money for this big ass open pussy since you're so sure I'm a good prostitute"

"Go work to the streets where you belong then! All that money but you're still as cheap as a slut from the streets, keep twerking and sucking dicks for money since it's all you can do right!"

"Maybe if you twerked on some dick you wouldn't be so jealous of me for fucking!"

"ENOUGH!" He yelled at both of them so loudly they froze and looked up at him with huge, scared eyes. "IT'S FUCKING ENOUGH YOU TWO!" he yelled at them again, he was hurting, and tired and about to turn fucking deaf.

They both blinked comically, unable to believe that he was truly angry.

"Let her go, Chaeyoung," he ordered coldly, dark eyes blazing with fury, fierce. Chaeyoung did nothing despite feeling intimidated, he raised an eyebrow. "Do I have to repeat?"

She obeyed slowly but her jaw was tight, clearly resistant to it.

"Lisa..." He looked at his girlfriend sternly.

"But-"

He took a deep breath and his gaze softened. "Lisa, please..."

She pouted but released Chaeyoung's shirt like a scolded child and let him move her away, at least two meters from Chaeyoung. "Thank you," he kissed her forehead without thinking.

Fine.

Enough of being soft.

"You both talk whatever you need to talk and we're leaving," he sternly communicated to both of them as the only adult in the room.

Lisa coming here had obviously been a big mistake, he should have stopped her -not that it was possible.

"Who you think you are?"

"We don't have anything to talk, we're leaving now," Lisa interrupted her.

Chaeyoung was silent at the sudden outburst but finally nodded. "Yes, you're right," she conceded, raising her chin and trying to look her best even though it was impossible with the mess in her hair, injuries and torn clothes. Lisa was not better. "It's obvious that we are done"

"Like hell we are," Lisa agreed. "You know what?" she tried to walk closer like an angry panther but she couldn't because Jungkook wasn't going to get in the middle of another fight, she kept her dark gaze anyways: "I don't care what you think about me, why should I when you showed that you are actually the biggest trash. You never cared about me as you try so hard to convince me and yourself, you just care about yourself so go ahead, call me a whore. At least I'm being fucked and well, what do you have? Nothing, because you couldn't even get your head out of your arrogant ass and give a chance to a guy that was really into you. And for what? Just to fight me and be superior. You're pitiful and I regret so much all the things I did for you, I regret even meeting you"

Her harsh, cold words really cut through Chaeyoung and her

facade collapsed in pieces around her, her eyes got teary and red but she could keep herself up, she was still a real collected lady after all.

"Fine," she nodded but looked at him resentfully and then at her. "Hope he makes you happy after all the mess he created"

Now this was his fault??

Of course, it would never be her own fault.

Lisa took Jungkook's hand firmly, intertwining their fingers, and confidently replied, "He will."

And she led him outside, pushing Kai who had been forgotten in the hallway although he had really enjoyed the show, it showed in his eyes.

"What the hell was that?" Kai asked like he just witnessed the biggest boxer fight. Jungkook could confirm it was, HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE LIKE A PUNCHING BAG. Kai turned around and faced them, eyes going wide as his mouth: "You two are together now? And you and noona-"

They ignored him anyway.

"Look at you," Jungkook gently cupped her cheeks to raise her face and watch her closely, he was concerned. "Aren't you hurting? This is too much. What were you thinking?" He scolded her, worried about the severity of the injuries and hating all those horrible scratch marks, and he ran his finger under her nose, wiping away the already-dried blood.

Lisa hissed. "She slapped me too hard," she finally whined but managed to smile triumphantly: "I punched her back so hard, though"

Jungkook burst out laughing, she was unbelievable.

Yeah, he saw the mess she left in Chaeyoung's body.

It wasn't right though, especially when she was this destroyed afterward and he knew that once the adrenaline was gone, Lisa was going to feel very, very bad. But for now, he appreciated the good humor and he was going to be with her during this and for whatever came.

She was definitely going to need a lot more cuddles and movies, maybe sex too. But overall, company.

"Can you lend us some wet wipes?" he asked Kai.

"I knew you two were going to end up together," he sighed with a smile. "Yeah, come in. Soosoo is there watching a movie"

Lisa frowned and with that she winced, she apparently had a cut in her brow too. "And your parents?" she asked anyway.

"Working" he shrugged.

"You left Soosoo alone all this time?" Lisa asked upset and stepped forward. "Damn, Kai!" she scolded him.

Both guys saw her disappear and Jungkook sighed... those two...
Wow.

That was intense.

He didn't know they had such filthy mouths and were so creative.
Bike seat head? Pussy big to git a bowling ball?

What the fuck was wrong with them?

And he was so stupid thinking catfights were hot because no, hell, no, they were a nightmare, especially with him in the middle. He even had a burning in the back of his neck and it was for sure a scratch from one of them.

"So, you and noona..." Kai dragged and stretched out his lips, connecting the tips of his forefingers. "I can keep the secret if you-"

This kid...

"She knows it already," Jungkook left it clear, he wasn't going to be played by a 14 years old teen again.

"Oh," Kai whined. "That's unfair, Hyung, how will I get free things now? You're so selfish," he mumbled, complaining, and walked to his home.

Jungkook chuckled quietly but he thought about what just happened and the consequences. He didn't know what led Lisa to react like that and how they both turned out fighting like crazy but he didn't want this to happen again, not after knowing how much it could affect Lisa.

So he went back and knocked on the door. Chaeyoung didn't take long to open the door angrily.

"What? Did she forgot something? Her extensions?" she spat with venom, the corner of her eyes were red and her cheeks too... so she was crying after opening the door.

Why was she always crying after fighting with Lisa? It was like the demon that possessed her during the fight just left to leave again the cute girl she showed to everyone...

She was a girl he couldn't understand at all and he didn't want to.

"Don't contact her again if you will do this," he told her seriously.

"Excuse me? She started... she started everything"

Jungkook sighed. "It's so useless to talk with you, Chaeyoung," he admitted with resignation but he was also tired of this, he wanted Lisa to be in peace so he could be in peace too and Chaeyoung was just a nuisance that wasn't even worthy to deal with since her soul was ugly. "I don't know what were your intentions but look how it turned out. When you start controlling the shit you say, call her, because now you're just hurting her more," he was real and sincere, noticing that the mention of Lisa hurting really hit her but it wasn't hitting hard enough for her to get her head out of her ass. "So for now, stay the hell away from her"

And it sounded like a threat, not like it wasn't but it was he wanted to transmit. He was going to protect Lisa from this bitch.

"And what about me? I'm hurting too," she mumbled, looking at him with real sad eyes.

"You had a person who used to care for you and was ready to fight everyone for you, her love was big, but you decided to fuck it up for someone like me... or for yourself, actually," Jungkook shrugged. "You looked for this yourself, Chaeyoung"

[EXTRA]

Bambam grimaced when he saw that name shining on his screen, a new call was entering and he didn't want to reply but...

Damn.

Lisa owed him so much after this.

"Hello, auntie"

"Where's my daughter, Bambam? Why isn't she answering the phone? And why is Chaeyoung leaving her place? Her mom just called me saying she's back home, and hurt! What's going on?! Tell me immediately!"

Bambam sighed... *Lisa, you, bitch.*

your water girl cake here again👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️

for the next chapter we will get a really bright sun☀️⚙️🐦💕

what would you like to see for this two?

more cuddles? adventures?

don't say sex, i know you want sex

OH NO WAIT

👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️

production is telling me a storm is also predicted for further chapters!!!!

but well don't worry

-the bitch said after worrying you all

especial thank you to juliana maquillaje artístico and her audios acting the whole chaelisa fight lmfao

you should hear her in chihuahua mode

if you like it, comment and vote👍 tell me, did you really like this chapter? was the smut good? was the fight good?

and did you like how you like that? honest opinions only.

i don't like it but well, the girls are amazing as usual and lisa's part is so my fav. our girl is showing face, cake, tiddies, and big ass dick energy in all the stages.

EXTRA: Nurse Fairy JK

HELLO FAM!

gosh august is about to start and im still writing this story sakasla my plan was to end it in July 2020 but well things happened. things aka my laziness and procrastinating habits.

good new is that, me wanting to finish this doesn't mean the end is close. i think this will extend till chapter 40 at least so yeah...

idk why im rambling all this lmfao

ANYWAY, here's a lil extra that it's like an introduction for next chapter. i will try to bring next the fastest i can and i find funny that my ass got so used to writing long as this quarantine chapters that a 4k words part is more an extra than a chapter

OK I WILL SHUT UP

taehyung buy f milk damn

Gnome Hyung

WHAT CATFIGHT

WHERE

WHEN

HOW

Taehyunggie

CATFIGHT????

Gnome Hyung

(screenshot)

Taehyunggie

HOLY FUCK

my money is on lisa

Gnome Hyung

same

she seems like she knows how to fight

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU JK

Taehyunggie

he never replies 🤡🤡🤡

Gnome Hyung

HE BETTER DO

BRO

Taehyunggie

should i call him?

Gnome Hyung

i thought he was in his room
all the time
with lisa

Taehyunggie

me too
but it was silent
so

Gnome Hyung

right
yo jungkook
you're noisy as fuck

Taehyunggie

lmfao
was she fucking you instead?

Gnome Hyung

i didn't know our
jungkookie was into that 🤔

Taehyunggie

wbk jimin
he a sub

Gnome Hyung

well he sounds like one

Taehyunggie

you sound better jiminnie

Gnome Hyung

□

thank you bby
tonight we gotta 🤔

Taehyunggie

🤔

don't tell my gf tho

Gnome Hyung

it's our lil secret daddy

Taehyunggie

mmm 🤔

Gnome Hyung

you know who sounds good too?

Taehyunggie

who?

Gnome Hyung

lisa sounds good too 🤔

Taehyunggie

uh yeah
sweet



i couldn't

i wouldn't

AND I WAS IN THE MIDDLE

I GOT PUNCHED

AND HURT

Taehyunggie

its not that hard to take your phone
and film

Gnome Hyung



fuck you

fr

Taehyunggie

how's lisa

changing clothes

they both ripped off

their clothes too

Gnome Hyung

and YOU COULDN'T FILM IT

wtf with those too btw

they were like two steps close

to fight in mud

i vote for a second round

i'd pay for it

that's my girl you're talking about

fucking fucker

Taehyunggie

is she okay?

Gnome Hyung

did she win?

yes and yes

ofc she won

Gnome Hyung

wait why did they fight?

you?

Taehyunggie



well

Gnome Hyung

YO

OUR JUNGKOOKIE

Taehyunggie

and to think 🐼
that he cried after his first time 🐼
bc he sucked 🐼🐼🐼

Gnome Hyung

and he cried too
after his first first date 🐼

Taehyunggie

🐼🐼🐼🐼

shut up to myself
i never had faith on him
since he went:

this why you both are muted

Gnome Hyung

aish
these kids nowadays
taehyunggie we should go for a second
maybe he will love us more

Taehyunggie

yes☐☐☐

don't tell my gf tho

"...And then! And then! And then Judy goes for the bad bad fox and and and he tries to fool her with his tricks but she's so smart! She recor him with her pen! Look! Look! Like this one!" Soomin was a small happy bubble hopping in front of him, showing her carrot pen to Jungkook, literally putting the pen two centimeters close to his eyes.

Jungkook opened his mouth, surprised. "Oh my God! It's the same!" he exclaimed over excited and narrowed his eyes, suspecting this cute Lil child. "Are you recording me right now, Officer Soosoo?"

Soomin giggled and shook her head. "No! No! I don't! But..." she narrowed her small amber eyes and suspected him. "Should I, Oppa?"

Jungkook pretended to be caught but then acted like nothing. "No? Why should I? I'm a good citizen, the best in Seoul," he pouted, dragging the words as if he couldn't believe she was suspecting him.

"I don't believe you!" Soomin declared, with her eyes still narrowed, and leaned closer to him on the sofa, putting her little hands with colorful yet cracked nail polish on his legs to propel herself up and be face to face with him. "Just a baddie would say that"

Jungkook waved his hands, pretending panic and fear. "No! I

swear! I'm the best citizen!"

"We need proof!" she jumped back, pointing at him with his forefinger. "Lemme investigate, Oppa!" and then a smug smile ran through her lips, one finger tangling in her pigtail. "If you didn't do anything, you wouldn't tell me to don't do it, right?"

She was so smart and cute. Cute overall.

Jungkook wanted to hug her and squish her like a teddy bear.

"Yes, you're right, Officer Soosoo," he nodded, who was him to fight the law?

"Go investigate your room, Soosoo," Kai told his sister who put her hands on her waist, annoyed.

"Yah! Why? Oppa is here, not in my room, why would I investigate there?"

Jungkook was genuinely surprised, she was really good at this.

"Who do you know he wasn't there?" Kai objected, raising a brow.

Soomin's eyes went wide and she shot Jungkook a surprised look as a gasp left her lips. Then she ran to her room.

"I will catchu!" she screamed and entered her room, at the end of the hallway of the apartment.

The place was even bigger than Lisa's home, with a white pristine decoration that would have looked cold if it wasn't for the tons of toy and colorful details in every corner, leaving clear a kid was living there.

He would love to have a kid as cute as Soomin. And he was sure that if it was Lisa's child, they'd be as cheerful as her.

Jungkook chuckled and got up from the cream leather sofa, where he was watching Zootopia with Soomin. Actually they weren't watching it, it was more about Soomin telling him the whole movie and he couldn't complain, she was a good storyteller and her excitement about every single scene was so endearing.

(a/n: yeah try rising a kid who watches the same movie 11 times a day)

Lisa actually told him and Kai to distract her so she would be able to clean her wounds without her fluttering around and making questions every two seconds. At least, Soomin already knew Lisa and Chaeyoung fought thanks to her not-subtle-at-all brother and she just said "Hope you won, Lili". She was a loyal one.

Kai was also on Lisa's side because he heard them both, and asked her to teach him how to fight, how to insult and how to get natural extensions like that. He didn't know they were fake either. Lisa showed him a non very polite finger.

"Go help Noona, I heard her complain in the bathroom," Kai told him, pointing at his back with his thumb.

Of course she was going to complain, he was in pain and he had

only been hit a few times, Lisa was there from before and bouncing on the ground with Chaeyoung.

Jungkook walked to where Kai was pointing at him and came to a bathroom that was too big to be just the guest bathroom, how big was the bathroom of the master room then?

Lisa was leaning against the bathroom counter, in front of the mirror while she was trying to press a small cotton ball against her eyebrow and hissing at the contact. Kai lent her a shirt and a pair of black jeans of his mom, Jungkook didn't know how his mom looked but those jeans were making wonders with Lisa's ass. It was perky and round, jeans so tight he wanted to squeeze... or bite.

And Lisa hissed again, reminding him where he was.

"Can I help?" he entered slowly.

Lisa smiled at him and shook her head, he noticed some missing parts of her hair with the movement and pursed his lips to avoid a laugh between incredulous and amused. So, extensions...

Who didn't he know? She couldn't have grown her hair for one day to another.

But who was him to think about that? She was distracting enough, if she showed up with fangs, glowing under the light and hissing, he'd accept it and let her have some of his blood. What was the big deal?

(a/n: gosh i've created a monster)

"No, it's okay," she replied.

"You don't seem okay," he stepped closer and gently took the cotton from her fingers.

"Right, I'm not," she sighed and cocked her head to point to a really deep scratch under her jaw. "She has sharp nails, like, look at this"

"Let me help you," he said, moving her to sit on the toilet seat.

"You already took the alcohol so I guess I have no option," she shrugged as he turned to take the bottle of alcohol, next to a white first aid box.

He chuckled and poured a little bit of alcohol on the cotton ball, then he squatted down in front of her. "Tell me if it hurts too much," he warned her, closely inspecting the small cut on her eyebrow.

It wasn't a scratch, it was obviously because of a hit against something hard... maybe a ring. Chaeyoung had punched her? Was it going to swell?

"It will hurt anyways, so go on," Lisa nodded and Jungkook pressed it on her face gently, she hissed softly, long lashes fluttering. "I just... hate pain"

He smirked and gently cleaned the wound until there was no

trace of blood left, just a small pink trace. "Uh, yeah, because the rest of us really love it"

"Why I am just noticing you're a real smartass," she looked up at him through amused narrowed eyes.

Yeah, he was in general when he was comfortable. But he didn't plan to be rude.

"I like it," she added, and Jungkook smiled flattered and looked to a side; distracted by the small bottle of antiseptic cream, pouring a small drop in his finger. "You know, I always knew you have more temper than you show," he leaned in front of her and put the cream on the wound, trying not to stain her eyebrow. He felt her big eyes on him and it was making him nervous, a silly giggle bubbling deep in his stomach. Why was she staring? "Just someone with such temper would tattoo himself so much without caring what people think, without caring about the consequences," she explained to him and he finished, looking at her with appreciation. "It's hot"

"Yah," he muttered and went back to taking alcohol and a new cotton ball. It wasn't like that... or was it? Did he really have temper because of doing all that?

He thought that the art of not giving a shit about what people think was just... coping mechanism after bullying. Also, people fearing you had a good side, regardless the bad rumors and judging.

"What? It's true and I say it while you're technically torturing me," she pointed at the cotton.

Jungkook laughed quietly. "I'm curing you, ma'am"

"It still hurts," she whimpered cutely but cocked her neck so he could clean the scratch.

"It won't for long," he assured her.

"So, as I was saying," she continued. "The tattoos make you hot but your personality is hotter," she was destroying him with so much sweet talk, God, there was no need to flatter him like that. He knew himself and he knew he wasn't as close as good as she was seeing him. And Lisa noticed his reluctance so she took his face in both hands and made him face her. "You're cute but when you yelled at me and Chaeyoung out there? Aish, my heart burned ... and other things too," she exaggerated, waving her hand like a fan.

He laughed and leaned closer to give her a peck on the lips. "You both shouldn't have fought like that"

"Yeah..." she nodded and released his face for him to continue. "I don't know what happened, I'm not like that. She just... Ugh"

"I know, I heard it," Jungkook squeezed the cotton ball lightly and a drop of alcohol ran down her neck, Lisa squeezed his forearm in pain but barely made a sound. "Do you really think the bike seat

head thing?" he asked to distract her.

Lisa snorted. "No. I was just angry and you know what? I kinda understand her now, saying shit when you're angry is liberating," she sighed, showing a face of genuine surprise.

"Will you call me coconut head when you get angry at me then?" he asked her while cleaning the deepest scratch.

Distracted by the talk, Lisa shook her head slightly. "Nah ... I don't think I could get angry at you," she softened her voice, doing aegyo, being able to ignore the small burning in the wound.

"Just the first 6 months, you said it," he reminded her and checked the wound, blowing gently to dry the alcohol and give it some freshness.

"Right. But you're so sweet, I think you will be mad at me first," she pouted as he leaned back again, staring at her eyes with an arched brow.

"Do you wanna bet?" he offered, because no one knew better than Jeon Jungkook how annoying Jeon Jungkook could be.

(a/n: bold of you to assume that we all don't know)

Lisa arched her brow too and smiled playfully. "Yeah! If you get mad at me first ...," she leaned close to him until their noses almost brushed against each other and he licked his lips, not being able to avoid getting lost in another one of her games. What was she going to ask him? "I will think what I want," she said stretching her lips out, teasing him, but the assurance in her gaze made it clear that she knew of her power over him. Then she carelessly smoothed his shirt as she lowered her voice: "And if I get mad at you first, I will be... your sex slave"

Her hot whispering words traveled to his crotch much faster than he would have expected although he should get used to it, she was so tempting and knew how to play to drive him crazy. Honestly, he could kiss her right now and put her on the counter, squeezing her thighs around his waist and he was dying for it. But the game wouldn't be funny this way and it was obvious he was going to win so an arrogant smile formed on his lips. "Fine," he nodded.

Lisa just smiled with arrogance too and didn't say anything, staring at him in that way that was going up and down and full of bad thoughts.

He put antiseptic cream on her neck and as he did so he felt a thicker and heated tension between the two of them, as usual but stronger than normally because now they knew what they could do together. Also, he was already imagining the things he would do to her... if he could find the courage to ask for it.

"My ass is out of the limits, by the way," she said out of nowhere.

Jungkook blinked, waking up from his fantasies, and had a hard

time understanding what she was talking about.

...

...

...

Oh...

She meant...

She was so funny, he wasn't even thinking about that and less now.

"Ow, damn!" he faked disappointment like a child and Lisa laughed.

"You're not serious right?" she asked although it was obvious.

Jungkook shrugged, looking down to close the cream.

"Yah! Jungkook!" she insisted and punched his shoulder softly, barely moving him.

"Don't hit your nurse fairy, I have the alcohol under my control!" he warned only to tease her.

"Right right, sorry," she raised her hands but paid more attention to his words and smiled playfully, while Jungkook was taking her forearm to check the scratches there. "Nurse fairy uh? Yes, you are and I like it. Will you always take care of me, Nurse Fairy JK?" She interrupted his inspection, hanging from his shoulders.

Jungkook smiled, leaning his head back to face her. "Yes but that doesn't mean you can fight again like this, it's hot Doll but not good for you"

"I'm not good following orders," she whispered close to his lips, clearly talking about anything but fights and recovering the traces of tension between them that were about to vanish but easy to get back.

Jungkook glanced down at that plump mouth as he licked his lips. "It's not an order"

"I know but make it sound like that so when I misbehave, you can punish me ..." she whispered close to his lips and kissed him gently, letting him only feel the softness of her pink mouth just a little bit before parting away.

She kept close anyway, heavy eyelids and fiery eyes. Why was she so tempting? Always so ready to blow his mind and turn him on? And how could she handle her power over him so carelessly?

"So ..." Kai's voice startled them both and they quickly separated. The boy smiled wildly, enjoying the sudden awkwardness. "Don't mind me, Hyung. You're really taking care of her! Good job!"

Bambam

your mom is trying to contact you

Lisa

ANSWER TO HER IDIOT
I HAD TO ACT CLUELESS
AND SHE DIDNT BELIEVE ME
AND SHE STALKED ME

i thought she was going
to get the clue after i declined
her 48th call☐

listen
you have to tell her what
happened bc you know
she won't stop
and do you really
want her to come here?

wait
DID SHE SAY SHE'S COMING??)\$)#

she won't soon
since you know she always
find the chance to share
her whole life to everyone

oh
sorry for that🙄

she told me she's busy
with her charity and stuff
but she won't be busy forever
CALL HER

Lisa
CALL HER BITCH
SHE KEEPS ASKING ME THING
AND ILL SAY THE TRUTH
YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES

ugh
you're ugly

Mother

stop calling bambam
chaeyoung and i
are not friends anymore
she's leaving my place
that's it
don't make a fuss about this

Pranpriya!
Why did Chaeyoung and you fight?
You can't just tell me that and leave
me without a clue of anything.

I'm your mother.
Are you okay?
yes
i am
sorry for kicking out your
favorite child but she called me a whore
What?
She did what?
Wasn't it a misunderstanding?
Pranpriya reply
Reply to my calls, daughter!
cheesecake mom!
it's done, it's okay, case closed
don't you dare to call her mom!
istg if you call her i will get pregnant
What does "istg" mean?
And don't make jokes about that!
A baby is a serious matter!
I AM NOT PLAYING PREEDA
Okay.
I won't call her mother.
But I will call you this night
and you will tell me everything
Who is that?
Pranpriya!
FINE
k
i will reply tonight

Yuqi
WHAT
WHAT
WHAT
STOP
STOP
STOP
WHAT
IS
THIS
(screenshot)
it looks like an instagram story for me
you're so funny oppa
hilarious

i know
thank you
HAHAHAHAHA
YEP

BEST OPPIA EVER

I KNOW

HAHAHSJSU

remember your sailor
venus pillow?
im sending lisa a pic
right
now

remember that baby pic
of you eating dog food
because you went
through that dog phase
and you were woof woof
bark bark around the house
sending the vid to lucas
fuck you big ugly smelly rat
love you too

annoying preece of shit 🍌

but seriously ☐

are you dating lisa? ☐

did you finally got yourself
a hot gf that's not embarrassed
of your weebo ass?

so when you walk around
with lucas, people think you're
his little sister? like, a 11 yo?

did lisa find out about
your anime girl fleshlight already

I DONT HAVE THAT???

i always can lie uk
she will think you deny it
bc you're embarrassed
but she will believe me

FUCK

FINE

YEAH

WE'RE TOGETHER

that's so cute ☐💎👉☐👈💎

you really need her
to have pretty children

imagine them with your face

□□□□

□

anyway

we're not official yet

don't tell anything to mom

oh

haha

HAHAHAHAHAHA

YAH

WHY

I WAS EXCITED

WE LIKE LISA IN THIS HOUSE

LISA WILL BE WITH ME

IN THE MURAL PRESENTATION

MOM WILL MAKE HER UNCOMFORTABLE

DO YOU REALLY HAVE A FUCKING BRAIN

Yuqi

don't talk to me like that

i'll tell mom

and she will scold you

WE'RE NOT FIVE

do you want me to try tell her

and see what she says?

no

k□↩

so hmm

what you're gonna say

when mom ask what you two are?

JK

hehe

it's your fault tho

who the fuck post a pic

like that

without being anything

HER FOOT IS LITERALLY ON

YOUR DICK

WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO

TALK ABOUT THAT

yeah your mouths were busy

doing something else

NO WAIT

□□□□□□

see you next week

who said im going
i went to your middle school
boring af graduation
you owe me this
boring my ass
you cried
i had an alergy
YOU WERE SOBBING
THOSE WERE REAL
TEARS IN MY OPINION
JK

After Lisa made Kai promise to take care of her sister and actually keep an eye on her, and after Soomin hugged them both as if the world was going to end once they left -although that got her a promise to take her to eat Ice cream someday-, they were finally in Jungkook's shared apartment.

He had gotten her an ice pack for her cheek since after about an hour, just on the bus, Lisa finally admitted that her cheek hurt because she got punched there and he just sighed...

This girl.

Now she was okay with him on the couch, they left a variety show on the TV while they were waiting for the pizza to arrive so they could watch a movie; meanwhile they were on their phones.

Lisa loved showing him cat videos and Jungkook even wanted to adopt one chunky orange boy like the one in the last video. But, after talking to Yuqi, a thought was going in circles in his head.

Official...

They should go official...

(a/n: yeah you both fucking should)

But, she deserved a date before that. In other words, it was appropriate and the best, the most romantic thing to do. They hadn't done anything since they got together, more than having sex, and... sex didn't confirm anything. I mean, yes, especially because they had confessed that they loved each other before, during and after, but...

It wasn't official, he didn't ask her to be his girlfriend like in the movies or dramas, romantically and chessy.

God.

Complicated.

He had to stop thinking and move.

(a/n: ABOUT TIME)

Lisa deserved a date, something special just for her and he had to invite her before overthinking because that was going to make it

harder.

"Hey, I was thinking ..." he started but his voice trailed off as it hit him that asking her like this was going to be so out of nowhere, but when was the right moment then?

"Yeah?" she glanced at him.

Shit, he couldn't go back now and swallow his words.

Shit.

"I ... Uh ..." he stuttered, trying to remember how he had gone on dates before... and it wasn't good to go there, all those situations had been awkward and cringey. Gosh,

"What it is? Did you see something?" she leaned close, having no idea of anything.

Well she had no idea anything, that was good. She didn't expect it and it was still surprising but it would be nice, right?

"No, I actually want to ..." he scratched the back of his head, feeling warmth rise to his neck.

Oh come on, you idiot, you slept with her already.

But did that mean something? No, she deserved something great even though he had no idea what he was going to do.

SHIT.

HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOMETHING BEFORE ASKING HER! Now he was going to have limited time to plan a date and he had no idea. What Lisa wanted for a date? Dinner? Lotte World?

(a/n: Lotte World is an amusement park in Seoul, also known as the place in which bp got kicked out of stage)

But Lisa kept watching him with all her attention, waiting.

Right, Lisa.

She was still there.

Right.

(a/n: yeah you can't ghost in real life jk)

"Would you..." he stuttered again, had he time to think of something else? Like, would you like to eat pizza with me?

No, they just ordered pizza.

Would you like to have sex with me? No, that was a weird question.

Would you like...

"Yes?" Lisa was still waiting.

Yeah, he didn't have another choice.

"Would you like to go on a date with me?" he asked in a somewhat low voice, finally, as if waiting for her to say no. Logically, she wasn't going to say no, but it was possible in some alternate universe that his insecurities created.

Lisa let out a short, bubbly giggle. "Are you kidding? Yes! I'd love that!" she was excited.

Oh, thank God.

She said yes!

He sighed and smiled even though he now was worried because he had no idea what to do. Fuck, this was easier in the movies, dramas and whatever place with a bunch of screenwriters planning a date.

(a/n: tell me about it)

"Why are you so nervous, though? Didn't I say I'm all yours?" she asked him and passed a leg over him, to sit comfortably on his lap.

"Yes," he nodded reluctantly, knowing full well that his brain could be very stupid sometimes but it was great to have someone like her, erasing every insecurity. And especially because she seemed to love being on his lap and wrapping her arms around him, surrounding him with love. "Sorry, I know that, it's just..." hard to believe it.

Lisa kissed him a little to clear his mind, as if she could read it. "Then be sure that I'm mad crazy for you and of course I will go on a date with you," she said full of excitement against his lips, hugging him tight and close to her body. Jungkook wrapped her with his arms too, loving her sweet scent and her cute little body. "I can't wait," she assured him, caressing his cheek with her thumb.

She was just so sweet and lovely, all her soothing caressing was like pure warmth from a radiator in winter.

"Actually, I'd go on a thousand of dates with you, Jungkook"

"I don't have that much money"

Lisa laughed. "Don't be funny, I'm trying to seduce you," she scolded him between little sweet pecks.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow. "Shouldn't you already know that you just have to enter the room and I'm already seduced?"

"If you knew you cause the same in me... and in many girls, I have to add," she said with an obvious hint of playful jealousy. "I can't wait to kiss you in front of them all, you're my nurse fairy, my tattoo artist and my Jungkook," she made it clear in a childish but very possessive tone.

Hmmm... he was so hers, literally melting for her.

"Is that so?" he asked, approaching back to her lips. God, how could he doubt? It was impossible with someone like her and perhaps from her he could learn to stop thinking and love without thinking.

In the meantime, he would enjoy the process... as he kissed her over and over again.

"Yup," she nodded and finally gave him a real long and warm kiss.

so they're going on a date!

you all could give me some suggestions if you have some ideas bc im a lil bit blank right now and i dont actually know what to do lol

as you can see, mama jeon is also about to show up☐ what are your expectations?

if you like it, comment and vote👍 i brought back our lil queen soomin and i hope you liked her moment with jk bc honestly writing them made me go so fucking soft omg

AND WE'RE FINALLY GETTING THAT ALBUM DAMN THIS IS CRAZY!!! what do you expect? honestly I'm so used to be disappointed that all I ask is them not putting old songs on it. gosh if i see boombayah or d4 r&b or idk beethoven remix in that album im gonna scream.

and bts are gonna release a new single and hey what if it's a collab👁☐👄👁☐ hope you listened to jk cover too, it was cute and he finally posted it on twitter from android this time.

now ill go do my essay bc i gotta deliver that in an hour, wish me luck fam

Chapter 36

HELLO FAM!!!

im back

i know i know i said i was going to try to bring this one fast AND I TRIED i swear but school hit me and i was super busy out of nowhere, almost losing my mind. BUT i could finally write and create this, that ofc it's not at st's first date chapter level but i think it's cute for them

sadly, i dont think it will funny but i hope it makes you throw up hearts and feel cringy bc of the amount of corniness and love.

for me this type of chapters are super boring, since lately i've found out i prefer drama to add spice bc me evil, BUT i made an effort to make it the most interesting i could. so i really hope you enjoy the chap and lk being a cupe couple in their first date.

jimin wash your fucking underwear

Gnome Hyung

street date

definitely

Taehyunggie

restaurant and movies

like in dramas

it's common knowledge

so

Gnome Hyung

restaurants are boring

Taehyunggie

your tiny dick is boring

Gnome Hyung

don't laugh at my tiny dick

i carry this 3 inches with pride

also jk doesn't have money for a rest

????

I DO???

and 1 inch more of dick

than you

by the way

Gnome Hyung

oh my god

you must need 2 hearts pumping blood
to keep that big piece of meat up
ik bro

ik

it's hard 🙄

Taehyunggie

i have really good recs
she's thai, right?
there's a good restaurant
in hongdae

Gnome Hyung

if you're going to hongdae
just take her to a bar
that's better

Taehyunggie

who the fuck
goes to a first date
in a bar

Gnome Hyung

its good bro
dark atmosphere
alcohol
snacks
you can make it romantic
maybe go to a karaoke
after and sing some ballads
go full sensual



Taehyunggie

look jk don't listen to him
he's a hoe

Gnome Hyung

shut up
you and i were big hoes together
until you decided to cheat and
life the marriage life

Taehyunggie

you're just jealous
bc you're single

Gnome Hyung

single but not alone 🙄🙄

Taehyunggie

you will be alone
if you keep being this cringy

Gnome Hyung

you're so rude
stop hanging out with
your rude gf
you used to love me
missing your big dick daddy

Taehyunggie

it's not time to be homosexual jimin

Gnome Hyung

k
no homo but i miss your dick daddy
okay brangelina
can we go back to me?
this was about me
and Lisa

Gnome Hyung

at least say we're jelena

Taehyunggie

who still goes with brangelina
jelena are not together anymore
justin is married
he's piscis

Gnome Hyung

brangelina broke up like
in 2017

what????

for real????

what about the descendants of the sun
couple

Taehyunggie

divorce

2019

JK

bruh love is temporal
love doesn't exist
love is a failure ☐

Gnome Hyung

that's why i don't date
that's so gay
i just ride dicks without commitment
be happy!
be a hoe!

no

Taehyunggie

no

so

i was thinking in a street date actually

Gnome Hyung

HA!

Taehyunggie

she likes that

i thought about a restaurant too

but it will be awkward

Taehyunggie

why

you will have food in your mouth

during awkward silences

idk

its just weird bro

we ate together before

but i think it'd be weird

in a restaurant

Gnome Hyung

after or before

fucking on the table

Taehyunggie

FUCKING ON MY TABLE???\$(#

he's saying bullshit hyung

Gnome Hyung

no I'm not ☺☹☹☹☹☹

Taehyunggie

he's not

he is

Taehyunggie

well

i think that now

i can say jennie and i

fucked on the sofa

once and your drawing tablet

was next to us

it didn't come out clean

JK

you can disrespect me

you can disrespect my 4 inches dick

you can even disrespect my clothes

Gnome Hyung

3 inches*

BUT THIS

Taehyunggie

my ears need jesus
after hearing you fuck

WHAT ABOUT MY FINGERS
TOUCHING THE TRACE OF YOUR
SPERM IN MY TABLET

Taehyunggie

WHAT ABOUT MY FOOD
AND THE RESTS ON THE TABLE THAT
I HAVE PICKED AND ATE
WITH TRACES OF YOUR SPERM
DO YOU THINK MY
HOUSE IS A SPERM BANK

well hyung
i guess we should admit
that we are
homosexuals
bc there's no way
you didn't enjoy
my juice☐

Taehyunggie

too bitter
gonna call Lisa
to ask what she thinks
go ahead
homie
hope you enjoyed
your proteins☐
she for sure did
but she loved more
when i succeeded in my oral lesson

Gnome Hyung

that's my boy
☐☐
when the lightstick is failing
the fan must do the job

Taehyunggie

won't be she jealous
of me for taking
her banana milk?
uh
hyung
sorry but
we're nothing

sorry

Taehyunggie

h

ow dare you
to break my heart like this
after i ate your babies
im seriously pissed btw
i HAD BREAKFAST THERE
FOR DAYS
AND NO ONE TOLD ME
I CLEANED THE TABLE

Taehyunggie

how dare you to fuck
in my 7k dollars table
to begin with

Gnome Hyung

i think I deserve an apology
here bc you both keep slut shaming
me but i never fucked on your things

Taehyunggie

this is not about you
slut

yeah

it's about me
i just think a street date will be better
she loves taking pictures of people
and walking around
we could get dinner there
and then go to the namsan tower

Gnome Hyung

are you gonna do
what im thinking you're
gonna do?

yes

Taehyunggie



Gnome Hyung



fuck you
it's romantic

Taehyunggie



□ JK

Gnome Hyung



yah
you really think that?
should i do something else
i don't wanna her to think
it's too much
THIS IS SO HARD
GIMME IDEAS
I MAY CRY RIGHT NOW

Taehyunggie
when aren't you crying
is the real question

JK
Gnome Hyung
yah jungkookie
we're kidding
it's a good idea

Taehyunggie
yeah
it is
she will love it
fr?

but what if she doesn't
like it

Gnome Hyung
jungkook you could go
dressed up as a pink heart
singing with a guitar
a justin bieber song
and she'd scream
like the biggest jk stan

Taehyunggie
yeah
im afraid that's true
what's in your balls?
strawberry milk?
lisa can't be that whipped
without some tricks
it's boxers water☐

Gnome Hyung
your 3 inches didn't do shit for sure
Taehyunggie
gimme that recipe
how many minutes I have
to boil my underwear you say?

jimin take note
your nasty underwear
is still on my bathroom floor

Gnome Hyung

how i am supposed to
take it while you're
there since an hour ago

Taehyunggie

Gnome Hyung

Taehyunggie

fr
come take your
underwear my eyes are crying
bc of the smell

Gnome Hyung

that's your own shit smell
why is my underwear in your bathroom
i throw it there after
three weeks of having it
in ours

Gnome Hyungs

that's how you're gonna
deal with your gfs underwear
in the future? throw it to
someone else's bathroom?

my soon to be gf
it's not nasty like you

Gnome Hyungs

you'll see after the first year□
you think we're gonna last
that much?□

Gnome Hyung

yes bro□

JK

Gnome Hyung

im so tired of you

Taehyunggie

lmfao you both better be
imagine being that corny
and breaking up in
two months

You removed Taehyunggie from the group

Bambam

hello sweetie pie💖💖💖💖💖💖
don't waste hearts
what do you want
tell me 3 things Lisa likes
what
just 3 things
idk dude
kdramas
doritos
sleeping in my sofa?
are you seeing her rn?
yes
she was eating doritos
and watching a kdrama
but fell asleep like 30 min ago
the bitch made me like this shit
and then fell asleep
send a pic
wtf
no
you don't want that
trust me
she ugly
she pretty
she ugly dude
that's it
the things you said
don't help at all
as if you didn't know
what she likes
like
tell me 3 things you know
she likes
her camera
basic
yellow
yes
sunlight?
I think everyone likes sunlight
jungkook unless you're a
fucking vampire
OH FUCK
I KNOW NOW
THANK YOU

thank you for what
I mean your welcome
im amazing we know
but
what?
i know what to do now
you do?
what the fuck you're gonna do?
travel with her to the sun?

JK
like????
what????

Yuqi
hello baby sister💕
the answer
is no
you don't know what I want
I don't care

no :))
it's just a question
what it is
now i won't ask

you said no
okay then

fine

bye

DAMN
FUCK YOU
WOULD YOU LIKE A PICNIC
AS A DATE?

no
kidding
yes
I think so
you just need the right food
and good sun
oh and protection from the mosquitos

k
thank you
baby sister💎💎💎💎💎💎💎💎
gosh

stop
this is disgusting

is this for lisa?

yes

omg

cute

she's so cute

she deserves better

but well

take a shower don't forget

your unfunny

Jisoo Noona

noooooaaaaaaaaa

why don't you just

get out of your studio

and talk to me????

im busy

would you like a picnic

as a date?

what type of question is that?

just tell me

bUT GIMME CONTEXT

i wanna take lisa

on a date

and i was thinking in a picnic

because she likes that

I mean

taking pictures

and sunbathing

and relaxing things

that's so cute

omg jungkookie

she'd love that

really?

yes

but do you know

that for that

you have to carry a conversation

right?

oNE PROBLEM

AT TIME

GOD

"Will you come this summer, then?"

Lisa sighed, slowly chewing on the dorito that she had just

brought into her mouth.

This talk with her mother was being much longer than expected, boring, heavy and looooooooooong. How much could a woman talk?

(a/n: you should meet my mom, you better get a chair to wait when she stops talking with someone in the supermarket)

Lisa had only superficially told her about the situation with Chaeyoung and her mother surprised her by simply accepting it, which was very suspicious but Lisa wasn't going to stir shit there. And after solving that topic and close it, her mother talked about everything, charity, her father, daily discussions with her father, that they remodeled the house, that it was difficult for her to decide the right carpet, that she bought expensive new Jimmy Choo shoes that she ended up hating and some drama in the books club, apparently her mother and Bambam's were totally against a new member since she was the fifth new wife of an oil millionaire and she couldn't even read, she was also the age of the eldest daughter of the man. In short, really offensive for old millionaire moms.

(a/n: karens, lisa, karens)

Was Lisa interested in all that? No.

Did she ask for it? No.

Not like her mother cared.

At one point she left the phone on speaker on the couch while working on her computer, answering "uh", "oh!", "Cheesecake, mom!" and "yeah mom, it's such a problem" each time there was a slight silence waiting for her reaction. Not that there were many, Preeda talked so much that she could make you deaf.

Lisa could understand why her parent was so good at turning off his ears.

However, with that question she got Lisa's full attention.

Going to Thailand for the summer?

Ooof, of course not.

In front of her eyes a great summer with Jungkook was waiting for her, both of them were going to have free time so they could go on dates or just spend time together and she didn't think to waste that. Who would do that? Did her mother think that Jungkooks were on sale for everyone and easy to find? Bad news bitch, no, he was unique and hers, all hers.

Now how was she going to tell her mother?

"Uh, no," she started while licking her fingers, thinking. First of all, saying "No" was the main thing.

"What? Why?" her mother sounded totally indignant over the phone, Lisa could imagine her deep frown. "You came back home last year, why not this year?"

First of all, last year she was forced and it was for her Grandma's

birthday too.

And now, Lisa had a sexy Korean boy that she wasn't planning on leaving. But telling her mother that was going to start World War III, Preeda was going to scare him away, spraying insecticide on his face and using a cross as a shield. Jungkook was going to blink and leave... her. Or maybe not leave her but feel like shit and he didn't deserve that, he had enough dealing with stupid people saying awful stuff on his face.

"I got an important summer job," the lie slid from her lips quickly and efficiently, just as her fingers did on the keyboard of her laptop. Photoshop Lightroom CC was open, a picture of a pretty girl almost finished in the middle of the screen, this one was for a small online shop and it was being actually modeled by the designer.

"Oh," her mother's tone sounded calmer. "Is it that important? Will it last all summer? You should come here when you finish it "

"It will last the whole summer, sorry"

"It can't last the whole summer"

"It can"

"But-"

"So I will be busy, sorry," she interrupted slightly, with a smirk. "So that also means that you can't come here, I won't have time to be with you. I'm so sorry, mom," she said with fake pity, rejoicing in victory. Who was winning? La-li-sa. Yay! No mom, no dad, just Jungkook!

Why was she sounding like a dumb 17 years old teenager, though? She shook her head, cringing.

But of course her mother was not stupid and with a slightly suspicious tone asked: "And what is that job about?"

"Err...", shit, she should have thought that before. "A wedding. Yep, a couple contacted me and they want me to take pictures of all the process"

"Summer is not a good time to get married, people travel for vacations"

"Not all people have money for it, mother"

"It's still a bad time. I would prefer spring, the blooming season is so colorful and the weather is the best for an exterior wedding "

God, Lisa could already imagine what it would be like to get married and have her fluttering around like a very annoying hummingbird. So if she got married, she was going to run away to Las Vegas. They couldn't hate on Jungkook if he was already her husband.

"But, if she wants you to cover the whole process, wouldn't she have called you six months ago?"

"Why?"

"No one plans a wedding in three months"

"Some people do"

"They will face so many struggles"

As if Lisa cared that the fake couple with the fake wedding faced struggles.

"Yeah, sad, but well, it is what it is"

"Why do I have a feeling that you're lying to me, Pranpriya?"

Fuck!

"Okay fine, you got me," she huffed. "The wedding won't last the whole summer, but I still have to work on it and I don't want the pressure of a trip to home on my back while doing so," she lied so well that she even sounded charming, with a touch of self pity and tiredness. Gosh, such a good actress, she deserved that Oscar.

"Oh... Fine, tell me when you finish and I will make the arrangements for you," she relented but not as much, as always.

Lisa sighed silently, rolling her eyes but nodded. "Fine. I'm working now," she hinted the not so subtle *"hang up please, for once, PLEASE, SAY BYE"*.

"Is it about the mural project?"

Why was she always asking something new instead of just finishing the call? Gosh, mothers!

Wait... Mural?

Lisa blinked in surprise, did her mother know about that? How? Why?

"How do you know?"

"Nam's niece was here," Nam was their housekeeper in Thailand, working for them long before Lisa was born and if Lisa was right, her niece must be 15 or 16 years old. But how was it related? "She's such a fan, you know she admires you since she was a kid. She showed me your... Inmagram? "

"Instagram"

"Yes, Instagram. You never mentioned you were working on that"

Not like she cared. But she knew she was being unfair in some way, because her mother asked and Lisa didn't share, not wanting to deal with the usual degradation to her job even if her mother wasn't doing that since months.

"The pictures are pretty," Preeda added in a disinterested tone that still caused a strange feeling in Lisa's heart. "So, I'd love to ask her to show me the wedding pictures when you publish them"

OH FUCK.

IT WAS A TRAP!

SHE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN !!!

Oh, Preeda Manoban, such a sneaky sneak.

Lisa swallowed the ball of frustration that rose in her throat and

took a deep breath, annoyed but quite admired. This woman had the audacity to judge her for doing her tricks when she was exactly the same.

Uh.

She didn't just think that.

Lisa cringed.

No, no, no, no, they were totally different.

"Lisa?"

Lisa pursed her lips and smiled sardonically. "Cool, mom," she said with a sigh, she was screwed and just for her pride she would have to search for a couple that needed a last minute photographer. "I have to leave now, as I said, I'm working"

"Okay," Preeda nodded. "Call me if you need anything"

"Uh-hum"

"And, for God's sake, call me if you're fighting with your best friend of years"

"EX best friend"

"You know, what? I was thinking about it and Roseanne wouldn't have left so easily if she didn't do anything wrong as her mother says so much, "and the last thing was said wearily, as if Mrs. Park had tortured her with a long talk, just like she was doing with Lisa. Karma, pure Karma. It was hitting Lisa and didn't she tell her to not talk with Mama Park? Why couldn't this woman listen? She was so annoyingly stubborn, not even the pregnancy threat could stop her. "I know you have great patience for her so it must have been hard"

Wait.

What?

Was she on her side?

So suddenly?

Not even when Lisa told her what happened, she said this. Was this her mother?

"What's done is done, however. Don't stay for so long in Bambam's house, it's impolite, more since you have your own place. Your father is paying a lot of money for it, let me add "

Aaaand there it was Preeda again.

Bambam, who was just coming down the stairs, approached with fast steps, nodding his head frantically. "Listen to her!" he muttered.

Lisa showed him her middle finger. "Okay, Mom, Bye," and she just hung up on her, because if she gave her a chance to keep talking she would never shut up, making new questions.

Bambam sat next to her on the sofa, spreading his legs carelessly on the cushion, and took the control of the TV and the Doritos bag next to Lisa. "What did she say? Besides being kind enough to recommend you to leave my fucking house for once," he asked, a

Dorito in his mouth.

Lisa closed her phone and focused on her computer screen, where she was so close to finish her last gig, as she took another Dorito from the bag. "She first made a whole melodramatic act because I took days to finally talk to her and then she keep talking... and talking... and talking," she sighed and chewed.

"Did you tell her about Jungkook?"

"Of course not, she would take the first flight to come here and judge Jungkook face to face," and she squirmed in disgust, hating the idea.

"Right, she will probably call him dirty hippie"

"Or dirty rufian," Lisa exaggerated, making a pirate face and showing her fist.

Bambam chuckled. "What kind of word is that?"

"I don't know but she called him that when she first saw him in that Van Gogh exposition, it was so funny"

"She will hate him," Bambam had to admit and Lisa nodded, it was old tea. Her mother accepted Bambam and his eccentric antics just as their friendship just because she was old friend with his mother and he was like a son for her too.

"Yeah, but even if it wasn't Jungkook, she'd come to meet my new boy and I don't want her to scare him before he even ask me to go official"

Bambam looked at her in disbelief. "He didn't ask yet? What is he waiting? Me to do it? "

"Leave him alone, asshole," Lisa pushed him playfully. "We were busy"

"BuSy," he rolled his eyes. "Are you telling me he was dicking you down for days and couldn't ask you to be his girlfriend?"

"You're making it sound so ugly, he couldn't speak while eating me out and I wouldn't be able to reply while sucking his dick"

Bambam grimaced in disgust.

"Quit the face, I saw your nudes and cheered up your lil dong without making that face"

"Come for my lil dong when you get bigger boobs," he clapped back.

"But I love my babies," she said softly in her defense, fondling her boobs and with a full innocence expression even though her intentions were evil. "Sorry, but it's not my fault you don't have your own tiddies to play with"

He rolled his eyes. "At least you didn't bring Jungkook to this"

"Well, now that you say it, Jungkook loves my girls too"

He huffed tired, since she fought Chaeyoung she was a pain in the ass saying *"but Jungkook loves me"* as a reply to everything. Lisa just

giggled.

"We have a date tomorrow, though" she added and a silly smile formed on her lips. "What should I wear?"

"Clothes," Bambam replied without looking at her, eyes on Inkigayo showing the new comeback of GFriend.

Lisa stopped editing and looked at him full of sarcasm. "Oh really? I was going to wear banana peels "

"Oh, you should, yellow suits you," he continued disinterestedly, chewing HER doritos.

Lisa took the bag from him. "Yah! I'm serious "

"I don't know, where did he say he's gonna take you?" he was exasperated, he wanted the Doritos back.

"He didn't say it but he told me to wear something comfortable"

"Wear something comfortable then"

"You're not helping at all," she huffed dramatically and handed the bag back to him, focusing on the screen as all the available options ran through her head.

As Chaeyoung was still moving out, taking out some of the furniture she had bought herself and her own decoration items and paintings, Lisa had taken a suitcase of clothes out of her apartment to survive and stop stealing from Bambam; and now she only had that.

She took some dresses thinking about the date, she wanted to look feminine for him, but she wasn't going to be comfortable with a pretty short dress and even less so now that he told her to wear something comfortable.

They were both silent as Lisa finished editing and mailed all the results to her client.

"Wear something black, it's his favorite color after all," Bambam said after a few minutes.

DING DING DING

"Right!" she cupped his face between two fingers to plant a kiss there and closed her computer, leaving it aside to go up to the guest room and look for something black.

She had to clean that though, Leo was shedding and his hair was everywhere.

"Hey"

Lisa smiled shyly as if she had never been in a situation like this though it was special this time, because he was so handsome, wearing a white t-shirt and a yellow jacket, tight jeans and chunky black boots, and it was Jungkook overall, with his beautiful big round eyes.

She opened the door further, her small backpack hanging from

her hand. "Hey!"

Jungkook looked her over from head to toe and smiled slightly, pretty white rabbit teeth showing. "You look so pretty," he murmured, as if saying it more to himself than to her.

"You think so?" she opened her arms to show him, she hadn't prepared too much, she was wearing an oversized black t-shirt and jean shorts, white Balenciaga trainers on her feet and a bucket hat on her head. And the makeup was as simple as ever, Lisa was a prepared and practical girl and she knew that dark colors on her lips were going to smear pretty fast on her face if she was with Jungkook. "You look good too," she complimented him happily.

Jungkook just looked at himself proudly, as if dressing in yellow was totally planned, and then he looked at her in surprise, as if remembering something. "Uh! Right!" Lisa only noticed that his hands were behind him when he brought one forward, a beautiful bouquet of yellow sunflowers in his fist.

"Oh my God!" she took them from his hand and smelled them; they obviously had that like rustic sunflower seeds smell, it was like she could taste it already and they were just so beautiful too. "Thank you!"

"Yeah, I got the right flowers this time," he scratched the back of his neck.

"Uh?"

"Nothing, I'm glad you like it," he corrected himself, letting out a nervous giggle.

"I'll put it in water and I'll be back, okay?"

He nodded and she literally ran inside, really radiating happiness. He bit his lower lip, ruffling his hair, he was so full of nerves and excitement that he could hop around. At least things were starting well. She liked his outfit and the flowers, he hoped he wouldn't disappoint her with his plans and even though he knew his friends were right and she would be excited about whatever he did, a part of him was still terrified of fucking up.

"What are your intentions with my daughter?" Bambam surprised him, wearing a red velvet robe and crossing his arms as if he were an old father, even wearing specs too.

Jungkook just looked at him strangely.

...

...

...

Bambam arched a brow more.

"Yeah, sir, I promise to take care of her," he nodded, playing his game seriously. What else could he do?

"But not so much, you have to take her back at midnight,"

Bambam continued, looking even more serious.

"Who I am? Cinderella?" Lisa said behind his back and pushed her friend aside to get out. "No more role play for you two, that's just for me and him, whore," she glared at Bambam, playfully.

"She stayed in my place for like three days," Jungkook couldn't help but not say. "You didn't call at all"

Bambam shrugged after blinking blankly. "I'm not a good parent, so what?"

"Gosh," Lisa sighed despite Jungkook giggling. "Let's go," she tugged at his hand, interlocking their fingers, and led him to the elevator. "Where are you taking me?"

Jungkook swung his hands, entering the elevator that was luckily still upstairs, and Lisa noticed that he was looking at them both in the mirror, as if it was something amazing. "What do you think about a day out in Hangang Park?" he told her, as if he wasn't concentrating on the sight.

(a/n: hangang park is the park of the han river in seoul)

Lisa smiled brightly, loving the idea as if she had never done that with anyone before. Usually her and Chayeoung would go there to ride their bikes and eat something on Saturdays but hey, it didn't matter anymore, Chaeyoung could be erased from her memory and Lisa could replace that with a date there with Jungkook, which sounded great.

"I'd love that," she pressed against him eagerly and rested her head on his shoulder, touched by Jungkook's warm stare at them. "We look cute, right?"

Jungkook nodded. They really did look good in front of a mirror, she was considerably smaller but not a little elf next to him, just the perfect height and Lisa couldn't love the difference of size more, already wanting to snuggle in his arms once more. But next to him, she was fine too, her bucket hat had slipped a bit against his shoulder and still she wasn't going to move, secretly enjoying the view, the firmness, and his hand interlaced perfectly with hers, slightly scratchy.

"Yellow suits you," she told him, looking at him through the mirror.

"Yeah?" he arched an eyebrow.

Lisa nodded. "My favorite color in my favorite boy," she stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

He cocked his head and gave her a short kiss on the lips. "It's all because of you"

Lisa giggled foolishly, nose brushing with his like a eskimo kiss. "We didn't kiss today," she reminded him and pouted. "That's not good"

Jungkook fully agreed, his hand wrapped around her neck, under her ear, bringing a sudden warm to her soft skin and he tilted her slightly up to give her a deep kiss that felt like the most warm caress in a winter day.

It might sound crazy, but walking while holding hands with Lisa was causing him more emotions than a person could consider normal.

BUT IT WAS SO GREAT!!

Even on the bus she didn't let go of his hand, they both got available seats not far from the exit door not long after getting on because a couple got off at the next stop. She stumbled and fell on him, her loud laugh invaded the place and attracted the attention of several citizens who only gave her a strange look. He smiled happily at her when she settled in and said nothing, not sure what to say or how to start the conversation.

However, Lisa didn't start anything either, leaning her head on his shoulder quickly and fiddling with his fingers and silver rings. Her free hand was cold for some reason and the tip of her index finger gave him chills as she slowly outlined the butterfly. He bit his lower lip and looked out, thrilled at the innocent touch like a child going to Lotte World for the first time.

"Does it have a name?" she said after inspecting every detail.

Jungkook snorted.

"What?" she asked innocently.

He should tell her that she had already asked him this but he just shook his head.

"Nothing. Yes, it has a name, it's Jieun"

"Like IU," she murmured. "Sorry I'm asking for names, it's a habit" she apologized slightly embarrassed, Jungkook looked at her curiously. "When I was a kid, my mom grew me used to name all animals, regardless they were real, in TV, in paintings or wherever"

That was cute.

Her mother didn't seem like that at all, not like Jungkook knew her much.

"She's vegan and she thought that I'd love animals more than meat if I named them," she then giggled as if she remembered something funny. "Didn't work. Against, major disappointment," she joked. "Since then, my grandma makes fun of her and every time she sees an animal, she ask its name too. But it's cute for me"

Oh, that explained a lot.

"Cute," he said anyway although the look she was giving him made it clear that she was the cute one.

"Why did you name your tattoo, by the way? Or the butterfly is

for IU?"

"Oh no, I just invented it for you," he admitted honestly, too frankly.

Lisa laughed but then cooed. "Just for me? Awwwwwww!!"

Jungkook started to laugh, she spoke too loud and people looked at them again. It was kind of embarrassing but Lisa was really loud, she attracted attention with so much personality and he could only surrender and admire her like the rest.

As it was happening exactly as they were walking through Hangang Park, in front of the Han River. Summer was so obvious in Seoul, even though it was Wednesday the park was full of people, especially families and children running around, and it was obviously full of food stalls.

Despite the crowd and that each one was on their own world, she attracted attention, several people turned to look at her when she passed next to them. Maybe it was the long blonde hair or the foreign features, but Jungkook had all his money in that it was because she was truly like a real life Barbie doll.

He was enjoying it, because this doll's hand was holding his, making it clear that she was with him.

And oh, her hand was so soft and delicate, long fingers holding his firmly. He caressed her skin with his thumb absentmindedly as they walked, rejoicing that he could finally enjoy something he had long dreamed of.

"The sun is so warm today," she commented raising her fair face to the sky, receiving some vitamin D and trusting Jungkook to guide her without her having to look. "It's been raining so much"

(a/n: for real in seouls they're literally drowning rn, it rained for 49 consecutive days apparently)

"Yeah, it's like this during summer," he nodded. "In Busan the weather is better... we... We should go there someday," he added thoughtfully, lowering the volume of his voice. It sounded like a good plan, Lisa told him once that she wanted to see the place.

Lisa heard him anyway and nodded. "And it is! You owe me some beach, Jungkook!" she teased like she was serious. "I sucked your dick, I deserve a trip to Busan"

Jungkook snorted, he was getting used to her saying things like that and he honestly loved it. "Doll, after that you deserve a trip to Paris"

"Don't give me ideas, Jeon Jungkook, I'll ask for it if you insist," she held up a finger, warning him as she walked backward to see him. "Do I do it that good, though?" she then asked casually.

"Yes, you really deserve Paris," he honestly admitted and pulled her into his body, wrapping his arms around her waist as she leaned

on his biceps and let him guide her on her back. "Maybe in the future," he murmured with dreamy eyes, really wishing for a future where they planned such a trip.

"I'd love that, baby," she told him tenderly but she tripped over something and almost fell if it weren't for the fact that he backed away with her in his arms, pressing her to his body; They quickly noticed that it was a boy who just kept running because he was playing with his friends. "We should bring Soomin here but I'm sure she'd find the way to get lost in the crowd. She really needs a leash," then she laughed back as if she remembered that. "Do you remember that time in the supermarket?"

Jungkook nodded, somewhat lost, but then he remembered that he had lost Soomin there and the panic he suffered there was incomparable. One second she was there, in the next she wasn't, and Jungkook almost died right there because how was he going to explain it. "Shit"

"Uh, yeah, shit," Lisa told him smiling like it was fun, IT WASN'T, HE ALMOST GOT A HEART ATTACK. "That time, I thought about putting you on a leash too," she added, tugging at his shirt as she shot him one of those wicked looks.

For some reason, imagining himself with a damn leash under her control was hot and sent an electric current of lust through his body, heating his body under the jacket. He stopped breathing, staring into those narrow, brown doll eyes and unconsciously pressing her small body against his own.

Degrading kink wasn't a joke anymore.

(a/n: wait it was a joke before???)

Lisa smirked and stole a kiss. "Maybe later, we're in public, sir," and she let go and walked away like nothing, glancing back playfully.

Jungkook froze there, hands at his sides, unable to believe it.

She...

Why was she like this?

His dick was offended, small hands on its waist, frowning.

"Yah!" he called her between offended and amazed and followed her, Lisa gave a bubbly giggle and let herself be reached, taking his hand instantly and swinging it childishly. Jungkook copied her actions, the atmosphere lightening as quickly as it had tensed seconds ago.

"What are we gonna do?"

Uh, right!

"Let's go find a place to sit," he told her, leading her toward the park's green areas, away from the most crowded side.

Several families and couples were going to camp in front of the

river, tents, bicycles and cars were scattered neatly on the grass. The bike paths were almost full but they managed to cross without too much effort and Jungkook found the perfect spot, not far from the bridge and relatively lonely to give themselves the privacy they needed.

A tree would give them the perfect shelter, hiding them from the strong sun, although he also decided to stand near the edge of the shade, so that they could stretch their feet and the sun would shine on them.

He lowered his black backpack and from there pulled out a yellow picnic blanket, specially bought for the occasion. Lisa opened her mouth in amazement, seeing him spread the cloth on the grass. "Oh wow, wow, you came ready"

(a/n: duh? that's the point of dates)

"Yup, get comfortable, my lady," he exaggerated gentlemanly, making an elaborate and very elegant sign to the blanket.

"Thank you, my Lord," she pulled the ends of her shirt and leaned in like a lady, before sitting down, chuckling. "I love this color so much," she murmured to herself, not even noticing Jungkook's satisfied smile.

She crossed her legs and from her backpack took out her camera, while Jungkook was arranging the blanket tips correctly before sitting down.

"Hey," she called out to him. He raised his head and saw that she was pointing at him. "Smile!!"

He buried his hands in his pockets and sighed, showing a slight smile, he was somewhat embarrassed but he didn't want to ruin her fun.

"*Oh! So handsome! Yeah, baby!!*" She exaggeratedly encouraged him, Jungkook laughed but did a few weird and funny poses, at least if it was going to look bad it was more fun doing it on purpose. Lisa giggled and when she finished, she lowered her camera to look at the photos.

Jungkook didn't even want to see them, but he enjoyed watching her laugh as she looked at the small screen. He sat next to her and from his backpack took the food he had prepared, stacking the square white plastic boxes in a straight tower.

"Did you cook this?" she leaned over, looking over the small tupperware, with two fingers she tried to lift the lid but it would be impossible.

"And I brought you back this," he interrupted her investigation with a small tupper.

Lisa cocked her head, frowning until it clicked. "Oh! The hangover soup! " she took it. "Bambam's mom will be really

thankful, she would disown him if he lost one of her tuppens"

Typical Asian mother.

(a/n: latina mom too)

"I thought so," he nodded and opened the boxes with the food he had prepared for her, advice from his sister for a perfect date. *Get her stomach, then her heart*, she said.

So he prepared the perfect Dosirak, rice, gimbap and spicy bulgogi just for her. He also bought a packet of Tao Kae Noi, also known as Thai seaweed, because she mentioned that she loved those, and Doritos too.

(a/n: dosirak is a korean lunchbox, you know the type that always shows up in kdramas, which usually includes rice, the famous bulgogi, kimchi and other korean side dishes)

"Oooh!!" Lisa cheered him perhaps with too much emotion. "It's a heart shape!" she squealed excitedly, taking a heart shaped piece of rice. "How did you do this? It's so cool!"

"Practice... and tons of youtube videos," he was sincere but could barely contain the excitement, her joy was so contagious that it made his heart beat to the point of almost exploding.

"Can I eat it?"

"I don't think it'd be good to just use it as decoration, Doll"

Lisa rolled her eyes but keeping a smile and was going to put it in her mouth, but Jungkook stopped her and offered her some Kimchi, prepared by himself as well. She let him guide her hand to sink the rice into the small pot and finally devoured it in seconds, just as she did with his heart within two seconds of showing up in his life.

She made appreciative sounds, her cheeks puffed out, and she showed her thumbs up.

"Is it good?"

Lisa moaned. "Yes!"

He unconsciously clapped his hands and leaned forward to eat, as Lisa had taken some chopsticks and was offering him some bulgogi.

It was around 3 PM, neither of them had eaten lunch, at Jungkook's request, so they ate together between giggles and comfortable silences. Jungkook preferred this much more, with the natural sound around the birds and the river plus the people walking and talking around them, being locked in their own bubble in the middle of the crowd became extremely more comfortable.

At some point, Lisa had moved fully to his side as he sat leaning on his hands behind himself, and she fed him carefully, putting her hand under the chopsticks so as not to stain his shirt. He was beginning to notice, since it was like the fourth time it happened, that Lisa loved to feed him and take care of him.

The yellow jacket and her bucket hat had been forgotten behind

them. Lisa tied up her hair in a low ponytail carelessly and was only moaning appreciatively at the food. Perhaps she was too hungry and any food would be welcome by her, but her appreciation was so sweet, so full of honesty, that as soon as they finished eating and drank water, he kissed her warmly. Totally grateful to live in the same time and universe as this girl.

Her lips were somewhat spicy from the food, already swollen in reaction and without a trace of the lip gloss he'd savored earlier, yet the kiss was as special as all.

The kisses were sweet but slow and long, just enjoying the privacy of the bushes behind them. Sometimes just kissing was great, especially at times as warm as these.

"I'm so full," she complained once they slowly parted to catch their breath and she leaned back, on her hands, like him. Her long legs spreading in front, next to his. Their legs were almost the same length.

"Me too," Jungkook agreed. "I could take a nap right now," as he had gotten up early to get everything ready for her, after practicing till late the night before.

"Come here," she patted his lap and he looked at her blankly. "Put your head here, you can rest a little bit," she said as she crossed her legs to offer a better pillow.

No way was he going to sleep on their first date but those nice soft thighs were too tempting to turn down.

Jungkook lay down on the blanket and rested his head on her lap, staring up at the sky, hands clasped on his flat stomach. Lisa smiled at him from above.

"You're so handsome, Jungkook," she said calmly and poked the tip of his nose, he scrunched it in response and stared up at her.

"You're way more beautiful"

"Well, if you say so from that perspective and while noticing my double chin, I guess it's true"

"What double chin?" he poked her jaw, knowing well she had tickles there. Lisa squirmed and slapped his hand, giggling. "You don't have one"

"I do!" she insisted and raised her shoulders, pulling her head back. Even then she couldn't pull off a decent double chin. "Look, look!"

Jungkook scoffed and closed his eyes.

"See? You're closing your eyes because my double chin terrifies you "

Jungkook put his arm on his face, hiding his eyes but the playful smirk was still on his lips; the afternoon light was too strong. Lisa giggled again and looked closely at the tattoos on that part of his

bicep, her fingers inevitably delineating the black wings of the warrior who was in the front, surrounded by carefully drawn clouds to give the feeling that they were bringing a storm. She always needed to touch, unable to believe that the textures weren't real and just a well done drawing with amazing shades. It was the same effect that the butterfly on his hand caused, it seemed to simply be perched like a real black butterfly on his body.

Lisa didn't know many artists, but Jungkook was the best she had ever seen. From what she perceived while searching for tattoo artists for Chaeyoung back in the day, most adopted an art style and perfected it. But Jungkook seemed to master all kinds of styles, from realistic to abstract, he even knew how to draw anime...

Why was he hiding it, though?

"Why Nochu and not JK?" she asked, releasing the curiosity that had been growing in her mind since she discovered that he was the author of the webtoon.

Jungkook was slow to respond but finally did. "People made fun of me during my whole education here in Seoul, first for the accent and then because I liked anime"

Yeah, she remembered he told her that, and the Jungkook in a Naruto outfit came to her mind again, even though he didn't even like Naruto.

"Everyone in here likes anime," she said, holding back a silly giggle.

"Yeah, but I guess I was just easy to bully," he lowered his arm to show her an amused smile. "It didn't last long, anyways. The bully grew bored of me after I defended myself, "actually the idiot was scared for his life but he pretended to get bored of him and Jungkook was suspended for kicking someone in the face in school so he wasn't there to laugh. "I made a few friends and all but I just... didn't want to give anyone else a reason to judge whatever I was doing so I used a nickname when I started to share online what I was doing. I never expected it to be so popular, by the way"

Lisa nodded thoughtfully as she stroked his hair, tangling a few strands around her fingers and then releasing them. "That's so shitty, because you're so good. I stole the first volume from Kai last week, you got me with the first page and I'm not even a big fan of reading "

"Did you like it?" he asked with a little anxious knot in his stomach, because her opinion mattered too much to him, after all she was one of the main characters of the last volumes.

"Of course," she stroked his forehead under his bangs, combing his hair back and then poking softly the mole there. "I'm a big fan of everything you do and not just because I love you," she clarified

before he could object, as he obviously was going to do. "I'd love to see your paintings someday. Do you have some in your place?"

"Most of them are in my mom's house, she loves to hang them on the walls"

"Didn't you sell a few?"

Jungkook shook his head no. "Didn't try"

"Why? I'm sure anyone would buy them, like, I have just the mural's design as a reference but it's so amazing, colorful and beautiful. Are they all like that? "

"Like what?"

"Colorful"

He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, as if remembering, and finally nodded. "Most of them are"

"But you love wearing black"

"Well, now I can be the black background so you can shine more," he was witty with that one.

Lisa let out a laugh in disbelief, surprised by the sudden flirty guy on her lap. Jungkook scrunched his nose, regretting already for what he just did but at least he made her laugh.

"So now you're so flirty, Mr. Jeon"

"Just for you... Damn! Stop! " he covered his face with his hands, hating himself for not being able to control his tongue. Lisa laughed, climbing onto his stomach to move his hands from his face.

"Noooo, keep going," she encouraged him, fighting his evil hands that didn't let her see his face.

"Jesus, no!" he was cringing so hard.

"Jungkook!" she whined between bubbly giggles and managed to push his hands away, holding his cheeks in seconds. "You're so handsome," she complained as if she couldn't bear his beauty and kissed him once more, cradling his cheeks, fingers reaching up to his neck and to his hair. "Do you even need to flirt with that face?" she asked, obviously flirting.

Jungkook licked his lower lip. "No, I already have a pretty girl"

"See? You're good, damn, I'm so your now," she said naturally, filling his chest with one more dose of possessiveness. Lisa gave him one last kiss on the lips and lay down beside him, resting her head on his outstretched arm, one leg over his.

Jungkook sighed with happiness, looking up at the sky and thinking that it couldn't be better.

"Don't think I forgot about your painting after your amazing flirting, mister," she reminded him, poking his side.

Jungkook squirmed a little from the tickling and turned to look at her, relaxed enough to assure her that he was going to show her

when he got the chance.

"But I prefer drawing anyway," he clarified and recalled the endless hours of hard work, drawing lines, objects, all he could see, designing characters and loving every second, every detail, even when it was not what he expected, as well as remembering the frustrations and moments of block, or the times he lost files on his graphics tablet... And the excitement that washed over him when he bought the huge graphics tablet that was on his desk.

"You must like it so much," Lisa spoke and caught his attention, Jungkook found her forming a square with her fingers, narrowing one eye in concentration.

"What are you doing?"

"Mental pics, my camera is away, and you look good when you're happy," she explained with adorable wit. "Are you thinking about your webtoon?"

He nodded and she lay on her back like him, using his arm for a pillow, though her legs remained bent over his. Lisa sighed: "It shows you prefer drawing, not even once you smiled like that while working on the mural"

He nodded absently, more focused on the fact that she had watched him so intently as he worked that she remembered that. Wasn't it crazy to get the attention of someone like her?

However, working on the mural did make him happy, even more so because it was his design that had been chosen for most of it.

"Talking about the mural ...," she continued, oblivious to his thoughts. "You said you would love to get a scholarship for Kyoto, but you refused a scholarship that is as good as that. Why?" she asked with genuine curiosity.

"Because New York is too far away from home and going there would mean staying away for a long time," he answered honestly, at least part of the reasons why he didn't see the point of going that far to paint when he wasn't as passionate about making paintings as he was for what he had in Seoul, the girl next to him included. Even when he had talked about Kyoto, the idea seemed more like a distant possibility rather than a reality.

"You don't want to leave your mom alone?"

"Not really, I'm also working here and I don't think I could do it there, pay my stay and also send money," he was practical, vocalizing his thoughts from the moment in which Taehyung spoke of a possibility of earning a scholarship for being liked by an important man. Painting was simply not his greatest ambition. "I don't even want to be a great artist, to begin with"

"But you are already," she quickly objected.

"Well... yeah," he shrugged slightly so as not to disturb her.

Generally speaking, he was one.

"Tattoos are your dream? The webtoon too?" Lisa got to the point but with a tone of voice so soft that more than making him feel questioned, it caused him to think about it.

Tattooing and drawing weren't something he thought it would become so important, it looked more like a temporary hobby but was it really a hobby when he was doing it for work? Was it a hobby when it filled him with so much satisfaction despite the frustrations of being a job? No, it wasn't just a hobby.

The fact that he didn't even think of letting it go as easy he let go a scholarship to New York confirmed it. He had participated in competitions, of both tattoos and drawing and he had never thought *"someone else deserves it"* but rather, in his head it was only the idea of working hard to be worthy of the award.

He was happy in this way, he was living with passion.

"Yes. I'm happy that way," he admitted, genuinely surprised about it.

"Oof, you should have started there," she giggled and made him laugh too at the funny expression she made. "It's so cool and amazing, I'd love to live from my dreams like you're doing," she told him with those beautiful eyes shining with admiration.

And it was strange, but for the first time in years, he was proud of who he was, to be able to get such a look from her. Everything that people thought that was wrong about him was the best part of him in her eyes, because he was happy that way and his chest couldn't bare the wave of love and comfort that she just caused with that.

But why was she so admired?

"Aren't you living your dreams too?"

Lisa shook her head. "I'm not famous enough for that, I do good money for college and a few things to spoil myself but not much more," she said casually, as if it wasn't obvious that it seemed to be a sensitive topic for her. Why it was? But, quickly, she turned to him: "You should give yourself more credit, baby. You're doing big things already and you can do way more if you stop hiding behind a fake nickname. Wouldn't it be great to see your face everywhere as the biggest webtoon artist in South Korea?"

Jungkook opened his mouth to say no, although it sounded exciting, he couldn't imagine doing something like that, but Lisa covered it with her hand. "Don't you dare to go humble, Jungkook," she glared at him and he smiled, wrinkles forming at the sides of his eyes tenderly and then he kissed the palm of her hand. She ran her fingers down his cheek, cupping it. "Fuck basic dreams, Jungkook, your dreams are better than those because you made them true," she told him tenderly, leaning closer and brushing their noses

fondly.

He smiled, opening his eyes and his hand brought her hair back, tucking a blonde lock behind her ear, showing her golden star shaped earrings, and then stroking the soft apple of her cheeks with his thumb. "You will make your dreams true doll, you already have the confidence and the talent"

"And the model," she added between tender kisses.

"What model?" he frowned.

"You, idiot"

"Wait, what?" he was terrified to hear that.

Lisa decided to ignore him, keeping that wicked smile of hers, and looked up at the sky. "Oh, there are some clouds, look," she pointed out like a child.

Jungkook hadn't noticed them before either, the huge celestial sky that seemed to be clear, had some white shapes floating but not thick enough to be more than scattered little pieces of white cotton.

"Hate when clouds ruin my plan of cloud gazing," she sighed childishly.

Jungkook chuckled but pointed up. "Just pretend they're something, look that one, we're gonna pretend it is a..." he narrowed his eyes thinking.

Lisa did too, trying to come out with something.

And nothing was coming out.

Nope.

Nothing at all.

"Okay, I'm too old for this shit," he muttered with a blank mind.

Lisa nodded. "Yep," she agreed and laughed. "But at least they're pretty, the day is completely pretty actually," she appreciated, stretching her arms. "It's been years since I felt so relaxed"

"Yeah?"

"Yup!" she exclaimed on a sigh and rolled over, lying on his chest, chin on him as she smiled at him. "I love you, Jungkook," she said in the sweetest voice in the world.

Oh my God, he was going to die.

So, it was war. DECLARED war.

Jungkook vs the claw machine.

That bitch couldn't win over him, no way, he didn't care if he was close to spend the last won in his fucking wallet but he was going to win and get that fucking chick plushie for Lisa or die.

He was sweating out of frustration, tired and really pissed, but that machine wasn't going to win.

And Lisa was at his side, enjoying the show, because the big tattooed guy stressed over a claw machine was just too sexy but

also cute as hell. She never expected this to end up like this but she wasn't complaining... yet.

It all started when they were on their way to eat something, Jungkook finally decided to do the two things his Hyungs suggested and the next destination of their date, after the fantastic afternoon in the park, a cat-themed cafe that he knew Lisa was going to love was the next step on their date but everything was interrupted when they passed an arcade and Lisa gasped, saying: "Oh, can we go inside? I haven't been in one since I was a teen!"

And how was Jungkook going to say no to the cutest girl in the world?

They played on the dance machine, Lisa kicked his ass even though both were really good, then she tried to play on of the arcade games and lost in all of them, the super easy basketball game too but she was shrugging it off like nothing just to fight the machines two seconds after.

The game would say "game over" and Lisa would reply "*gAmE OvEr, YOU are over ugly ass*" and then lose again, the she would laugh at herself.

But Jungkook was winning for her and getting long ticket strips for her so she could exchange them for something. And everything was fun and games until he stumbled with the claw machine.

He saw that bitch tons of times in dramas, someone was always getting something and he was perfectly capable of getting something, or so he thought.

Because no, that fucking claw was laughing at him. He could see the smirk in her.

He was so cocky about it when he started to play that he couldn't lose, he felt like his dick was going to lose 10 centimeters if he did. But he couldn't get the fucking chick, why was it so hard? Why? WHY?!

"Jungkook...", Lisa called him, amused by the situation but she was beginning to feel really hungry, it was a few minutes past 9 PM and lunch was long gone. "Jungkook..."

Jungkook was too focused to answer anyway, really willing to spend every last penny on the machine.

"Jungkook!"

"This is so frustrating! Like, who designed this? Is someone supposed to get something from this? " he was totally outraged, spitting words out in fury as his eyes shot blazing daggers.

"It's okay, that's exactly what the machine wants," she explained softly, choking back the urge to laugh at his frustration.

"This machine can fuck itself, I will choke her with that chick," he growled though his words were interesting.

Lisa cocked her head, arching an eyebrow and pursing her lips. Choke he said?

He was obviously referring to choking the machine with the stuffed animal but it sounded funny, it was almost comical how witty and sarcastic he got when he was angry.

"Jungkook ..." she called again, dragging his name out on a sigh. But her pouts weren't going to work if he wasn't paying attention.

He almost managed to grab a teddy, not the one he wanted, but he quickly lost it and he grunted and hit the machine, not so hard but definitely very frustrated. "Fuck!"

A few kids turned around to look at him terrified.

"Jungkook!"

"One more time!" he announced and slid the play card to get another turn, Lisa crossed her arms, leaning against the machine.

He was definitely going to lose and it wasn't bad, in Lisa's opinion. He won all the damn games, highlighting too much her inability to win any kind of game, so it wouldn't be bad for her very hurt ego that he gave up and accepted that the claw machine was the damn owner of the place.

It didn't seem like it was about to happen though, and she wasn't going to deny that his frustration was really quite a comedy show.

"Jungkook, give up"

"Hell no, this shit will know who is the boss," he said confidently and that tone traveled right down to her core fast.

Lisa gasped, blinking, slightly surprised by the sudden heat of desire for him that turned the whole image in front of her eyes into the real and actually hot one it was.

He ran a hand through his hair, pulling it back and showing that he was already sweating, and determined. Lisa got a little distracted by it because it reminded her to him hovering her, while thrusting and the summer weather making sweat, his blushed skin glowing over her as he was filling her up again and again.

A drop slid down his temple to his sharp jaw which was clenched in true determination, Lisa wanted to lick the trail although she wanted to see him maintain his expression, eyes so dark and withering that they made her fantasize for him to look at her that way as he buried himself deep into her throat, tongue flat against his length. She could already feel it. And she didn't even have to mention the decadent way his shirt sleeves squeezed his tattooed biceps, and the strong hands operating the joystick below; the sweat on his neck was making his skin glisten under the neon blue and violet lights, tremendously hot and angry and, after he filled her thoughts like this, didn't he deserve something to relax?

She found herself desperate for it, burning for him.

But she giggled alone, no, she wouldn't dare... Would she?
That would definitely get him out of there once and for all.
Nah... too bold for a first date.

Or not?

I mean, it was Jungkook.

Lisa hated to agree with Bambam, the bastard was already a cocky jerk, but he was right, Lisa would kneel down for Jungkook in the nearest bathroom without a second thought. And she was very sure that he would never judge her.

"Jungkook," she called out to him with a clearer voice and an intense gaze.

He didn't look at her, cursing under his breath.

"Jungkook, baby, please," she had no intention of moaning but her voice came out of her mouth in a needy, almost childish whimper.

Oh, with that she efficiently caught his attention.

He looked at her, totally taken aback by the sudden sound, and the word baby sounding too good from her lips with that tone, especially since it was for him.

It was almost funny how Jungkook, who was truly a respectful and adorably shy guy, could turn into the sex-thirsty boy she needed with just one look, it was as if they were actually physically connected to make it that way.

Lisa put a hand on his and continued in the same tone, noting that it was like the song of a siren for him: "Baby, please, give up, I'm hungry"

"You are?" of course, he thought she was speaking innocently although he was really confused because the hungry look she wore wasn't innocent at all.

Lisa approached him, pulling him away from the machine so easily, because suddenly he was lost in her sad yet sinful little face, lips stretched but parted in that way that made him want to slide his finger between them.

"I'm really hungry," she looked at him through her long lashes, shit, he felt a movement in his pants with that tone. Lisa wasn't talking about food. She slid her hand down his chest, leaving a hot trail through the white T-shirt, and she clung to him, so close that her sweet perfume and lustful heat invaded him. "Would you lemme suck you off?" she asked in that sweet tone, almost bringing him to his knees.

"I ..." he stammered, not expecting exactly that from her.

"You look so hot when you're mad, baby," she explained through pouty thick lips, dangerous fingers playing on his chest, setting him on fire. "I'd love to give you some relief, I'm sure the satisfaction

would be better than winning that ugly chick"

He couldn't deny it, the satisfaction would be so much that he would smile like a fool, and he would lift her against a door to sink himself into her.

How could she be so damn sinful and at the same time be that angel that drove him crazy with cuteness when they played around?

And those damn lips, god, it was unfair that she offered them like that, with her head tilted back and her mouth half open.

"You're playing dirty," he muttered drunkenly, cupping her jaw, thumb on her cheek and fingers around her neck, all softly, and he couldn't help but smirk, laughing at himself because God, he was totally on his knees for her.

"Yup," she nodded shamelessly and leaned her hips against his, noticing the effect she was causing on him quickly. "But you're so hot I can't resist, baby ..." she justified herself with false innocence. "Why don't we go to my place and have some fun?"

And with that he woke up.

OH NO!

No, they couldn't leave.

Dammit!

What time was it?

"Shit!" he pulled his phone out of his back pocket and his eyes almost popped out of his face when he saw how late it was.

Oh no! Playing with that stupid machine, he hadn't taken Lisa to the cafe and now they only had twenty minutes left to run.

"We have to go!" he told her, totally forgetting about his lust. Fuck sex, he had things to do! Like, ask her to be his girlfriend!

(a/n: that's the proof, fam. that shows he's going serious, take notes)

Lisa blinked in confusion. "Uh? Where?"

"You'll see," he told her, pulling her hand out of the arcade, not forgetting the tickets.

"Are we going to eat for real?" she asked, walking quickly beside him. "Actually, I'm really hungry"

Fuck.

Jungkook stopped.

He was stupid.

"Damn," he closed his eyes, huffing.

"What's wrong?" she leaned forward, looking at him like a curious little puppy.

Jungkook ruffled his hair, sighing. God, everything was going so wrong. He should have been less competitive, god, it was all the fucking machine's fault! And Lisa was still waiting for an answer, completely clueless. "I... Fuck, I was going to take you to get some chocomilk but I got distracted and now it's too late and...", he

stuttered, annoyed with himself.

He screwed up his own plans so easily and it was a bloody problem because he really wanted to take her to that cafe. He had researched every cat cafe in Seoul, looking for the one closest to his ultimate goal and one that had everything Lisa could like. You know a lot of cats and chocomilk, he really read every review he could find and made sure those 4 stars were deserved. Also, the cats were freaking cute.

And now he couldn't take her there because they would waste a lot of time and then they would be too late.

Lisa, however, stood in front of him putting her hands on his arms. "Hey, hey, it's okay. We should buy something to take and then we can go wherever you want to take me," she comforted him positively.

"But-"

"Look! They're selling hot dogs there! I love hot dogs," she cut him off, pointing to a hot dog cart not far from where they were standing.

"Hot dogs? But- "why did she want hot dogs? Didn't she want some kind of special dinner? At least one restaurant, he could take her to a restaurant upstairs, the view was going to be great.

"C'mon, baby!" she tugged on his arm and oh my gosh, was calling him baby going to become a habit? Because it was destroying him.

And he was surprised to see that once Lisa got a big hot dog with some french fries, she was delighted, so grateful for it and devouring it with happiness. He really had to be her shield as they walked because she was so focused on eating that she was an easy target for the hurried citizens who were coming home at that hour from work.

"Oh! Oh my God! " she exclaimed once she realized where they were, I mean when she finally got her eyes out of the hotdog, mouth still full. She chewed quickly and finally said: "Don't tell me we're going up there!" Jungkook nodded and she shook her hands, hot dog still held. "Oh my God! I've never been there! But I saw it in so many dramas! " she was ecstatic, speaking loudly and drawing attention around her, it was like a little Christmas tree shining on the queue.

"It's cool, I went there once with Jimin Hyung," he commented, even though it had been in the afternoon and for exercise, I mean, they walked up.

"Really? Are the lights that cool? "

"I don't know, look at them yourself and tell me"

Lisa chuckled in response, she was really so excited and he loved

seeing her so happy.

They didn't have to wait long since they arrived just in time and they were quickly locked in the elevator, slowly going up. She stood in the corner facing the city and he leaned next to her, stealing some fries from her since he had just finished his own hot dog.

"Can you please hold my food? I wanna take pics," she asked, pouting, as if he were going to say no to her.

He nodded and held everything for her, while Lisa pulled out her camera and took photos. She was the best view anyway, concentrating on getting good shots while frowning in concentration, eyes serious and determined. She was damn beautiful, the perfect muse to spend hours working on every perfect feature of her face.

"Look! I love this one," she showed him, looking at him with expectation and hope, proud to share her work and wanting to know his opinion.

They were already higher up enough to see the sunset coming behind the high buildings of Seoul and she had managed to take a very good photo despite the glass, she also showed her photos of the interior, especially the fact that someone had drawn a small heart on the glass with a Sharpie, which had two initials: J and J.

"That's so romantic, they were probably teenagers," she commented and proceeded to explain: "I like to imagine some story when I take some pictures, like, J and J being two teenagers in love. Maybe, forbidden love! Oh my God! They're secretly together and love to go up to the tower to spend the time together since it's the only place they can be alone and free," and her expression said that she was living the story in her head like a movie.

Jungkook smiled, actually also watching it in his mind, like two sixteen years old boys with black hair and uniforms, one was shorter and giggly while the other was maybe too tall and skinny. He was a hopeless romantic too, it was easy to play with the idea and project it. "Sounds tragic, do you think they could make it after high school?"

Lisa's eyes gleamed with excitement when she saw that he understood her game. "I hope so, everything is easier after high school. But what if some of the J's has a super strict parent that sends him to study medicine while the other J just want to study arts?" she got worried, frowning.

"Well... Uh...", he paused to think, in his head, both characters were becoming more clear as he mentally drew them with a few characteristic details. Then he smiled when something occurred to him: "They grew apart during that time but after college, when they finally got a job and are living their life; they decide to come back

to the tower and they find each other, like it was destiny, the red thread pulling them together for once now that they're free to love each other "

Lisa opened her mouth in a big O and nodded, forming a huge smile with her lips and clapping in tiny. She was surprised but super happy with the end. But not so happy, yet. "What if they made a promise to meet when they were free but one of them died. Like something happened J 1 that make him realize they would never be happy together so he promised to himself to meet his beloved J in their next life "

Jungkook raised his eyebrows, shocked by the sudden turn of the story, but he liked it. It was tragic. "And they do, the movie finish when J and J in their next life meet but in a society when it's already accepted, and it's like... a deja vu"

Lisa shook her fists, happy and excited. "That would be so sad yet beautiful. That's it Jungkook, fuck our careers, we should make movies. I really want Timothee Charlamet for that main role "

He cocked his head. "Who?"

"Oh, c'mon, you didn't watch Call Me by Your Name?"

He was tempted to say yes, but he already had a wrong lie the first time, so he shook his head, pursing his lips, he couldn't even picture if he ever heard it mentioned before.

"We have to watch, you're going to cry," she told him excitedly.

Like it was hard to make him cry and it was embarrassing that she knew.

"But why not a Korean actor? The story is about the tower "

Lisa nodded, realizing that he was right. "But, I don't know any new young actors. I haven't watched new dramas. Gong Yoo is too old for this right? "

"Yup"

"Seo Joon? He's hot but also too old for a teenager "

"He's not that hot," he opined honestly. What the hell did the guy have? Very small eyes, egg-shaped head, too big for his face... also tall, buff, good in a suit... Maybe he was just jealous because Seo Joon was way more handsome than himself.

"How dare you?" she told him, feigning extreme offense.

Really?

He arched an eyebrow, munching on a fried.

"Okay, fine, then who is hot for you?"

He narrowed his eyes, thinking of all the kdramas he had seen in his entire life with his mom. And a name flashed in her head, because her mother told her that she looked a little like him.

"Ji Chang Wook"

Lisa blinked and finally smiled. "Okay, daddy"

NO

WAIT

"Yah, daddy who? He's not... I mean... "

Lisa laughed mischievously, Jungkook narrowed his eyes and looked away, jealous but refusing to be embarrassed for being so.

Lisa snorted anyways.

"Don't laugh, he's not..." *your daddy* he wanted to say but no. It was embarrassing and weird, but also annoying, what he had that he didn't? Age? Money?

"Fine," she continued like it wasn't important, thank goodness. "Then Lee Taehwan, he's cute"

"You like cute guys now?" he asked, genuinely surprised why... I mean... She...

"Yes, I imagine one of the J's super cute," she said innocently.

Oh, they were still talking about the movie.

Jungkook nodded, he was being stupid, although he really couldn't believe that she liked Taehwan or "cute boys". Like, why? And if that was cute for her? Was himself cute? With all the tattoos?

"Nah, he's too old and tall. What about some idol?" he said instead and he regretted instantly.

And she proceeded to name all cute idols she can imagine but he could agree that tall guy from Seventeen was really cute... annoyingly cute. And taller than him, way taller, too tall actually. Why all the idols Lisa liked were so tall?

"What about a NCT boy?"

"Which one of the 30"

She giggled. "Mark?"

"Chipmunk eyes"

"Taeyong?"

"I don't like his face"

"Jeno?"

"I don't like his smile, too big"

"Johnny?"

"Too tall"

"Kun?"

"Who?"

"Yah you don't like anyone and stop pouting," she broke off in the middle of it all.

He raised an eyebrow defensively. "I'm not pouting"

He was, and he was also jealous.

Lisa leaned over to him and kissed his pouty lips. "Don't be jealous"

"I'm not jealous," he blatantly lied, even cockily.

Lisa rolled her eyes and whispered: "You're the one here with me,

baby, I love **you**"

He pursed his lips, failing to contain a smile.

But, despite his silly jealousy, the talk continued all the way up and after they got off the elevator. Once they got rid of the food scraps, their hands held each other and they walked together calmly as they debated which idol or actor could be the best representation for their tragic lead roles.

Walking through Namsan Park was beautiful, the lights made the path almost magical, the view was great even though they still had to reach the peak of the mountain, and Lisa took many photos, stealing some of him when he least expected it and he didn't dare ask her to delete them. She was too happy, c'mon, and if she wanted to think he looked good in there, who was him to open her eyes.

No, no, he wasn't going to make her notice his not so handsome face. Nope.

Lisa didn't mind having tired legs, she couldn't even complain because she was enjoying this too much. Even when they weren't talking it was great to be together, sometimes just laughing just because they could, head too high in the clouds to even make up an excuse for their dumb sense of humor. This date was being the best of her life and she hadn't even had all the things any girl would dream of, but it was what Lisa liked and she never expected, which was way better.

There weren't many people that day so it was more relaxing and they could play around on the steps and Lisa wasn't going to deny that climbing on Jungkook's back was strategically planned because her feet hurt so much and her strong boy didn't even complain, holding her thighs around his waist and looking at some photos when she showed them to him, hugging his neck.

He was so tall, by the way. Lisa was really surprised once she got the exact perspective he had from his height.

Jungkook led her to the top and Lisa got off, running towards the grated bridge, around the traditional Korean platform; This one, just like the rest of railings, was full of different colored love locks, so many that you couldn't even see the bars.

"Oh my God, it's beautiful!" she exclaimed ecstatically, Jungkook stood next to her and nodded. Both of them leaning in a free space they found in a railing, their little fingers unconsciously brushed against each other and it was as if they were holding hands again.

The view was truly beautiful, the combination of yellow and blue lights created a violet halo over the city, both modern and old buildings became one thanks to luminous reflections that blended perfectly giving a metropolitan yet beautiful view.

Inadvertently, Lisa hugged him sideways, wrapping her arms around his waist, and laid her face on his chest. Jungkook put an arm around her naturally. "I'm so happy right now," she murmured happily and raised her face.

It was noticeable, her round cheeks puffing up due to her huge closed smile, brown eyes shining and reflecting the lights behind them that weren't as wonderful as the sight, but they were in her eyes.

This was what he wanted, to cause this kind of joy and rejoicing in her. He was so satisfied right now that he could jump up and scream, and kiss her deeply.

However, the photos came first. Lisa left a peck on his cheek and quickly pulled her camera out of her backpack, focusing on taking the best photos she could get.

She was leaning back, the camera close to her face as she closed one eye and focused on the view finder, the summer breeze making the long deep locks of her blonde hair dance.

He waited for her and looked at her, head to toe, grateful to have her and thinking that even though she was an almost fantastical beauty, she had one of the most likable personalities in the world. She was beautiful inside as well, with her good humor and positivity, that great warmth she carried and the stubbornness that caused frustration but it was always for a huge reason, like protecting her best friend or protecting him, like that time in the police when she literally barked at officers for him. She was too good for her own good.

Jungkook knew he didn't deserve her, honestly no one deserved a girl like her but he was a lucky bastard who got her and he was too jealous and selfish to let her go, not after all it took to have her in his arms, on his bed, on his hands... God, nothing would be the same as taking her hand and having her fingers intertwined with his, palm to palm.

Lisa was left alone when she finished and looked around, surprised that she couldn't find Jungkook. She frowned but relaxed when she saw him coming her way, bottle of water in hand. He was so handsome, with the yellow jacket his entire appearance changed a lot, he looked like a cute type of boy, especially when he smiled at her and his perfect bunny white teeth showed, eyes getting small and wrinkles showing. She loved him dressing like this just for her, but she preferred the guy she met, dressed from head to toe in black and with long, messy hair, multiple earrings dangling from his ears and that disinterested look that turned hot when it was on her.

(a/n: just you girl, just you. can't relate)

Anyway, she was happy. He was making her very happy.

"I bought some water," he told her as he reached her, after literally jumping the steps to her, black hair bouncing naturally, and he uncapped the bottle for her, offering it up.

"Thank you"

It was fresh and just what she needed even though she hadn't noticed. But, while she was drinking water, she noticed that Jungkook was... restless. Nervous? Why was he nervous?

Oh wait.

He was going to ask for something.

He looked exactly like this when he asked her on a date.

So... What did he want this time?

And why was he so nervous all the time? It was cute but she wasn't going to bite him... unless he asked for it.

"Should we get a lock?" she asked, looking for a conversation piece that would calm him down to ask for what he wanted, although a lock wasn't a bad idea. Wasn't it very cute? Their names were going to stay there for who knows how long.

It was like a promise and she wanted to promise him that she would love him, because she couldn't imagine not being in love with him in the future.

Was she crazy for thinking like that?

"Ac-actually, I got one for uh... us...," he stuttered and pulled a padlock out of his pocket... it was YELLOW!

NO! Wait!

OH MY GOD

HE WANTED TO...

WAS HE ASKING HER TO BE HIS GIRLFRIEND LIKE THIS?

THAT WAS WHY HE WAS SO NERVOUS?

"Oh my God! Yes! Yes! YES!!! TEN TIMES YES JUNGKOOK! " she squealed excitedly, shaking her fists and actually making a lot of noise, because she screamed for real; a lot of people probably thought they were going to get married or something.

Jungkook sighed in relief. "I didn't say anything yet but thank God I'll get a yes, I would have been embarrassed if you say no"

(a/n: thanks miss olivia for this, i mean she wont read this but anyways love u)

Lisa snorted. "Gosh, sorry, I got excited. What are you going to ask? " she fluttered her lashes innocently, as if she didn't know.

Jungkook burst out laughing quietly but put himself together and with a small smile he asked: "Would you be my girlfriend, Lisa?" he said, offering the small lock.

He was so precious.

So wonderful.

And he wanted her to be his...

Lisa wanted to scream again and jump to his arms and kiss his lips till the end of their lives, but she put a finger on her chin, making up a thoughtful expression. "Hmm... Lemme think"

Jungkook chuckled, gosh, he was so in love with her. "Will you need a lot of time? This closes at midnight"

Lisa glared at him playfully. "Oh you're cocky now," she commented but smiled fondly after all. "Of course, I want to," she mumbled, overwhelmed by happiness and just kissed him, hands around his neck, tiptoeing. Jungkook pulled her closer by the waist and enjoyed the purest touch of happiness.

Finally and officially he could say that this wonderful ray of light was his girlfriend, the yellow splash in his black painting.

Not long after, they added one yellow lock more to the railing, with J and L inside of a heart as corny as it could be, but they were extremely happy wishing that their love lasted as much the lock and more.

(a/n: my ass writing that as if it is going to end lol)

[EXTRA]

damn, she late but she long

hope you really liked this one bc it was like so soft for me and the last part, in the elevator and with the pictures, was my favorite bc gosh they simple but they super cute and lovely

what do you think? did you like it? did you expect something else?

what was your favorite part if you have one?

lol weather girl cake is so curious nowadays, sorry hehe.

anyway, **jungkook? best boy.**

don't forget that.

if you like it, comment and vote💜

EXTRA: His and Hers

surprise surprise

hi my tukkihoes ✨

lmfao it's so weird to say it but at the same time special. **tell me what you think.**

ANYWAY

this one comes dedicated to a very special baby of mine. it's a bday gift for *(hold on this bitch changed her username and I don't remember it lemme go search)* lilisgcf

I mean her bday was on july 31st and my ass is just posting this but hope she likes it, she wanted a bj, who I want to say no to a bj?

I ALSO HOPE that you all like it too.

this one comes very hot imo but pls really tell me what you think

This was not the way Jungkook thought the night would end, in his romantic mind this possibility didn't cross, he only projected everything until he asked Lisa to be his girlfriend and that's it.

So it was done.

But he should have known better.

After taking photos and chatting a little more, the kisses began while they waited for their turn in the queue to go back to the city, in a private corner they found next to the bathrooms.

Gentle kisses became heated and passionate, hunger spreading like fire as their hands ran over the other's body, from top to bottom and back, squeezing, kneading, pulling. Their tongues were licking each other's mouth causing sensations that were making them shiver. It was impossible not to gasp into each other's mouth when the most hungry parts of both were rubbing together and creating numbing electricity, clouding their minds with smoke and embers.

It was too much and at the same time it wasn't enough.

They couldn't go to his place, not so early and with his Hyungs awake as well as they couldn't go to Bambam's place, so they ended up in a love motel. Jungkook wasn't too happy with the idea but he couldn't think too much when his pants were so tight, the tight jeans he was wearing weren't very good at handling the huge erection growing in his crotch. She guided him there and he barely paid attention when she asked for a room, wanting her deeply as he watched her speak and simply smile, knowing full well that he was

going to sink into her when she least expected it; and once Lisa closed the door, pushing him against it and then kneeling, he stopped thinking altogether.

His head fell back in a gasp as she swallowed around his cock, her tongue driving him crazy with some particular talents that never failed to amaze him.

"Fuck," he groaned, throwing his shirt and jacket away, and looked down at Lisa, who had just pulled his cock out of her mouth and then she held it with one hand and licked sinfully from base to tip, staring at him.

She was shirtless too and those pretty tits were on display, hard nipples waiting for him.

In her eyes that sexual mischief shone that amused him at the same time that he bit his lower lip, barely managing the currents of pleasure that traveled from his crotch to his entire body every time she moved her hand up and down along his member.

An arrogant smirk formed on his lips however, his cock looked huge next to her pretty face. The tip was shiny from her saliva and eager to get back to where it belonged.

"You're so pretty, doll, put it in your mouth," the words were a command while his tone was a tender request.

Lisa smiled at him and sucked on the tip. His mouth fell open, his whole body tense with lust. God, that thick mouth, surrounding him, was going to kill him. It was so hot and wet, silkily driving him crazy.

"Fuck, like this, doll, fuck," he purred between soft grunts, his hips dying to buck into her.

Lisa brought more of him to her mouth, almost half of it, sucking, stroking his veiny flesh with her tongue, and she whimpered. God, she could do it forever, suck him every day, savor his body to death, thirsty and hungry.

She leaned against his powerful thighs, covered by his jeans, and with her hand she positioned his dick perfectly before sinking it back to her throat, as much as she could, although it didn't fit all. She made sure to breathe through her nose although tears formed in her eyes from the pressure against her gag reflex as the zipper of his jeans brushed her cheeks.

Did she care? No.

Jungkook moaned loudly from above, muscles bulging and voice hotly raspy, and tangled his fingers in her hair. "Take it all, fuck, take it"

His words made her cunt throb, she moved her hips without thinking, wanting to rub it against something even though it was impossible. However, she wanted to please him first, his sounds

were killing her and his cock in her throat could make her roll her eyes back.

Lisa slid her hands up his firm ass and used it to propel him deeper even though it wasn't possible, yet he loved it. He tugged at her hair and unconsciously guided her, bobbing her head up and down. Losing it before her, biting his lip in a smile as his dark gaze was enjoying every single second of it.

She was hungry for him, her welcoming throat squeezing his tip and her hands on him like ambers through his jeans, clawing him for every current of pleasure.

"Fuck, baby, the best damn thing are you, suck it," he murmured and arched against the door as a strong surge of pleasure hit him when he felt her suck a little, the orgasm building in his stomach growing stronger. "F-ffuck, so good"

She moaned ecstatically, clawing paths from his ass down his legs through the hard fabric of his jeans. She liked this too much and one of her hands quickly slid into her shorts, so she was so wet and ready.

She was ready since the first kiss, shit, she didn't even need a kiss to be wet. Her boy drove her crazy...

Her boy...

Fuck

Yes

All hers

And he was confirming it himself, moaning her name between filthy words, more and more desperate.

Her hand moved along her slippery slit, between her folds, little by little stimulating her clit that was already very sensitive to touch but yearned to receive more caresses, making her squeeze her thighs every time she touched it but when she sank two fingers on her hungry cunt, squeezing her clit with the palm of her hand, she moaned with difficulty.

Mouth too full for that.

(a/n: it's one thing of two, whether she has a small mouth or he lied about the four inches. my money is on the first)

She was already drooling too much, already tasting his pre cum, and he finally let her take control back, not like she did something different. She took it in her hands, pumping it, and sucked on the tip, licking, moaning. Jungkook's knees trembled and he slumped against the door, his stomach tightening with more and more pleasure, abs moving with his breath as strong tattooed hands clenched into fists, marking the veins in his arms.

He was so fucking hot.

He felt the tip of his cock about to explode, Lisa's tongue was

making him twist as each time his balls tightened more and more, each time more ready to come.

"Fuck, fuck, Doll, I'm coming, fuck," he gasped out of breath but she didn't stop or pull it out of her mouth, Lisa pumped it and rejoiced at the sight he gave her, mouth wide open, gasping and grunting.

Then he groaned long as he was hit by a strong orgasm, his toes curling in his boots as Lisa sucked every last drop from him.

His thighs trembled, his fingers tightened on the door, and he saw a fucking white light through his closed eyes, probably announcing how close he came to dying of pleasure.

(a/n: or it's just the reflection of the light through your eyelids just saying)

He gasped when he finished, but he had never taken his eyes off her who like an innocent kitten licked the remains of cum in his length.

She was red, with some traces of tears on her cheeks and her mouth so pink it must have hurt, God, that little mouth destroyed him and unconsciously he caressed is, eyes shining with love.

How could he not love her when she did these things?

He was grateful that she was his, finally and in every way. Beyond her talents.

"Did you like it?" She asked and her sinful lips captured his finger, she kissed it, glowing with amusement. Inviting him to take more.

She didn't get tired, didn't she?

No, never and thank God.

"Come here," he called her, offering a hand.

He helped her to stand up and devoured her swollen mouth as fast as he could, lifting her up. Lisa wrapped her arms and legs around him and he led her to the bed where he undressed her between hungry kisses and laughed with her as he struggled to remove his boots. The laces just weren't cooperating with him.

He nearly fell off and Lisa's bubbly laugh filled the room as she waited for him but he managed to strip completely and then go back to bed, sinking into his favorite spot.

Her cunt.

Her taste intoxicated his senses and his cock never softened, regaining the large and hard size he would need later. It was impossible not to recover in seconds since every hormone in his body raged through his veins for Lisa.

"Jungkook?"

"Hmm?" he purred before putting first one of her folds and then the other into his mouth. She arched, spreading her legs wider.

"I... Mmm... Like that"

"Like this?"

"Yes, please," she whimpered, kneading his thick hair as she was stroking her breast, her pierced nipple so hard between her fingers that it sent little slings of pleasure to her core. "Fuck, I mean... I don't usually... Damn!"

"Always so good, doll," he breathed in her scent and licked along her wet slit, ending at her clit which he pressed with his tongue.

"God... I was saying that I... Wait," she complained because the pleasure wouldn't let her think, or even speak.

Jungkook raised his head and looked at her, wondering what was going on that she wanted to talk so much.

Lisa relaxed against the mattress, nibbling her lip and god she was such a temptation, her beautiful body all to him, and it was very difficult not to devour her whole, eager to reach out and squeeze one of her breasts.

"I don't usually do things like this"

Wait

What?

What was she talking about?

He cocked his head. "What do you mean?"

"I don't usually have sex in the first date," for some reason she had to let him know.

Jungkook blinked in confusion although he liked it somehow. "So?" he narrowed his eyes trying to understand her better.

"I don't want you to think I sleep around, I know you won't but just saying," she explained. "Sorry, Bambam is in my head"

Jungkook arched an eyebrow, so Bambam was in her head when he was eating her out?

"Not like that!" she read their expressions. "I'm not a hoe, okay? You're just too hot and special and I love you so I would have sucked your dick the day we met if you ask"

So she... Uh... What?

That was just too much information and he was too horny to process normal thoughts but that one just hit.

So he was special, and too hot... right?

"Mmm, I like that," he smirked, happy to hear her say that, and slid over her body to kiss her, his fingers taking the sweet job to caress her as he licked her mouth open. "So, since the first day, you say?" he asked, running his kisses down her neck, when he finished with her lips.

"Yes," she moaned, offering more of her neck and feeling chills when he smelled her.

"In my studio?"

"Yes"

"Just there, with everyone out waiting for us to finish? Hearing everything?"

"Not if you're quiet," She smirked at him.

He smiled after kissing her and whispered against her mouth, "I can't be quiet when your little mouth is making me come, doll," and he nibbled on her lower lip, stretching it out. "And that's just with me?"

"Yes"

"Even before knowing me?" he asked again, rubbing her clit deliciously and noticing that she could barely contain her moans, frowning.

"And more after knowing you," she clarified and moaned, squirming under him. "As I told someone, I'm such a whore for you," she added, nibbling her finger as she smiled mischievously.

His stomach twisted with pleasure in response. God, yes, she was, just for him because she was his, his, his.

"Then," he positioned himself between her legs and took his cock, brushing it along her very hot, eager pussy. "Let me prove you how good your choices are," and he buried himself into her, filling her to the bottom and making her arch into a sweet moan.

Lisa held his face in her hands even though she couldn't close her mouth, moans and gasps escaping from there every time he thrust in. However, her eyes glowed warm, overflowing with lust. "You're my best choice," she clarified with more sweetness than expected.

He kissed her, thanking her for her love as he stole her breath and swallowed her moans. He leaned one arm next to her, barely lifting his body that was glued to hers just to get more impulse and push himself deeper inside her. A growl caught in his throat, due to how hot, wet and tight she was around his cock.

"Fuck, I love you so much," he gasped against her mouth, lowering his lips to her long, luscious neck. Lisa squeezed his back, sighing. "And I wouldn't think you're a whore if we had sex the first time we meet," he couldn't help but add with amusement, raising his head to look at her.

He would have been the pervert for taking advantage of a drunk girl. However, for Lisa they met in her parlor, and in that situation he would have just thought he was a fucking lucky bastard.

Just like now.

Lisa just giggled, though. "But I am a whore... Jungkook's whore"

That sounded so good. But it he laughed because the truth was actually that: "Doll, you suck my dick in such a way that the only whore here is me"

Lisa didn't complain. "I like that," she whispered to him, long

hands trailing electricity down his back until she squeezed his ass and pushed him against her.

He groaned and thrust faster, feeling her nails dig into his skin. "You like this?"

"Yes," she whimpered, squirming under his body to meet his thrusts with her hips. "Hmmm, yes!"

Jungkook lowered one hand to her ass and pulled her up a bit, she squealed in reaction to the next hard thrust and he knew he had just hit where he should, so he kept her elevated, brushing the right spots with his cock while she was shuddering because of the pleasure, overwhelming all his senses. They were both so hot they began to sweat, the musky smell of sex filling the room as the smack of their bodies together and moans made noise. Lips and tongues meeting despite gasps.

Jungkook was fucking her sweetly but intensely at the same time, Lisa could barely breathe between moans and sinful sensations but she wanted to go on and melt completely, melt into him. He was totally glued to her, all his muscles surrounding her, his huge hand squeezing her ass as his abdomen was brushing her clit. His huge, hot cock filling her so well her eyes rolled back, feeling she was so close already.

"God, Jungkook, yes, yes, yes," She began to gasp as her body tensed, preparing for the orgasm that was right there.

He brushed his teeth down her neck and lowered his head to her tits, because he knew she liked it. His lips sucked on her nipple as his hips were pulling her closer and closer to the abyss.

"I'm so close"

"Fuck, I know, you're so tight," he growled against her fiery skin, his fist clenched against Lisa's head, all the veins marking from his hand to his shoulder.

Lisa clawed at his back, clinging to him and moved her hips faster. Jungkook penetrated her faster and harder and leaned on his arms to see her. Dark eyes fixed on her and Lisa opened her mouth in a silent scream because she finally came, before his eyes, too aroused at knowing that he was looking at her like she were the most glorious work of art.

"Yes, like this," he gasped, slamming against her to make her shiver, his damp hair moving against his forehead.

Lisa squirmed from her orgasm, her legs trembling uncontrollably, holding him tight, and even more so when he lowered his hand and played with her clit some more. She whimpered his name with a high-pitched tone and gasped as he then lifted her leg up to his shoulder and began to fuck her hard.

Lisa screamed, overwhelmed, holding his face, thumb brushing

his bottom lip, as she was seeing him come too. Jungkook's face showed every single inch of pleasure he felt and he moaned, coming in her, twitching and trembling too, pouring it all deep in her.

They both breathed hard against each other's mouths and finally kissed, while their bodies were relaxing against each other, still close and warm. She hugged him and enjoyed his sweet caresses, on her legs and on her body. Raspy fingers giving the most soft strokes.

But the best thing was the kisses, no words were necessary, only this to express the peace and love that surrounded them.

He rolled to her side but without releasing her, Lisa wrapped one leg around him and hugged him as she continued to kiss him, enjoying the softness of his skin against hers, the hairs on his legs tickled hers and the muscles of his back moved under her palm. He stroked one of her breasts and lazily aroused her nipple, one leg bent between hers, and still deep into her.

It took a few minutes for them to finally part their lips but they stayed together, Jungkook tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and she felt her cheeks burn with emotion and some embarrassment, it was silly to feel it after everything they had just done but his gaze was so intense it drove her silly, causing a childish, nervous giggle in her throat.

"Never in my life I Imagined to get someone like you, you know that?" he affectionately murmured to her, stroking her cheek with his thumb. Lisa shook her head no shyly. "Please stay with me"

And it sounded like he was afraid to wake up and know that this was all a dream, Lisa hated to see that the idea really scared him and that he felt so insecure about them. She hated knowing that this was just someone else's fault, someone who was too dumb to love someone with a heart as big as his.

She took his hand and kissed it. "I will," she promised him. "You think you can get rid of me? We got a lock in a tower, Jungkook, this is forever, sorry," She joked foolishly and loved to see him smile, showing all of his teeth.

"I really do love you"

"I love you too, baby," she replied with extreme sweetness. "It was the best first date ever"

"I'm glad, doll"

"We should have more... and then end up here. But since you're special, you don't have to ask me on a date first," she mumbled playfully, outlining the wolf in his chest with her fingernail.

Jungkook chuckled. "What if I just want to hold hands with you?"

Lisa took his hand and slipped her fingers between his, interlocking them. "Done, now, make love to me again ..." he arched a brow, pressing his lips to hold a smile. Lisa arched a brow too.

"What? You need two hands for that?" and she knew where she was getting into, she saw him fighting a claw machine, he had a secret competitive nerve there.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes and she knew there she won.

He hovered her with their hands on the mattress, with his free hand he held her ass and very skilfully thrust in, robbing a surprised gasp from her lips.

He smirked with pride. "Good?"

Lisa nodded, biting her lip. "Yes, best boyfriend ever"

"It sounds so good, say it louder please"

"Boyfriend," she moaned louder in response to the fantastic roll of his hips.

"And you are?"

"Yours"

"Yeah?" he asked, kissing her neck, feeling her body go crazy just as his was building up the orgasm of both.

"Yes!" Lisa gasped, fingers burying in his hair and the skin of his back.

Jungkook smiled against her neck, so fucking happy.

He won in life, definitely.

"Sir, here's your daughter," Jungkook told Bambam when they reached the building an hour later, finding him at the entrance. He had just come back from somewhere apparently.

Bambam looked them up from head to toe with an arched brow and then narrowed his eyes. "What is your hair wet? Why is hers wet?"

Ah...

Haha...

Jungkook scratching between his ear with a finger. "That's actually an interesting story... for another time"

Lisa rolled her eyes and smirked. "Sorry Daddy, I've been a bad girl..."

Jungkook snorted.

Bambam scrunched his nose. "Shut up, whore, at least wait for the second date"

"See, Jungkook? He's torturing me," she accused him with her boyfriend. Because damn yes, now she had a boyfriend to complain to. "Beat his ass please"

"I was obviously kidding," Bambam smiled innocently, he wasn't going to deal with Jung-angry-big-as-fuck-boots-kook again.

Jungkook rolled his eyes and kissed Lisa's cheek lovingly, staying there for more than a second and making her close her eyes and sigh. "See you...", he parted away and frowned, when was he going

to see her exactly? "Do you work tomorrow?"

"At morning," she pouted, knowing he was going to the tattoo parlor at afternoon. "Jennie Unnie has everyone crazy because of the mural presentation and the graduation, you know, same day, and... Oh!" she straightened excitedly. "I will be there taking all the important pics! It's a super big chance, like, there's gonna be a lot of people so maybe I can get a few new contacts," she told him so full of excitement and happiness.

He pulled her closer and pecked her lips. "You will do amazing, doll"

"Thank you," she muttered, looking at him with those big cute eyes. "Text me when you get home, okay?"

He nodded but he didn't move, staring, just staring like the fool in love he was.

Bambam huffed and looked at his golden Rolex. "I thought K-dramas were over at this hour..." he complained.

Lisa rolled her eyes and said Jungkook goodbye, and obviously kissed him deeply, he hugged her waist tightly too. And it was so sweet.

Damn, it tasted just like commitment and she was loving it.

"Rich people are so arrogant, sir," Bambam had the audacity to say to the doorman. "They're always showing off their food in front of the poor"

"He doesn't have a turn off button, right?" Jungkook asked Lisa in a whisper.

She giggled. "Sadly, no"

naaaaaasty

ik ik ik

she sucked his life

did you like it? 🙄👀🙄👀

I mean the whole scene not just her sucking him off

so they're so fucking cute and hot but not everything is rainbows, there are some open topics still in this story and some bitch is still fluttering around. **your weather girl cake is predicting a jealous rainfall with a lil bit of anger** 🙄👀🙄👀🌧️

bc girls, you'd be amazed of how dumb men can be

also, would it be too much if tukkihoe writes smut? like, angry sex? or it's already too much and they should just stop having sex in front of the poor

if you like it, comment and vote👍

BTW, DID YOU ALL LISTEN TO DYNAMITE? bitch that shit slapped my face with a chair. bts snapped for real.

it's been a while since a song made me so fucking happy so fast, it

was a serotonin explosion. also, it make me replay so much, omg, my ass simping.

did you like it? i absolutely loved it, except for my man not getting many lines or screen time but well, I'm a lil bit over of that rage.

and **selpink is coming pretty soon**, i just watched that weird ass teaser. **what's your opinion about that collab?** honest thoughts pls.

imo, i don't expect much but they're promoting it as something really huge so im curious and really expecting them to make a bop.

Chapter 37 • Pt. 1

oh fuck I missed you all so much 🐱🐱🐱

no jokes guys, these days i was really thinking i miss my babies and like it's been so long since I saw you all and ofc it was bc my ass hasn't updated a new chapter like in a fucking month☐

hope you all are doing okay, staying healthy and studying or working safely.

since this one is long i parted it in 2 to not tire you all with much information. you will be surprised here and a few characters are coming back🐱 so hope you really like it

again, special thanks to my beta and lovely baby neeja that contributed a lot💖

"Hey, Lisa, you look so pretty today"

Lisa nodded gratefully to the third guy from the mural group she was meeting that afternoon as she walked through the entrance of the Arts Department building, where the graduation ceremony plus the mural presentation was going to be. Gladly, it was big enough to fit the almost 300 chairs and leave a small place to the stage, in front of the covered mural next to the stairs. Her sandals were destroying her feet little by little while the skirt of her flowered dress gently caressed her moving legs and people weren't lying by the way, she looked very pretty.

Camera in hand, Lisa was in charge of taking photos of the graduates, the students who worked on the mural, the important moments of the ceremony, and supervising the audio, sound and video equipment until Jaewon arrived.

He was taking too long for her liking and the nice smile that she had on her face for everyone was actually hiding an annoyed Lisa. Of course she was acting as the social lady her mother raised since she couldn't growl at people just before taking their picture if she didn't want them to look terrified of her.

Not like she could terrify anyone but all poodles think they're scary.

And Jennie was being a pain in the ass, throwing orders back and forth to the students in her charge, she also had to record every second of the ceremony while she had to interview superiors and important people. But until it started and she get distracted by it,

she was on everyone's ass like bark bark do this and bark bark DO THAT like a nervous chihuahua.

How the hell could someone so small be so bossy?

Luckily Jungkook hadn't arrived yet because if he was going to distract Lisa, Jennie would probably jump to her throat and send Jungkook to sit in a corner like a good boy until the beginning of the ceremony .

Anyway, Lisa wanted to see him. He texted her telling her that he would be stopping by his mother's house, since she had his suit, and come from there. The simple idea of Jungkook in a suit had Lisa literally drooling.

"Where's Jaewon?" Jennie asked ,when they met in a corner, she had Seulgi with her since the latter was not only graduating since being the council president had her also in charge of the ceremony.

Well, Lisa didn't develop that witch power yet but she couldn't be sarcastic: "I don't know-"

"Hellooooo !!!!!" Jaewon came to save her ass, wearing a cute black suit with the first buttons of his shirt open and long blond hair neatly styled back. He looked really good.

"Do you have idea what time it is?" Jennie barked at him before Seulgi and Lisa could respond to the greeting.

He arched an eyebrow and lowered his head, clearly wondering why this 160-centimeter person in huge red heels was yelling at him as he looked at his watch. "3:30 PM"

She narrowed her eyes but Seulgi stopped her from jumping to his neck probably saving his ass (when Lisa said she looked like an angry chihuahua she really didn't lie). "Jaewon, it's so late, can you please go backstage and help your team? They're waiting for you and they're driving Lisa crazy," she said kindly but firmly, it wasn't really a question, and then she pointed to Lisa who shook her hand.

His eyes slid over her from head to toe and an appreciative smile touched his lips. "Wow, hello there, Barbie. What a look, is today my birthday? "

Lisa rolled her eyes but turned around, showing her dress. "Pretty, right?"

"Gorgeous," he nodded, eyes on her legs a little bit more than necessary before going back up to her eyes. "You look really amazing, Barbie. It feels more special now, " and he dragged the words with appreciation, staring. "We're lucky to have you"

"I know right? I'm so lucky," Jungkook's familiar voice rang out beside Lisa.

"Oh my God!" Lisa jumped up and looked at him wide-eyed. When did he arrive? Actually, at what point did he approach her? He had cottons on his feet or what the hell?

However, she was quickly distracted by the sight. There was something special about a man in a suit, especially when he dressed it so well that he looked like he was raised in them, in charge of a multinational company who drove a Mercedes and had three secretaries. And he could create that scenario just by wearing a suit.

But, all that plus Jungkook, who was already hot? Damn. The suit was just... gorgeous, in him. It was black and much more elegant than the one he used in the Van Gogh exhibition, his shoulders were wider thanks to the jacket which had six buttons on the front, just open showing a white shirt with the first buttons open but still remaining neat. And his hair was neat, shiny and Lisa just wanted to run her fingers through it, mess it up while smearing his lips with her lip gloss.

Gosh.

Just... so handsome.

"Wow, did it hurt, sir?" she flirted with him, leaning into him and running her fingernail down his white shirt.

Jungkook was serious, clearly jealous, but at that he pursed his lips, clearly struck by a stream of humor. "When I fell from heaven?"

"No, when you fell for me"

Jungkook snorted, his mood changing completely with just that, and leaned in to kiss her cheek as a affectionate yet clearly possessive greeting with a hand on her waist, causing that familiar warmth in her belly along with thousands of butterflies. "Hi," he half whispered, as if it were a secret.

"Hi, hottie, you look gorgeous"

"You do too," he replied and leaned back, carefully appreciating her dress.

Lisa stretched her skirt to show him, it was a pretty cream summer dress, short and flowered, the princess-style sleeves were her favorite part of her outfit, and the high sandals on her feet made her legs look divine. Her long blonde hair was straight and combed down her back, behind her ears and showing gold hoop earrings.

In Jungkook's eyes, she looked perfect, a beautiful smiling angel. Dresses were beautiful on her.

Jennie clapped, breaking the spell, "You, stay away from my photographer," she pointed at Jungkook and walked, stepping into the middle of them. "And you don't forget your job"

"It's not like you let me, Unnie," Lisa replied through a tight smile.

"Jennie, they're so cute, let them be," Seulgi said with amusement. "By the way, no one told me you were dating. I mean,

it's so surprising, weren't you saying you two were just friends just last week?"

Lisa felt an embarrassing heat creep up her back.

Jaewon chuckled, crossing his arms. "Uh, yeah, 'shut up Oppa, he's just a friend,'" he mocked her.

"Shut up, I don't talk like that" Lisa pushed him gently, using that same tone and much more embarrassed.

"See? Just like that," he held her hand to avoid her blows and leaned down to poke her waist, Lisa jumped for the tickle, laughing, and moving herself away from Jungkook. "Stop whining and come with me to the backstage, before this..." he glanced at Jennie as his voice trailed off, her brow rising like daring him to continue. "This beautiful lady barks at us"

See? SHE WAS BARKING. And Lisa shot him that knowing look, happy to be understood by someone.

Clearly, Lisa wasn't noticing the daggers Jungkook was throwing at Jaewon, especially his hand on her tiny wrist.

However Seulgi did notice and approached him. "Can we talk too? I have a message," she told him, trying to get his attention, the girl truly deserves the Nobel prize of peace, even though it was hard to get him to stop looking,

"I am not barking but if I am, it's my job," Jennie clarified to Jaewon with an arrogant smirk.

He opened his mouth but Lisa interfered. "Let's go," she made peace and then looked at her boyfriend, meeting a much more serious look than at first. Was he jealous? "Jungkook?"

He raised both eyebrows in response, trying to hide it but he was upset and it wasn't hard to know why but it was pleasant once again to know that he was that way because it reminded her of how intense he could be between her legs when he was jealous. "I'll be back in a few minutes, okay?" she let go of Jaewon who motioned her to come forward and approached Jungkook. "Don't get lost in the crowd, please," she told him tenderly, smoothing the lapels of his jacket and noticing Seulgi's smile beside her. She looked like a proud mommy and it was obviously because from the beginning she knew it, she sure was dying to laugh at Lisa.

"Just a few minutes?" he arched an eyebrow, not at all content to let her go with Jaewon and not while knowing he was going to flirt with her like that, and even less when knowing that Lisa didn't seem at all bothered by the fact.

Lisa nodded and noticed that Jennie simply rolled her eyes and left. She felt a giggle rise in her throat and leaned closer to Jungkook, leaning up to offer her lips. "Just a few minutes and don't be mad, please, he's just a friend"

"I'm not mad"

"Nope, you're just jealous," she scoffed and he looked to the side, not very amused. Lisa kissed his cheek, wrapping one hand around his neck to get his gaze back on her. "He's just a friend and you're my boyfriend, guess who can kiss me in some dark corner after," she whispered, too close to his lips to tempt him, and then she released him, keeping the playful smile. He followed her with his dark gaze and there shone some amusement mixed with desire. "See you in a few minutes, hottie," she winked at him and walked away, feeling her belly full of butterflies.

His jealousy was so hot, especially because Lisa knew it was just a trigger for him, he was so passionate when he was jealous, like he wanted to prove her that he could blow her mind away and make her forget about everything but him. She couldn't wait to kiss him later.

"Well," Seulgi spoke. "I know she's unbelievably beautiful and hot, Jungkook, but I need your attention, Chaeyoung is..."

He wasn't listening at all, right?

"Jungkook!" she snapped her fingers in front of his face.

He blinked and turned to look at her lost. "Uh?"

She rolled her eyes, muttering sarcastically: "Just friends, my ass, this is like this since the first day"

It ended up being more than a few minutes actually, Jaewon kept her busy since he wanted her to give the last thumbs up to his documentary and obviously her own photos in it, making fun of her because the number of photos of Jungkook she sent him was just hilarious. Then they both finalized some details and Lisa was quickly led by Jennie to take photos of the principals, investors, professors, and graduates one by one before the ceremony so they wouldn't lose them afterwards.

Really, how many damn graduates were there in this generation? Lisa felt like she was taking pictures of a whole damn military platoon.

The ceremony started right when Lisa turned to look for Jungkook among the people and she quickly pouted, she knew she would have time to see him later but she wanted to give him some kisses here and there. Mess up his hair!

Anyway, she had to go around taking photos of the event so she was going to find him sooner or later.

Several glances followed her body through the hallways between the rows of chairs as she began to walk, the toned long legs were a great distraction and even more so was the pretty blonde girl who seemed foreign. Several students and family members elbowed each

other to look at her, but Lisa ignored it, she was too used to the attention anyway and she had to do her job.

She saw Jimin and Taehyung in the back, who she waved at and they replied with warm smiles. She also saw Jungkook's mother and sister, surprised to see them there but too focused to think what that implied. And then she saw Chaeyoung.

Meeting Chaeyoung among the students sitting in the public was like a slap in the face. It was confusing and weird since she had been completely out of her mind for the last week, but now seeing her was... painful.

Despite the fights, despite the insults, despite everything, seeing her was also remembering all the good times that brought a lump to her throat, a fist clenching her heart. And it was sadder still because Chaeyoung looked at her and she didn't make a sulking expression, she didn't show anger, she looked as sad as Lisa herself.

Both girls were feeling the loss at the same time.

However, it was over and, sadly, they both knew it.

And her family, who were sitting with her on the right side of the public, soon showed a clear disgust at seeing her. At least Mr. Park, was kind and bowed his head in a small greeting, smiling slightly.

Aw, Mr. Park was always such a gentleman, he loved Lisa.

And just a few chairs away from Chaeyoung, it was Jungkook!

And Yugyeom and Freshman Chaeyoung but Lisa didn't care.

Jungkook was bored, absolutely bored, fiddling with the rings on his fingers, with one leg crossed, and he looked so handsome and hot.

She wanted a bite of that, yep, or maybe two or three.

And lick here and there.

And kiss her face.

Casually she walked to different sides to get his best angle, already salivating for posting the photos on her account and showing off such a man. Ugh, was it necessary to be that handsome?

She for sure wanted to see him without the blazer, never before she saw him in just a white shirt and she could predict already that it was going to be a really good view.

"...Park Chaeyoung!"

Uh?

Lisa woke up from her fantasies and watched her former best friend rise from her seat as the audience applauded, a shy smile decorating her face as she stood and adjusted the long skirt of her gorgeous turquoise dress. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and headed onto the stage in her pale pink sandals. What the hell was going on?

Of course Lisa took pictures of everything still without understanding and when she finished, she looked at Chaeyoung with attention.

"Hello, this is Park Chaeyoung," she greeted sympathetically. "I'm so thankful for the opportunity that was given to me this year, our council president trusted me even though I was just a second year student and I would never stop thanking her for the honor," she said and smiled at Seulgi, who was standing at her side since she was in charge of directing the whole ceremony. Seulgi smiled warmly in response and Chaeyoung looked at the front again.

So, she was there to present the mural, of course. Lisa forgot she was the leader for a few minutes but now she was catching it.

"The team behind this project was talented and hard-working, I didn't see anyone complain or slack off, not even when we were here from early in the morning and sometimes staying till late at night. I'm grateful to all the people that worked with me and helped me to present such a beautiful project, all of them," she pointed out and her eyes went to Lisa. "Even to the people that weren't painting but making memories of all the journey"

Lisa tried to swallow the surprised but moved lump that formed in her throat, she definitely hadn't expected this and neither did she expect Chaeyoung's intense gaze on her, making it clear that she was talking about her and her words were sincere.

Chaeyoung smiled, breaking the moment, and looked at the audience. "Before showing you our mural, I'd like to thank one special person of the team too," she continued and smiled with sympathy and elegance. "He was the actual designer of this and he is probably one of the most talented guys here, Jeon Jungkook, ladies and gentlemen"

Wait

What?????

(a/n: who's this. i dont know her)

Jungkook didn't seem surprised like Lisa was as people clapped and Yugyeom and Freshman Chaeyoung teased him. Lisa then remembered that she had never spoken to him about the matter of Chaeyoung stealing his design, he had no idea that Chaeyoung would never have mentioned him before, she had just talked about him with the superiors of the art department to grant him a scholarship and just by her own selfish desires to take him with her; but now she had just done it, acknowledging his work and lowering her head.

What the hell was going on? Why was Chaeyoung doing this? I mean, it was good from her but... Why?

Lisa turned to look at her, completely forgetting the photos she

had to take and met her gaze. There was a message between them that neither of them could exactly decipher, but it was like a peace treaty that somehow lifted the weight off Lisa's shoulders.

She was like saying *"that's it, it's over and in a good way"*.

Then Chaeyoung glanced at Jungkook and Lisa frowned, what about Jungkook?

Chaeyoung motioned to take photos and Lisa remembered, haha, yeah, she was working there, she had to do her job.

Lisa turned around and managed to capture Jungkook going up on stage, respectfully bowing to all the seniors that he met on his way to stand next to Chaeyoung who he also greeted but the awkwardness was obvious, totally vanished were the friendly and good moments that they passed as classmates. Jungkook had chosen a side and it was Lisa's.

Wasn't he cute?

"Thank you, we had a really good time working on this mural and I hope you all have a good time seeing it every morning next year," Jungkook's voice was clear but soft, he smiled slightly and bowed joining his hands in a small gesture.

Oh gosh, many girls for sure stared at him like hungry dogs but Lisa just smiled proudly, her man was so hot.

Chaeyoung leaned into the microphone after seeing that the students in charge of dropping the blanket covering the mural were ready, and smiled: "Hope you like it."

Lisa captured every millisecond and was stunned for a few seconds, gasping in admiration, when she finally stopped to look closely at the mural. The wall at the entrance of the art department, which was almost 4 meters high, displayed a beautiful work of art. A pair of hands leaned up, as if to capture the flowers and petals that floated around. The colors transmitted the temperature in some way, the hands had abstract details between red, orange, yellow and pink that at the same time combined with the flowers, which were lilies, roses and a solitary sunflower, and their petals. It was just beautiful and then Lisa noticed the stains on the hands and wrists, like accidental paint strokes... just like the ones Jungkook had tattooed on his arms.

It was definitely his design, even the drawing resembled the ones in his story. He didn't need someone naming him and giving him credits, he knew how to give them to himself with his own details and originality.

It was just amazing. Besides being beautiful, it transmitted warmth and a feeling so intense, Lisa didn't know if everyone was feeling it but for her it was like a sudden blow of emotions in her heat, causing goosebumps in her skin. What was it? She couldn't

know but she opened her arms to the feelings, because they were beautiful and made by Jungkook.

Lisa clapped her hands and jumped in excitement, so happy that everyone knew who he was and that his work was as loved as it deserved.

"Yeah, Jungkook!!!!!" Yugyeom screamed and cheered, Freshman Chaeyoung was having a cringe attack at his side, a hand on her forehead trying to disappear.

Oh, thank God!!!!

"Yeah baby !!! Love you !!!!! " she joined in, standing next to him as he was sitting next to the hall. "You're the best!!"

Jungkook saw them both and chuckled shyly.

"So, she's taken?!" a guy asked his friend a few rows away.

"Sorry, dude," Yugyeom turned around, putting an arm around Lisa's shoulders, cockily. "Our girl here is married already"

"Shut up," Lisa pushed him and hugged her boyfriend, who was just coming back, by the neck. "I'm so proud of you," she whispered and kissed his cheek, loving his hands around her waist and the smell of his cologne on his neck.

Over his shoulder, she met Chaeyoung's eyes again, and maybe she read the "thanks" Lisa tried to transmit or maybe not.

Sadly Lisa had to leave Jungkook and go back to work, it took her a long time to finish her job, she just had a break during Jaewon's presentation that was honestly amazing and of course she watched it with attention and then checked the public to know their opinions, happy to see their good reactions, but now SHE WAS DONE. FINALLYYYYYY!!!

Where was Jungkook?

Gosh, since when there were so many tall guys? And since when black hair was so famous? When Lisa came to Seoul she really had the idea that everyone would have different hair colors like idols but nope, korean people loved their black hair and now she was struggling to find her black-haired boyfriend.

Was he looking for her? He should because he would find her easily, there were just 4 blonde girls in the place.

"Hey! You! Camera girl! "

Lisa turned around, acknowledging that she was being called, and a boy approached. He was tall, long face but cute small eyes and a really big beautiful smile.

But, just one look at him and she knew all he wanted from her. "Yes?" she said friendly anyways.

"So, pictures?" he glanced her up and down.

"Yes?" she pointed at her Canon camera, the strip was rounding

her neck, subtly guiding his gaze out of her legs.

He walked closer to her, towering her. "Can I get your number and hire you for a few pictures?" his voice became silky, seductive.

Lisa arched a brow, wow, so original. But a girl gotta work: "Sure, I'm the best photographer you can find," she nodded. "Search me on Instagram, it's lilipics, both with i not y, dm me and that's it," she said with such a casual tone that her obvious yet funny rejection became obvious.

He got the clue but he narrowed his eyes, smirking with amusement. "You're way more interesting now," he said, kind of surprised, his voice turning out more natural and actually likable. It was his smile, definitely.

Lisa chuckled.

"Why should I ask to get your number then?"

That question didn't exist.

"Oh no! Bro, no!" a guy came, clearly rejecting the idea of Lalisa Manoban close to this flirty man.

Oh, she knew that voice.

"Jae baby!"

Jung Jaehyun grimaced in distaste because of that ugly nickname said with such a childish tone and his friend raised both brows, between them.

"How are you, pretty fiancé?" she teased him, touching his arm. He looked as handsome as always, black jeans, white t-shirt, brown jacket, really stylish.

"I left you alone for two minutes and already got yourself involved in this witch's hands?" Jaehyung scolded his friend.

The poor guy that didn't know anything about this just shrugged. "You know her? And," he looked at Lisa. "You know him? Yah, bro, why didn't you introduce her to me?"

"Yeah, why aren't you introducing your fiance to your friends, Jae baby?"

"Stop," he sighed. "I didn't introduce her to you because she's a problem and a gold digger"

Aw, so sweet, as always. "He's a little bit embarrassed of me but I don't care because after the wedding I will get many diamonds from him," Lisa hummed like the dumb blonde Jaehyun hated to see and he got obviously annoyed. She giggled devilishly. "I'm Lisa Manoban," she introduced herself.

"Oh, you're really a foreigner," he said genuinely surprised and imitated her small Thai greeting. "I'm Lee Seokmin, his best friend," he added, pointing at Jaehyun.

Wow, Mister not-like-you-have-something-to-touch had friends.

"Aww, Jae baby, your friend is so cute," she leaned to Jaehyun

and hugged his arm with her hands like a lovey-dovey fiancé.

"She's kidding, right?" Seokmin asked, of course noticing she was teasing... but what if she wasn't, Jaehyun never told him about this but knowing Jaehyun and how much he hated girls like this...

(a/n: i think he dislikes girls in general man)

"Of course she is," Jaehyun glared at Lisa who just giggled, but teasing him was just so fun. "What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Working," and supporting her hot boyfriend but she couldn't tell Jaehyun that, he was in the same circle as her mother and she didn't want the news to reach her. She didn't know whether Jaehyun was trust-worthy or not but she wasn't going to take the risk. "You know, some of us have to work but when you and I get married I won't have to work anymore, right Jae baby?" she hummed close to his ear.

Jaehyun cringed because of her breath tickling his neck. "I prefer death, thank you"

"He's so funny," she giggled. "What are you both doing here, by the way?" she asked Seokmin, since she never saw them before in the campus.

"My older brother is graduating and we came here to support him," he explained to her, who was still stuck at Jaehyun like a tick, now leaning her head on his shoulder. "Jae and I are friends since childhood so he's part of the family too and that's why he should have introduced you to me," and he had to try again: "But now we know each other," he said seductively, ignoring Jaehyun's sudden glare.

And he still didn't have a chance at all, which was funny to Lisa. Oh, if she could tell him she was taken.

"Yes, now that we know each other we can be such good friends, Minnie"

Oh, she got Jaehyun with that one, he literally snorted for the first time since he met Lisa.

Seokmin's smirk vanished and it turned into an embarrassed expression.

Another fallen soldier in this story.

"She's not good for you, anyways," Jaehyun tried to comfort him.

"And I'm already engaged to my Jae baby boo"

Jaehyun looked at her with disgusted, she didn't just add boo to that already stupid nickname.

And just when Lisa looked up she saw Jungkook, walking to them. "Jungkook!" she whispered, happy, and threw Jaehyun to eat shit or something, she finally found the love of her life and who cared about Jaehyun.

Jaehyun was happy to be finally free, at least.

Jungkook reached them but he didn't touch Lisa, he glanced at both guys and yeah, his sight wasn't failing him, that rich boy with the arrogant and annoying face was there again, too close to Lisa and she was oh so happy clinging to him, talking about being engaged and... Jae baby boo?

What?

It was inevitable not to feel jealous when everyone wanted her like she was a fresh steak in front of hungry dogs and less because she was just... receptive? Affectionate? Touchy? And it was so confusing because Lisa was also so expressive and she was looking at him in such a special way that she could melt him in seconds.

"I was looking for you," she murmured affectionately but well, it didn't seem so because he found her very happy with two guys... he didn't want to say she was flirting. "But I found Jaehyun in the way, do you remember him?"

How to forget him? His stare was... intense, like he was judging him.

(a/n: he's flirting jungkook)

"Yes," he bowed respectfully, trying to ignore the fact that Lisa was keeping distance from him and that was so unlikely from her considering how clingy she was.

Why was she so away? Why wasn't she touching him?

He was also ignoring Jaehyun's eyes on him, from head to toe and then staying on his hands, like searching for every single flaw he could find and Jungkook was sure he would find many.

(a/n: i can't read minds boy but im sure he's imagining + 18 things rn with your hands)

(a/n: jokes aside, jaehyun x jk is so random lmfao is there someone really shipping them? jk x mingyu shippers can suck my ass)

"This is his friend Seokmin, and guys, this is...," Jungkook waited for the boyfriend word in the silence that came after her last sentence but Lisa pressed her lips and just said: "Jeon Jungkook, the designer of the mural"

...

Just, Jeon Jungkook?

The designer of the mural?

Not my boyfriend Jungkook?

At least, I don't know, the love of my fucking life whose jungswimmers I still have possibly inside?

Where was the real Lisa? Why wasn't she being bold as usual?

"Wow, you're the guy of the mural!" Seokmin cut the tension that Jungkook's confused gaze over Lisa created and talked to Jungkook. "That's so cool, man, the mural is amazing. I'm studying business in Yonsei but my mom is a big art lover and I got her eye for these

things," he chatted friendly.

(a/n: yonsei is one of the most prestigious universities in south korea, it's also private and expensive as fuck)

Oh, he was rich rich.

"Thank you," he replied, joining his hands and bowing slightly, after all, it was a fair and honest compliment.

The guy wasn't that bad-

"Maybe I could give her one of your pictures of me, don't you think? I'm sure art like you can create more art," he then said, checking Lisa out in such a way that triggered Jungkook and he felt his body stiffen.

And what was Lisa's response?

"Sure, but I'm expensive," she didn't turn off the flirting, she just was all lovely and... annoyingly beautiful. He didn't catch her obvious cold gaze, of course, too focused on his own jealousy and the thoughts going wild in his head.

Wasn't she going to say she was taken? Or at least hint it? Or just say *"yeah, my boyfriend here wouldn't like that"*? Because that was like normal Lisa, his Lisa.

Was she embarrassed of him in front of her rich friends?

No, he was being unfair, Lisa wasn't like that. She never was like that.

But then, why was she so open about them as a couple in front of the others but not in front of these two rich guys?

"Your mother is calling us, we should go back for the pictures," Jaehyun said looking at his side and took Seokmin's arm, who waved with a friendly smile but keeping his eyes on Lisa's legs and Jungkook swore he was so close to get a punch in the face.

Lisa and Jungkook bowed but Jaehyun came back and leaned to Lisa's ear, too close for Jungkook's taste. He whispered something at her that made her snort and show him one of her playful smiles. Jaehyun smirked at Jungkook in that cocky annoying way and it seemed like a clear mock, way more bold than it should be, and he left, saying one last goodbye.

What the hell?

What the hell just happened?

Was that even okay?

Jungkook couldn't put a finger to mark boundaries because it was his first real relationship and he didn't know what was cool and what not, whether he could get annoyed by this or not, but he was definitely pissed and he couldn't control that.

Lisa just acted as if he and her were nothing, just acquaintances meeting in the middle of the crowd, and she just left that guy flirt with her in front of his face like nothing... like... Jungkook... damn,

he was so fucking pissed.

Confused and pissed.

"Son!" a voice said before any of them could even speak to the other.

Oh, his mother, right. That was why he was looking for Lisa, he wanted to ask her what to say when meeting his mother before she found them both together. Again, first relationship issues, he didn't know if it was too soon to introduce her as his partner to his mother or not. He didn't want to make her uncomfortable.

And now they were stuck with the air tense around them even though he wasn't sure if Lisa was noticing it.

"Auntie, hi!" Lisa approached her, leaving Jungkook behind, and greeted her with a bow politely and cheerfully just as she was.

"I'm so happy to see you here, Lisa," his mother was truly warm at saying that, she liked Lisa a lot and even hug her a little bit. "You look so pretty... and tall," she added with good humor, appreciating her dress.

Lisa did that cute thing of showing her dress for her and making a small turn like a proud kid. It helped a little bit to vanish Jungkook's sudden rage because the sight was warm and the fact that she was getting along with his mother so well was a relief for him.

"Oh my God, Lisa!" his sister came fast from wherever she was and engulfed Lisa in a hug. "Oh, gosh, you look so tall," she added, because Lisa in heels was as tall as Jimin.

(a/n: for the matter im not shading jimin, lisa with 10cm heels is literally his height lmfao)

(a/n2: sorry im distracted today BUT jimin is just 5 cm shorter than jk and he looks tiny next to him, bitch IMAGINE LISA'S 166CM ASS NEXT TO HIM. smol)

"You look so good too," Lisa flattered Yuqi back, she was wearing a summer white dress with a denim jacket and sneakers, not so elegant but it wasn't like she had to dress better. "How's everything going with Lucas?"

Yuqi sent an embarrassed look at her mom and just shrugged. "The usual, you know, we're okay," she mumbled with that silly smile that Jungkook mocked at Lisa's back, doing full Radio Rebel moves. Yuqi saw him and squinted her eyes, smirking. "What about you, Lili? Still single?"

Damn! Not yet!

"Jungkook looked so good in your stories on Instagram," she added with an innocent smile for her sweet brother.

"Where did you leave that tick of a boyfriend you have, by the way?" Jungkook asked, changing the topic.

Yuqi opened her mouth to clap back but their mother was faster, interrupting them as usual. "Sadly, we have to leave. My shift starts soon and this lady has to study," she explained and sent Jungkook a sad look, always feeling sorry for her shift even though he would never blame her for being a hard-worker, he was where he was thanks to her and he knew she loved her restaurant too. "I'm sorry," she said and caressed his arms.

"It's okay, mom," he comforted her, he was happy that she was here for the important part and it was more special because he got a recognition to make her more proud, the look in her eyes after the ceremony made his day ten times better. That was enough for him. "I will be okay, don't worry," he said after a hug.

His mom's expression changed to one more amused and looked at both of them: "I know you will be okay, I leave you with your..."

Uh...

Eh...

Oh, well, fuck it.

Jungkook opened his mouth to face it and then deal with the consequences if Lisa get annoyed but she was faster: "Best friend!"

(a/n: sorry i laughed, im sure the jungswimmers in Lisa too)

What?

Did she just...

Wha-wha-WHY?

It was like a kick in the balls, literally.

Again? Friends?

His mother was as shocked as him and Yuqi but she ended up nodding, a playful smile growing on her lips: "So now that's how best friends act, interesting," because of course she saw Lisa hugging him when he came back from the stage, too intimate to be just what she said.

Yeah, exactly, because they weren't fucking best friends.

Best friends?

Was she real?

What was next? Cousins? Jungkook would play Sweet home Alabama and go full yeehaw.

A cute blush showed on Lisa's cheeks, which was new but Jungkook was too tense hearing Lisa saying "best friend" in his head again and again to even react properly.

He couldn't believe this, it was the confirmation that he wasn't wrong. So she told her friends he was just her best friends too? Amazing. Fucking amazing.

They got a lock in the fucking Namsam Tower as a proof of their relationship but now and for some reason they were friends again.

Why?

"I'll call you at night, okay?" his mother told him and Yuqi pressed her lips close to not wheeze, of course thinking he got rejected when he asked.

It wasn't funny, nope, not at all.

"See you two soon," Yuqi said goodbye and walked away with her mother, taking off her phone from her pocket in the way to text Jungkook many mocks, he just knew she was going to do it.

Once alone, Jungkook finally looked at Lisa for explanations and she just looked at him blankly.

"Best friends?" he told her, almost spitting out the words. It's that he couldn't believe this.

Lisa opened her mouth, realizing that she had just screwed up. "Oh no, wait, we were going to go full official with your mom? Did you want that? "

No.

Yes.

I mean, he didn't know, but definitely, he wasn't going to label her as a fucking best friend.

He sighed, why was this even a reason to start an argument? Did he really want to start an argument with the mood he was carrying?

"Forget it, it's okay," he shook his head even though it wasn't okay, it had been a low blow because his mother was important to him and... this was so messed up but they were in public and he wasn't going to start a scene. He was also relating this to the past, which was unfair, but he couldn't control it.

He was hurt and pissed. Was she embarrassed? Ashamed? Just shy?

WHY FRIENDS? COULDN'T SHE SAY AT LEAST FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS?

(a/n: to your MOTHER? mine would slap me, sex before marriage in this christian household?? no-no)

Lisa looked around, noticing that they were surrounded by too many people, and took his hand, leading him to an empty classroom. "Come here," she muttered. Jungkook didn't resist but his mood was totally ruined and it was her own fault, although she had only wanted to avoid an awkward moment with his mother. She had no idea that he wanted to officially introduce her and she didn't want to pressure him, imposing herself in the situation.

She closed the door, checking that no one saw them or was close to interrupting them, and she leaned against the wood, finding Jungkook in front of her but not looking at her. He just crossed his arms on his chest and was pushing his tongue on his cheek, he was... angry? Besides looking hot as hell, he was actually pissed.

And it was with her... Oh, she fucked up for real and she wasn't

that dumb, she knew it was because she just friendzoned him in front of his mother.

"Hey," she leaned closer, circling his waist with her arms and searching his eyes which she found. Clearly, he was acting like it was nothing but it was, he looked cold and he wasn't cold.

"I'm sorry," she murmured honestly. "I didn't want to make it awkward for you," she explained. "My former boyfriends didn't want to introduce me to their moms until months after, even though we never lasted months, hehe," she laughed awkwardly, trying to cheer up the mood but failing completely. At least she got his attention with that, his stare softened considerably after that. "And I thought you could think the same so I didn't want to pressure"

Oh ...

It was that?

Her ex boyfriends were assholes with zero intentions to go serious with her and because of that she didn't know how to act? Oh.

Jungkook nodded, thinking about it. It made sense, after all.

So, he was overthinking... again.

Oh damn, he was just so fucked up.

"I'm sorry, I actually...," he took a deep breath, feeling that the rage was being replaced by shame, he was clearly being unfair with her. "I didn't want to make it awkward for you either, I never introduced a girl to my mom before and I don't have any idea when it is the correct moment"

So, at the end, both were thinking the same.

Jungkook chuckled then, because of the irony. "I don't think she believed you, anyways," he commented, lighting the mood, and Lisa giggled, relieved that he was himself again.

"I think she should have believed more if I said we were just partners in UNO games"

"But we've played UNO many times," Jungkook said and Lisa looked at him, confused. He smirked. "You know, a few reverse cards were thrown," Lisa snorted and he loved to see her like this, truly enjoying his silly jokes. "And +4 too, sadly it was just once"

Lisa laughed loudly. "We're lucky we never had to throw a Skip," she teased and thank God she was right, Skip wasn't on the menu for them.

"So, we're clearly not friends for my mom"

"Well, unless you're out there treating all your friends like you treat me ..."

Jungkook pretended to think playfully, putting a finger on his chin. "Well... Jimin Hyung counts?"

Lisa nodded seriously. "Yes, you're so gay with him ..."

Jungkook arched a brow with an amused smile. Was he for real?

"I have proof that you're not anyways," she whispered wickedly to him, leaning closer to his lips. He looked at her plump mouth and one of his hands climbed up to her neck, circling it and tilting her face closer. Their breaths were tantalizingly mixed. "Are we okay?" she asked, somehow vulnerable.

Oh, how could he think wrong of her? And even when his mind was trying to recall something else that also happened before his mother's misunderstanding, how could he think of anything else when she was looking at him with those big ass eyes in search of reassurance?

Mind? Blank.

All he could see was her and her lips and... gosh, he was **dangerously** whipped.

"We're better than okay," his voice came out husky before he kissed her deeply, taking advantage of the fact that they were alone, finally.

It was so stupid to make a problem about this, especially since it seemed like they were all in his head. But, Lisa was good at erasing all thoughts, especially when they were alone and with her lips moving against his.

Jungkook lifted her onto a desk and positioned himself between her warm legs, with one arm around her waist to press her breasts against his torso and the other hand coming down to squeeze her luscious thigh, raising her dress a little bit to the border of her pretty buttocks. Her skin was so soft, so precious. Lisa's hands messed up his hair intensely, tugging and making him moan; her small body arching against him, soft breasts pressing his chest. And that was just the beginning of a few long minutes...

"I will pretend you both don't look like you just had sex somewhere," Jennie told them as soon as they met at the entrance of the building.

Jungkook and Lisa, who were holding hands after walking around and taking some photos around campus (especially in the cool corner in the open cafeteria), waiting for Jennie to tell Lisa that it was all over, just looked at her in disbelief. Honestly, in Jungkook and Lisa's opinion they looked pretty good after spending more than half an hour making out in that empty room, Lisa's makeup was totally renewed and Jungkook's hair was combed once more. They really seemed like two cute innocent kids after a walk in a meadow with Heidi's intro sounding in the background.

However, they were completely a sexy mess for Jennie's eyes.

Jimin and Taehyung chuckled like evil twins.

"Where do you think we had sex? In a bush?" Jungkook surprised Lisa with that sudden incredulous question, half sarcastic, it was funny actually.

"You both did it on-" Taehyung cut himself off noticing that Lisa was listening and she really didn't have to know that he knew, and Jungkook was looking at him like the devil himself before dragging you to hell.

"On where?" Jennie asked.

"I saw Yugyeom leaving," Jimin changed the subject very subtly. "He said he will meet there with the other guys in Dragon's and invited us all," he offered.

"Oh! I'd love that!" Lisa got excited and looked at Jungkook, seeking his opinion.

He smiled, putting an arm around her shoulders lovingly. "Yeah, we should go"

"Can I leave?" Lisa asked Jennie, just in case she wanted to make her stay for more and make a photoshoot of some old professor in the roof of the building.

"Don't ask as if I was a slaver," Jennie complained and Lisa giggled, she was close to one actually but at least she was going to pay her after all the hard work so Lisa couldn't tell her that.

"We're going home," Taehyung announced and looked at Jennie who sighed gratefully.

"Thank God, I am so tired," she huffed and leaned against his arm. "My heels are killing me and if I talk with someone else I will stab them"

Lisa felt the same way but it was about taking pictures, she loved her job but at this point she just wanted to throw her camera to hell.

"With home you mean our place or her place?" Jimin asked Taehyung. "Because I'm tired of hearing sex noises, you all are annoying. Some nights a guy just want to lie in bed without someone moaning profanities"

Oh so he listened, Lisa laughed embarrassed though, was it really a surprise? She wasn't silent at all and she loved making Jungkook moan.

Honestly, she couldn't wait to have her place back although remembering the reason behind having an apartment all to herself left a bitter taste in her mouth.

"He means my place," Jennie clarified and Jimin thanked him dramatically, Jungkook chuckled and Lisa would have if she hadn't been distracted by Chaeyoung leaving the building with Seulgi.

After what had just happened on that stage, Lisa couldn't just let it be.

(a/n: why?! girl you just made my life more complicated, now i really gotta write that scene)

"I'll be right back, okay?" she told everyone and quickly made her way to the two girls, who had stopped in front of the doors.

"You will have so much fun in New York, Chaennie," Seulgi was saying to the blonde, in that adorable warm tone of hers.

Right, she was leaving and going far far far away ...

(a/n: oh god we're so lucky. In the name of the tukkilisa, the cake and the holy tukkhoes, amen)

Chaeyoung nodded with a slight smile and when she looked up she saw Lisa, her smile faded and the electricity between them became uncomfortable, as if it were a danger zone. Seulgi noticed it and turned around, "Oh, Lisa! I thought you left already "

"No, actually I was about to but..." she glanced at Chaeyoung reluctantly but she wasn't going to let her go anyways. "Can we talk?"

Chaeyoung was surprised but nodded, shrugging.

"Then I will leave you two alone," Seulgi said but before she could leave Lisa pulled her into a hug.

"Congrats, Unnie. You were the best president," Lisa told her fondly. "We will need someone new protecting us from pervs when we work as models"

Seulgi laughed sympathetically, the cute blue academic cap looked so cute on her. "Don't worry, I have faith on Freshman Chaeyoung, she could have your buff boyfriend wrapped in her little finger and force Yugyeom to work, she can conquer the world"

She was absolutely right but no one was going to be as good as her, since the first time Lisa that offered herself as an Arts model Seulgi was there being a sweetheart to her.

"See you two soon, girls," Seulgi said goodbye leaving them alone and both shook their hands, Lisa then noticed that Jungkook was watching her with concern from the steps but she let him know with her look that everything was fine.

"So...", gosh, this was so awkward and since it was like that? They used to talk about anything and everything, why did it feel like a bomb would explode if Lisa said the wrong words? Maybe, because it was actually like that, like it happened the other times. But Lisa just had one thing to say. "Thank you for giving the credits to Jungkook"

Chaeyoung nodded, pressing her lips together in a way that made her cheeks puff. "I've been thinking a lot of these past days," she said slowly, not looking Lisa in the eye at all. "You were right about the design, at least a 50% because Jungkook and I did the same amount of work of it"

Gosh ...

Yeah, whatever, it was done.

"But, you were right about me being unfair to him and for days I was so angry with you and him that it took me a lot to finally think about the things I did wrong and repair them, the mural was one of them," she was honest but kept calm. Lisa wondered if she was really going to apologize for what she had said even though Lisa owed her some apologies after that fight too, after all her clothes were really expensive. But Chaeyoung didn't continue because it was yet too soon.

"There are many things that we can't repair," Lisa admitted, the friendship and trust between them was one of those things and it was terrible to realize that. It hurt. It hurt like every ending. "I really hope you do well in New York, you're really talented"

Chaeyoung nodded, accepting the compliment, and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, forming a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Your apartment is already empty from all my things," she clarified and Lisa didn't like it as much as she thought it would. "I hope you do well here too, Lisa. You always get what you want anyways so I don't think it will be hard, but I know you will work hard for everything you want," and while it might have sounded like a complaint, it was resignation with a hint of appreciation.

Lisa knew she was honest, Chaeyoung had always valued that she worked out of her way for what she wanted and the fact that she brought it back was warm. Lisa knew her after all and Chaeyoung wasn't a bad person, not on the inside but she wasn't going to dig and bring the real one up because it wasn't her job, it was Chaeyoung's.

"I know you will do too," Lisa replied and were the last words spoken before parting ways.

Lisa returned to Jungkook who asked if everything was alright and Chaeyoung entered the building, admiring the mural in front of her eyes that marked the end of everything which was ironic because when everything started, it seemed like the start of something.

Lisa told Jungkook and Jimin what happened on the bus, they both made no comment and her boyfriend was quick to change the subject to distract her.

Jimin felt like the sad front wheel of a trike the whole way, the lovers walked hand in hand all the way to the bar, laughing and chatting, lost in their own cloud of stupidity and yes, it was nice to see but Jimin was kind of tired of them...

It's not like the couple cared, their intertwined fingers were

swinging as they were walking, and the topic of conversation was shifting, keeping to the superficial like how funny it had been when one of the graduates tripped on stage and that Mrs. Kim looked totally terrifying smiling for pictures.

However, the conversation died as Jungkook saw the familiar figure of a girl by the entrance of the bar, Lisa wondered why he had stopped laughing and walking and she got an answer by looking ahead and meeting Tzuyu herself.

What the hell was doing the pretty little whore, I mean, liar, here?

"Hi!" Tzuyu greeted them, showing that warm smile of hers that she could well keep hidden because Lisa didn't like it. It reeked of fakeness, lies, and dirty ass.

"Hey Yoda, what are you doing here?" Jungkook was very nice, of course, he had no idea what that little fungus on his foot was saying about him behind his back.

Tzuyu was slow to respond because she looked at Lisa and then at her hand interlocked with Jungkook's.

Yes, exactly.

INTERLOCKED. FINGERS SEX. DO YOU WANT MORE CONFIRMATION THAT WE'RE TOGETHER, BITCH?

"I was... waiting for my friends," she replied slowly and smiled. "Hi, Lisa, it's been a while"

"Thank God," Lisa replied without thinking.

Silence.

Tough public again, uh?

Well, good, because she wasn't joking this time.

Jungkook was incredulous at the sudden reaction and Jimin stepped forward. "Hey, Tzuyu," he shook his head and walked into the bar, not wanting to deal with her at all. Smart boy. Lisa knew he was the loyal type just as she was.

"Hey," Tzuyu muttered in response. "So, I heard from Jennie that the mural presentation was today," she chatted as if Lisa wanted to stand there and chat with her, of course Jungkook had no problems and Lisa wasn't raised to be a rude person and push him to leave that little ingrown toenail by herself in the door.

"Yes, it was good," Jungkook nodded with a smile. "Are your friends going to take long?" Lisa's head snapped at him, he wasn't going to do what she was thinking he was going to do right? "Because you shouldn't wait here, it's kind of dangerous with so many drunk guys, it's Friday night after all. You can come with us and wait inside "

DAMN.

FUCKING GOOD, NICE, KIND, LOVABLE JUNGKOOK.

Lisa clenched her jaw to keep herself from reproaching him because he didn't know but damn it, this wasn't right and Tzuyu knew it.

"Sure"

sUrE, Lisa mocked her at her back after Jungkook signaled both to go first like the gentleman he was. Of course that the little herpes was going to say sure and keep using HER boyfriend for things like this.

Oh, this was going a long night because there was no way Lisa was going to be okay if the broken iPhone charger cable was going to act like the innocent Bambi she wasn't.

[Extra]

(a/n: never forgiving fansites for whitewashing him so much fuck I tried to make him more natural but he looks like he's got hepatitis)

so big liar is back and I think you all can figure out how this is going to be but I'd love to see your expectations 🙄👀👀

if you like it, comment and vote👍 was it really good? i feel like meh and like nothing happened even tho many things happened. please be honest with weather girl cake.

and next part is the spicy one, hehe, sorry i didn't put it all together i really really really wanted to update. i will update in a few days for your surprise so pls wait for it. the smut is already written by the way and it's been months since i got horny by my own smut so well damn make your own conclusions from it

and damn, why i am updating every time a new comeback is close????? BUT IT'S ALSO FUCKING CRAZY BECAUSE **BLACKPINK ARE COMING BACK A G A I N**

oh gosh as a blink since 2017, this is a wet dream

i saw the teaser and im shocked bc it seems to be a dark concept, **what do you think about it? and what do you expect?**

for me it's exciting because i want the pinks out of sets and giving me some dark storyline in a video. that teaser is giving me run (bts) vibes and i kinda love it bc that's my favorite song (and mv) by them ever. gosh i wanna see them go crazy, full bad girls concept, maybe suffering a heartbreak gosh gosh pls be good it's all i ask

and what the fuck, october starts in ten days.

his arm on the back of Lisa's chair while saying hi to everyone and explaining why Tzuyu was there.

Of course, they weren't happy about it but they were polite.

"So," Seungyeom rested her face on her entwined hands. "Hello there, lovebirds"

Lisa laughed nervously although with happiness and turned to Jungkook, who was smiling at her already, they were so close that their noses almost touched and Gosh, she felt like never getting tired of this. It was like living in an eternal dream.

"It's so sad to see our Barbie taken," Bobby pretended to cry.

"It's not like you had a chance when she was single," Seungyeom snapped back with an amused chuckle.

"She's lying, right, Barbie?"

He was so cute but Lisa just shrugged, she had eyes just for Jungkook and it had been like that since she practically met him but Bobby didn't have to know.

"Well, about time," Yugyeom crossed his arms and leaned them on the table. "Jungkook has been a pain in the ass for so long, hope you're rubbing him good"

The table burst into laughter as Jungkook rolled his eyes.

"I'm doing it so well and every night but you shouldn't sound so jealous Gyeommie," Lisa replied slightly, he opened his mouth in amazement and beside him Jimin was dying.

"Come here, Barbie," Jaewon leaned down to high-five her, proud of her, and Lisa did so with a wicked laugh.

Jungkook's hand stroked her back absentmindedly as she returned to her place, leaning her elbows on the table. A loving smirk was on his lips as he was staring at her, he was so pretty and smart, just savage.

"Anyways, leaving aside that I have just been HUMILIATED," Yugyeom remarked exaggeratedly.

"As you deserve," Jungkook told him, Lisa giggled at his side.

Yugyeom pressed his lips. "You shut the fuck up," he replied and Jungkook chuckled. "We should celebrate because the year is over and make a toast for Jungkook's mural, even though he's a bitch"

"It wasn't just my mural," Jungkook clarified but accepted the small glass that Lisa had just filled anyway. She was decent and gave Tzuyu a glass as well.

"We don't care, it's amazing, dude," Jaewon was honest, giving him a smile.

"Oh, I'm so sad I couldn't see it," Seungyeom pouted. "God knows I won't put a foot in University till the summer ends. Finals were a killer for me," she clarified and Lisa nodded, studying with the huge emotional salad that was solving her problems with Jungkook and

Chaeyoung was very difficult. One proof was the melodramatic moment he spent with Mr. Lee, crying her eyes out like an idiot. God, Lisa couldn't look him in the face anymore and she was really praying to not have classes with him next semester.

They made the little toast that made a few drops of alcohol fall to the table but they didn't care, they drank all the soju at once.

"Are you close to graduating, Unnie?" Lisa leaned in to talk to Seungyeom, curiosity was killing her and it was a good time since Jimin had brought up a topic that caught the attention of the boys, except for Hanbin next to Seungyeom.

"I'm about to start my senior year," she replied and rolled her eyes, sighing. "But being honest, I hate it. I'm just doing it because my parents wanted me to get a degree instead of focusing just in dancing "

Oh, a soulmate!

"Same!" Lisa exclaimed in surprise and raised her hand, Seungyeon high-fived it too. "I mean, not the same but it's like my situation. My parents hate so much that I'm doing photography. I'm paying my scholarship all by myself because of it," she told her and she got surprised at how easy it was, since she wasn't very given to talking about herself.

"That's so hard, how do you do it? I can barely handle my schedule with the dance studio," Seungyeom was really in awe.

"Well, I do many works here and there," Lisa shrugged and smiled at Hanbin who was quite interested in the talk, he smiled back somewhat embarrassed when noticing that he had just been discovered.

He was so quiet all the time but it was curious because he was a really good rapper.

"I know you take photos as a job too, I visited your Instagram account a few times. It's so pretty, I love your scenery photos "

"Aw, thank you," Lisa cooed. "I feel so bad because I forgot about visiting your YouTube channel, you recommended it to me"

Seugyeom pretended to be offended and put her hands on her waist. "You're such a bad girl, Lisa," she scolded playfully, Lisa covered her mouth laughing. "But forget it, one day when you're free you should come to the studio and we could dance a little bit. Girl, I saw you moving, you have a lot of potential," she winked at her.

Lisa opened her mouth in a small O. "You think so?"

"Yes!"

"I know I'm good and I twerk really good," Lisa pointed her hand at herself in a hilarious pretense of arrogance that made both of them laugh. "But, you should teach me more"

"Absolutely," Seungyeom nodded and sighed. "Jungkook is so lucky to have you and I'm so sorry that the last time I was dancing with your man like that," Lisa had a hard time remembering but then the image of Jungkook dancing with Seungyeom that night flashed in her head and she felt that slight discomfort in her stomach that showed clear rejection again. However she couldn't move it to Seungyeom because she looked so honest right now and they were nothing when that happened.

"He wasn't my man yet when you were dancing with him," Lisa clarified, admitting to herself that the way she had danced with Jaewon was not at all innocent despite having her eyes on Jungkook all the time. Also, the night ended hot between her and Jungkook.

Oh, how to forget it. Just the memory could give her chills, his arms around her were a glorious experience and Lisa was wishing for a second round this night.

"It doesn't matter, we were completely into making you jealous"

Lisa gasped. "Nooo! For real? " she asked dumbfounded, had Jungkook done that?

Seungyeon nodded, biting her tongue in amusement. "He was so jealous of you and Jaewon but I don't know why, it was so obvious since the first moment that you were into him"

It was?

"Yes, girl, don't look at me like that. I will never forget your face when I kissed him when we first met "

Oh...

And Lisa thought she was subtle, especially since at that moment not even she herself could understand her own jealousy.

"Don't worry, I promise to never touch him again," Seungyeom raised her hand as if she were swearing in a trial and Lisa giggled, lowering her hand.

"It's okay, thank you for that"

"And if he tries to make you jealous to play with your mind I promise I will kick his ass in your name"

"Oh sexy," Lisa appreciated. "Thank you!"

She could assure that Jungkook would never do that but it was good to know that Seungyeom was that kind of girl. Lisa understood that Seugyeom was natural and affectionate with her *"tattooed muscle pigs"* and that apparently that time when she kissed Jungkook it was kind of friendly and playful, but Lisa appreciated her marking boundaries that way, especially by standing on her side just because both of them they were girls.

It was easy to compare the situation to others... But, Lisa cancelled that train of thoughts because she was having a good

night.

"But, there's someone with zero codes there," Seungyeom told her in a low voice and pointed her fore finger at her side.

Lisa turned around and her anger flamed as if a cigarette had just been lit at a gas station. What the hell was Jungkook doing and why were those two so close?

She had completely forgotten about them while chatting, why would she keep an eye on them like a cop anyway? But, now she understood that she should have.

Tzuyu was whispering something to him for some reason, was it necessary? The little gonorrhea could speak loudly like a normal person not like anyone cared about what she had to say!

"Keep him away from Miss Crocodile Tears, she's more dangerous than you think"

"Girl, I know," Lisa nodded and huffed. "Excuse me," she apologized to her very kind chat partners, though one hadn't even spoken.

"Go, queen, destroy her," Seungyeom muttered like she was sending her off to war, Hanbin beside her laughed. "I will be okay with my man here," she added and hugged the boy's arm, he laughed again shyly.

Lisa pulled herself together as she turned around and formed the best smile she could, as if nothing was wrong. Her hands wrapped around Jungkook's arm to gently draw him to her and she leaned toward him, resting one elbow on the table and her chin on her fist. "What are you two talking about?"

"Nothing," Jungkook shrugged.

Nothing ...

NOTHING?

THEY BOTH SEEMED VERY INTO THE "NOTHING" FOR IT TO BE NOTHING.

"Oh," Lisa murmured.

"Sorry, it's private," Tzuyu clarified with an innocent smile that looked very much as a mockery.

(a/n: shut the fuck up star wars character)

IT'S PRIVATE.

She had the audacity to say when they all knew she wasn't private at all.

Stupid expired milk.

"So when are your friends arriving?" the words slipped from her mouth calmly, as if it were just a casual question and not a direct when are you going to leave, you say?

Tzuyu pursed her lips into a smile but her eyes were so cold. "Soon"

Call Lisa crazy, but she was sure that this was all made up... but not for Jungkook, she didn't know Jungkook was coming so why? And why did she have to cling to her boyfriend like chlamydia?

(a/n: my neighbor's cat just got into my bedroom what the heck is happening to fauna today while im editing this)

"But you both are good company," Tzuyu added and put a hand on Jungkook's arm, who smiled at her.

Lisa wished she had a pair of scissors...

"Yeah, we are," she reached out and slid her hand lovingly down Jungkook's neck until she buried her fingers in his hair, giving him a look full of warmth but also sweetness. His dark eyes focused and she bit her lower lip in a smile. "We started going out last week and it's been wonderful, Jungkook is amazing," she told Tzuyu, the message was clear *'thank you for breaking his heart broken flip flops, repairing it and enjoying it's delicious'*.

"I know that he is, we're friends for years," Tzuyu said too effusively. The audacity? Friends my ass, she was using him. "How many years have you been, Kookie Oppa? Four? "

Did this dry mascara just call her boyfriend OPPA?!

"Around that," Jungkook replied casually and Lisa wished to tug his hair, no kinky way.

Stop

Being

Nice

With

The

Power outage in a summer day

Ugh.

"Oh, Jungkook told me about that. You know, the usual, late night rendezvous and two-timing, so fun," Lisa spoke lightly and Tzuyu's face immediately transformed, as if she didn't expect Lisa to know the truth.

Jungkook's hand went on her thigh then, his fingers gripped her sensitive flesh and Lisa looked at him in surprise, gasping because of the little electric currents of pleasure traveling up her crotch that surprised her. His hand was... big and hot, too close to... However, he was glaring at her.

Lisa froze, confused.

Wait, what?

Tzuyu cleared her throat and drank what she had left of soju in her glass. "I thought we were over that, sorry," she muttered uncomfortably.

Oh, yeah, it was easy to be over it when you were just the poor little lamb in your invented narrative, after ruining the reputation

of the only person that cared for you.

"And we are," Jungkook said more to Lisa than to Tzuyu.

No, they weren't! And you know why? Because that mosquito was still buzzing around.

Lisa wasn't eating that victim role, after knowing what she did, it was obvious for her that Tzuyu was just manipulating the situation, knowing perfectly that she was still...

She was still Jungkook's weak spot.

Oh damn, it burned Lisa's stomach to accept that, especially because her boyfriend was subtly defending her. That made her pissed, why was he like this? Why couldn't he see the truth? And was he really siding her?

Lisa clenched her jaw and looked away, annoyed, but felt another damn squeeze on her thigh and higher and her crossed legs unconsciously, clenching them pleasantly, her clit confined in the small space pulsing and willing for those fingers there but Lisa was pissed. She glared at him in response and she hated to see the warning in his face, and she hated to feel herself aroused because of that.

A tense bubble encircled them both, it was suffocating hot.

"Anyways," Tzuyu smirked and they both turned to see her. "We should go out some day, Oppa," she touched Jungkook's bicep, stroking. Lisa really needed those damn scissors right now.

Wait, go out? Now she wanted to go out?

Jungkook was always the second option for her, why was she now following him?

"Of course, just the two of us, hope it doesn't bother you, Lisa. Kookie Oppa is not a jealous person so I hope you aren't either "

Lisa laughed sarcastically and emptied her glass, the alcohol burning her throat. "He's not, you say?" She looked at Jungkook warmly and noted his confusion, because he himself knew he was and very much. "Maybe it was like that with you, but Jungkook doesn't like to share me," she couldn't help the arrogant little tone and kept her gaze on him possessively, feeling her skin sensitive as he stroked her thigh with his thumb. "So no, sorry, Tzuyu, I won't share him either"

Oh, he loved that with all his being. His dark eyes, which were reflecting the neon lights, glowed like fire on her and Lisa wanted to climb onto his lap and devour his mouth.

"That's kind of toxic"

"Says you?"

Was she really trying to fight her? Because Lisa was an angel, she was so nice and kind, but not with manipulation liars that fucked her man up.

You don't mess with snakes.

"Yes, says me. People grow," Tzuyu assured her arrogantly.

"But they don't change from one day to another"

Also, the clear look of disgust on Lisa made it very clear that Tzuyu was not at all happy with Jungkook dating her. And all those little games? Trying to compete with her? Yeah, she didn't grow up shit. So, what was her game?

"You shouldn't talk out of your ass, you weren't there"

Lisa arched a brow, Jungkook did too.

"Hey, that's too much," Jungkook told her.

"Sorry, I'm just defending myself," she was fast to pout. "I feel like you dislike me, Lisa"

Yes, because Lisa was being damn obvious.

Jungkook then sighed and glanced at her and there was... something. Like a pleading, he knew Lisa didn't like her but he was asking for a little bit of decency for a few minutes.

A sudden thought came to her mind. Jungkook was trying to have it easy between them and Tzuyu was going to leave soon, if she didn't lie, so... She should calm down. Wasn't she being selfish at making a big deal about this just because she hated this Ratatouille sewer rat? It wasn't Jungkook's fault after all, he wouldn't let Tzuyu alone and Lisa knew it, she wouldn't have left Chaeyoung alone before knowing how bad she was.

"Sorry, I'm tired and I tend to be savage when I am," she lied and forced a smile. "What do you do, Tzuyu?" she changed the subject, seeking to make peace.

"I'm studying business," Tzuyu replied, slightly confused by the sudden change in attitude.

"Oh, good," Lisa nodded.

"Lisa does photography," Jungkook spoke then, his hand coming down to her knee in a caress. "She's really good. She actually took many pictures of me today, "and he kind of teased her, smiling playfully.

Yeah, she crossed the limit but it was necessary.

Lisa giggled, feeling sudden butterflies in her tummy. "Yah, maybe I'm not that good and you're just too handsome," she leaned in close, inches from his face.

He bit her lower lip.

"Believe her, Oppa," and there was that damn voice back, reminding Lisa that they weren't alone. "Are you her new model?"

Why was she acting like Lisa wasn't there?

"He could be," Lisa replied anyway and caught her attention, those eyes were poisonous and she must have sensed it when it came.

"You should be a model, Lisa. Actually, aren't you already? I heard that you were in Thailand"

...

...

...

THIS STUPID WHORE.

She knew everything, Lisa was sure. And it was not very difficult to know how. Just as Preeda was a gossip graduated with honors, many more people were too and surely someone had told her. Lisa knew the vibe, someone informed Tzuyu not only about her silly modeling career but also the details and rumors.

"Sadly, it's a hard job. I've heard that you gotta do many **"things"** to grow"

She knew.

She fucking knew and she was using it against her just like Chaeyoung did.

Why was everyone doing that? Should Lisa just scream everyone thought I was a hoe when I was in Thailand so people would leave her alone?

Lisa smiled bitterly, swallowing the desire to say something hurtful at her face. "Things like sleeping with old men, do you mean?"

The stupid bitch widened her eyes, falsely surprised. "What?"

"Yeah," Lisa slammed the glass down on the table, making her jump. "I don't do that shit anymore, but I learned a few skills that Jungkook loves so much, ask him about it"

And then she pulled Jungkook's hand out of her lap. "Excuse me, I'll go to the restroom," she saw Jungkook open his mouth and speak to her but ignored him and continued walking.

Fuck them both, he could make peace with her or whatever what she wasn't going to keep playing that stupid game if she was going to be disrespected this way.

"I didn't mean to offend her," Tzuyu murmured worriedly, watching Lisa walk away, long legs taking confident steps toward the bathroom.

Jungkook ran his tongue across his cheek and looked at her accusingly. "Then what **"things"** did you mean?" he asked angrily, feeling a bitter taste rise from his stomach to his mouth. He was mad at her and at himself for allowing this to get to this point. He knew Tzuyu, that same style of question she had once asked Seungyeom when he brought her to this bar and it wasn't with any good intention. She looked at him confused and oh, God, if she knew how much he knew that look. It was fake. "You said *'you gotta do many "things" to grow'*, Tzuyu, what the fuck that means?"

She cringed in her place and looked at him through long lashes, enhancing the innocent gleam in her eyes. "I meant going to many castings and, you know, some of them are really ridiculous. I thought Lisa would know since she was a model in Thailand"

Why did it sound sincere? But at the same time, he knew her. Kim sisters could be big snakes when they wanted.

"How do you know she was a model?"

Tzuyu shifted in her seat, glancing away. "My mom told me, she's pretty known between her friends," she murmured and Jungkook wasn't stupid, if Lisa was known it was because of those stupid rumors and not because she had been a model. Tzuyu had had all the bad intentions in the world and he really wanted to know why.

"What's your problem with Lisa?" he faced her.

She shook her head, clueless. "I don't have a problem with her, she's your girlfriend"

"Then don't disrespect her like that," Jungkook was clear, treating her like never before.

Tzuyu blinked, stuned, and finally nodded. "Yeah, sorry," she put a hand on his arm and stroked it. "It's been a bad day for me too but I promise I will behave," she pursed her lips and looked vulnerable in return, making a part of him go soft once more for her because after all... Yeah. "You know that it's been hard since Mingyu and I broke up and I'm not myself these days, you know I'm not like this without a reason. I really like Lisa"

He nodded, she certainly wasn't. But it was really tiring that all her emotions still depended on him going in and out of her life, it was tiring that she couldn't kick him off her life and seek something better, or simply seek her happiness by herself.

"You should apologize to Lisa," his words were an advice but his tone was a command. Going through shit wasn't a excuse to be a bitch at the end of the day and Lisa tried to be nice to her.

Lisa then left the bathroom and came back, but contrary to what Jungkook believed, she didn't sit in her old place but instead took the place that Yugyeom had just left to go with a girl, in the middle of Bobby and Jaewon.

He arched an eyebrow but Lisa just shrugged in response and smiled at Jaewon who had just filled a glass of soju for her.

"Thank you," she smiled at him in appreciation and emptied it down her throat, then giggled at something silly he said, causing her to lean into his arm.

"Well, she doesn't seem that different as you said," Tzuyu murmured beside him.

The heck was she implying?

The heck she thought she was to even dare to say that after all

she did?

"Be careful about what you're saying," he said in a warning tone that got her muted, he wasn't going to accept more of this shit and it surprised him how much she reminded him of Chaeyoung.

Seungyeom leaned towards him, leaning on Lisa's old chair. "I don't know what you did but you fucked up," she let him know.

Jungkook felt a lump in his throat that threatened to suffocate him, his heartbeat speeding up in anxiety and worry, but he drank one more glass of soju and watched her chatting animatedly with the people around as if nothing was happening, she obviously stole everyone's attention with that beauty and her funny tongue, the charisma was radiating from her like rays of sunlight and obviously everyone started to enjoy it... everyone except him.

(a/n: deserved)

"Isn't that too much?" he commented out loud for her to hear him about the music, after watching her drink the third glass.

Lisa smiled from across the table and poured herself another glass, pulling the bottle from Bobby's hands. "Cheers, hottie, this one is for us"

He clenched his jaw, worried and annoyed, because she was definitely looking to anger him, punishing him for something he had no control over. It was curious, but with that realization, his anger intensified to the point that it overshadowed his anxiety, reminding him of that matter that they had not discussed in that empty classroom: She was so fucking touchy with other guys, accepting their flirting and compliments like nothing ... In his face, again.

Jimin sent him a knowing look at noticing the situation and Jungkook just rolled his eyes, arms crossed on the table, biceps bulging under his white shirt and gaze so dark and hot that it could set Lisa on fire. In fact, she was at the other side of the table, proudly admiring the attention and actually feeling like on fire, her stomach twisted, aroused, and once again she clenched her crossed legs, trying to control what those eyes were doing to her panties.

It was too easy to imagine him looking at her that way while sitting between her legs, lapping her until she saw the stars.

She was still annoyed with him and his gonorrhea but happy to confirm that the little broken nail after 400 dollars spent on a manicure could act all cocky and do the show but that man was Lisa's and his eyes were only on her.

Any insecurity she could have in the restroom because he didn't go after her, vanished.

And, again, he looked too hot to handle like that but she wasn't going to handle him tonight, not while he stayed with that piece of

rotten cheese next to him.

The alcohol on the table ran out after a few minutes and Lisa offered herself to go get more. Seungyeom told her to go dancing with her when she got back and she nodded, totally ignoring Jungkook on the way even though he was right next to her new friend.

The bar was somewhat empty as it was still early, most of the people were sitting with their friends occupying most of the tables so she easily found a place to lean on with no one by her side and asked for more bottles of soju and beer, especially a large, extra cool glass for Jungkook. Lisa could be angry and everything but she couldn't help but want to spoil him a little bit, what's more, she hardly noticed what she had just done.

The bartender told her that it would take a while since he had to go get the bottles in the back fridges and she nodded without any problem, she knew it was difficult to run the business when it was full.

From the corner of her eye she noticed a guy standing next to her but not very close. Curious, she cocked her head to take a look at him and she had to literally look up because he was so damn tall.

"Sorry, do you know where the barman is?" he asked her in a suitably deep voice, his skin was golden, like tanned, and his hair was black, open bangs brushing his cat-like eyes. He was actually really handsome.

(a/n: i can't believe i just said that, don't let chris know)

"He will be back in a few minutes," she replied and noticed that he began to observe her attentively, as if he knew her but she had no idea who he was, his face was not even familiar so surely she never photographed him or she would remember it.

"You're Jungkook's girl, right?" he got straight to the point.

Who was this? A friend?

"Uh, yeah," she nodded, somewhat lost. "I'm Lisa"

The boy smiled. "I know," he nodded but didn't introduce himself. "You're prettier than she said," he commented, Lisa blinked, who was *"she"*? "From where are you?"

"I'm Thai, and you?" she joked helplessly.

"Pure Korean," he replied humorously. "So Jungkook is doing really good lately," he added with a strange, almost nostalgic expression.

Who was this boy? An old classmate?

"What the fuck are you doing?" Jungkook got in between them, almost covering Lisa completely. She was surprised by the sudden intervention and noted how tense Jungkook was in front of her, his broad back looming up in front of her eyes like a shield.

Over his shoulder she looked up at the taller boy, his former nice expression just being replaced by a cold one.

"Nothing," the stranger replied and he wasn't lying. But Lisa kept herself quiet, Jungkook wasn't the type to react and this must be serious. "We were just talking with your new girl, nothing else"

"The last time you said that you were fucking her behind my back," Jungkook replied with sarcasm and bitterness.

Oh

WAIT

WAS HE...

OH DAMN!

THIS WAS MINGYU.

Lisa couldn't believe it and she was struck by a feeling of guilt.

How dare this jerk talk to her knowing very well her relationship with Jungkook and what he had done to Jungkook before?

"So you think that low of your girlfriend?" Mingyu asked sarcastically.

Lisa opened her mouth, this fucker!

Jungkook clenched his jaw so much that a muscle throbbed and he went over him in the blink of an eye, Lisa widened her eyes in surprise, still trying to process that her sweet Jungkook had just taken the boy's shirt collar and looked capable of breaking his face. She couldn't push herself to stop him, her instincts were agreeing very much with her boyfriend destroying the idiot. But everything was stopped by Tzuyu, who came to attract the attention of both. Lisa put her hands on Jungkook's shoulders as a reflex action and hardly noticed how much she brought him back to earth.

"Wait!"

Mingyu saw her and his face turned angry. "What the fuck are you doing here?" he spat and shook Jungkook off him.

Wait, what the hell was going on?

Weren't they together or whatever?

"Don't talk to her like that," Jungkook barked at him, obviously defending the poor damsel in distress.

Between them, Tzuyu swallowed and her eyes filled with tears unexpectedly, apparently due to Mingyu's words. Lisa wasn't understanding anything but the air was so tense that she couldn't hear the background music or notice her surroundings, just Jungkook's furious breathing and Mingyu's disgust plus Tzuyu's clear urge to cry.

"I told you we were over," Mingyu told Tzuyu.

Lisa silently admired the way Tzuyu lifted her chin, pressing her lips together with tearful eyes. She couldn't lie, she wanted to get some popcorn for the show. "I'm not here for you"

He, in response, rolled his eyes contemptuously. "Sure. You love this bar so much that you came here just to have fun"

Point for him, Lisa knew she wasn't here just because!

"Leave her alone," Jungkook said with a dangerous tone that reminded Lisa the way he had spoken to Chaeyoung, or to those drunks.

Mingyu turned his gaze to Jungkook and chuckled. "She should leave me alone, she should leave both of us alone," damn, that was hurtful to say on someone's face, even Lisa who hated this little louse felt like it was too much. "She's not more than a manipulating child that doesn't know what the fuck she wants"

Tzuyu sniffed and that was it for Jungkook, he was ready to throw hands and Lisa panicked silently. Considering the situation better, and since she didn't have enough alcohol in her veins to support these actions, there was no point in starting something for the dumbass when she had clearly asked for it herself and Jungkook shouldn't get in trouble. Not for her.

"Jungk-"

"No, wait!" Tzuyu stood in the middle and held Jungkook's cheeks, calming him down in seconds. He fixed his eyes on her and breathed heavily. Lisa gritted her teeth, hating her hands on him, hating how easily she calmed him down. "It's okay, it's okay"

Mingyu chuckled. "You better wake up before she ruins this for you," he told Jungkook with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I'm done with this shit, I'm here with my girl and you should go with yours," and with those words he walked away, not caring that he hadn't gotten his alcohol yet.

Wait...

His girl...

He had a new girl...

Lisa finally connected the dots. Tzuyu was here after Mingyu because he got a new girl and at the same time she was getting in the middle of her and Jungkook just because she got the chance, as if she couldn't see them happy with other girls... Maybe it was like that.

Maybe she really was a child that didn't know what she wanted but at the same time she couldn't let them go and find happiness.

Damn.

Mingyu was fucking right.

"Are you okay?" Lisa heard Jungkook ask Tzuyu softly and she nodded, wiping away the tears that had run down her cheeks. Gladly, he wasn't touching her or Lisa would kick his ass.

Lisa took a deep breath, hating this. Tzuyu was using Jungkook again, taking advantage of his kindness and using the pity key

because she knew it was her way to get him for her. It was easy for Lisa to notice that Jungkook wasn't in love with her at all, not anymore, but he was always going to care for her and this damn bitch didn't deserve it.

She turned to the bar, with too many thoughts in her head, and noticed a phone there, Tzuyu's phone, which she had left there to stop Jungkook. The screen lit up with a notification.

New Message

are you crazy chu why do you want us to go so suddenly it's late

THIS BITCH

Damn, she was really there to follow Mingyu! She was just inviting her friends to cover up!

Lisa wondered what exactly her main plan was but she resisted to keep thinking about it, furious and wanting to take her by the hair and slam her to the ground. Mingyu might be an asshole who betrayed his best friend, but he wasn't wrong about this. Tzuyu was a manipulative bitch and Lisa wasn't going to let her ruin her relationship.

She had one with one manipulative bitch at first, two were just a fucking joke.

Now she was too angry to solve this but in the future... Oh, she was going to put the girl in place if she ever showed up in Jungkook's way again.

"Your phone," Lisa said, handing the device to Tzuyu and didn't feel the slightest bit of pity for that tear-stained face and red eyes. With that sad little face she planned to mess with her boyfriend now that Mingyu had just rejected her... Again.

She wasn't going to change at all, right?

"I'll go to the restroom, excuse me," she murmured softly and practically ran away.

Jungkook sighed and ruffled his hair, Lisa just looked at him seriously and couldn't help but admire his body in just that white shirt. So much drama had made her overlook that he was without his jacket and that he looked hot as hell, those arms wrapped deliciously in the white cotton were sinful. Unfortunately, she was mad at him.

Even when she knew it wasn't his fault to be so kind.

"Are you okay?"

Jungkook nodded, he was still upset, clearly.

"He was right, though," she murmured and caught his attention, his back snapped up at her. "She's a nuisance that will ruin you... and us"

"What?" He was slow to understand but it was not difficult for him to know what Lisa was implying. "No, wait, I'm over with her"

"You're not over with her if she keeps having you wrapped around her little finger," she objected with resignation, after all the situation was like that but it was going to change soon. Jungkook could play the hero all he wanted with the little Mary Jean but Lisa was going to protect him from her with claws and teeth.

Clearly, Jungkook was at the edge, too many emotions, especially intense raging flames, were overwhelming him and Lisa watched as he approached her and rested his hands on the bar, enclosing her. He looked dangerous and her breath got caught in her throat. The air between turned once again heated, both bodies radiating warmth to dangerous levels, the chemistry was high and ready to create an explosion.

"We both know there's just one person that has me wrapped around her little finger and it's not her," he told her softly, leaving no room for doubt. His words and his gaze acted on her like an aphrodisiac, caressing her face with a strange energy that made her belly pain, core reacting slightly. "She's just a friend," he added and, probably feeling the same as her, lowered his eyes to her lips.

Lisa put a finger on his chin and made him look into her eyes. "She doesn't want you as just a friend, Jungkook. She wants you back now that Mingyu sent her to hell"

"She doesn't," he said very surely, because he knew he no longer cared what she did if all he wanted was Lisa. He was hers.

She sighed deeply. "Fine then, go back to be her knight in shining armor," she was frank and leaned into him, loving the height her heels were giving her so they were both so close. Breaths so close. "But don't forget to ask her what she's been saying to her family about you"

He blinked, confused by the sudden advice. Lisa just smirked, waiting impatiently for him to ask her and see her mask fall.

"Why don't you wait for the alcohol and I go dance with my friends? You can sit with your poor cry baby and see the show," she whispered so close to his ear. She could have sucked on his lobe and bite his earring, but she caught herself and tried to leave, moving his arm to get out, but he grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. One of his large hands settled on her waist.

He arched an eyebrow from above. "With your friends? Your "just a friend" Jaewon too?"

"Yeah, my 'just a friend' Jaewon," she replied simply, teasing a hidden beast that was showing red eyes and threatening to jump on her.

Good.

She was waiting for it.

"Go find me when you dump your just a friend Tzuyu"

Jungkook accompanied Tzuyu to the table when she was back and he gave everyone alcohol, clearly Lisa had just lied to annoy him. Watching her go with Seungyeom to the dance floor was like hearing her laugh in his face but he liked what he saw.

She was damn hypnotizing, he wasn't going to get tired of thinking it. He couldn't stop appreciating her and her subtle movements, even when she was just looking to have fun she was sexy and smooth, hips swaying gently like a snake, waist snaking up to her outstretched arms that he could imagine on his sheets while her hair was all over the pillow.

She danced to various songs, laughing and enjoying the moment with Seungyeom, their eyes meeting every now and then. Jungkook was smiling, nibbling on his lower lip while drinking his glass of beer, he didn't even care when Tzuyu finally left when her friends arrived. Cravin by DaniLeigh started then and everything went downhill. Her body moved lightly but smoothly like silk itself, the first few seconds of the song vibrating through her and everything was perfect until, of course, Jaewon joined her.

Lisa shot him a knowing look, getting sure he was looking, and let Jaewon grab her waist the same way Seungyeom had. She laughed at something he said and put her hands on his arms as she danced with him. Jungkook began to boil, following those hands that weren't his own trailing her waist and grabbing her dress, hating to see that she didn't seem to notice.

Then their eyes met back and he noticed the challenge, she was challenging him to come for her.

That's it.

He was done with this shit.

He slammed the half-empty glass down on the table and stood up, his eyes fixed on that little brat who was driving him crazy and all in less than a day. He didn't know this side of her but he was beginning to understand that Lisa could be a little brat when she was angry, especially offended at him.

Clinging to Seungyeom, she pretended not to see him coming, looking away and smiling at her new friend while moving those gorgeous hips to the beat of the music.

Lisa was like a forest nymph, seductive and magnificent, but playful and a problem when she was angry yet Jungkook was grateful that she didn't turn into a beautiful flower to run away from him. She didn't even think about doing it and the truth was that it was hot as hell.

(a/n: nymphs turn into natural things when scared. gosh didn't you watch hercules uncultured swine?)

His big hands took her hips through the thin dress and drew her

to his body, the perfume of her hair flooded his senses as he pressed against it, lowering his lips to her ear: "Come with me, we need to talk, "and he wasn't asking her.

Lisa was tense and clearly burning with fury because he chose to sit with that cockroach instead of coming before and now that she was with Jaewon suddenly he was all over her. But he was burning with fury too with a heavy knot of jealousy in his stomach and hot blood full of lust running through his body. It was too much shit for a day for him and he wasn't taking anything more. Lisa wasn't helping too much, she was agitated and so addictively hot.

"I don't want to," she muttered but didn't walk away, she continued dancing and smiled at Seungyeom who had joined another boy in his own dance.

Jungkook wrapped an arm around her body and pressed her even more close, Lisa gasped in surprise but didn't stop dancing, shaking that precious ass of hers against him and surely feeling what she was causing.

She was tempting him and planning revenge.

"It wasn't a question"

He felt her tremble into a laugh and she turned around, facing him and wrapping her arms around his neck. Her gaze was heavy, bored, yet it carried a lot of desire.

"I don't want to talk with you," Lisa told him but it sounded more like a challenge, she was facing him.

Jungkook arched an eyebrow and inevitably looked at her lips as if they were a forbidden fruit, actually, at that moment they were.

"Come with me, we need to talk," he repeated slowly but clearly, the "or else" was between lines.

He was leaning closer to her in such a way that she felt his breath caressing her lips, which made her glance at them and notice how much she wanted to shut him up with a hungry kiss. Yet, he didn't deserve it.

Lisa smirked, not giving a shit. "Make me, *Kookie Oppa*"

Oh, she just didn't.

Jungkook tilted his head, pressing his tongue against his cheek and mimicked her smirk, despite his jaw tightening.

"Fine," he said and took her hand.

Lisa was surprised to be taken but she didn't resist, honestly amazed that Jungkook was reacting in this way. However, her body felt heavy and tingling, the remains of her anger were overshadowed by the lust that being in this way and so close to him caused her.

Curiosity plus the explosion of hormones that were running through her body didn't help. Her body sensed what was going to

happen and she yearned for it.

She thought he would take her to the restroom, but he took her to the bar and got behind, Lisa had no idea if this was allowed and it was obvious when she saw Bobby's puzzled look when crossing him there but it was all so fast, because suddenly she found herself being pushed against the closed door of a bathroom they had just entered with Jungkook pinning her against the wood.

The fire in his eyes made her hold her breath, tremendously aroused by the sudden dominance he was displaying. Lost was the shy and tender Jungkook that she knew, the man in front of her was all power and heat, making it clear that he was tired of playing.

"Where are we?" she stammered though she didn't care, the answer was obvious nonetheless.

It was the employees' bathroom.

"Where no one can bother us," he replied, so close but not touching her and she wanted him to touch her, she wanted his raspy fingers on her cheeks and her neck, she wanted him to squeeze her thighs and lift her. But she wasn't going to ask, no, because she just remembered that she was angry with him.

Lisa straightened and raised her chin, that way, they were closer and the tension was suffocating. "I said I didn't want to talk with you," she repeated stubbornly. "Why don't you go to talk with your lil poor friend? We both know she loves talking to you, remembering old times if you know what I mean"

Jungkook smiled and it was sinister but it also sent a hot stab to her core. "You're my only friend, Lisa," he scoffed at her own words and one of his hands lowered to her hip, the touch burning. "Didn't you say that? We're best friends even"

Oddly, she had a hard time answering but she did: "I told you why I said that and you said you were okay," she murmured through clenched teeth, refraining from reacting to his stupid thumb stroking her hip in circles.

But his grip moved up to her waist as fast as light and he pressed her against the door with his body. She gasped and felt her legs tremble, her pussy throbbing between them.

"I lied," Jungkook admitted against her mouth. "I hated it actually, everyone should know you're mine"

Oh boy, her belly made a split with that one.

He had a strong accent, it was raspy and deep...

"Everyone should know you're mine too, especially your friend," she managed to spit out with the traces of anger and jealousy still there in her stomach.

He arched an eyebrow, eyes traveling across her face like a hot summer mist. "How is she supposed to know when you go out there

flirting with other boys, doll?" he murmured hoarsely and his free hand caressed her cheek.

She felt chills.

"I wasn't flirting," although she herself knew that lately she pretended to do so to give him a taste of his own medicine. He should have come to her when she told him.

"I don't care, I don't like it," he was direct, his hand cupping her cheek, thumb on her chin, very close to her lower lip. He fell silent and raised his finger, pressing her mouth and looking at his actions hypnotized. God, Lisa was so aroused and painfully impatient, everything about this felt too good. "I don't like your bratty stunts, doll," he looked into her eyes and he definitely won, because her knees shook and she almost groaned.

He was so irresistible.

He could ask her to kneel down for him and she would do it, right now, mouth opening and eyes looking up.

Oh, please...

"Jungkook..." she gasped inadvertently and her face scrunched up in a whimper. Her mind was too cloudy to argue further.

"I really wanna fuck you right now, Lisa"

"Do it, please," she nodded and managed to nibble on the tip of his finger, her teeth brushing lots of little nerves that drove him crazy.

△□△□△□

(idc this my best smut ever)

Jungkook then kissed her savagely, making his way into her mouth like a starving man. She moaned desperately in his mouth and her hands made a fast path from his chest to his hair, digging her nails into the thick strands of his head. He pressed her waist against his body, the heat and hardness of himself was overwhelming but the hand that had just lowered around her neck was everything, fingers gripping her jaw and controlling her movements totally.

Fuck.

He bit her and sucked her and then licked her mouth so much that every inch of her skin was sensitized, Lisa was feeling too hot, the dress was tight and her hair was bothering her, she wanted to rip her clothes off and have him inside, pushing into her against the door.

He began to push his hips against her, her heels giving her the perfect height to receive his humps in all the needed places. She moaned even though it was very hard with his mouth on hers, swallowing every thought and sound. God, he was so fucking hard against her.

She definitely wanted him inside.

Right. Now.

"Jungkook..." she said in a muffled moan, her body hugging him closer in all ways desperately.

Jungkook had other ideas, he moved away from her mouth leaving her in a cloud of pleasure and turned her around, taking her wrists to make her rest her hands against the door. His big body clung to hers and she felt him breathe into her ear, his hands moving up her legs to her ass. She pressed her lips close, raspy hands felt just so good...

The fabric of her dress ended at her waist and her very pretty thong was well received under his eyes, he bit his lip and wanted to spank her.

"Jungkook," she moaned impatiently, pushing her butt against the hot erection that was just between her buttocks through his dress black pants.

"I will miss these..."

"Miss what-? Jungkook!" she exclaimed as she felt him pull them down fast and bury his hand between her legs.

"This is better," she felt him murmur with a smile against her neck, her panties sliding down her legs to her feet. She arched against him, squeezing her legs in surprise and enclosing his hand but not enough.

"Oh my God"

"You're so wet," he groaned, long fingers traveling down her sensitive slit, and pleasure shot through her body with too much intensity. Her hips followed him impatiently. "So good, doll, I won't be gentle"

Oh, thank God.

Lisa didn't want that, at all, she had a lot to take off and a hard fuck was good.

"Is it okay?" Jungkook whispered in her ear and his lips captured her ear, sucking and nibbling.

"Yes, please," she nodded quickly and she didn't know when but Jungkook had released his erection from his pants and she felt it brush against her ass.

He lifted her hips a little bit more, arching her toward the door with a hot hand on her back, and he thrust into her hard and rough all the way. Lisa gasped, the invasion so intense and slightly painful that it took her breath away, even making her raise her feet a little bit more to adjust but it felt so good at the same time, she was full to the bottom and him gasping into her neck was... too much.

"Oh my God, Jungkook," she said breathless.

"So tight, doll, so mine," he groaned and pulled away a bit to then

push in deeply again.

Lisa moaned, nibbling her lips. She was firmly hold and couldn't move but she was feeling so damn good. Each time he repeated that slow but hard movement she saw stars, clenching her hands into fists until her fingers turned white. His cock was so hard, so delicious, it brushed everything and the position was perfect, every time he pushed in it was as if it electrified her entire pussy, clit throbbing and tingling.

"Oh shit, Jungkook"

"Yes, say my name," he growled, thrusting harder and sucking on her neck. "Do you like this?"

"Yes," she whimpered, her voice shaky as he began to accelerate and hit her ass with his hips, the friction inside her getting faster right where she needed it.

"Fuck, baby, you feel so fucking good," he told her directly on her ear, nipping her. "No one but me gets you like this, right, Doll?"

Oh, God.

"Yes..." and she was fucking close to moan daddy.

Jungkook wrapped an arm around her waist and pressed her to his body, she managed to see his tattooed forearm and remembered that time on the bus, when he did the same and she could feel him on her ass. Now she had him inside her, making her entire being vibrate with pleasure, and it was amazing.

"You like this so much, baby," he added, Lisa managed to nod, eyes closed and lips open. "You want it harder, doll?"

She nodded again. "Yes, yes, please"

The change of position was perfect, his body surrounded her and he pushed her against the door once more, her cheek felt the cold of the wood that burned with the heat of her body as she felt him grinding, pushing inside her and moving her hips with him, going more and more faster.

"Jungkook~"

Her hard nipples brushed against the door, receiving the friction she didn't expect, and it all became too much. God, she was going to die, she felt like she was going to die moaning her name.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he growled, marking his words with each thrust. The sound of their skin slapping was echoing the bathroom, their gasps and moans together were like an erotic symphony to Lisa and she couldn't even keep her eyes open or close her mouth anymore.

"Jungkook, please," she begged because he was so close.

"You're close, doll?"

"Yes!"

"You're so lucky that I want you so much," he murmured,

lowering his hand to her clit. Lisa moaned louder, legs squirming. "You don't fucking deserve it," he let her know in a growl.

His voice, his words, he was going to fucking ruin her.

She didn't deserve it, oh, but his fingers and dick were giving her all she wanted.

Lisa squirmed with the circles he made on her sensitive clit and her knees trembled weakly but she forced them to hold her, she was going to fall otherwise and she in no way planned to let that cock stop pushing into her until he made her come. God, it was so delicious, so wonderful, she was so close.

"Please, Jungkook, please..."

But Jungkook moved them both and Lisa became disoriented and cursed because he stopped stroking her, however it all made sense when he held her chin and she managed to focus their reflection in the mirror.

She almost died.

They were both sweating and flushed, but Jungkook's eyes were so dark they looked like hard onyx stones, reflecting lust for her as his hips continued to slide in and out gently. He was hypnotized by her, corner of his lower lip caught between his teeth as his eyes were on her red face. His wet black hair stuck to his face and his sharp jaw was clenched, Lisa felt close to be destroyed by a man in a suit and tons of tattoos.

She definitely wanted to be destroyed.

She definitely wanted to be destroyed by this man and her pussy squeezed him, agreeing.

"Who's fucking you, doll?" Jungkook asked her slowly, looking at her through the mirror. His huge tattooed hand with silver rings loosely around her neck was the focus of her attention however.

"You," she gasped.

"Yeah? Who I am?"

"Jungkook"

He rewarded her with a hard thrust that made her toes curl. Lisa moaned quietly. She was on edge.

"Your what?" he slid his nose down her temple slowly, buried so deep that Lisa could feel it in her stomach.

"My boyfriend," she murmured. "I'm yours, all yours, please," She begged and was rewarded.

"Look at you, doll, beautiful," he moaned and started fucking her just as fast as before, fingers rubbing her clit at the same time to make her squirm and moan. Then on the mirror were a lot, hips smacking her ass again and again and his eyes were fixed on her, mouth open and moaning softly. Jungkook was so damn attractive and he was so fucking angry at her, he didn't have any mercy on

her. Lisa could barely breathe, she fell on the counter, holding herself with weak arms and moaned loudly, trying to hide her face in her arm.

She could feel sweat running down her temples and her heart in her ears, and his dick sliding in and out so easily and fast...

So fast, so good, so rough...

Her stomach contracted over and over again, forming the tremendous orgasm that would finally be released. And gosh, then he leaned over her, all his body hovering her. "You are mine, doll, and you will be so fucking full of me, baby. I can't for them to see your face and know you're mine, and I can't fucking wait for you leaking my seed all the way home. And I'll fuck it inside you back so fast..."

Oh, yes, please

And he made her come, just like that.

She came so hard that every molecule of her trembled, spasm after spasm hitting through her body like lashes of pleasure. He was still rubbing and pushing, Lisa's legs trembled without control while trying to close and escape from the extreme pleasure, but oh, damn, she wanted so much more.

Jungkook covered her mouth to cover her screams and tensed against her, moaning softly and feeling her walls squeeze his cock so hard it stole his breath away.

Lisa literally felt herself dying, she saw white and stars, she couldn't stop crying out for a while, hips bucking in order to ride till the last wave of climax and she could barely breathe when she managed to calm down.

But Jungkook wasn't done.

He turned her around and carried her onto the small counter by the sink, the marble was icy against her ass but she didn't care because he buried himself into her once more and held the back of her neck to hold her close to his face, foreheads together. Their gazes met, breathing hard into each other's mouth and Lisa melted, god, she still wanted him inside. It felt so good, so warm, so correct. Even when her legs were still trembling.

"Are you okay?" he asked in a voice so hoarse it was a growl, the accent was there again. She was dazed. "Are you okay?" he repeated, holding her cheeks softly, he really wanted to know.

Lisa nodded quickly because she couldn't speak and kissed him, although it was difficult because she had to moan when she felt him thrust into her again, rolling his hips magnificently. She wrapped her legs around him, digging her heels into his hard thighs and he growled between kisses.

Lisa scratched his shoulders through the shirt and moved her

hands through his back, hugging him and trying to hold onto him as their lips met wet and desperate.

Jungkook lowered his hands to her buttocks and pulled her closer to him, only to adjust better and move her again where he wanted.

"Oh, fuck!" she exclaimed, it was right fucking there where she needed him and... Oh my God...

She felt her hole tighten and another orgasm began to grow inside her. She rocked against him, arching and loving every fucking moan that left his lips to her, muttering his name under her breath. She caressed his face and realized how hard he was clenching his jaw, sometimes nibbling on his lower lip.

"You're so hot, fuck, Jungkook," she moaned. "Are you mine?"

He smiled and opened his eyes, nodding. "I'm so close, doll, touch yourself for me"

Damn.

Fucking damn.

She didn't need to touch herself after he said that, and she let him know: "Just fuck me hard, I'm close"

Jungkook snapped once again and dipped. Lisa arched back and felt him kiss and lick her neck, hands squeezing her ass and legs as he fucked her faster and harder. His hip stroke game was so fucking good that she was already seeing stars again, holding onto the cold counter as she threw her head back and groaned.

"So fucking beautiful, doll, so fucking beautiful," he moaned. "Is this good for you, doll?" he asked as he pounded her hard to the bottom.

Oh, he was so good at pushing her to the edge. "Yes!"

"Fuck, baby, holy fuck," he literally whimpered.

Jungkook took her lips then and came, growling long against her mouth as his cock twitched inside her, releasing all of himself and every last drop of his seed.

"Yes, like this, yes, Jungkook," She took care to squeeze him her walls and drive him crazy. Gosh, she loved every single part of it, every single drop poured into her and made it easier for him to pound. All his muscles tensed, Lisa wished she had seen his ass in those pants but felt it with her hands and then his big back flex over her under her palms. He kept pushing despite pausing for a few seconds and bit her lip, then reached up and played with one of her breasts.

God.

"Come, Doll," he ordered her, licking her mouth and then sucking her neck, hand groping her tit as the other was pushing her into his thrusts again and again.

"Like this, please, God," she moaned, on the edge. "Jungkook, oh,

please"

And she came again.

Lisa trembled, biting her lip hard to not scream, this one was weaker than the previous one but it still made her legs shake around him. She moaned hoarsely and squeezed his biceps, body twisting against his for every single hit of climax.

She didn't know how much time she stayed arched and trying to catch her breathe, trying to have a single clear thought in her brain when the calm finally arrived, but it felt like an eternity when she finally could focus him and be conscious of her surroundings.

Jungkook took her nape and made her look at him.

They both breathed hard against each other's mouths, wet foreheads pressed together and muscles relaxing for a few seconds.

"Are you okay?" Jungkook asked her softly and his eyes went back to the starry night she knew so much.

Wasn't he cute?

He was still buried deeply in her, after fucking her brains out, and now being all soft and caring.

Lisa smiled like the fool in love she was and nodded, before kissing his lips tenderly. "Yes, very good"

Jungkook chuckled but there was some concern in his eyes. "I wasn't too rough, right?"

Lisa started to laugh. "Yeah, that's why I loved it," she clarified slightly.

"Good. I loved it too, doll," Jungkook kissed her forehead affectionately, hands on her cheeks. "Lemme fix myself and I'll help you, okay?"

Lisa nodded and watched him tuck his underwear and shirt into his pants. It seemed like a curious situation to her since it was her first time having public and angry sex, it was doubly great, but she didn't know what to say now, she felt silly shy.

Jungkook helped her clean herself so tenderly that she almost fainted into a cloud of heart and the he slid her panties up her legs, palms caressing her skin in the way. She kissed him in gratitude, sliding off the counter but it was a misstep because her legs shook like crazy and she almost fell.

OH WOW

DAMN

WAIT

Jungkook grabbed her waist to hold her and then it hit him.

"Oh my God," he murmured surprised and proud.

It was the first time this happened to Lisa. "Oof, shut up," she muttered and leaned against the counter, seeking balance but her legs were really so damn weak. What the hell?

And after that they couldn't stop shaking. Actually, if she tried to close them, they would buck up as her clit received a little bit of contact. It was so sensitive...

Jungkook tenderly pulled her back up and brushed her hair back, stroking her cheek with his thumb as he went. "It's okay, it's my fault, my dick is too good sometimes"

Lisa laughed incredulously, wrapping her arms around his neck. "I hate to agree," she murmured and shut him up herself with more kisses.

Well, she couldn't say she didn't love having her legs shaking after such good sex and it was more lovable to see Jungkook so proud of himself.

This was her man, such a good fucker.

"We're gonna stay here untill you feel better, okay?" he whispered to her.

This was her man, such a fucking sweetheart.

"But quit that smirk, my bratty stunts provoked your dick to do this so I did this," she tried to argue.

Honestly, Jungkook had just emptied his balls into her in such a way that he cared little and just nodded, stealing more tender kisses. "Then I will be rough next time all by myself," he clarified however.

Lisa looked at him heavily. "I'd love that. Actually, my place is completely free and I love when you go from behind"

Oh she knew how to make him go hard again.

"Calm your legs, Bambi, and I'll take you there"

"Jungkook!"

Oh, he was so cocky, Lisa was nice enough to not remind him when he got a fucking cramp on his leg after so much sex.

The group noticed where they were and what they did when they returned to the table but it mattered little, they were both still too full of lust to care, they said bye, took their things and left the place.

The bus ride to Lisa's place was hot, every part of their bodies was a erogenous zone even when they touched innocent parts.

In the elevator, Lisa devoured his mouth and he carried her to the door. They didn't get past the sofa, where he pushed her to his knees, pulled her dress up to her waist, and buried his face in her core, eating her out hungrily and desperately. The position left her so exposed and sensitive that she felt on edge in seconds and just with his tongue but then he buried himself into her. Lisa squeezed the soft, fluffy pillows and moaned loudly with each thrust. It all got so much more intense when he covered her with his body and

the buttons of his shirt rubbed hard against her back as he was fucking her hard, his soft cloth covered thighs hitting the back of hers and his belt bouncing slightly against her skin as he sank to the bottom. Jungkook squeezed her ass and then her tits, biting and sucking on her neck. Then he bent her down and with one leg on the ground he pushed himself harder. Lisa came so hard she felt like she was going to pass out.

(a/n: okay but why describing things like that it's hotter for me than the whole smut)

△

□△□△□

Once again, her legs were so weak that she couldn't even stand up.

"Don't worry," Jungkook told her and carried her bridal style the bathroom. Lisa laughed delightedly and they both undressed to take a shower.

She had forgotten how much makeup she was wearing so it was very embarrassing when red, pink, brown and glitter with black mascara smeared on her eyes and went down her face.

"You look pretty, pennywise," he told her anyways.

Lisa splashed water on his face, letting out an fake childish whimper and then burst out laughing with him, wiping her eyes with his help. He was so cute after the shower, hugging her from behind and looking attentively at her skin care routine. She also share him some cleansing wipes and moisturizer.

Her room smelled like a lockdown after about two weeks so Jungkook, just in boxers, opened the windows while Lisa searched for her underwear and one of her sleeping shirts. Finally they both lay down on her bed and it was so strange to be there for the first time.

"My feet hurt so much," she complained, the soles of her feet were hurting so badly and it was as if her foot was still arched. Her heels were a whole different and more painful story.

"Do you want a massage?" he asked even though he was looking around her room. Lisa shook her head and snuggled into him, resting her head on his chest and entwining her legs with his.

"What are you looking at?"

He shook his head even though he thought it was really funny to be back here after so long, the room was so much bigger than he remembered and Lisa's perfume was lingering. It was comforting and it made him notice that life could be so unexpected because when he carried her here that December night, he never imagined he would end up here with her.

"Told you that I have tons of Disney figurines," she commented

and he finally focused his eyes, noticing that he was zoning out with his gaze on the shelf full of figurines she had over her desk. "So you have to stop pretending that you're not an anime fan," she was blunt.

Jungkook raised both eyebrows, unable to even deny it. "Fine?"

"Fine," she nodded.

He just smiled and played with the strands of her still wet hair, rubbing it between his fingers gently and feeling how soft it was. Being like this with her was so peaceful, probably because they no longer had no more energy to fight or have sex.

Fight...

Were they really fighting?

He couldn't put a finger on it because they hadn't technically argued but ...

"What are you thinking?" she asked him, as if she could feel the wheels spinning in his head.

Jungkook was going to say nothing but he was always deep in shit for saying nothing so he sighed. Lisa moved away to lie on her side, both hands clasped under her head, to look at him. Jungkook tilted his head and looked at her. Her cheeks looked more round and puffy in that position and the small mole under her eye was eye-catching in her fair skin. She was so beautiful and everyone loved her...

"I don't really like when you're too close with other guys," he muttered uncertainly, knowing it might upset her.

Lisa frowned. "Close like what?"

He looked away, awkward. "You know, the flirting and touching ... I may be overreacting but I don't like it"

She smiled, if he knew how cute he looked this way when he was talking in pout and in a low tone. She reached up with one of her hands to put it on his stomach, caressing him gently, and got him to look at her. "It's okay. I don't like other girls touching you or being too comfortable so I guess we can both... mark boundaries with other people?" she said thoughtfully, though it sounded exaggerated that way.

"That sounds like too much," he whispered thoughtfully and she chuckled.

"Yeah ..." but she thought better of it. "Wait, I think we both can recognize a person's intentions so we should... stop it," and at the end of the sentence she was aware of herself and the times that her behavior was questionable and she would not like to see Jungkook doing the same at all with other people. She didn't like Tzuyu touching him, she definitely didn't like Chaeyoung around him... "Oh shit," she murmured.

"Uh?"

"Damn, I'm sorry!" she got up.

"For what?" he was clearly lost because Jungkook was hot and smart but he couldn't read minds.

"I would never cheat on you, okay? I'm just too friendly but it's just that, I swear," she told him quickly, her big eyes twinkling in panic. Her messy hair and the huge shirt hanging from her collarbones made her look so angelic that Jungkook just smiled. "When I say Jaewon is just a friend, I'm serious, and he see me as just a friend. I know there's story and misunderstandings involving him but he knows I love you and he respects it, just as I do"

Wasn't she lovely?

He smiled fondly and took her hand, intertwining their fingers. "It's okay, doll, I know you won't cheat," because he knew the insecure shit was him, the problem wasn't the worry of cheating coming from her and Lisa was all the time proving she loved him. "And thank you for telling me that," he added, feeling calmer about Jaewon. He was too comfortable with her for Jungkook's taste but he could learn to trust him and control himself.

"I know it may be hard to believe because of..." her voice trailed off and she smiled sadly.

"Because of what?" he frowned, confused, it wasn't hard to believe at all.

Lisa looked down at their fingers, chewing her lower lip. "Uh, you know, the rumors and... well," she sighed. "Everyone loves to call me slut for a reason"

He hated to see the way she shrugged with resignation. And he hated Chaeyoung once more for calling her slut; he was sure that she opened many wounds with her stupid words even when Lisa was acting like it was over.

"Hey, that's bullshit," he sat up and cupped her cheek, thumb stroking her skin softly. "Sorry for being a dick and made you think that, I know who you are and I know you didn't do anything for people to call you that," he reassured her, truly worried for her. He didn't want her to think he could consider the chance of her being like that, he knew for sure that she wasn't. "I'm so sorry that Tzuyu treated you like that, Lisa"

She looked up and, fuck, her eyes were so fucking pretty and wonderful. Once again, he thought that if she wanted the moon, he would bring her the moon, all the planets and even the sun.

"It wasn't your fault... half of," she added and smirked playfully.

"Yeah, I know," he conceded, feeling actually guilty for letting the situation develop like that. "But I told her that she was wrong and she has to apologize. Be sure that..." he looked at her deeply and

made sure that his words were completely clear. "Be sure that I would never allow anyone to disrespect you, never again, Lisa"

She pouted so softly and beautifully and hugged him tight, wrapping her arms around his neck and pushing him back to bed. He didn't take long to wrap her warmly in his embrace.

"I love you so much," she mumbled against his shoulder.

"I love you too, doll, and I'm sorry," he said and kissed her head. "Don't think more about that, okay? I know you're the best and you know it too"

Lisa smiled gratefully, leaving a kiss on his chest, but she insisted on talking more about it and the tone of their voices stayed low as they talked about jealousy, and friends, and old lovers, and how inexperienced they were in relationships and love, accepting that it was strange but they could figure it out in time, they had just started after all.

And Lisa didn't pass up the opportunity to remind him that Tzuyu had bad intentions: "I swear, Jungkook, she's after you. What are you expecting? Her coming to you and kissing you?"

He frowned in disbelief. "She won't do that, doll"

Lisa rolled her eyes, it was funny actually because she exaggerated it. "Fine, believe what you think but when time proves that I'm right I don't want you coming here like the pitbul puppy you are," she warned him and lied on her side, giving him her back.

Pitbul puppy?

Jungkook put an arm around her, spooning her, with a soft smile on his lips. She was so cute.

"But bold of you to assume you know her intentions when I was flirting with you since the first moment and you were thinking I was being friendly," he said.

THIS SASSY RESENTFUL BITCH!

Lisa scoffed. "In my defense..."

Jungkook arched a brow, waiting.

"Whatever, goodnight Jungkook"

He chuckled against her hair. "Are you protecting my feelings because my flirting is shit or you really don't have arguments?"

"I said goodnight, Jungkook"

"So, no arguments?"

Lisa didn't reply, closing her eyes, but Jungkook saw her amused smile and leaned over to kiss her cheek lovingly.

"Love you"

"Love you too, hottie"

[Extra]

sooo... the weather?

okay lol, but honestly, how it is there in your city? here it's hot as hell, we have a heat wave and spring just started a few days ago.

i really can't believe I'm asking about the weather but well it's weather girl cake👁️☹️👁️👉👉 and I'm actually sleepy so I tend to ramble weird shit when I am

honest thoughts, did you expect things turning out like this or it surprised you? im trying to see something lol

and, what do you think about tzuyu and mingyu? and lisa and Jungkook's actions?

if you like it, comment and vote💞 again, I'm extremely grateful for all your comments and support💖

ONE LAST QUESTION: would you like a chapter of just scenes of them doing like couple things plus social media posts?

i know the story seems like over but there's one last problem to solve and a few more cute lk things I wanna show so I hope I can make it entertaining for you all💞

Chapter 38 • Pt. 1

❖HI MY TUKKIHoes❖

first of all, sorry i didn't reply to comments this time i promise to come for them this weekend. i have 3 papers due tomorrow rn that they told me to do YESTERDAY, so I decided to say fuck it and post this rn bc I edited yesterday so pls wait for me☐

SO

who's coming back after a month and a half with an ugly ass chapter?

yeah wish it wasn't me but it is me and i am embarrassed, don't think i'm that cynical because biiiitch im really ashamed of myself for coming with this shit but in my defense i couldn't do better and i blame stress.

honestly, since many minors follow me even tho I TOLD YOU ALL I DISAPPROVE YOU ALL READING ABOUT COCKS AND PUSSIES, i wanna tell that pls enjoy highschool because even if it feels like shit, it's for sure better than college. so pls, DON'T GROW UP.

idk girl, step in front of the truck and get hit and fuck up your brain cells so the process of growing will stop...

IM KIDDING. DON'T SUE ME.

sorry i ramble shit today like crazy and i seriously apologize

ANYWAYS, hope you like it, hope you enjoy it. at least it's... hmmm.... long? kind of????? i mean it's just one scene and it feels super weird to just update this bc you know usually i come with all the shit together but since this chapter is all about ht liskook moments, i guess it's okay? idk you tell me

(a/n: that's literally one of my favorite edits ever pls lizkook_lk97xx deserves heaven even she not accepting my ig request👉)

This November on this new season of Sure Thing but in yellow and with actual character building, we are gonna see cute pecks of our beloved liskook having a good time, being lovey-dovey-booby-babby-humpling-dunking-rumplestinking and all that full of yellow hearts stuff, because we deserve it after the mess they made to get together and because this author noticed they don't know each other that much. SO, be ready to see: KISSES, CUDDLES, SEX, (an unhealthy amount of) JUNGSWIMMERS AND DRAMA.

!!!! TRIGGER WARNING !!!!

a couple loving each other and actually happy and healthy.

so vintage

The one about showing off and being mean...

The one a about friends and netflix and chill... and tiddies

"Get comfortable," Lisa told him as she quickly pulled on her slippers and walked into her apartment to her bedroom. Even though they had both been out in the rain and Jungkook gave her one of his jackets that he took from his studio, Lisa was much wetter than he was due to wearing much less clothes than him so she wanted to change quickly.

Jungkook stood at the entrance and looked around with more attention than the other times... It was his third time here. And he noticed that it was emptier. Obviously without Lisa around to distract him with that beautiful body and shining smile, it was becoming easier for him to see that the paintings, decorations and all the little things that apparently belonged to Chaeyoung were now gone.

Now it was just Lisa and she had never lived alone from what she told him but he knew her and knew that it would not take her much longer to leave her things everywhere, filling the empty spaces, as she had been doing at his place.

In his shared apartment with Jimin and Taehyung, a toothbrush for Lisa was already perching in the bathroom, some gold rings that Lisa seemed to collect were left behind on the bathroom counter or Jungkook's desk, and even one of her bras had been going around. It was in the washing machine a few days ago and when Taehyung looked at him with an arched eyebrow when he was taking the clothes from there Jungkook only replied that his boobs needed support lately and that was his new acquisition.

And Taehyung told him to change sizes because it was too small for him and Jungkook made an offended face because was he calling him fat? Rude.

Maybe Lisa didn't want to be alone in her apartment and that's why she spent so much time in his place. It sounded like a complaint but he wasn't complaining at all, having her around was so lovely, especially because Lisa was clingy but just when he was clingy, otherways they both could be just in silence doing their things.

A smile formed on his lips as warmth washed over him when he finally looked down and realized that Lisa had bought slippers especially for him. They were big and black, the tag still hung on them.

Cute.

That was an euphemism actually because Jungkook twerkeed that

fat ass in his mind out of happiness.

Jungkook kicked off his boots and socks, then hung his somewhat rain-damp sweatshirt in the closet by the door, and it felt so good to slip his feet into those cool new slippers.

Oh, how adorable, how domestic, was this a marriage proposition? Because he was saying yes already, he had a pen and everything to sign the papers.

Nah...

Not yet.

But when he gets his degree...

Hehe, soon, soon.

Wasn't it weird to already want to marry your girlfriend in the third week?

But it was Lisa.

(a/n: that's literally my biggest excuse for everything. nobody is perfect? BUT LISA)

He shook his head with a goofy grin and walked into the apartment, leaving his backpack on the white leather sofa. He wasn't quite sure what to do with himself so he just stood there looking around. The black and white photographs on the wall behind on the television immediately caught his attention though.

Now he could tell for sure that they were taken by Lisa and they were honestly gorgeous, the kind that she didn't use to display on her pictures account because people usually hired her to take photos of people. These photos, instead, were of beautiful landscapes of Seoul, the city, the Han River at sunset, the roofs of a museum that he did not know, the sky full of clouds...

"What are you doing?" Lisa crooned suddenly, hugging him from behind lovingly and resting her chin on his shoulder.

Jungkook relaxed into her embrace, one of his hands resting on hers that were closed in front of his stomach. "Did you take all these?"

"Uhum," she nodded. "That one was in one of my first days here," she pointed to a photo that showed the Han River at sunset, the water reflecting the sun. "And that one was when I went to Phuket with my parents," she added, pointing to another photo that showed the sea and the sky. The black and white effect really brought out the textures very well. "I like pretty things on my walls"

Jungkook frowned, smirking. "Really?"

"Yep"

"But ..." he looked around, inspecting each photo in detail. "Are you sure?"

Lisa got confused, seeing him turn around with a really troubled expression. "Yes, why?"

"Because I don't see a picture of you"

Lisa burst out laughing and hung on his shoulders, happy, it was really great to be the cause of this. "You're so cute," she murmured and kissed him softly, as he held her tightly against his body, melting into her little kiss.

Jungkook felt less ashamed to say things like that because Lisa loved them, the more cheesy he was, the more she would love it.

Honestly, it was so fucking amazing to be with someone like her. She would never judge him or make a bad face, she was open to any kind of new thought he wanted to express.

"I should put you in my wall," she murmured.

Jungkook raised a playful brow. "What about pushing me against the wall?"

"Kinky," she wrinkled her nose and kissed him again but not long enough for him to put his tongue into her mouth, which he really wanted to do. It was crazy due to the amount of times it happened, but Jungkook wanted her so much and all the time. "But, I mean a pic of you, I have so many," she told him, her mind much clearer than his obviously.

"That I haven't seen yet," he forced himself to think and formulate.

It was serious though, he was really curious but also scared.

"Because it's embarrassing," she whined, pouting and glancing down to his blue flannel shirt as her fingers started to play with the buttons. She looked so cute when she did that, but what was embarrassing? "You will think I am too much"

Jungkook stifled a wry laugh.

"Again, I literally made a character of you"

"That's flattering, Killa is really hot and a bad bitch," she said confidently, reminding him once again that she was reading his volumes and he really wanted to ignore the fact because it made him want to hide under a table and burn all his webtoon to ashes because damn, it was really triggering to know someone in person that was actually reading everything you were doing. But he was kind of happy that she liked it. "And I haven't gotten my free Killa plushie yet," she complained then.

It's that Jungkook was waiting for the new designs to be released, a brand had partnered with him and they would launch very cute plush toys from the manga even though it was a pretty dark story but the fans loved that and he was sure that Lisa was going to love this new doll. She just had to wait for the surprise.

"We were talking about your pictures of me," he changed the subject, to save himself the long conversation she wanted to have about Killa... or the plushie, Lisa was after that plushie like a

chiahuahua after you for getting in its house.

"I'll show you when I hang them on my wall, just my favorite takes," she told him with a mischievous smile. Her words tickled his stomach, the butterflies were fluttering like crazy.

Did she really have favorite pictures of him?

Oh gosh, his voice was hitching, he was internally screaming and crying and so ready to fabricate that plushie himself.

"Wouldn't that be embarrassing?" he asked however but unable to hide the smile, just to be casual and not the blushing anime girl mess he was inside.

"Of course not, we're supposed to hang art on our walls ...," she said bluntly but coming closer to his face again, teasing him with those plump lips and her hot breath brushing his own mouth. "Art and handsome guys like you... maybe naked?" She cocked her head, aware that her eyes going down his lips and then up again to him were killing him.

She was so sneaky.

Jungkook was definitely thinking with his cock but even his cock was kind of shy.

"Nope, that's not happening, doll," he told her clearly, despite her obvious temptations. He felt flattered and desired, like having the biggest dick of the nation, but he wasn't going to pose naked and his dick was nodding like *"yeah sir, yeah sir, we shy"*.

"Boo...," she pouted again and he giggled and kissed her nose to change her expression back, which he could do. "I had to try, because you said yes the first time and you should keep your word" she added, using a baby voice, really disappointed.

And now she was acting all puppy eyes emoji.

She was so sneaky, pt. 2.

"Just if you accept to give me a pic of your like that so I can hang it on my wall," he joked, simply playing along.

Lisa lighted up. "OKAY!"

Ooof.

"Yah! My Hyung will see it! " Jungkook complained, between amused and annoyed by the simple idea of that annoying pair seeing one of those photos. They already torture him enough through messages to get his attention.

"So?" she asked innocently but upon seeing Jungkook's gaze another amused smile formed on her lips, so cheeky and bratty that he wanted to kiss her right now. Oh, she was such a tease all the time, capable to turn him on so fast and he was sure that was her intention every single time. "Oh wait, you don't want them to see what's yours?" she arched an eyebrow, teasing him.

Was she calling herself his? Again? In front of my salad?

Gosh.

Dick went up like ding dong good morning!

"I think that was clear," his voice became a little bit raspy, his accent slipping out.

"But it's art"

"I don't care," he told her cynically, cupping her cheek with his hand, fingers getting lost between the soft strands of her blonde hair. "Your perfect little body is all mine," he added, pulling her closer to him, driven crazy by her breath so close to his lips and her lovely, eager face.

"Yeah?" he nodded and she smiled broadly, leaning closer. "That's hot"

"You are hot," he told her before kissing her deeply for long seconds, the possessiveness slipping from his hands easily as he wrapped her in a warm blanket that made her hormones go crazy.

God, she drove him crazy. He had never really thought of himself as this possessive, being okay with the girl he was in love with being with another guy for so long, but now he knew he would never be okay with Lisa away from him and less with someone else. He wouldn't say it out loud but the concept of being only hers and that she was only his, was something that was ingrained in his heart stronger and stronger, driving him sincerely crazy. And it filled him with desire at the same time, it was something primitive that heated his veins and drove his body to make love to her for hours, cause all her moans and be the name of her pleas. It was even hotter the fact that Lisa liked it. Every time he remembered her foolish jealousy for Tzuyu he got hard at the thought of reminding her that he was only hers.

Crazy.

Honestly crazy.

He was devouring her with enthusiasm and ready to pick her up and take her to bed, he missed her body after days without sleeping with her, but as soon as his hands ventured to squeeze her beautiful ass, Lisa separated from him with a sly smile. It took Jungkook to focus on reality and stop following her mouth with his lips.

"I ordered food," she told him casually.

Wait

Wha-what fo-food?

(a/n: IM NOT STUTTERING HE IS STUTTERING BEFORE SOMEONE COMES FOR ME!!!)

"We should keep watching that show you were following in your studio," she said with enthusiasm, as she had taken a lot of interest in Haikyuu since Jungkook had left it open on his phone while he was doing a tattoo and Lisa was waiting for him, sitting in his chair

with the AirPods on and eyes fixed on the screen.

He didn't expect her to like it at all, it was about sports mostly and she loved romantic things but hey, who was he to say no. Somehow, he liked that she liked it.

What the hell anyway? He adored her interest in what he liked but he definitely didn't want to sit down and watch an anime when they could be doing much more interesting things.

"We can do it after eating," he suggested and he definitely didn't mean eating food, he showed it by looking at her with such lust that Lisa's innocent expression faded and her eyes darkened, she was obviously tempted. "What are we going to do while we wait for the food, doll?" he asked, his thumbs caressing her bare waist softly as his hands were gripping her.

Lisa had on a tight black T-shirt, tied to the side, that marked every part of that small body and since he saw her early Jungkook really wanted to have her on top and undress her, kiss those nipples and pull her piercings, make her moan. Now he wanted to do it much more.

Lisa, however, pressed a finger to the middle of his forehead, pushing him away a little so she could breathe. Did she want to have sex? Yes but no. "Ah, no sir, we're keeping it family friendly today," she clarified and Jungkook felt genuinely sad, round eyes shining like an abandoned puppy's. Why couldn't they have sex? He knew she was in the mood. He was in the mood too. If one plus one was two and two plus two is four and on four she was going to end... Easy... But Lisa added: "I'm on my period"

Oh...

That explained a lot.

Really...

Damn...

But the tiddies...

He could still kiss the tiddies...

He was into it.

"If you keep staring at my tits, I'll think I have a stain on my shirt," she joked.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow, smirking in disbelief. "Will you really think that?"

"Nah, I know you're loving my bra," she admitted and lowered her hands to mark her breasts at the sides. "This one is pushing them up so well, I feel like a Kardashian," she said, amazed. Jungkook just chuckled, confused but really amused. She was so cute. "Listiddies are shining, baby!"

Jungkook giggled.

She was so funny... and adorable... and precious.

"What?"

"What what?"

"You're staring"

Yeah, he was.

Staring at her face, let me be clear.

"Am I staring?"

"Yes, like, do I have something on my face?"

"Just too much beauty," he said, not putting many thoughts on it because that was all that was going on in his mind and he genuinely couldn't stop staring at her.

Lisa giggled like a middle school girl, clearly not knowing what to say and actually blushing. Oh, if he was doubting she could get more precious, well, she really could get more precious.

"Meow..."

Lisa was startled by the sudden meow and turned around, Jungkook tilted his head to see where was the cat just as she hummed, getting free from his arms to turn around.

"Hi baby! Come here, pspspsp... Hi..."

Oh... so that was Leo.

That was a really... big cat.

Not like Jungkook knew much about cats but many weren't that... big.

Leo had round eyes, not at all like the other cats he had seen, and he was looking at him as if Jungkook had killed his father in front of his eyes a few years before.

Why was the cat looking at him like that? He didn't do anything to get that look!

I mean, maybe having sex with his mom but... No, wait, why was he acting as if the cat was a child? IT WAS A MOTHERFUCKING CAT. And the cat was scared.

He didn't realize it but he was really frozen in place, making eye contact with the animal, afraid of moving and that he would jump or run or whatever the cats did.

Lisa, meanwhile, was getting closer and although she stroked her cat's back, he didn't take his eyes off Jungkook or change his defensive posture. "C'mon baby, come here," she told him in a very sweet voice and picked him up.

Look, Jungkook wasn't the fat shaming type but that cat literally made Lisa gasp out of the effort.

(a/n: hope lisa never reads this bc she will hate me HARD)

(a/n: btw update: i stole my neighbor's cat and she's so big compared to my cat, so i may justify leo and say he's just big)

She approached Jungkook and with each step she was taking, Leo's eyes were getting so wide with more and more terror.

"Say hi to Jungkook, Leo," Lisa told him so lovingly that it almost distracted Jungkook, but she couldn't stop making eye contact. "Don't be shy baby"

Leo wasn't being shy, Leo was ready to call 911.

Rude.

No one never before looked at Jungkook with such terrified eyes and he wasn't even moving. But he still dared to raise a hand and try to pet him, after getting Lisa's permission. She was really excited about this.

"Does he bite?" Jungkook asked before bringing his hand too close, he didn't want to lose it, he needed it to draw, paint, tattoo and finger.

"Nope, he's a sweetheart," she told him with such confidence and well... if she was the owner, Jungkook could trust her.

Jungkook nodded and tried... he was two centimeters close to touch that actually really fluffy and soft looking head when Leo hissed and jumped from Lisa arms, running from his life.

...

...

...

RUDE?!

"Oh... well... hehe..."

Jungkook blinked. "I don't think he likes me," he said slowly, even though it was fucking obvious. He wasn't offended... much.

Why that cat didn't like him?

Lisa pressed her lips in a smile, hands going to her waist. "He's shy"

"He seemed terrified"

"It's like that sometimes," she said but it sounded like she was trying to comfort his hurt ego.

"Is it really?"

Lisa nodded, opening her eyes like a little girl trying reaffirming that she was saying the truth. "I think it is because you're tall and big, he's not that close with Bambam either and he's terrified of my dad too," she said casually and Jungkook chose to believe her.

But, why was that cat terrified? Tall and big wasn't a good reason.

Or was it?

He didn't know much about cats but now he knew a little bit more and he was sure now that dogs were superior.

(a/n: google can i cancel my own invented character)

"Don't think much about it," Lisa quickly read him and took his hand to lead him to the couch, sitting on her side with her legs up. "Leo will soften soon, faster if you come here more often," she

added, lacing their fingers with a smile on her lips that clearly invited him to come more.

That made him feel better as he smiled back at her. He really wanted to come more. "Are you already settled back here?" He asked her then, because a few nights before when he was accompanying her to the bus stop she had told him that she was putting things away after Chaeyoung left.

"Yes," Lisa nodded. "I changed a few things of place and made deep cleansing in my closet, but I still have to figure out what to do in the free room," she pointed her thumb at the door that surely led to Chaeyoung's previous room. "I don't like to have an empty room, it feels like something is missing... and..." her voice trailed off as a sudden sadness hit her, she was still affected about losing her friend and it showed but Lisa shrugged it off, sighing and forming a small smile like nothing happened. "I don't think anything is missing so I've been thinking"

Jungkook caressed her hand with his thumb in comfort, really loving the softness of her small yet long hand. "What would you like to do?" he asked, looking at her black painted short nails with interest.

Lisa chuckled. "I don't know! Maybe I should make it Leo's room but I don't have money to buy him one of those big expensive cat trees and it'd be super sad if it's just his favorite box where he plays. It's actually a big room "

Why was all that so funny to him? Or he was just too giddy.

Jungkook stroked her legs, which she moved across his lap, and it was adorable how small her feet were compared to how big her jeans were. Then he noticed that she was looking at the photos on television.

"Or maybe a darkroom," she said thoughtfully.

"That sounds good, did you print the pictures in one?"

Lisa nodded, a really warm smile forming on her lips. "My friend Sorn dated a guy that was working on photography too last year and he had one. It was last summer in Thailand, when I came back home from school and I had so many negatives. I actually should have thought better before buying a camera that just works with camera rolls but she's my favorite baby "

Was always her voice so sweet? Or was it the actual happiness in her tone? Jungkook was mesmerized. Maybe it was the shine in her big eyes, they glowed like city lights at night. Lisa always told him that he had starry eyes, but hers were so damn unbelievably beautiful and shiny, huge and so full of emotions. Maybe she didn't speak her feelings much but her eyes showed them so clearly, she could win an Oscar just with those eyes.

"And you keep staring..." she teased him, poking his cheek.

Jungkook felt a little bit embarrassed. "Sorry," he shook his head. "You should really made it a darkroom. Aren't gallery pictures printed from there too?"

Lisa tilted her head, stretching out her lips. "Sometimes," she nodded. "I love the prints because it's like having in my hands what my eyes are seeing but I'd also love to see my pictures in a fashion magazine, I'd have so many ideas for it," she added, like lost in the idea, like it was just a distant dream.

Why was it just a distant dream? Lisa was popular on Instagram but maybe she needed a bigger push to get a better job and Jungkook really wanted to help her now... Would it help if he posted all the pictures she was taking of him like the last one in which he was tattooing?

"Yes, I'd print there your nudes when you let me take them," Lisa added, lighting up the mood, and there she was being sneaky again.

Jungkook laughed and Lisa did too, sweetly.

"But really, leaving nudes aside, I like taking pictures of you," she confessed, being serious. He opened his mouth slightly, not sure what to say exactly. He wasn't really expecting her to say it like that or even to think it honestly even though she always took pictures of him and called him handsome, he believed that was just because she loved him. "You don't have idea how much joy you transmit with just a smile when you're really happy Jungkook and that's so amazing for me," and it was curious that she said it in a low tone, as if it were something intimate and private. "I'd love to make an exposition someday and print a picture of you, even though I'd be jealous that people that doesn't deserve it see that part of you"

Jungkook bit his lower lip in a smile and had no idea what to say so he leaned closer to take her face and kiss her, showing her how full of love he felt. He wished he could see himself the way she was seeing him but at least he was happy that she saw something so great in him despite his multiple flaws, because he really wanted to be the best for someone like her, because she really deserved it.

Her lips still tasted like galaxy and they probably always would, because every time he kissed her it was like reliving that supernova that happened the first time he kissed her. It was sweet and it drove his heart crazy, it was like a rush of energy and happiness that could fade in hours or minutes but when they were together it was like an eternal dream that he didn't want to wake up from.

(a/n: EUPHORIA.. TUTUN TUTÚ TUNTUTÚ... take my hand now...)

The food arrived a few minutes later and they both watched more of Haikyuu while they ate, she loved Hinata and was completely

invested. Even after finished their food, they continued until the end of the first season, Lisa was already a little tired until that so they decided to put on a movie that didn't entertain her enough to ignore her phone, especially when she noticed that new notification.

it's thai baby

Pali

this gc is so dead
but here I am hoes
to bring dead bodies from death
a hoe here is getting dick
and we gotta discuss it
lol who

Minnie

you gotta be kidding me lalisa

Pali

now I remember why
this was dead
i regret bringing it
back to life

WAIT

YOU MEAN ME?

Sorn

ofc she means you
lalisa
the last time one of us
got good dick was in 2018

Pali

i can't believe
MINNIE told me what was going on
in your life
you stupid bitch should
have told me
you know what Lisa?
that's toxic

not my fault

that minnie cares FOR ME
AND CALLS ME

Pali

some of us are busy
working in our business
btw
buy me something bad hoes
my brand is good👹👹👹

Minnie

if I keep buying you things
i will make you rich by myself

Pali

bitch that's the point 🐶

Sorn

no one cares about your
brand palisa
share the details lisa
is he big
well yeah
he's around 180 I think

Minnie

lmfaoooo
dork

Pali

forget it
ill find out myself 🐱
when you bring him to thailand 🐱 🐱
ah no bitch
that ain't happening

Minnie

don't tell her that
she will try to see his dick
hardly

Pali

stop implying im a pervert 🐶

Minnie

but did i lie

Sorn

no she means she's not coming
for the summer

Pali

WHAT

Minnie

BITCH WHY

he will dump my ass 🐶 🐶
preeda will scare him away

Pali

oh
your mom is scary

Sorn

that's bullshit anyways
he's a puppy in love

obviously our hoe here already
sucked his soul bc he's simping
HARD

so he won't dump your ass
never

welp
thank you 🙄
i did suck his dick well
he ain't complaining 🙄

Minnie

she so humble 🙄
sorry

momma taught me to not lie
im a good sucker

Pali

im proud
you know what they say girl
you're the one on your knees
but his balls are in your hands?

Minnie

LALISANSKAKLAKLS

Palii meant another one

but that was good
did you try lapping
the corners of the tip?

ma'am 🙄
of course i did 🙄

Pali

that's my baby

Sorn

what about his stroke game
bitch you don't have idea
he could be a fucking dancer
me like YES DADDY
his stamina is crazy
he can go for rounds
for real
he's so hot
love him ☐

Minnie

you told me he used to
buy you chocomilk ☐
YEEESS
he's so sweet ☐

he loves to cuddle
and he smells my hair
and pets it
and his love language is physical contact
he's all the time touching me so softly
CARESSING THE SHIT OUT OF ME
ME GOING ME LIKE MEOW
and hugging me
omg im going soooffttt

Sorn

awww im so happy for you lali

Pali

I'm still the main bitch
in your heart right?
yes baby💎

Minnie

that keeps being nasty
you both uglies are cousins

Sorn

SWEET HOME THAILAND

Pali

so what
we're rich
that happens all the time
JDJDSJ555555

anyways
i miss you all so bad☐
im so lonely here
bambam is here but i can't talk
about dick with him
he says he doesn't care🐼
who wouldn't care about
my bf's big dick🐼🐼🐼🐼

Pali

so he's big🐱

Sorn

I knew it!
y'all don't imagine
how actually big and broad he is
shut uuuup
he's gotten 4k new followers
on ig
hoes going crazy for him

im about to pull out the raid

Minnie

can't blame em


he's hot lisa

you should really take him here

Pali

fr

he'd love thailand

and me 

can't wait to touch those tattoos

i turned on his notifications btw

Lisa

Pali

don't be selfish 

we never got hot dick in this group

Minnie

right

all we got was tiny

and skinny

Sorn

that's bc you never accepted

skinny boys

they're always packing

see Bambam

all he's packing

are his bags to get back

to thailand for the summer

Pali

i can't believe you're using

him as an example

but I'm happy he's coming back

AT LEAST SOMEONE IS COMING BACK


LEAVE ME ALONE

IM GETTING DICK

AND CUDDLES

IM NOT LEAVING THIS COUNTRY

Sorn

but he is big 

Minnie

we know

he's bragging about it

since we're like 13

can't believe you still

tried it
he's literally like a brother

Sorn

i don't regret
it was a mistake
but a good one
and shut up you're flirting
with your real cousin

Minnie

but it is true that
all the dicks we got
belonged to ugly men
especially from you lalisa
you liking men is already bad
BUT YOU ALSO LIKE UGLY MEN

Pali

worse
the bitch got her heart broken
by an ugly man 🤡🤡🤡

STFU

i was 14
it wasn't real love

Sorn

he was still ugly af
jk is the only hot one in your list

Minnie

he looks like he smell bad tho
fuck you????

lemme leave ugly
he smells so good
fr

he's the cleanest guy I've ever fucked
never before I sucked a dick so clean

Pali

wait fr?

deadass

Minnie

okay
enough of dick talk
time off
why aren't you coming this summer
because of jk?
duh?

Sorn

she drooled over that dick
for six months
she's not leaving it
girls i witnessed that whole experience 🐼🐼🐼
it was painful
she called him friend

Pali

MINNIE TOLD ME
THE FUCK LALISA
HOW YOU GET THAT MAN
ANS CALL HIM FRIEND

leave me alone 🐼🐼🐼

i was misreading the situation

Sorn

girl you were reading a whole different book

Minnie

just accept you're stupid and go

Pali

fr
it took you 6 years to get rid
of the annoying rat
kidding
hope you're doing well without her
yeah
kind of
i miss her still

Minnie

yeah...
she wasn't that bad

Pali

got tea from bambam
SHE WAS that bad
girl she took you from us
for so many years
like, i know she doesn't like us
and was keeping you all for
herself so yeah bitch she was
already bad and she could even
get more bad

well at last she was
i don't want to talk about it

Sorn

okay
let's talk about jk

Pali

's dick💎

y'all are so annoying

leave my man alone

im not sharing more details

Minnie

always knew you were a bitch

but you are

my bitch💎

Pali

get your own bitch

Sorn

and when they get to know

you've been cheating on then

with me🙄

oops

Pali

does your bf

know about us?

Minnie

why he looks like the type

that would like to see

us all kissing?

shut uuuup

he's a man not A MAN☐

Sorn

i can confirm

he's rather cute

Pali

WITH THAT ASS?

yes

he's my 💎pitbull puppy💎

Minnie

ew

and yet

you won't take him here

I TOLD YOU

IT WON'T END UP GOOD

Minnie

lisa you can't hide him forever

just introduce him to the family

and that's it bitch

it ain't that bad

it is

Sorn

it's not actually

you've been independent for 2 years now

who cares what your parents think

he will care

girls seriously

im afraid that my parents

will really affect him and our

relationship if i take him home

im not kidding when I say

he may dump me

bc maybe he would

he will think he's not good enough

and im the one here not enough for him

im so full of bullshit and yet he looks at me

like im the perfect star of his sky

I'm literally quoting him

he's been through hell for me

i don't want to add more

shit to his life

Sorn

did he really say that?

(a/n: no that's actually another fanfic but we're gonna pretend it's from here okay?)

yes🐼🐼🐼🐼

idk what I did in my past life

but it must have been good

bc i got jungkook

Pali

girl listen

if he can't get through your parents

he can leave and close the door

i know you hate it

but your parents are part of your life

and they will be forever

Minnie

don't put excuses for him lali

Sorn

but honestly

i saw you two

he loves you to death

he wouldn't leave you

but if he's insecure enough

to dump you because that
girl bye
you can't carry his insecurities
as if it was your fault they're there
im not doing that
im just concerned
he's been through shit with his ex
i don't want more people judging him
and treating him like shit
and my parents will do that

Pali

well
whatever
do whatever you want then
are you just sending me
to eat shit? 🤢🤢🤢

Pali

ah now you can
read between lines

Sorn

she just turns blind when
we ask about her bf dick

Minnie

which really means his dick is big

Pali

and the bitch doesn't
wanna share the details 🤨🤨🤨🤨
but im stronger than you lalisa
im gonna get those sex details
from your drunk ass

Sorn

feel like if you give her a few
glasses she will spill
fr girls you don't imagine
how fine he is in person

Pali

they say korean meat is tiny
but he shows big meat energy

Lisa

"Do you know that I have Thai besties?" Lisa spoke to him out of
nowhere, Jungkook was honestly falling asleep so he frowned very
confused, trying to focus on her.

"Uh?"

Friends?

Thai friends?

Of course she had? Why it seemed so obvious for him? Like... Lisa having friends sounded obvious but okay that she was mentioning it?

God, he was so sleepy for this.

"I mean, my group of friends from Thailand are asking about you, we got in contact again tonight and I just noticed I never talked about them with you," she explained, shifting on the couch to lie on his chest. Jungkook put an arm around her lovingly, fingers brushing her ribs and waist absently.

"They're asking about me?" He asked surprised and really curious, what did Lisa tell them about him? And why were they talking about him to begin with?

"Yes, they want to know who's my boyfriend," Lisa replied and he smiled instantly, happy to know that she was introducing him as her boyfriend. It was so overwhelmingly adorable, it made him feel loved and it really wasn't that poor excuse of love he had thought he felt years ago. "Look, I will show you," she pointed at her phone and he settled better on the couch to watch, noticing that she went to Instagram and then headed to a profile. "This is my cousin Palisa, she's the daughter of the young brother of my mom and we're really close since we're the same age. She's working on a new clothing brand," she added after selecting a photo and tap on the picture to show the tag of the clothing account.

Oh, so that was Palisa.

"I think you mentioned her before," he murmured, noticing that Lisa didn't look like her at all.

"I did?" she asked him genuinely lost.

"Yes, in some tutoring class," he couldn't tell her he remembered the exact moment. It was around a month ago when they were studying and she got a text, she said it was her cousin Palisa. It was kind of embarrassing to admit how much he was paying attention to her, because it was borderline obsessive.

"Oh, well she's my favorite cousin," she shrugged like nothing and then moved to another profile. Next girl was a girl with light pink hair and bangs. "So, next, this is Minnie. We met in kinder, she was in the same class with me and Bambam," she told him absentmindedly as she scrolled through the rest of her feed and then selected her stories, which featured Minnie but blonde.

Minnie?

Like... the mouse?

Her parents named her like that?

"Is it Minnie her real name?" he asked.

"No, but Thai names are really long and complicated to

pronounce so we go for nicknames. It's culture"

(a/n: i read that from a blog and the author was thai so i will trust her but sorry if im messing up here)

"Culture? Like how?"

"Yeah, we all usually have nicknames and use it more than our real names. Many people don't even know their complete name or the meaning behind it, but our nicknames can be really..." she closed her mouth and frowned. "What's the word for when you want to say important but like... with meaning"

Jungkook tilted his head. "Significant?"

"Yes! Thank you!" she smiled and he didn't know she could struggle with korean since she was so fluent but this was really cute. "So, yeah, that's it. Minnie is a nickname"

"So, Lisa is too?"

"Yes, kind of"

"What do you mean?"

"My real name is Pranpriya but I changed it to Lalisa when I was 18 because a fortune teller told me it was going to bring me good luck, and before moving here I changed it legally to make my visa"

"Pranpriya..." he muttered, it was weird in his tongue and he couldn't pronounce it like Lisa. Actually, Lisa suited her better in his opinion.

"Yep, that's my birth name," she nodded.

"Does it mean something? Pranpriya, I mean," he asked, genuinely interested.

"I don't know," she shrugged, pouting. "Does Jungkook mean something?"

He nodded, pressing his lips. "Pillar of the nation"

His mom had quite faith on him, hadn't she?

"You're kidding," she said, surprised and amazed.

"Nope, it really means that"

"That's so cool!" she gasped. "So, you're destined to be like the head of the nation or something?"

Jungkook smiled. "I'd be happy to just receive some head"

Lisa burst out laughing. "I can give you that," she said simply, naturally, just vibing with him being a perv.

"So, Pranpriya is deleted and now it's just Lisa"

"Nah, close friends, family or you can call me like that," she said it like she didn't just tell him he was that special and went back to her phone. "Oh look! Minnie changed her hairstyle again," she commented and Jungkook guessed she meant going from pink to blonde and he then wondered what Lisa would look like with pink hair. He even took a bit of her hair to picture it, imagining, would it be so soft in pink?

"And this is Sorn, you already know her," Lisa caught his eye, showing a photo of that blonde girl that he remembered well.

"Yes, I do," she was always looking at him in the cafeteria and he also remembered her from the first time Lisa talked to him in the library, she was always with her there.

Oh, and then he remembered when they first talked... When he asked about Lisa because she was missing classes and... actually ghosting him, he was just realizing.

It kinda hurt... But he could understand it, Lisa was in the middle of a big mess with Chaeyoung, who was after him at that time, so maybe she had reasons to ghost him after their first kiss.

But remembering that Lisa friendzoned him that time and told him to forget about it when he was so happy was kind of... triggering. But, honestly, who cared? He was now with her in this sofa, cuddling, talking, being so loving and domestic.

Past was past.

"She's been shipping us since the first time," Lisa said with amusement, cutting off his thoughts.

"Really?" he smiled in amusement, did someone ship them?

(a/n: no shit)

"Yes, it was funny," she didn't want to elaborate but Jungkook was content to know that someone thought they looked good enough together to be shipped. "They all like you very much," she added and he rejoiced. "Actually they like you too much for my taste..."

What was that tone?

"They do?" he asked, amused, seeing her sudden annoyed face.

Lisa huffed. "Yes! It's annoying, like they never saw a hot guy before," she rolled her eyes and started to scroll through her Instagram feed.

"They're probably just teasing you," he tried to comfort her even though he couldn't help the loving look he was giving to her. Lisa being cutely jealous was always so precious, like earlier in his studio when she was literally huffing about "thirst comments".

"Oh, they are but damn, they have to chill," she complained again but she was half joking, clearly enjoying the teasing a little bit at least.

"My hyungs do that too"

"They do what?"

"Call you pretty to call my attention"

That interested her, Lisa turned to see him with an expectant look. "Does it work?"

Jungkook had to nod. "Yes, it does and very well actually," and he wasn't going to say more on the subject, it was sensitive and

honestly annoyed, I mean last time Jimin moaned Jungkook like Lisa on his hear to wake him up and he hated how precisely he did it. HE WAS PAYING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO THE MOANS! "Why don't we watch the movie?"

"Yeah, try to change the topic..." she murmured in a way that made him chuckle but she actually focused on the TV, deciding to come back to Haikyuu again.

Ironically, fifteen minutes later Jungkook's phone, which was next to him on the couch, began to buzz every second announcing the arrival of multiple messages. He took it, looked at who they were from, and simply put the phone back.

Lisa arched a curious brow but ended up ignoring it. "I'll go for more water, do you want something else?" She asked him when she felt thirsty, standing up, and he shook his head, casually picking up his phone that had started buzzing again.

Lisa took the empty jar of water from the coffee table and went to the kitchen for more. In less than a minute she was back and if her contact lenses weren't dirty and her mind wasn't playing games, the name in the chat of Jungkook's screen said Tzuyu.

She wasn't really peeking, it just happened that she saw a flash of it...

Sure...

So, annoying Floride summer heat was on it again...

And now Lisa was obviously upset.

Why were they still talking?

Ah right, Storage almost full notification was still Jungkook's cry baby and he was okay with it. And Lisa rolled her eyes.

"So you both are talking?" she asked him casually, sitting down next to him.

She could give him a few points because he didn't play dumb asking who she was talking about. Jungkook shrugged. "Just for emergencies," he said, scratching behind his ear.

Lisa arched an eyebrow as she handed him a glass of water. "So, this is an emergency?"

Jungkook looked like a deer caught in deadlights, like he was scared of Lisa growing fangs and jumping at his throat. "Maybe?"

What kind of reply was that.

Was it an emergency or he and war trauma face girl were talking about the weather?

Jungkook sighed at seeing her expression. "... I'm really concerned, you know ?," he explained and Lisa cocked her head, listening carefully. "She's... weak? I don't know if I could call it weak but she's not having a good moment, she failed this first year in college and with Mingyu things are bad, and you know she's

really too emotionally dependent on him so... I'm afraid she could do something if she feels completely alone "

"Hmm...", she murmured and drank water, thinking. That really sounded wrong and Lisa had seen it with her own eyes, Tzuyu was breaking down in tears for Mingyu and she really needed help if she was so down for him that she was at the edge of doing something stupid. Also, Lisa was a little bit warmed up because of Jungkook being such a good person, he was really honest about his worries, but it was easy to skip when she remembered Tzuyu getting between her and Jungkook like a silly child, stirring shit and trying to give her a bad image in front of Jungkook. Oh, fuck it, she couldn't feel sympathy for that tied earphones knot. "Doesn't she have friends?" she asked in the least accusatory tone she could say.

Friends, like, single, without tattoos, maybe not Korean, I don't know, someone who wasn't Jungkook?

"Yes but she's like...", his voice trailed off and he finally sighed, shrugging in defeat which made Lisa feel a little bit guilty. Just because he was really concerned. "Whatever, you don't have to worry about it"

But she had to when Tzuyu was after Jungkook and texting him when he was with Lisa... or worse, when he was without her.

But, looking at Jungkook who really seemed innocent, perhaps too innocent for his own good, Lisa finally nodded. He was an adult after all and she wasn't going to try to control his life again, she learned her lesson the last time and she actually trusted him.

"Okay," she said despite herself and finished her ice cold water.

"Is it really okay?" he leaned toward her with those big glowing eyes, genuinely concerned that she was sincere.

Lisa inevitably smiled, delighted with him and how cute he could be even when she was a little upset with him.

"No, but I trust you," she told him honestly, straddling him just because he was so handsome and so cute and so fucking hers, so she took his phone from his hand and put it on the couch. "But let's be clear okay? No Tzuyu when you're with me, it stinks," she scrunched her nose too.

Jungkook chuckled. "Fine," and he lifted his hand and put the other on his heart. "I swear to pay attention to you and just you, no other girls, my queen and sovereign"

Lisa giggled, he was so funny when he was playful.

And at the same time he was so hot when he was under her, looking at her with those starry eyes full of love and the goofy smile that was so charming. And, his hair... it was a little bit messy because of the rain and a little bit curled on his forehead, and Lisa just wanted to mess it up more while kissing all thoughts off him.

She cupped his neck and leaned down, loving the way his smile turned sexy as the proximity. "Do you love me, Jeon Jungkook?"

"Of course I do"

"Just me?"

"Just you"

"Am I the only one?"

He glanced at her lips hungrily before looking up again and reply: "Yes"

"Then I trust you," Lisa shrugged but it wasn't the end of it. "I don't trust her though"

"You told me," he nodded and oh, wow, so he was cocky about her being wrong.

But Lisa knew she wasn't wrong and she was honestly waiting for the confirmation.

"I told you, so you know," she said just to make her distrust clear, leaning closer.

"I know," he nodded again.

"And you trust her, just to be sure"

Jungkook poked the inside of his cheek with his tongue and nodded again: "Yes"

Lisa nodded too, granting him that but already tasting the victory when he found out the truth behind that annoying cockroach. "Well, okay, but," she trailed off to gain his attention and maybe it was the images in her head of she on him riding all shit out of him but she felt hot and damn if Jungkook wasn't feeling it too, clearly tempted by her. "If she ever cross the line Jungkook, be sure that you were already warned and it won't be all rainbows and flowers with me," she assured him in a silky voice, playful and full of promise even though it was clearly a warning.

Jungkook arched an eyebrow, truly believing that it was impossible for something to happen but enjoying her jealousy. "What will you do?"

Lisa smirked, after licking her upper lip and being completely conscious of his eyes following the tip of her tongue: "Punish you, of course"

△□△□△□

(a/n: not my best ngl I feel so bad, like a guy too stressed to get a boner and it's so depressing bc i actually like this image 🤔🤔🤔)

And she finally closed the distance, taking his lips in a kiss so hot that it caused goosebumps on her arms and her stomach to twist. Their bodies drew together like magnets, Jungkook clasped his hands around her waist and she arched against him, perfectly aligned with his body.

It wasn't a good time for this kind of thing but making it clear

that he was hers and that he should know it had left her burning, especially because she noticed in his eyes the pleasure of being claimed.

God, he made her feel powerful and very sexy. He was hot when he dominated her but to Lisa he also looked very hot when he was under her, wanting her so much that she could read in his eyes every little fantasy that crossed his mind.

And she couldn't wait to make real each and every one of them.

The kiss they were sharing was so charged with passion that it was as if they were already fucking, tongues licking each other's lips between wet crashes that felt too good.

Lisa was stroking him almost as much as he was stroking her, hands traveling over the other's body and as soon as he got down to knead her ass she decided she didn't care where this was going. Lisa began to move her hips, grinding on his hardening bulge through the jeans.

It was so good, just where she wanted it, pressing that little bundle of nerves. She moaned in his mouth and started kissing a way from his jaw to his neck, tempted to suck on his skin and leave a mark. But it was hard to think when he was guiding her with his hands between her hips and her buttocks.

The angle was very good, the friction was even more pleasant this way, and God knew every time they did this it was fucking great. How hard he got through his jeans, grinding her clit from front to back, was a fucking erotic fantasy come true and every time Lisa rode her pillow she would think of him.

She nibbled on his neck a bit and adored his little growl just as his hands squeezed her butt, fingers actually close to her center.

Oh fuck, it was so close yet so far.

"Fuck, like this," she murmured and left a wet kiss where she had just bite.

Jungkook held her by the hair to attract her to his mouth and with the other arm he held her body, to sit well on the sofa with her on top. Lisa found herself suddenly a little taller, flushed cheeks and puffy lips, breathing heavily, and allowed him to pull her shirt up, leaving her in just her white bra.

"Do you like it?" she asked, honestly loving that his hands came down to caress her waist and back. His palms were heaven.

Jungkook smiled. "I prefer you without it," he confessed and Lisa felt his fingers search for the clasp on her back.

"Take it off then," and she allowed him to reach for it, leaning in to kiss his broad, muscular neck more as she contained a giggle.

Of course, it was a trap. There was no claps in the back of her bra and Jungkook was so confused, literally frowning impatiently.

"Shit," he mumbled and tried to peck over her neck but was impossible.

Lisa giggled again. "You're tickling me"

"Sorry, I just... Shit!" and he was running his fingers through her whole back.

Lisa couldn't take it anymore, she burst out laughing and pulled apart. "Jungkook"

"Where the heck is... Oh," his mouth formed a small of as she opened her bra from the front clasp. "So it was there," he said with raised brows, amused.

"You're so cute," she kissed him and loved that he laughed at himself instead of being embarrassed. Still, the laughs vanished once he threw the bra away and his hands held her breasts.

Lisa moaned through tight lips and arched her neck to give him more room for his kisses. He savored every sweet spot he found, leaving a wet trail on her skin that still burned despite the seconds ticking by. Lisa squeezed his shoulders, getting support to move her hips over him as his hands caressed her breasts, fingers playing with her nipples. So raspy, so hard, terribly perfect. She was murmuring moans through her pleased smile smile. His tugs and fingers were so good, so perfect, and when they were going in circles...

Jungkook surprised her when he suddenly brought a nipple to his mouth and she looked down only to find his dark eyes on her as he licked the tip. Lisa tightened her legs around his waist in unconscious response, feeling her clit throb for more. He looked so good, big doe eyes shining with mischief like someone who knows he's doing so good.

He didn't break eye contact even when he sucked deeply and then bit it, tugging on the little silver piece that sparkled. Lisa moaned his name and arched up, offering more skin and more to kiss. Jungkook moved to her other nipple and sucked, poking it with his tongue, and it felt so so so good.

Electricity was traveling through her nerves and muscles directly to her center, her core was so hungry and it was becoming increasingly difficult to handle as the seconds ticked by. Jungkook was sucking, licking, and nibbling her so well it made her eyes roll back. She didn't even know that the usual pleasure of having his mouth on her breasts could escalate so much but she was loving it. Her hips riding him faster and faster and making him moan and groan against her increasingly rosy skin.

Her nipples gleamed under the lights, burning sensibly against the metal. All of her was hot, fire rose up her back to the nape of her neck making her sweat and her body felt more and more sensitive. Jungkook's tongue pressing her nipples, licking around

song, mine is 34 + 35, off the table and six thirty. and if you didn't listen to it yet, pls do it's beautiful.

also sorry im talkative lol but i've watched a few shows this last month bc i was genuinely too stressed and anxious to think and pls lemme recommend anne with an a and euphoria. MASTERPIECES BITCH.

if you already watched them pls tell me what you think i want someone to talk about it with👉👈👉👈

Chapter 38 • Pt. 2

damn the bitch is back just a few days after, IS THIS A SIGNAL, IS IT GOING TO RAIN???

hope so because it's so hot in here and horrible and ugh

ANYWAYS, HI!!!!

could you please be polite and say hi back bc im seriously squaring up if you all don't start to greet me when i greet you all. first warning

so, in this one i tried to go back to my roots and be funny and i actually had fun so i hope you all have fun too👉👈

The one about tampons...

"Oh shit! Shit, shit, shit!"

Jungkook furrowed his brows in dreams and simply rolled over the bed, hugging a pillow, he didn't care that Lisa had just jumped off the mattress running into the bathroom. Honestly, the world could be falling apart and he wouldn't notice at all.

(a/n: im so f envious, lemme go cancel the fucker just one second)

Lisa honestly thanked him and his heavy sleep because this was embarrassing, so damn embarrassing, god, what was she going to do?

Few things embarrassed her in life but this was a disaster on a larger scale. Such a disaster that they could be sexist and give it a female name like it happens with all hurricanes.

First of all, she was dripping and no, she wasn't dripping in that sense, ugh, she wished. She was dripping in that disgusting sense that makes you want to swear your father for making you a woman.

It's amazing how men are responsible of EVERYTHING bad in the world.

She should have thought better before putting herself in this situation but in her defense, birth control made her periods way less intense so she didn't think about sleeping with a tampon, she thought a night pad was enough... WELL SHE THOUGHT WRONG.

Now, her oversized shit was stained, her legs were disgusting and the sheets... Lisa cursed in all the languages she knew while washing her body under the shower.

She really wanted to die and it felt so gross. Not because it was weird, it was natural, but damn it was always gross and annoying.

And after cleaning herself she really wished Jungkook was still

asleep when she returned because she didn't know what she was going to do.

She didn't want him to see the stain on her sheets and she wanted to die of embarrassment, so much so that her skin was burning, she was actually feeling heated and flushed.

Shit

Shit

Shit

But then, when she naively searched in the counter drawers for tampons, another problem came up.

Why hadn't Lisa used a tampon the night before? Ah right, because she didn't have any more in the bathroom. And why was she now standing in the middle of the bathroom naked in a state of complete panic? Ah right, because there were no more tampons or pads.

SHIT

What was she going to do besides jumping off the window? And that wasn't even a good idea because the idea of strangers handling her dead body with also period going around didn't sound good at all.

God, this was so horrible.

She couldn't go out to buy more with nothing in her panties, it would be risky and weird and what the hell was she going to do with Jungkook? Oh shit, Jungkook ...

Why was this happening to her now?

Why her? She was good, she was nice with everyone, maybe she was messy and maybe she committed a few mistakes in the past, but she didn't deserve to face her brand new boyfriend putting period on the table.

It was too early in their relationship to be comfortable with these things but... Shit, she didn't even have anyone to call and it would be ridiculous not to ask Jungkook, it would also be ridiculous to lock herself in the bathroom and ask Jungkook to leave. How was she going to ask him anyway?

God

How awful...

Lisa looked at herself in the mirror and noticed she was pale, probably because she was genuinely terrified. Men were unpredictable creatures and she had no idea how Jungkook would react, she really didn't want to be disappointed if he made a whole melodrama even though a part of her was sure that he wouldn't do much drama, Jungkook was the chill type.

But she was nervous and worried anyway and ugh, right now she hated being a woman so much. Actually, every time she had her

period, she hated being a woman.

Damn, this was so unfair. She leaned her head against the door as she crossed her arms over the towel, thinking.

She really had no choice but to ask Jungkook for help.

Okay, fine, he was her damn boyfriend, he probably knew her more naked than with clothes and if they were still together obviously this would happen in the future sooner or later in the relationship so...

DAMMIT, she shook her fists and stomped on the floor in a silent tantrum.

Well, fine, right, there wasn't anything else to do. She had to ask him. It wasn't weird. It was not bad. Jungkook wouldn't have a problem, right? He was very sweet and considerate and technically saw blood every day... Not her blood though, not her coochie blood actually...

Oh shit, this was getting worse and worse.

But she needed tampons, like, right now.

She wrapped herself in a towel and slowly left the bathroom, taking nervous steps into the bedroom.

Jungkook was still asleep, thank goodness. He had no idea what was going on and Lisa was thankful that he hadn't moved to her side of the bed.

The funny thing is that Leo had climbed to the foot of the bed and was looking at him carefully, as if analyzing the huge human that his slave had brought to the house. Leo wasn't much happy about it actually, that big thing was scary and was doing those weird noses that his slave would never do, she was a polite girl.

"Meow," he turned to see her when he felt her and walked towards her, lifting his tail firmly.

"This is so messed up," she whispered, stroking his back gently as he arched for her. "Wish me luck, baby"

Leo purred a meow and sat in the corner of the bed, liking a paw to then pass it where Lisa just caressed like the... normal cat he was.

(a/n: i hate so much when cats do that BITCH YOU CAME TO ME FOR PETS WHY ARE YOU WIPING OFF MY LOVE. it's like raising a teenager istg)

"Jungkook?"

Nothing.

"Jungkook..."

...

Gosh, was he dead?

"Jungkook!" she said louder.

"Hmmm?" He didn't even open his eyes, he just turned a little in her direction. He was very asleep.

"Jungkook?" she stood next to him and ran a few strands from his face, giving a few points because he looked cute and so tired. "Baby?"

Jungkook smiled fondly and practically purred, a few centimeters away Leo raised an ear like saying the audacity. "Yeah?"

And he still didn't open his eyes, Lisa wasn't sure they both were in the same world right now.

"Jungkook, I..." She didn't know how to ask and bit her lower lip, combing her bangs nervously with one hand. "Jungkook I need your help"

Something in her voice reached Jungkook's sleepy state because a few seconds later he frowned and opened his eyes a little, slowly raising himself up on one elbow. "So bright..." he murmured hoarsely, facing the window.

Yeah, the white useless curtains were there...

He located her then through half closed eyes and blinked several times until he smiled closely. "Hi"

"Hi"

He lowered his eyes to the rest of her towel-covered body and tilted his head, sitting up on the bed and running his hands over his face up to his hair. "Did you take a shower?" he asked in a low tone.

"Hmmm, kind of," she said after licking her lips, seeing him rest his face in one hand and close his eyes again. He was such a heavy sleeper. "Actually I... Uh..."

"Hmm?"

Shit, Lisa just say it.

"I need tampons," she said quickly and nervously, quickly walking to the foot of the bed to get away from him and the situation and the fact that she wanted to die.

Jungkook was slow to register it anyway. "Tampons?"

"Yeah"

"For what?"

(a/n: to stick them in your ass dumbass what do you think????!!!)

Was he serious?

Lisa's silence gave him a clue, he opened one eye and saw her serious face which made his brain work and he finally connected all the right dots. "Oh, you mean tampons"

"Yeah, tampons"

"Aha...", he still didn't understand what the hell she wanted.

Lisa fiddled with the towel, pressing her lips together, waiting...

Jungkook was again too sleepy to think, in fact he was literally falling back to sleep in front of her eyes, sitting on the bed.

DAMN THIS MAN!!!

WHY WAS HE BEING SO ANNOYING RIGHT NOW?

She could blame period but in her opinion, he was being actually irritating. Why was he so sleepy? They went to sleep early and it was past 10 in the morning, also, she was speaking perfect korean and even talking slow for him.

"I need you to buy me tampons!" she exclaimed nervously and impatiently, kind of bossy too.

Jungkook was startled. "Oh, okay..." he whispered in agreement and still with his eyes half closed, he pulled the sheets off his body and lowered his feet to the side, as if mentally preparing to wake up STILL. "Tampons you said?" he asked again.

Lisa sighed. "Yes, tampons"

Jungkook nodded again and stood up, stretching his arms up. Lisa looked at him a little surprised that he was taking it so naturally and didn't literally object or even ask anything else. He just yawned again, shook his bangs and shuffled to the bathroom, she followed him with her eyes crossing her arms over her chest, not even noticing the way Leo ran away from him like escaping from the devil...

Was he really going to go out and buy her tampons just like that?

I mean, good. But really amazing... Like, wow, his dick was so big.

What kind of special man was this? Since when they were so casual about periods and tampons? Lisa knew her father was terrified of just the word menstruation, he panicked like crazy when on a summer vacation she asked him to ask her mother for pads and that was enough experience for her to never want to talk about it with any men.

(a/n: so is your father melodramatic about periods like mine and this lisa's or he's a rare creature)

And this was just an emergency.

But Jungkook was just so chill about it, she expected it but it was more like a fantasy, she didn't expect him to really act so casual about it.

Wait. Emergency!

The sheets!

Lisa jumped up in surprise and ran to grab the sheets, literally throwing them off the mattress so hard her phone flew across the room.

"Shit!" she winced at the horrible noise and went to pick it up, thank goodness it was fine. She put it down on her desk and quickly went back to taking the sheets and making them into a bun with her arms, leaving the mattress bare and somewhat moved on the bed but that was not important. At least the stain hadn't gotten through the sheets so everything was relatively fine.

And apparently it took Jungkook to just take a piss, wash his hands, wash his face and look at himself at the mirror blankly for 20 long seconds to finally notice what he had to do because once he realized, he blinked and walked out Lisa's bathroom slowly.

"You want me to do what?"

And Lisa was nowhere in the room and the mattress was almost falling off the bed, naked.

Oh... so that happened.

He walked over to set the mattress in place and straightened, turning around only to find Leo at the bedroom door staring at him with huge eyes and all bristling on his back.

Damn... not now.

He took a step and the cat backed away.

Jungkook took another step and the cat backed away again.

Wasn't he going to run away or something? He had to talk with Lisa.

So Jungkook continued walking and a smile began to grow on his lips, stifling a laugh, because Leo started to back away and meow like "OH NO NO NO NO NO NO NO", his eyes saying GET AWAY FROM ME SATAN IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, if he had hands he for sure would take off a cross and throw Jungkook some holy water. And it was so funny. But finally he jumped up and ran so fast that his little claws made a noise against the marble floor, it was like a scene from an old cartoon.

"What happened?" Lisa's sweet voice sounded as she saw her cat run and leaned over the door frame.

"Nothing," Jungkook shrugged although his smile betrayed how much he had enjoyed that little moment. Then he noticed again that she was only wearing a towel wrapped around her body and remembered. "Wait, hmmm, about tampons..." She raised her eyebrows, parting those thick lips a little and her eyes became adorably round, because she was paying close attention to him. He didn't know how to continue because, in addition to being distracted a little by her face, it was something... new to talk about.

Lisa bit her lower lip, insecure about it and it broke his heart because Lisa wasn't usually insecure and he didn't want to be the cause of it. "Is it too much? Because I really need them and I'm so sorry I'm putting you through this situation, I know it can be really uncomfortable for you but this is seriously an emergency and..."

Jungkook shook his head. "No, it's okay, it's just that ...," he scratched behind his ear, awkwardly. "Lisa, I don't know anything about tampons, brands, colors, pussy sizes..."

"Oh..."

"Yeah..." he nodded, feeling guilty that he didn't know how to

help her.

He really wanted to but he didn't want to bring something wrong and waste money, he knew girls were serious about this and...

Then Lisa frowned. "Did you just say pussy size?"

"...I think so?"

"What do you mean by pussy size?"

"Hmm... You know, I've seen in a package once that it said Regular and other that said Super so I thought it meant..." and he stopped talking because Lisa was turning red, covering her mouth with a hand to stifle a big ass laugh. "What?" he asked, clueless.

Lisa laughed at his face, literally. He didn't know what was going on but Lisa really lost it. And then she raised a finger. "Wait, sorry, so for you my pussy is what? Super? Ultra? Regular?"

"I...", what? What was he supposed to say to that????!! In his opinion, her pussy was spectacular but... Why was she laughing?

Oh... he fucked up with the pussy size, right?

Jungkook narrowed his eyes, suspicious. "What Regular means, Lisa?"

Lisa giggled really amused. "The... Oh gosh, I can't believe I'm actually saying this. It means the flow"

"The flow?"

"You don't want me to get into details, Jungkook"

And he wasn't sure he wanted her to get into details honestly.

Lisa shook her head, still smiling, and walked to the bathroom. "Come here, please"

Obediently, he followed her into the bathroom and arrived just in time to see her pick up a small blue box and show it to him. "I need these," she pointed them and the word under the brand.

Oh... so she was regular pussy.

He arched an eyebrow. "Regular?"

"Yes, regular. I just need you to get the same exact box "

Oh, this way easier now.

Jungkook nodded like a man on a mission. "Okay, I'll go"

Lisa smiled at him with such sincerity and warmth that she melted him into a puddle, he was only going to buy her tampons but she looked like he had just agreed to bring her Tzuyu's head on a tray silver. "Thank you so much," she whispered and leaned forward to give him a little kiss on her lips.

Jungkook reached up to caress her cheek and kissed her again, this time a little deeper and longer. It was so nice to wake up with her and see that sleepy little face of hers with those little puffy eyes without makeup and her messy bangs, with some strands around her cheeks. He wanted to see her like this every day of his life and he was happy for making her happy. "I don't know if it's important

but I've been there and your pussy is way more than just regular"

Lisa burst out laughing. "Jungkook!"

The one about a date, a disrespectful mom and the 3 inches...

taehyung's brothel and two the sluts

gnome hyung

oh no

she knows about your 3 inches

wdym

gnome hyung

check her story

shit

well i couldn't keep it secret

for more time, she had to know☐

taehyunggie

that's real love bro

when she can ignore

your little peanut

my little peanut is good

for my heart tho

imagine trying to keep up

a big ass 5 inches beast

no thanks

i want to live a long life

taehyunggie

that's the spirit bro

gnome hyung

we got you bro

thank you bros

enough of homosexuality anyways

im with my gf

gnome hyung

but you will come back to me

let's rub our peanuts hyung!

taehyunggie

don't dare to start the party

without me

it's thai bitch

Sorn

WHY YOUR BF

KEEPS MAKING TJAT

3 INCHES JOKE 🐼🐼

I DONT GET ITTT

I DONT GET IT EITHER
AREN'T MEN SUPPOSED
TO ALWAYS BRAG ABOUT THEIR DICKS
men in highschool were all about that

Minnie

what joke

Sorn

(screenshot)

Minnie

LMFAOOOKSKS

IDK WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM 🤔🤔
HES LYIIIIINGGGG

Pali

so who's lying between you two
we need evidence☐

you're so sneaky
i won't send you a pic
of my bf's dick Palisa

Pali

but :(((

evidence :(((

NO 🤔🤔☐🤔☐🤔🤔

The one about working out...

Lisa was good at exercising, her stamina was really very good, she could spend a lot of time in the gym and dance a lot at parties even when she was extremely drunk. Actually, she liked to exercise, sweat, feel a little burning in her muscles, and then the satisfaction of the pain of the day after as proof that she had worked hard and it would surely show on her body, especially her legs. BUT JUNGKOOK'S WORK OUT ROUTINE WAS A FUCKING EXTREME SPORT.

He had A LIST.

So, he wasn't going to the gym because his was close to his house and he was in Lisa's place so he decided to make a sMaLl workout routine by himself. And after 20 repetitions of 10 different types of exercises, first, Lisa understood why he was so fucking ripped and second, Lisa couldn't even breathe anymore.

The burpees were the worst and for the planks she didn't last more than 10 seconds even though Jungkook did 10, each of 1 MINUTE OF DURATION.

What the hell was man made of? Testosterone and Spiderman's blood? She wouldn't be surprised if he just started to climb walls and throw nets from his wrist. Not like she would complain, all the

Spiderman's were super hot and Jungkook would be a good one too.

In that time, Lisa felt so bad for bullying Bambam in the Gym when they were teenagers because he couldn't keep her rhythm. She was a being a bitch, she could accept it now.

And now, when running with Jungkook around the park close to her building, Lisa was regretting her life's choices and actually hearing Bambam's voice in her mind, laughing at her.

Oh, she was so naive when he told her he was going to work out and she said *"oh, can I go with you? It's been a while since I worked out"*. 2 hours ago Lisa was so dumb, so innocent, so stupid, she didn't know in what she was getting into.

Her leg muscles were on fire at this point and they would start to shake if she stopped, she knew. And Jungkook was a few steps forward, turning from time to time to make sure she was okay. Cute. Lisa was also good at pretending that everything was fine because it was going to be very embarrassing to fall apart in front of him after: *"Are you sure? It can be intense,"* he had warned her. And Lisa huffed cockily. *"Ooof, please, I can do it"*

FUCK PAST LISA.

SHE COULDN'T DO THIS.

SHE WANTED TO LIE IN BED AND DIE.

SHE EVEN WAS FEELING HER HEARTBEAT PULSING IN HER HEAD.

But while running she had at least been able to come up with something and she took out her phone to stop the music, also tweeting something because she had to say it somehow before doing her plan because that way she would know if it was reasonably functional or not.

And it was. It sounded functional.

Lisa sighed dramatically, really loud and enough to turn some guys who ran past her, one checked her out too, but Jungkook didn't hear her... Damn...

She sighed harder, so loud it was almost pornographic, and this time Jungkook turned around smiling.

"Everything okay?"

No. Nothing was okay.

Lisa forced a smile. "Yes, of course"

"Are you sure?" he arched an eyebrow and she didn't know where her usual shy boyfriend was, but this cocky bastard was literally amused at her red cheeks and clear exhausted state, like saying: I told you.

OH NO, SHE WASN'T GOING TO SURRENDER NOW.

"Actually," she silently thanked him for slowing down and coming to her side. "I race you to the end of the road and the one that loses

pay the breakfast," she said even though she was almost out of air. Because besides being tired, she was starving since neither of them had had breakfast.

"I like that," he nodded. "Let's do it!" And the damn cheater ran off. Just. Like. That.

Lisa's eyes widened and ran after him even though there was no way she was going to win him.

YAH

THAT...

THAT...

UGH!!!

Next plan then because there was no way Lisa was going to accept the failure, she didn't even have a chance at first to begin with, Jungkook's legs besides hot as hell and nice for a ride, were also as strong as those of a horse.

Okay, so: lights, cameras, action!

"OUCH!"

Lisa dropped down on the grass by the road and starred a scene worthy of a 2008 kdrama, special effects included plus dramatic soundtrack and a little bit of slow motion. She held her ankle making an overdramatic pained face and whimpered like a hurt little animal.

All Jungkook's protective brain alerts made noise in his head like a real ambulance, he came running to her as if she had been shot in the heart. "What happened?" he asked kneeling next to her on the grass. "Are you okay? What happened?"

Lisa pouted irresistibly and looked up at him with her huge sad puppy eyes. "I think I sprained it, I stepped on a rock," she said in a high-pitched pitiful little voice.

Jungkook opened his mouth in concern and Lisa almost felt some pity for him. "I'll try to get you up and we will move to a bench, okay?" he told her softly, seeking her consent. "Try not to put weight on it, be careful"

Lisa nodded and he circled her waist to lift her up, it wasn't that hard. Lisa groaned, gasped, did all the Romeo and Juliet by standing up and once straightened, Jungkook raised her chin with one finger, looking at her with a lot of concern. "Does it hurt a lot?"

No.

It didn't hurt at all.

But you know what was going to hurt?

Lisa spanked his ass and ran off. "HA, LOSER!"

It took Jungkook a few seconds to realize that he had just been seriously scammed and after laughing in a super high pitched tone, he went after her. He didn't care about winning, he wanted to catch

her. Lisa laughed out loud when she noticed that he was chasing her and deviated from the road, barely avoiding people and she was almost run over by a bicycle, she even got into a space for dogs and went between the trees and then ran to the main entrance of the park but not even then she managed to avoid Jungkook, who was faster and was laughing as hard as she, until he finally grabbed her by the waist and lifted her into the air in circles, making her squeal with joy.

"You're so bad," he told her, hugging her from behind as he put her down. Both were agitated and sweaty but blushing in happiness.

"Who cares, I won," she cheered and turned, dancing ridiculously with her lips stretched in victory. Jungkook wasn't even mad about it and she was actually funny. "You owe me a chocomilk, hottie," she pointed at him with her long forefinger.

Well, he was buying her chocomilks since forever anyway. "I start to think that's why we are dating"

"Obviously," Lisa rolled her eyes playfully and giggled happily, then noticed that they were in front of some kind of park sign that not only showed the name but was made of mirror glass that reflected them. "Wow, I'm ruined," she said incredulously, her hair was fluffy and several strands had escaped her ponytail, plus her cheeks and neck were almost as red as her hoodie. She took her glasses out of her pocket to look better and made a disgusted face and then looked at Jungkook who was looking at her through the mirror. "This is so unfair, you look so good"

Jungkook was sweaty but he was sexy, the droplets of sweat that ran down from his temples to his neck to get lost in the collar of his black T-shirt and the sweat stains that stuck the fabric to his thick chest were terribly hot. She'd love to undress him and run her tongue through all that salt.

"You look beautiful," he told her and Lisa knew he wasn't lying, he really did see her beautiful and it was cute but hell, he needed glasses.

"I'm just glad I have this body, mama," she shrugged and lifted her hoodie to show her hips and she tilted her body slightly to observe her butt wrapped in black bike shorts. It looked great, perky, hard, thicker... Oh, so good. Her younger self would be so proud.

"Do you think that if I ride you more my ass will grow a little bit?," and she was seriously asking that.

Jungkook chuckled and scooped her up in his arms, smoothly pressing her to his body like it was a planned dance move. Lisa put her hands on his chest and he put them on her ass, he squeezed his

eyes narrowed, focused, and finally shook his head. "It's perfect now"

Lisa giggled. "Well, I will believe you, like, what better than your hands to say the truth"

"Oh yeah, trust them, they're really good Lisa's ass judges"

"Couldn't they be a little bit biased?"

"Are you doubting my honesty?" he sounded seriously offended but his comical face just made her laugh more.

"Let's go eat something, I'm starving"

"Nice, but gimme a kiss first," he asked, stretching out his lips.

Lisa tiptoed and gave him a cute peck between giggles, then he spanked her softly to push her to the way.

The one about having dinner and just a happy couple talking about dreams... and queen Jisoo of course. Pretty hours are open.

It was around 11 PM when Lisa entered the parlor, small black backpack on her back with the golden chain around her shoulders and a plastic bag hanging from her right hand, smelling delicious and so strong that the whole small room was infested by it. "Hi, Unnie"

Jisoo, who was saving her laptop in her backpack, smiled fondly. "Hi, Lisa, how are you?"

"Fine! You?"

"Tired," she pressed her lips, shrugging. "You seem tired too, hard week?"

Lisa nodded, left the plastic bag on the coffee table in front of the sofa there and walked to the counter, crossing her arms and leaning on it. "A little bit busy, actually, Lucas has gone to visit his family in China for the summer so I'm taking all his shifts but at least the pay is higher," she shrugged even though it was being so tiring, there were way more clients due to the summer and the higher temperatures.

"Oh yeah, Yuqi has been sulking about it this morning, she drove Jungkook and all of us crazy"

"She must miss him so much, I do too. I'd miss Jungkook if we were apart for so long"

Jisoo scrunched her nose cutely and Lisa had sudden desires to kiss her cheek. "Gross"

"Shut up, we're cute"

"If you say so," Jisoo said, playing hard to get.

Lisa giggled, she liked Jisoo so much.

"Anyways, since my pay is higher I bought food!" she pointed back at the plastic bag. She was glad that one of her family's

restaurants was close to the zone because she could buy all her favorite dishes to share them with Jungkook. It was time for him to taste the wonderful perfection of Thai food.

"Oh, yeah, I can smell it," Jisoo pointed out because yeah, the spices were strong and aromatic.

Lisa nodded proudly. "I've not seen Jungkook the whole week so I thought we could have some dinner," and she wasn't going to let him ghost her again to then show up 5 hours later like nothing happened, she missed boyfriend and boyfriend had the real duty to give her attention or face an angry Lisa.

Jisoo snorted, as done with him as Lisa. "I wish you luck because he's not living that studio until he finishes that chapter, he's been pulling all-nighters all these week," and her disapproval to the situation was really obvious.

"I know, he told me he was going to be missing because of that," Lisa nodded and she was okay with it at first, he was busy and both had lives to deal with but damn, he was crossing the limits. Lisa needed a few kisses here and there. "But I thought that he could take a break and have some tasty Thai food. I missed him," she pouted.

"You both are all the time together," Jisoo said in disbelief.

"Not this week," Lisa pointed out.

"And we all feel lucky," Jisoo sighed as if they were that annoying together... I mean, they were all over the other all the time but it wasn't that bad. In Jimin's opinion, it was that bad though. Third wheeling them was a nightmare. "But maybe you could get his attention, that smells really good," she conceded anyways, amused at Lisa's innocent face as if she really wasn't that disgusting with Jungkook.

Lisa lit up. "I know! Are you leaving now? Why don't you stay and eat with us?"

"Isn't this a romantic date?"

"I bought a lot of food," Lisa said without any problem and her boyfriend wasn't there so there wasn't romantic date.

Or maybe they could be a romantic date if Jisoo wanted, Lisa wasn't against it. Cheating was totally acceptable if it was with Kim Jisoo.

"Jungkook eats a lot," Jisoo pointed out, which was true, Lisa noticed it really fast in the last month.

She rolled her eyes. "Jungkook is locked up there and as you say, it doesn't look like he will leave and I will break up with him if he doesn't leave his drawings to eat my Thai food so for the sake of our relationship, you could eat with me while I wait for him to finish"

Jisoo chuckled. "So, I'm like, the entertainer before the show?"

"No, what the hell?" Lisa laughed. "I like you a lot Unnie and we haven't had a meal together since months. Also, I don't think he would leave his studio for now, he's been ignoring even my nudes," which was so offensive, Lisa had amazing nudes and it wasn't that funny to get a reply 4 hours later when she wasn't horny anymore.

"He doesn't check his phone when he's working"

"I know, he told me," Lisa sighed, she wasn't even that mad at him even when she loved to pretend she was. She was also serious when she was working and a perfectionist too so when she was focused, there was no place for others, so she could understand Jungkook and let him be. "Anyways, let's eat!" she clapped her hands and walked back to the coffee table to open the bag and take off the food containers.

Both girls ended up having a lot of fun at the end, Jisoo was so talkative and funny and Lisa couldn't stop laughing with her. She had so many funny stories from she was young and her way of handling them was also so hilarious, she was really unpredictable and so smart. Like the first time she saw her, Lisa was feeling really gay. There were so many pretty girls in the world but just a few were as lovely and funny as Kim Jisoo.

And that night, she was gorgeous. Lisa didn't know if she was doing her own makeup but the work in her eyes was amazing, outlining perfectly the small shape in a brownish color with a little bit of glitter in the upper lids.

(a/n: sorry my gay is showing and if you don't know, jisoo is my bias)

The loud giggles of Lisa and her, actually, loud voice (since she was excited and having a good moment) called Jungkook attention. When he took his earphones off, after finishing one of the last pages, it didn't take him more than 2 seconds to tell Lisa was there so he stood up and left the studio.

Lisa and Jisoo were sitting in front of the coffee table, on the floor with crossed legs, drinking water after obviously finishing their food since the dishes were empty on the table.

"So, eating without me," he said, leaning on the door frame with his hands lost on the pockets of his cargo pants.

"I didn't want to interrupt, not like you were going to pay me some attention," Lisa shrugged, showing the most innocent smile as if she wasn't coming for his ass.

Jisoo snorted and Jungkook pressed his lips in a closed smile, accepting the fault but glad to know she was just joking... right?

"Sorry, I get too immersed sometimes," he explained himself.

Lisa smiled warmly, confirming that it was actually just a joke. "It's okay, could you finish?"

"Almost, but I'm so hungry right now"

"Come get your kiss then," she said like a pouty baby and stretched her grabby hands. Jungkook bit his lower lip and walked to her, leaning down and loving the way she cupped his face and kissed him softly in a greeting. "Sit here, I bought food!" She said happily and patted the floor next to her.

"It's delicious," Jisoo added, a glass of water on her hand.

"I was telling Unnie that my family's food is the best Thai food you could find in all Seoul," she said proudly while kneeling up and taking another box of food for him that she saved. She wasn't proud of many things coming from her family but the food was something no one could ignore.

"Yeah?" he muttered attentively and leaned over to see what he was doing with curiosity, already tasting the food since the smell was so good.

"This is Pad Ka Pow and you will love it because everything here is Thai," she pointed out and took some rice with her fork and then added some of the seasoned fish. "Taste it," she said and brought it to his mouth.

Lisa's huge eyes looked expectantly at Jungkook's every expression as he savored and she was very satisfied when he closed his eyes, frowning and moaning, and nodded his head. He kinda looked like that when he was cumming too so that meant good news.

"What do you think?" she asked with a smile, even though she already knew.

"It's really good," he moaned and took the fork Lisa was offering to start eating. "I'm so hungry," he said, mouth already full.

"I know, you should take a break sometimes," she said and wiped off a little rice that was on his chin with a thumb. Jungkook showed a closed smile with puffy cheeks and chewed happily, even dancing a little bit.

Lisa was so satisfied, staring at him with eyes literally pouring hearts.

"I think I should get going, it's late," Jisoo reminded them that she was there, watching the show and feeling already disgusted although a little touched, after all she liked seeing Jungkook so happy.

Lisa widened her eyes, since she had really forgotten her presence, and took a napkin to wipe her hands. "Oh shit, sorry! We should walk you to the bus stop, Unnie"

Jisoo shook her head, standing up carefully so as not to show much because her light blue dress was really short "No, it's okay, it's not far away"

Lisa helped her, shaking her skirt a little as she stood up. "But it

could be dangerous," she said, it was late, almost midnight.

Jisoo wrinkled her nose, taking her backpack that was on the counter. "Ugh, you're so Jungkook"

"I'm here," Jungkook said with his mouth full.

"I know," Jisoo looked directly at the boy without caring and then smiled at Lisa, fixing her own long black hair. "I'll be okay, don't worry Lisa. Thank you for the food"

"Anytime, Unnie," Lisa sighed. "Are you sure you're going alone? Jungkook and I-"

"Jungkook and you should stay here and don't do anything nasty in my workplace," Jisoo was clear and Lisa giggled, even though they never did anything nasty there... But it could happen sometime. "I'll go," Jisoo added.

"Fine," Lisa sighed, knowing that she wasn't going to be able to convince her and Jungkook also sent her a wise look, he couldn't convince her either.

Jisoo left after saying goodbye to both and reminding them to close the door and they both sat alone in the store lobby with the only white light from a lamp next to the sofa, after Jungkook asked Lisa to turn off the lights, just because that made it feel more intimate but he wasn't going to tell her.

"I missed you," Jungkook told her after watching her gather the remains and put them in the plastic bag. That day she was wearing a pink silk shirt and shorts, and her loose, wavy hair made him want to sink his nose into it.

"I missed you too," Lisa kissed his cheek and then drank water, bringing her knees up to rest her thighs comfortably against her chest.

"How was work?" he asked her, they really hadn't had a real talk for days and he felt guilty about it, he had lost track of time.

Lisa sighed. "I've been stuck in the ice cream shop the whole week, mornings and afternoons and I don't complain because the pay is higher and I'm having free ice cream, I brought ice cream too by the way," she added and pointed to the storage room where it was a small fridge, Jisoo probably put it there. "But I miss taking photos," she ended up showing that unhappy little face that he didn't like to see.

"No work since graduation?"

Lisa shook her head saying no. "No and... I thought I was going to get a few offers after the pictures were released on the website and even the news because many people were leaving compliments and even my account grew but... Nothing new," she sighed again, her mood turning bluer and bluer by word.

Jungkook didn't really know what to say but decided to flatter

her with honesty. "I think they were spectacular"

They actually were, Lisa was attentive to the details and most of her pictures could have so many emotions. She could transmit her feelings through them and it was sad she wasn't getting more jobs to express herself.

"Thank you," she said although it was a forced smile, it wasn't enough.

He sighed, his mind racing in search of the right words until he could find something: "Don't be sad, you will get a chance soon. Everyone is loving the pictures you take of me in my account, I've gotten a few DMs asking about you," he tried to cheer her up anyway, reminding her of the screenshots that he sent her a few days ago. Several people were delighted with the photos he was posting and wanted Lisa to take some for themselves.

"Yes and thank you for that, really baby, thank you," she stroked his arm in sincere thanks but Jungkook knew he wasn't helping much. Lisa bit her lower lip as if searching for words and Jungkook waited, eating some more, not wanting to pressure her. "But sometimes I feel I will be stuck doing the same old shit forever and... Why am I studying this then? Why am I spending so much money in my major if I won't get more than I'm already doing"

He loved that she talked about these things with him, she opened up to him about her concerns and he wanted to know them all. He also loved that she was so ambitious and passionate about what she did, he admired the people who wanted more.

He swallowed and put a finger under her chin to get her look, Lisa was really upset by this and a little sad but he trusted her so much. "It's hard, but I believe you will get all you want soon. You're working so hard and life is not that shitty, Lisa, I like to think that all you give will be back to you someday"

"You think so?" she pouted a little bit.

He smiled. "Yes, and you're talented and you love this so much... Doll, great things will come soon," he told her softly but firmly, convinced that it would happen soon.

"Thank you..." she said in a small voice and leaned forward, burying her face on his shoulder.

He stroked her head, tangling his fingers a bit in her hair, and felt her relax, at least with one less weight on her shoulders. And then he came up with something that he was probably going to regret but wanted Lisa to be happy and there was something she had been asking for for quite some time.

"Actually, now that you say it and I hope it doesn't sound shitty," he once said when he took the courage to embark on that adventure if Lisa agreed. "Since you're not working much with pictures, I think

we could like... Hmmm... Play around with modeling?"

"What?" Lisa raised her head, looking at him with a frown, like trying to see if he was going to where she thought he was going.

Jungkook took a deep breath. "You asked me to model for you many times so maybe you could... Do anything you want with me. Like, don't photographers plan the whole image instead of just taking pictures? If you want me to do so, I could model for you for anything you want"

Lisa's eyes went so wide as her mouth opened so big he was sure he could see her uvula. He was familiar with that part of her throat, you could figure out why. Then she squealed and jumped up so fast he leaned back startled.

"Are you serious?"

Jungkook was afraid to say yes but she was so happy now so he nodded.

"Oh my God Jungkook!!!!" she shook her fists and then kneeled down to hug him by the neck, pressing her cheek to his. "I love you so so so so much!!! I have so many ideas!" she leaned apart and left a big kiss. "I love you!" she purred with her lips against his skin and he chuckled. "I could make a portfolio with that"

"With my face?" he asked, a little bit terrified because that was maybe too much and he wasn't that handsome but... I mean... damn... She was so happy and he would keep doing anything to keep her this happy.

"In general," she explained, going back to her place. "I have many different type of pictures but I lack variety in modeling terms because many people I work with don't want to experiment, they prefer just, you know, boyfriend/girlfriend type of pictures. So know that you tell me about making anything I want with you, besides jumping to your lap right now, I can work on my ideas, like it was a professional photoshoot "

And she was so fucking happy about it so he just nodded. "Okay"

"And I have many ideas for your tattoos, like, it could work for the account of the parlor too," she offered and that caught his whole attention.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "I'd like to try photographing tattoos. Actually, there's a spot in your studio where the wall is black but the lamp you use to tattoo reflects perfectly that could be a good spot to take pics of tattoos "

He frowned. "How do you know that?"

Lisa smiled bitterly. "You know I look everywhere instead of the blood and the needle when you're working"

Oh, that said a lot. She actually was so cute trying to ignore it,

keeping her eyes so fixed in something else that it could make him giggle while working.

"It's a good idea," he accepted after all. "More people would come because everything sells better when you sell it more aesthetically pleasing," he reasoned and Lisa nodded at his side.

She bit her lips to hold back a squeal but she was a big ball of excitement, literally shining. "I'm so happy," she let him know. "Really, Jungkook, thank you," she added more softly and kissed him.

He held her cheek and kept her closer, savoring her lips a little bit more. "I really missed you"

Lisa chuckled and they kissed for a few more minutes that were eternal, just loving and cuddling. Then they cleaned up the remains and Jungkook told her that he had something else to finish, Lisa simply nodded and sat on the tattoo chair with her phone but since it had very low battery, he lent her his. She entertained herself by browsing his music on Spotify, which she listened to through the speakers connected via Bluetooth in the studio and she loved so many songs, talking about it with him for a few minutes and realizing both had similar taste in music, Jungkook liked EDM more and Lisa liked alternative more, but both enjoyed soft R&B a lot. Then, again in silence, she saw his notifications accidentally and saw something that made her giggle like a stupid little girl.

Oh gosh, he couldn't be real.

No way.

Was he serious?

She glanced at him, focused on his drawings with ruffled hair and the glow from his tablet reflecting on his face, and she sighed happily because that man, who was handsome as fuck, had these things in his phone.

But then she saw another notifications, Twitter notifications.

Twitter?

Jungkook had a Twitter account?

"Do you have twitter?" she asked, getting up on her elbows.

He stiffened. "Uh...", he scratched behind his ear nervously. Why was he nervous? "Yes? It's for the webtoon, you know, interacting with fans and stuff"

Oh...

But why did he look like a deer caught in headlights?

She narrowed her eyes, was he dming Tzuyu through it or something? There were no messages from the empty water bottle in a summer afternoon so maybe they were texting via there and Lisa hated the upset feeling growing in his stomach. "Can I check it?"

Jungkook pressed his lips, looking away. "I guess so?"

Hmmm...

He guessed so?

Wait... He didn't look like guilty Jungkook who was chatting with Tzuyu, he looked like nervous Jungkook because he was hiding something.

And it hit her that small possibility...

Oh, wait, no.

"Jungkook you follow me on Twitter and you never told me?"

DAMN

HE LOOKED SO CAUGHT!

HE WAS SEEING HER TWEETS!

"Don't tell me you saw the thirst tweets," she said, closing her eyes and falling back the chair, sighing.

She knew the answer anyways and it was so embarrassing.

"I'm sorry," he said but he wasn't sorry at all.

"Shut up, you're not sorry"

Jungkook chuckled inevitably, snorting a little bit. "Well no but it's not that bad, I tweeted thirsty stuff too"

Lisa got up fast, interested. "You did?"

"Yeah, I guess you can check since I've been spying," he conceded and she smiled gratefully, looking at his phone as she started to read and scroll.

He was surprised he didn't feel anxious at all about her finding out about this, it was so comfortable and natural, she could make it so easy and funny and he could really get used to this. Showing himself naked to Lisa in all senses was something hard to do but he could do it for her and he realized that he wanted too.

And he didn't notice he kept staring, smiling at her reactions, and feeling something strange in his heart when she started to fall asleep slowly, pouting and curling up to a side in the middle of his studio under the purple LED lights. She looked like she belonged there, like she belonged to him.

"Doll?"

Lisa heard Jungkook's voice in the distance and his hand on her thigh, shaking it a little.

"Lisa, doll, wake up," he told her softly.

Lisa woke up slowly and through her barely opened eyes she found him, she was confused and lost. She didn't notice she fell asleep less when she did. "What time it is?"

"Late," he was close when he answered, leaning over her with a small smile a messy hair after running his hand through it many times. He looked so handsome in Lisa's opinion. "Let's go home, doll"

That sounded so good.

Home.

For them both.

"But promise you will stay over for the night and cuddle with me," she murmured slowly and sleepy. Jungkook chuckled and kissed her forehead so softly that his lips felt more like a caress.

"Of course, love"

The one about the fat cat...

okay honestly idk why updating is getting me so nervous lately they're being so cute and fluffy and gay, it's so weird to me bc you know if no one is sucking a dick i get bored.

SORRY FOR BEING A WHORE but anyways next part will have smut i promise and i hope i can bring it as fast as this one bc i've just noticed it's really easy to write this?? weird. not even when writing st it felt so easy.

sorry you didn't get your catfight yet but it will come, someday, enjoy the fluff pls☐

BY THE WAY, I REACHED 2K FOLLOWERS!!!!

and i offered the option to make a Q&A to me, to the characters, to whoever you want about whatever you want, like opinions about bangpink, ships, idols, or about ht, lisa, jk, bambam, or about future plans, or song recs, or why lisa is still blonde in here when everyone prefers black lisa, or something you would like to see, you know, whatever you want lol. i owe it to someone since so long and im sorry. **so ask here** and i will reply in next part:

dont let that flop pls bc i will feel REALLY embarrassed kalsalk

if you like it, comment and vote💕💕

Q&A slash i feel like a f youtuber this is so unbelievable

for real. THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE!!! thank for not letting it flop□□
□□

SO HERE IS AGAIN YOUR WEATHER GIRL CAKE👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️
READY TO REPLY

also guess what, ITS FINALLY RAINIIIIINNNNGGGG!!!!

a bitch is super happy and also super sleepy

i feel so sad i couldn't add memes btw👁️👁️👁️ like, fuck the 20 media limit here. i wanted to add memes so you all won't be bored to death and also enjoy my amazing collection of memes💎 hope just my words can keep you entertained.

AND NEXT CHAPTER IS COMING IN A FEW MINUTES, lemme go do a last revision and see if I didn't let one of my notes like "here Bambam complains"

bitch that's obvious. we would fall if it was triangle

like imagine trying to live in one of the side, it'd be so annoying trying to not slip down. just alaska would have it easy

yES! especially in the mafia au (we don't say the name bc it triggers people) and other ideas. and yeah they're not here bc funny story that's also related to the plans to writing a jimin part, the original idea of ht was being a spin off of a taennie story (THAT I WONT WRITE) and in there, hyung line were really relevant and important but since i decided to stick to ht and still with plans to do someday that taennie story, i never gave hyung line a character in this story :(((like, one could have been jk's mentor, i know, and yoongi was going to show up in one chapter in my original drafts but it got out of my hands while focusing in another things and stuff. ANYWAYS, going back to jimin, jimin and rosé were going to have their own story too, like after ht, but well lol haha plans changed as you can see since girly turned out being a... hm... you know... big bitch... haha... but now, i don't think i would bc I have zero ideas for him, like, I could give him a new love interest as you suggested and make a story but i think that would make ht longer than planned.

i posted once!!! for her bday!!! okay lol that was last year, literally almost a year ago bc her bday is in december. i hate that I

can't share a pic here bc of the limit but i shared in my profile!!!

leo, obviously. that fat cat is honestly the biggest bitch in that house and solely for the fact that he has to deal with 3 other side characters and their drama. big queen, he and my cat are actually soulmates bc both have been invaded unexpectedly without their will.

and lol I was going to say that you should sacrifice me and do me a favor☐ BUT that would mean i wouldn't get to see the lisoo content so for me you should sacrifice...

yeah, no, i won't say anything, this turning out psychopathic and i don't want you to sue me.

LISOO

like in the middle, clear, super remarked, bc they ARE superior.

FOR REAAAL. THEY ARE SO UNDERRATED. like no beef, no shade, but lisoo have ten times more moments and chemistry than jenlisa idk why people are so biased. lisa and jisoo have bonded so bad through the years and you won't find anyone talking about lisa as lovingly as jisoo does.

also lemme add that jisoo deserves more love and support bc girly is the pinks biggest fan, she's been for them in a lot of moments of their careers even when she wasn't getting anything on her side and that says so much about her. im glad she's finally getting brands and a drama, I can't wait to see her shine and show her worth. she literally deserves so much more than that🥹 hope this is just the start. ALSO SHE IMPROVED HER VOCALS SO MUCH. finally she's in the front showing it all instead of just carrying half of the hidden harmonies and vocals on her back. im just so proud of her🥹🥹🥹

i actually don't know. sometimes I just ignore responsibilities to get deep into writing and finish a chapter, I've skipped classes to update too and yeah no sis i don't recommend. sometimes i write when i have all my things done but i literally never have all my things done so it's like... trying to do everything or nothing while getting some sleep. but it's hard to write too, bc college also fucks up my mood and motivation. so it's like... seeing how it goes every day, some days im super inspired and I write and others i just think while studying: "oh damn jk should choke her... kinky way... yeah...", thinks Lena while nibbling her pen instead of keep writing her essay on word, which she has to submit in 2 hours. sorry if you were looking for advice im not helpful 🥹🥹

that's so hard🥹🥹🥹🥹 OF COURSE I LOVED redsoo era, the color suited her so well and i will never forget that airport look with the dark red body suit and the denim black skirt. HER BEST LOOK. btw jisoo is such an underrated fashion icon. but her color is

black, black is her bitch and she does it so well. ALSO I LOVE HOW HEALTHY AND SHINY IT LOOKS ALL THE TIME.

and blonde lisa and black lisa are always fighting in my mind, bc blonde lisa was a legend but black Lisa brought so many things to us, black lisa is so iconic and I can't believe it took her so long to finally embrace it.

you know what? i promise to follow sure thing when lk go out there and say yeah bitches we are dating. otherwise consider that bitch dead.

but if it cheers you up, i really think they're together. bc i bitch may not be dumb or stupid, but she for sure is delusional☐

and im being unfair? yes, obviously. am i ashamed? no, obviously.

so yeah nope, no plans for now, not for them or taennie and jirose. and sorry for leaving some things uncompleted there hehe. feels like if i say hehe again i will get a punch in the face and it's deserved I know but I really have zero ideas for st or the motivation to keep writing it🥲

YOU WILL SEE GIRL YOU WILL SEE JUST WAIT AND SEE

listen, there's always one gay in a group of 3. that's just a fact. so, 97 liners? 2 of those are for sure lgbt.

im kidding, don't assume people's sexuality pls

but now, seriously, of course I do, it's none of our business but one can't help but question some things and for me there are many obvious gays out there, i mean some literally said it and people took it as a joke, and i hope they're living okay tho, korean society is shit and it must be hard for idols bc many companies for sure keep them closeted. and it's actually a really good question so don't say it is pathetic🥲🥲

this must seem simple but it's so hard to reply bc I really don't know what to recommend and I had to check my spotify acc hard🥲🥲🥲

BUT, I MADE A PLAYLIST, I GOT YOU SIS

so, lemme unwrap my long roll bc bitch can't recommend just 2 songs:

these are the ones I've been listening non stop this days and you have like a lot for any mood you have:

sunday best, surfaces

levitating and good in bed, dua lipa

make me feel, janelle mon  e

stunnin', curtis waters ft harm franklin

bouncing, kiana led   ft offset

wanna love you, paul kim

cigarettes and condoms (but you can find it as she got it on spotify),

BIBI

sweet time, raveena

naked, ella mai

japanese denim, daniel caesar

21, gracie abrahams

make up, sam kim

deja vu, post malone ft justin bieber

put your records on, rit momney

17, pink sweat\$

too late and blinding lights, the weeknd. I've been obsessed with those two these days

all positions album, by ariana

I'd rather go blind (beyonce version), bc it makes me sad af

and a song for you, donny hathaway, which also makes me sad af

AND A FEW OLDIES THST ALWAYS MAKE ME HAPPY AND CHEER ME UP:

style, taylor swift and actually all 1989 bc that album is gold

i want it that way, backstreet boys

oops I did it again and toxic by queen britney

kiss, prince

coming out, diana ross

the whole mf soundtrack of mamma mia

and yeah i have gay taste so what

probably it is bc I talk and I talk a lot so I transmit that when writing and it always ends up being a lot, long boring paragraphs with unnecessary details that i have to delete after (I committed that mistake many times when writing sure thing), so when I sit to write, like actually narrate, I just start to talk and talk and talk AND TALK and it comes out naturally, especially bc i feel the need to really make you all see and feel what I want the characters to show. and also i feel like i can't just deliver short chapters anymore, these last ones have felt so weird bc i grew used to post chapters that have everything inside, you know, an introduction, conflict, resolution... sometimes i force myself to write a lot bc otherwise i'd be unhappy. and college of course is that ugly ass hag behind my back draining all my energy so it's a matter of days and energy... blows? hits? like when you just get a sudden charge of energy out of nowhere. energy and inspiration.

nope. im not really interested in other ships and less to write a whole story about them, not if it's just them at least. like, I've planned a few plots which involve most of the ships, one is a rich kids slash highschool au in which jirose are my favorite characters, you've got there church girl + actually good fuckboy that's head over heels for her and she just friendzones him bc she thinks she's

the devil bc he's also cute and a real friend to her, it's actually a funny idea to me. but i don't think i will be writing it soon, but i'd love to do it bc a frustrated dream of mine is making one fucking highschool au in my life after watching gossip girl, but there's not actually a plan to do it even tho i have the whole plot and characters done in my mind lol

sorry for being like this, i just like producing the plot and characters but writings ends up being so hard to do.

funny story pt2, since ht was going to be the second book of a trilogy i planned like in 2017, jirose were going to have their own story and it was going to be completely different from what you see now but well things went to a whole different direction... you know hehe coughcoughbigbitchcoughcough and i decided to just end it in ht. also, i dont think anyone wanna deal with chaeyoung again.

editing bc i didn't notice you asked for bias lol my bias in bp is jisoo and jin is in bts. yep. pretty funny people are my type and like so sure they're cousins.

lisa in bp, and as a just to be edgy jk anti i refuse to say jk in bts so taehyung and jimin, but honestly i'd bang anyone in bts. they're bangtan boys bc of a reason and i can see it.

THE SPIDERKOOKFNEJSKWK well if someday i move and open that one shots book, it will come. it's easy to write tho idk why im procrastinating so much. i guess it's just my stupid human nature. im naturally LAZY.

and i don't really know. at first i liked them bc like they just fit in fiction, i liked reading fanfics and stuff, but after writing i got deep in this dark hole (REALYL DEEP DARK HOLE) full of tea and proof and cOinCidEncEs and now im literally obsessed AND ASHAMED. bc gosh, i can't believe im still so into them but i actually like to write and use them as characters bc both are so versatile, like, you can make so many aus and different characters with them bc they can just fit the vibe. you want them fierce? you got them. you want them soft? you got them. you want then hot? YOU HELLA GOT THEM.

lol yeah i noticed and well idk since every time i write i have like a plan and adding someone at last minute triggers me kfkD BUT maybe as extras 🧐☹️🧐☹️

cakey ☐ im gonna do that every single time you call me cakey sorry

well, usually an idea or scene stays in my mind and i overthink it all the time for MONTHS, like ask the people i talk with they must be so tired of me fkdKdk. so this idea, i keep working it more while it is in my brain until i finally write it and then i sit blankly on my chair thinking: now what🧐☹️🧐☹️

like it's really hard for me to come out with a new idea that I haven't overthought for a long time and just write it. the bitch just have to procrastinate and fantasize for a while hehe and about habits, well I'm not a constant person so every time i sit to write is different and I hate that bc I can't predict what to do to inspire myself or motivate myself, it just happens sometimes and i just do it all at once bc if I stop to think about getting myself more comfortable or search some music to get myself in the mood for sure I will get distracted hehe

BUT in general... sorry this is getting so long I talk a lot. So, first, I get the inspiration or first idea, then the characters (how they are, what they do for living, what are their 3 basic traits, what connects them to each other), then in the structure of the story like what happens first, what in the middle and how it ends and I keep adding details as time passes by while overthinking it.

thank you☺☺☺ and lol no I would never make you all pay bc this bs could be better and it's not worthy. fr, im not looking for compliments kffk

AND, not for now actually. i used to do that in 2016-2017, before getting into bp and bts, and it was fun but im afraid people wouldn't read it, not with OCs. i like the OCs I created at that time tho and there's one couple that I'd love to adapt to lk and write their story bc I like it so much lol but maybe someday I'll go and a whole original story. it's just that writing fanfictions is so fun, bc like, we all share the same taste and preferences and especially if it's focused in a ship like lk

🥰🥰🥰 oh my goooooosh. happy to cheer you up☺ it makes my days better to see you all happy too.i need it so hard sometimes so thank you for enjoying this with me. love you too baby💖

and well, there's not much to say at this time lol. my hobby lately is watching rupaul drag race bc just queens cheer me up, and I've been watching some shows in my free time lately (I finished atypical on netflix and im following the crown new season) and binging youtube videos, I love true crime videos and the Sims 4 gameplays, also movie commentaries. OH I love playing the Sims too, i have lk there, don't ask me what I do with them lmfao

but i don't do more than that, i study and i have classes every day mostly since 2pm till 6pm, sometimes till 8. my midterms and finals are around the corner so im anxious as fuck. btw, I'm an anxious person, I've been my whole life but with college stress it triggered worse and i suffer anxiety attacks a lot. also, im literally stressed 24/7 and it's bc i overthink everything because i can't just live the present, im always concerned about the tomorrow. but let's stop with the sad shit, im also an only child, I have a really good

relationship with my parents and no I'm not a brat, maybe self centered and whiny but not a brat lol. and I love my cat to death. i have 4 irl besties that I also love to death. my face is a mess since pandemic started but now im controlling it better to be back the clear skin queen i was before. aaaand, idk about fav memories but one that comes to my mind is from 2016 in a school trip. we were doing rafting and me and my bestie fell to the cold af river, i could hold the boat but girly ran away floating like a plank, literally, and hugging the rowing, spitting water like a fountain. IT WAS SO FUNNYDNDK I literally can't say it without losing it. and the bitch wasn't even fighting to get back, she just let the water take her away till a rock stopped her.

OH ANOTHER MEMORY is from a party, this inspired jelly chapter in sure thing. Lisa's scene in which she's drunk af and start crying bc she's embarrassed of being drunk. that happened irl with my bestie, she was so wasted and just threw up, she started to cry so hard a few guys came to ask what happened like "someone hurt her??? someone touched her???" and lol no, girly was just crying bc she was ashamed of throwing up in an old paint can bc she was so drunk. meanwhile my other bestie making out in front of us with her man, not giving a fuck.

AND ABOUT BLACK HAIR LISA !!! just wait and see🐱🐱🐱

well tukkilisa is the clear proof that a bitch is a stupid, she's a dumbass. so, my main plan was making tokki (bunny in Korean) + lisa. like liskook, but subtle liskook. not so obvious. as if I didn't write a whole mf idolverse about them. BUT ANYWAYS, idk what didn't connect in my brain that I typed tukki CONFIDENTLY. LIKE, I LITERALLY CHECKED TWICE AND STILL TYPED T U K K I. and for months I was sure it was tukki until I started to follow an ulzzang guy whose user is TOKKI and then I realized... that im actually pretty dumb.

but yeah, that's why it is tukkilisa.

🐱🐱 thank youuuu!!! THANK YOU GOR LOVING MY DRAMATIC ASS!!! ik the bitch is annoying sometimes🐱 but she's also FABULOUS ☐

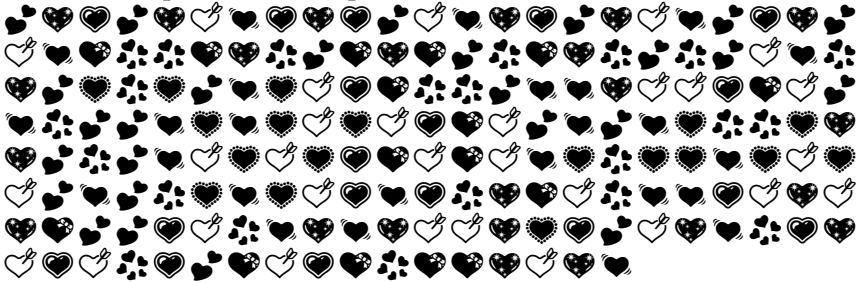
so, sad to say no🐱 there's not dick appointment and i mean, im not that sad bc im busy af and going out and getting it after months of no social interaction with strangers plus my social anxiety plus my face looking like the moon with all these pimples plus men being real shit with anything but the audacity to play me, yeah, no, too much effort and anxiety. BUT ALSO GIRLY WANTS DICK🐱

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR THE QUESTIONS🐱🐱🐱🐱
sorry if I ended up being damn annoying, i know i ramble a lot and

at the end I don't say anything lol

but for real, thank you for giving me some attention and being interested☐

since I can't put memes ill put tons of hearts



Chapter 38 • Pt. 3

HHHHHH!!!!

TORTA is back agaaaaain!!! and with a long af chapter that is not as funny as the last one but i hope you enjoyed it because they're still cute and i could add a few small dicks jokes which makes me so much happy you dont have idea lol

The one about the pics I forgot to put in the prior chapter...

(a/n: that pic is so iconic we miss her)

(a/n: catch the spoiler 🐱)

(a/n: this has no reason to be here but i just wanted it and I can do it and i have the space to do it so here it is. now see me regret bc this ugly app has a limit for pictures)

(a/n: that's actually a mood)

love of my life

hey doll

you can't just come with hey doll

not after what you did

what did I do???

you know what you did

oh

□

yeah

will you come here □

i was actually about to tell you that

i finished early

want to go out for dinner?

no

no?

why?

what happened?

jungkook

im horny

and taking a bath

a bath?

yes

im naked

and wet
yeah?
really wet?
yes
super wet
dripping
and
i smell like coconut
and there's foam all over me
on my legs
my tummy
my tits
my nipples
did you know that piercings sparkle through it?
no but im glad to know now
id love to have them in my mouth
wipe all the foam out
oh of course you do
you will glad to know that
im getting my nipples hard now, right?
touching them like you do
and
i might use some glitter oil after
to be super soft and shiny
and
I might have fun tonight
open my legs and play around
and I'd love you to join
fuck
yes
fuck
me
please

Jungkook

pls do

come fast pls

△□△□△□

(i think this one is good too but im not sure, im still in that guy that cant get a boner phase)

It was really amazing how fast Jungkook could move when he was horny, because one second he was entering the apartment while she greeted him in her very short yellow silk shorts with a short white tank top that marked very well that she wasn't wearing

underwear, and in the next she was in his arms against the wall, legs around his waist, and lips crashing his.

He was grinding against her core hard as he ruined her with his tongue and Lisa felt him so hard and hot against the silk, getting herself wetter and wetter. She was tugging at his hair and holding on to him, ignoring the slight pain in her back. God, she loved when he was so hard, so passionate, like he was going to die if he didn't fuck her and Lisa could share the feeling, she really felt like she would die if he didn't fuck her, her core ached with despair.

"I want you to fuck me so hard, Jungkook," She managed to gasp as he pulled away to lower his fiery kisses to her neck, hands gripping her ass tightly to guide her against his hard bulge. His fingers had slipped under the thin fabric and pressed against her skin like a hungry man, reluctant to let her go.

"Right here, doll?" he growled against her skin and ran his tongue down the length of her neck. He nibbled at the sensitive skin of the crook between her shoulder and neck and she gasped.

Lisa cocked her head. "Yes, please, here and now," she whimpered and Jungkook silenced her with another intense kiss, stealing her breath and all power. Lisa felt helpless and vulnerable, ready to be fucked, and she needed it.

He released her only to open his pants and she held him close, holding his jaw as her body rubbed against his desperately, her lips still on him. She wanted him inside now, deep, pushing, destroying her against the wall.

Jungkook gripped her hips when he finished, drawing her to his body, and Lisa moaned at his hardness against her stomach, the tip was wet and he was very hot. He took her ass and lifted her again, Lisa wrapped her legs around him.

"No panties?" he asked though he could guess, already getting his fingers between her legs to see if she was wet enough. She was dripping.

Lisa shook her head anyway, breathing hard against his mouth.

"Fuck, do you want me this much?"

She nodded this time and gasped silently when he simply slid deep into her, working his way into her wet walls. Her mouth fell open and a choked moan escaped her throat. She felt so full... He rested his forehead against hers and held her neck with one hand, seeking her attention.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes," She nodded quickly and a lazy smile crept across her lips as she brought her fingers to his lips, feeling his heavy, hot breath. "Jungkook, I want you to ruin me"

He smiled back at her and held her tightly by the ass to then hit

her against the door of her room with his body, she moaned as she felt him a little deeper. "You're so hot, doll," he murmured and began to pound her, slow but deep, almost coming out to push back all the way to the bottom.

God, so good... He was slipping inside so perfectly and easily, stretching her open for him, slowly, too fucking slow damn.

She cupped his cheeks and stared at him, lips parted. "Please, fuck me, use me, I want you hard, Jungkook," she begged him on a moan, she liked this, but she was very horny and really wanted to be banged against the wall. She wanted him to take control and just use her like that time in the bathroom.

His eyes darkened and his gaze turned pierced. Determined. Lisa held her breath in anticipation. His lips took hers and his hips sped up, pounding into her roughly as she wanted.

"Yes!" she screamed, arching.

He silenced her again with a hungry kiss, squeezing her hips and buttocks in his huge hands to go deeper, stronger, sink to the bottom of those walls that were so fucking wet. Lisa loved the little pain his grip on her hips caused and tried to move against him but Jungkook growled disapprovingly.

"Lower your legs," he said hoarsely against her lips.

"But-" why would she do that?

"Lisa, lower your legs," he ordered her now, she blinked somewhat surprised but she did it although she couldn't do much, Jungkook had her held in such a way that her hips were glued to his and then Lisa noticed.

"Oh..."

He smirked and licked her mouth, holding her jaw while holding her steady against him with his other hand. He then rolled his hips up for the first time and she whimpered a surprised moan. That was good, very good, he had just brushed all the right spots, her g-spot and all the nerves from her folds up to her clit with his pelvis. He smiled, proud to have her so bothered and started to grind on her, fast, hard, perfectly smooth. One, two, three... she couldn't count damn, so many thrusts were ruining her, shaking her whole center and folds.

Lisa dug her nails into his shoulders, through his shirt, and began to feel the heat rise from the base of her back to the nape of her neck, making her sweat. Suddenly everything burned around her, it was like being in an oven and the sweat tickled her but she could ignore it, she didn't want him to stop moving, the pleasure was clouding her mind to the point that she just wanted more and more and from her mouth could only come out his name.

He was good, way too good.

He was starting to sweat too, drops ran down his temples and moistened his neck but only made him look more powerful, his eyes were looking at her like he was a king, fucking her harder and harder until Lisa was just moaning and panting messily, without control. His moans mixed with hers but were muffled when he reached down to suck one of her breasts over her top, kneading her other breast with his hand.

"Jungkook, please, Jungkook~," she moaned although she didn't know why she was begging, she just knew that the orgasm building in her belly was about to come out.

Jungkook pulled her top up and sucked on her nipples hungrily, both hands back on her ass to drive his cock into her so hard it curled her toes, stealing her air.

Lisa felt like every cell in her body was going to explode and she really wanted it to happen, she wanted to explode and when it finally did, it was mind-blowing.

She saw white and her senses were clouded by the sudden blow and she was oblivious to the screams and moans she let out. Her legs trembled in the air and her walls pulsed so hard that she really felt every damn detail of his cock. Jungkook impaled her to the last wave of orgasm and was still hard when Lisa came down to the ground, breathing heavily into his arms.

Jungkook held her thighs to lift her tight against his body and kissed her lips gently. "Do you really want me to go hard and fast, doll?"

Lisa had just come but she wasn't going to say no, there was so much desire in Jungkook's eyes, a hot assurance that caused goosebumps on her skin and made her nod, still horny, still ready, damn, even more ready than before. Once her mind was clearer, she felt energized again.

"Can I do anything I want with you?" he moved closer to her lips, whispering.

Lisa nodded again, getting aroused again and squeezing his dick still inside of her unconsciously.

"Use you?"

Oh yes, please.

"Yes," she vocalized, making it clear that he had all the power he wanted over her.

He devoured her mouth again and led her into the room, laying her on the bed gently but took her arms and pulled them off him, ending the kiss. Lisa looked at him confused, on her elbows on the mattress, he was close, leaning over her, with a smile on his lips.

"Get naked"

"If you insist," She smiled and pushed the clothes away, never

taking her eyes off him, who was also undressing, too calm for the red, swollen erection between his legs.

She offered herself to him once she was ready, leaving her feet on the bed and her knees up, legs spread to give him a clear view of her wet slit.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Jungkook calmly approached her and climbed onto the mattress, crawling over her but without even touching her.

Lisa followed him with her eyes full of lust and bit on her lower lip, wanting him so badly, wanting to lick every inch of his body's marked muscle and take him inside once more. "What are you going to do with me?"

He chuckled. "Oh, doll," Jungkook leaned down and kissed her gently, one of his hands ran over her body, stroking and squeezing her flesh lightly, her breast, her nipple, her waist, then her thigh... making her moan from the friction and impatience. His caresses were as if an aphrodisiac feather brushed her, only teasing her skin and her body slowly.

She couldn't speak anyway, there was something hypnotic in his gaze, his dark eyes were worshipping her, every inch of her body was very delicate for him and it seemed that he would never touch something like her. Lisa knew that no one would ever look at her like this again.

"You really shine," he commented with a smile, noting the tiny glittery particles that her expensive body oil had left behind, along with an exquisite sweet scent that she knew he liked. Lisa just giggled.

However, he distracted her enough that she gasped in surprise when he turned her over and laid her face down on the bed.

"Oh, so this is what you want," she laughed and pushed herself to her knees.

Jungkook surprised her again by spanking her. "Shut up," his tone sounded amused although her voice was deliciously husky. Lisa was still stunned by the small smack but not upset. Then she felt his hands on her buttocks, squeezing. "You have such a pretty ass, doll"

"Yeah?"

Jungkook made a sound of assent and lowered his mouth to her back, leaving little kisses on a way down to her lower back and bottom. Lisa purred, nibbling on her lower lip.

"I love your tits, I'd suck the shit out of your tits, but this," She jumped in surprise once more, he had just planted his hands on her buttocks hard to knead. Lisa literally felt a drop of her arousal run down between her folds. "This and you are so pretty. I want to fill you with cum and just watch it spill out," a little aroused pain

exploded in her belly at those words.

"I want that too," She sighed.

"I don't care if you want it," he said cynically and Lisa gasped, feeling him straddle her thighs from the back. He leaned over her again, hands on her shoulders and his breath caressed her ear. "Will you be a good girl and let me fill you with cum?"

Lisa nodded her head and felt him smile before lining up his cock and sliding inside her once more, until his pelvis collided with her buttocks and Lisa lifted her butt slightly to get him as deep as possible.

"You're always so warm," he whispered, kissing her cheek and temple, taking her hands to bring them up and bring them together. "So ready and open for me, doll..."

Lisa was burning under him, he hadn't even moved, but his hot body and his words were enough to sensitize her, her pulse was racing and her pussy was very hot, very wet, very desperate for a rough fuck.

"Jungkook..." She moaned impatiently.

"Shhhhhh, be a good doll and wait," he murmured, kissing her shoulder affectionately. "I'm enjoying your warm pussy, baby. Isn't it just for me to enjoy?" he asked and swayed a bit, tempting her. It was so thick, it was already brushing everything inside her. "Isn't it just for me to fuck and fill up? Aren't you my pretty doll to use and ruin?"

Lisa moaned, squeezing him with her walls and smiled a little, proudly hearing his silent moan.

"I love when you talk with your pussy, Lisa, but use your mouth," he said sweetly and held her wrists with one hand, but took a pillow with the other.

"Yes, I'm your doll to ruin and use," she said perhaps too easily but her senses were too clouded to think. She liked this, she loves that he talked dirty to her, being loud about what he really wanted and God, what he wanted was so good.

Jungkook nibbled on her ear, sending strong electrical currents to the center of her stomach. "Raise your hips a little bit"

She did so and he put the pillow under her, giving it a little more height.

"What are you do-" She cut off on a gasp, he had spanked her again.

"Listen, baby, I just do and you get it in silence, unless you're moaning my name, okay?"

Why did his voice suddenly sound so threatening and why was it so effective. Lisa whimpered submissively and nodded, being rewarded with the little movements Jungkook started making with

his hips, barely moving his dick inside her and somehow the friction was good, very good.

"I want you to scream, Lisa," he said against her ear and then pushed hard, stealing her breath away. "I'd love to hear you cry out my name, too, would you do it for me, doll?"

It was easy, especially when he started fucking her fast. "Yes~" she whimpered, loving the feeling.

Jungkook rose on his muscular arms and pushed himself higher, slamming his hips against hers, causing more of those needy, sweet little sounds to come out of her mouth. Lisa had her cheek against the mattress and her nipples brushing against the sheets, the force of Jungkook's hips rocked her and made her skin rub against the soft fabric, stimulating her nipples. She couldn't move her wrists or her legs, his weight didn't allow her to, but it was fantastic because she was getting what she wanted. And she couldn't stop moaning, she enjoyed making even the smallest noise and hearing him growl and gasp for her, muttering dirty compliments.

Jungkook was using her, fucking her hard and hard, moaning for her and forming a melody with her that mixed with the erotic sounds of their bodies meeting each other.

She was close, he was, and Jungkook was losing control of his hands as his mind clouded, searching for the climax that pulsed in his balls and made him so hard inside her it hurt. He held the back of her neck, pinning her completely against the mattress, and moved his hips faster, harder, loving to see her ass bounce against his pelvis, obsessed with seeing how wet his cock was coming out of her, dripping and sticky.

Lisa moaned louder, the pillow was brushing her clit right where she needed it, stimulating the little bundle of nerves in time with Jungkook and his cock. She felt very hot, the arousal overflowed from her body and heated everything around her and if she thought it couldn't be better, Jungkook grabbed her hair tightly to lift her and stick her to his chest. Lisa felt pain and pleasure mixing in a whirlpool so strong she could only moan and scream.

Her thin body clung to his as his hand wrapped around her neck, she felt surrounded by strength, warmth and control, she was just a noisy mess in his arms, arching her neck back and pushing her hips over his to hit more hard and faster.

"Fuck, fuck," he growled and smacked her thigh, moving her with his hips, so deeply buried in her. "You're so fucking hot, so fucking mine, fuck Lisa, fuck"

"Jungkook~" she gasped, not even affected by the burning in her body but lost from his big member in her, going fast and hard. She liked having him around, she liked being hold tight, and she loved

the pressure on her throat, and his heavy breathing on her neck.

She was close again, overwhelmed and sensitive.

He lowered his hand to rub her clit quickly and effectively and made her tremble in an orgasm so loud she screamed, and he came with her, being squeezed, filling her to the brim as he thrust more and more and let out loud moans.

But Lisa couldn't take a breath, Jungkook pushed her back onto the bed and man-handled her body fast, leaving her on her back with open legs. He sank back into her very wet pussy and hovered over her body, holding her hair in one fist and her neck with his other hand as he fucked her more.

"I'm never getting tired of you, fuck, look at you," he growled against her mouth, loving her red cheeks and the little trail of tears that had trickled down her cheeks in her last orgasm. He lowered his gaze to appreciate her entire flushed body and her thighs and pussy wet from his and hers arousal as she received him inside once more. "Is this just for me, doll? Yeah? " she nodded, making a squeaky sound that sounded like a yes. "Yeah, it is, baby. You are a wet mess, can you hear yourself? Can you see what you do to me?"

Lisa was so sensitive that she was quickly rolling her eyes back and moaning with pleasure, right in front of his eyes. Jungkook lowered the hand that held her neck to her clit and patted it gently, Lisa let out a cry, arching, muttering thousands of yeses that turned into nonsense murmurs as he began to rub her clit as fast as he was fucking her.

"Jungkook, please, please, please," she was so close, begging him to go ahead and get her there.

"Yes, doll, yes...", He was on edge too, crazy with pleasure, crazy with pain, crazy over her. When Lisa came back from literal white heaven, he flipped her back around and lied on her back, tugging at her hair and burying his face into the back of her neck as he used her to come once more. Lisa loved this, he loved this too, he loved having her pinned under him making loud noises...

Jungkook was literally riding her and he came so hard that he found himself whimpering loudly and then he grunted, taking a few final thrusts that echoed through the room. He emptied himself back into her, if there was anything left, and literally shook with pleasure and oversensitive, gasping for air for a few seconds as his heart pounded in his ears.

△□△□△□

(a/n: i tried to make him daddy dom or wtv but it's so hard bc he's a softie here and fuck im so vanilla... but hope you enjoyed it and if you didn't, lie to me)

He pressed his forehead against her back, trying to catch his

breath, and over the seconds he came back to reality. It was very hot and both he and Lisa were sticky and sweaty. Lisa's entire back, shoulders, and neck were flushed, contrasting with her messy blonde hair, and she still smelled delicious, ready to devour back. But she was very quiet.

"Lisa?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you okay doll?" he asked her, trailing loving kisses down her back to her shoulder. She had enjoyed it a lot but she was still burning, seeking calm.

"Yes, I am," She replied with a smile. He smiled too and kissed her cheek.

He held onto his arms to lift his body and it was difficult for him to relax the hand that held her hair, he had gripped her so tightly that his fingers ached and he hoped he hadn't hurt her. However, when he raised his hand, something came with him...

Blond hair was tangled between his fingers...

He gently shook his fingers so as not to hurt her but realized that... a lock of hair was literally stuck to his sweaty hand...

Oh...

The extensions...

The extensions, again.

He just pulled out her extensions? Like Chaeyoung? Without even wanting it?

Oh... he was strong...

Jungkook snorted loudly and rolled to the side, staring at his hand in disbelief and giggling.

"What?" Lisa asked in a slow and heavy voice, she seemed about to fall asleep, and she rested her other cheek on the mattress to look at him.

"Oh nothing, I just got new accessories," he said, raising his hand to show her.

Lisa's eyes went wide and she sat up on the bed, touching her hair. "Oh my God!" she gasped, another lock of hair tangled around her fingers. "Jungkook!" she scolded him in disbelief. Her extensions were expensive and well placed, what the hell had he done to pull them out? "How the hell this happened?" she asked, letting out an incredulous laugh.

"Lisa you know how this happened"

"But ... What?" she stammered, running her fingers through her hair and grateful that the rest hadn't left.

Jungkook would have been embarrassed but he just laughed because this was ridiculous, he never in his life expected to find himself ripping his girlfriend's hair off. It was fake hair but still...

"Should I try blonde?" he said, putting the lock close to his head.

"Shut up," she hit him with the pillow that had been between her legs and lay back down.

He kept giggling. "This is too funny, Lisa"

"Shut up," She complained again and threw the other extension at him, unable to even help but giggle because it was actually funny. He took it and put them on the back of his neck, sitting down to hang them.

"How do I look?" he asked and Lisa laughed at him showing off her new extensions, posing and then pulling it back sassily. "Pretty, right? I'm a pretty boy, I'm stunning"

Lisa snorted. "Yo, leave my extensions alone psycho, buy your own," she said but she didn't move, looking at him amusedly.

"I took them so they're mine now," he defended himself.

"So you just seduced me to have sex and steal my extensions?"

Jungkook nodded seriously. "Yeah, it was all planned since I posted my after gym picture. I took it and thought: damn Jungkook, today you're gonna pull that bitch's hair out and be a blonde yourself"

"Oh my God," she laughed loudly.

He enjoyed seeing her giggle and finally threw the hair away to lay down on his elbow, sharing one of those looks with her that were so cute, so intimate, so intense that they just had them grinning at each other like fools. He finally moved closer to her to kiss her softly, one of his hands going down to caress her tummy and waist, and Lisa reached up to caress his cheek. "Did you like it?" he asked, honestly curious. It was his first time going rough like this and he loved it.

"Yes, thank you," she replied sweetly because she liked him so much, he took care of her and always wanted her to have a good time, always worried that she would be good and safe after. It was just perfect. "I loved it"

They kissed again softly, noses brushing and hands stroking skin, really cutely and warmly like they usually were. It was really lovely to be with someone as loving and caring as you are because everything was always reciprocated, no caress was dismissed, no love gesture was ignored or rejected.

(a/n: lol my partner js not getting that, I'm literally the worst and i hate when people touch me too much)

"I'll go find something to clean you up," he said after a while and placed a kiss on her forehead before standing up.

"Look in the third drawer of the bathroom counter," Lisa guided him and observed his hard ass with much appreciation, it was round and perky, really big, in perfect harmony with his long and

muscular legs...

Lisa actually had to ride one of his thighs at least once before she died. You know, some people have to go skiing before they die, others write in their bucket list that they want to have a baby, and Lisa just wanted to ride that man... or one of his legs, exactly.

Just the idea brought so many good images to her head. Like, with and without clothes, on the sofa or the bed, maybe in his studio while he was working, she would be all needy and whiny, trying to seduce him... Oh... Wasn't hot in here?

She smiled at him innocently when she saw him return quite comfortable with himself. He climbed onto the bed between her legs and instead of cleaning her, he watched her.

"What?" she frowned.

"This is way too hot," he murmured insolently, eyes fixed on her pussy. Lisa could feel the annoying fluids and it was embarrassing actually, she was all dirty, what the hell was so hot for him? It probably looked like a dripping cinnamon roll.

(a/n: yes, i just did put that image in your head)

"Is this some kind of fantasy?" she asked, jokingly to hide her embarrassment.

"Maybe...", he murmured and kissed her knee, one of his fingers deciding to touch her on her folds very bravely, stealing a small gasp from her surprised because she liked it... Actually, any kind of touch could turn her on. "It's better than hentai for sure," he added, still lost in his milky fantasy.

Lisa blinked. "Hentai? What's hentai?"

(a/n: DON'T GOOGLE IT IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT DAMN)

"Nothing, don't worry," he shook his head and wiped it off with the wet towel, already confident enough to do so, but there was something when they looked at each other that turned their minds off and any curious questions Lisa might have on her mind evaporated, she sat up on the bed and took him by the neck, drawing him back over her body and wrapping her legs around him.

(a/n: bitch nooooo, go to pee!!!!!!)

"Another one?" he asked even though he knew the answer, a little bit too cocky.

"Why? You can not?" she tempted him, kissing his chin and an amused squeak escaped her as Jungkook tickled her neck with his body and then the giggles turned into a moan as he began to touch and caress her.

Oh, she loved this man and his stamina.

"You have to be kidding!" Lisa exclaimed, looking in the mirror

after a long shower.

Jungkook came quickly to the bathroom upon hearing her and found her wrapped in a towel, her hair damp and loose. Lisa shot him a scandalized look.

"What the hell, Jungkook?! This is uneven like hell! You pulled half of my intentions off!" she exclaimed in disbelief, a little bit offended because they were expensive and also amused because this was just too ridiculous. Like, since when someone could do that? And how she didn't feel the pull? Those extensions were stuck to her like Jungkook's Tzuyu parasite was to him.

Jungkook knew he pulled half of it off though, he had to take all the missing parts on the bed and she really was going around with just the hair of the sides long while it was short in the middle. He didn't laugh because he was actually too nice, at least not in her face.

"You look good anyways," he said in his defense.

Lisa snorted in disbelief. "I look like a clown"

"But you're a pretty pennywise, doll, you can bite my head off whenever you want"

She giggled in response and shook her hand. "Bring me some scissors and be grateful it was my mother's money and not mine. If it was my money on those extensions, you would pay for it, " she warned.

Jungkook arched a brow, pressing his tongue against his cheek. "What type of payment would you like?" he asked, getting closer and towering her as she smirked and glanced hungrily at his shirtless body. He wouldn't mind paying her right now...

"I mean money, Jungkook," she said clearly, smiling innocently like every single time she got his ass. "Lots of money"

"Oh," he mumbled disappointed.

"And sex"

"Oh!!!!"

The one about what is hentai, a thread...

Kook-Chan💖

you know im not into big tiddies

lol

you're into my tiddies

i know

but i like being dramatic

thank you

ill keep crying about

it now if you excuse me 🙄

you're really making
my fantasies true tho
PAINT ME 🖌️
WHIIITEEE 🖌️🖌️🖌️
KOOK-CHAN ☐☐
I CAN FEEL YOU ☐
IN MY WOMB 🖌️🖌️🖌️
GIVE ME BABIES KOOK-CHAN ☐☐☐
YOUR WHITE JUICE IS SO WARM ☐☐
AAAAAAHHHHHH
KOOK-CHAAAAAN

its thai bitch

Pali

lalisa are you okay?

Minnie

deadass

are you really okay?

Sorn

i saw a short hair bitch

who died

chiiiiile

im okay

im perfect

my spectacular pussy and me are

well fucked and fine

Minnie

stop bragging your well fucked pussy

we know you get good sex

from those 4 inches

4 inches multiplied by 4

Minnie

lisa im gay

i can't do maths

Sorn

16 INCHES?

IS HE A HORSE?

no wait apparently

i can't do maths either

i meant 8 inches

Pali

bitch I-

Sorn

how your brain works?

Minnie

told you all she was gay

Sorn

8 inches is still a lot

is your coochie okay?

we promiss to save you girly

Pali

try it for the ass

painful at first but better at last

Minnie

we're gonna ignore the hoe now

why have i done???

Minnie

I mean the other hoe not you lisa

Pali

EXCUSE ME?

Minnie

excused

so why is your hair short again?

you loved long blonde hair

you sent like 20 pics

oh

lol

haha

i just decided i preferred it short now

don't you all like it?

Sorn

sus

but yeah you looks gorgeous girl

Pali

you always look good baby

Minnie

yes babygirl

you look pretty

thank you 🥰🥰

ill go get lunch with jk now

text you all later babies

Pali

sure

good luck lili

Minnie

ily

Sorn

eat well baby

Pali

ok the bitch is gone

SHE'S LYING

Minnie

I KNOW RIGHT?

Sorn

she's really saying bs

i can smell it from sk

I STILL CAN READ YOU

GOSH

annoying

jkrippemyextensionsofwhenhavingsex

bye

Pali

HE DID WHAT?

Sorn

WHAT THE FUCK LALISA????

Minnie

is your coochie okay?"#%%"

Pali

that dick must be so big

if this bitch isn't angry

about him doing that

AND YOU'RE STILL NOT SHARING PICTURES

I HATELAMLA

Bambam

did you just cut your hair???\$2(

again???

maybe?

why?

you don't like

your hair short

maybe it's the time for a change

it's pretty this way

looks healthier

your hair is dead since 2014 Lisa

thank you

asshole

damn

i really miss you

maybe im actually going crazy

i miss you too ugly

everything's okay there?

yes

jk and i are having a really good time
i love him
it shows
it's disgusting anyways
so are you two all the time together or not
duh no
we work dumbass
we have to survive
so in short
you're alone
what
no
I'm with jungkook
no you're not
not all the time
but I'm not that clingy
Lisa you're bored af
and it shows
you cut your hair
yeah
kind of
but it's not related to being bored
I'm not bored at all
you are
you even miss me
you never miss me before
bc I was with cy before
and now you're alone asf
in SK bc me and sorn are back home
why aren't you coming back home
long talk
and I'm not alone
im with jk
and leo...
mAYBE im alone
I should call jisoo
or seungyeom
she talked about her dance studio
do you have her number
yeah
go dance
here
(contact)

Bambam

listen fucker

take my girl out on a date
or I will go back to sk to kick your ass

good morning to you too

it's not a good morning

lisa is going crazy dumbfuck

SHE

CUT

HER

HAIR

ah right

she cut it lol

lol??(_(\$\$

she looks good don't you think

no

she looks like when she's crazy

take

her

out

I don't care if you're a big ass introvert

who lives in a cave

with the 3 worms living in your balls

as friends

you are dating an extrovert

you have to take them out on walks

or they go crazy

are you calling lisa a dog

are you calling my balls nasty?

my balls shine more like star

shaved and pretty like a just washed frog

idc about your balls and your worms jk

but lisa is like a golden retriever

make

her

happy

she's alone af in SK

is she?

yeah

kind of

im in thailand

all her friends are here too

and she doesn't have more close friends there

chaeyoung was toxic af

oh
I didn't know she was feeling this way
you're right
we should go out
oh that's good
thank you for telling me
I didn't notice
shut up Jungkook
you're making me go soft
fuck off dude
sorry homie
im committed to a girl rn
but if we break up i will call you
im not the second plate
of anyone
no
you're a whole feast
YO
FUKING DUMBFUCK
COULDN'T YOU FLIRT LIKE THIS WITH LISA
AND SAVE US 30 CHAPTERS OF SUFFERING
AND PAIN AND FRUSTRATION?
no
i don't flirt with pretty people bc they scare me
DUMBFUCK
DID YOU JUST CALL ME UGLY
:)
2 inches and a half
yo
someone just called my balls nasty
they saw em in the gym
what do u think
gnome hyung
about your balls?
yeah
lisa's been sucking these
i don't want my girl
to taste blue cheese
taehyunggie
bro you wash those genitals
better than my grandma used
to wash my clothes
gnome hyung
yeah

why are you concerned about that
and not about them being bigger than your hands

they're big?

taehyunggie

yes bro

sorry you had to find out this way

they're normal

but anyways

at least they're big support

for my 4 inches

gnome hyung

4 inches?

are you a fire truck to carry

that long ass hose?

taehyunggie

give that monster an ID

it could be a red velvet member with that height

i know i know

the great wall of china when down

the eiffel tower when up

love of my life

what are you laughing at?

nothing doll

The one about more dates but not so many bc the media limit is
fucking me up again...

*(a/n: leave cute comments for lisa here bc she's baby, she's perfect
and she deserves everything good in this world. also that pic is amazing,
she looks like a goddess)*

The one about C is for closing cycles...

Maybe Lisa wanted to hide it but Jungkook noticed what was
going on anyway. I mean, he was spooning her while watching TV
and he had a clear view of her screen, he knew what she saw and
he sensed the change of mood easily, probably because she sighed
deeply and hugged the pillow between her arms a little tighter.

Jungkook raised a hand and stroked her hair, sliding his fingers
along the soft short waves. Lisa snuggled closer at that.

"You must think I'm stupid," she muttered out of nowhere, locking
her phone.

"Uh?" he arched an eyebrow.

"Because I get sad over this," she clarified, knowing too quickly

that he knew. "Like," she snorted in irony. "Who would miss the old times with a person that hurt you so bad?"

Many people actually.

(a/n: did you notice that toxic people get really in your heart and you grow so used to dealing with them and their toxicity than when they're gone, it really takes a lot more to forget them and move on?)

Jungkook slid his fingers down her neck in a comforting caress. "Why wouldn't you get sad? That was your best friend"

Lisa was silent for a few seconds and he continued to pamper her, until she rolled onto her back and looked at him with a frown, however what caught Jungkook's attention were her eyes a little wet, sad. "Isn't it stupid? She called me a whore," she asked in a small voice.

He smiled and shook his head, bringing his hand up to her cheek to caress her with his thumb. "No, it's not. She was your best friend for years... And even when they hurt you so bad, you can't kick them out your heart easily, they were a part of it and losing a part of your heart always hurts," and he knew very well what he was talking about, feeling that small pressure on his chest as any time he thought about the past. It wasn't really painful but it was still a weird feeling that could turn him melancholic.

Lisa nodded, looking down as she thought, the little pout on her lips showing it.

"It's perfectly okay to miss her and the good moments but I promise that it won't last forever," he added wisely, he may not be an intellectual or know a lot about feelings and how a brain could process this, but he was sure that he was right on this one. It was just a matter of time.

"You think so?"

He nodded. "Yeah"

Lisa nodded too and sighed. "That's good, because I feel stuck..., " and yes, he could understand that feeling. Because you were there feeling pain while the other person seemed so okay moving on with their life, it made you feel stuck in the past. "And I'm hungry too," Lisa added suddenly.

He chuckled and noticed that he was too. "Me too. What should we do? " he didn't have any more food in the fridge, it was his turn to go do the groceries and he had plans to do it just tomorrow.

"There must be some convenience store open," Lisa said and sat up in bed, checking the time on her phone. "Why are we awake at 3 AM?" she asked as if she hadn't been with him since noon.

"We had sex in the afternoon and napped so we're not sleepy now," he replied anyway and Lisa opened her mouth a little, letting out a little "oh". "So, what are we gonna get? Ramen? "

"Sounds good, we should try a new taste, though," she nodded and stood up, going to find her jeans that had been left on the floor. "And I think we should try cooking sometimes, if we keep eating like this we will gain weight"

"You can't cook," Jungkook reminded her.

"Yeah, with *we* I mean *you*"

"And..." he trailed off the word, still in bed on his elbow and in sweatpants, hair very messy and a huge hickey on his right collarbone. "Sex is keeping us in shape"

Lisa giggled, rolling her jeans up her legs. "But what about my ass? Is it bigger?" she teased, turning around on her tiptoes and arching her back to offer a better perspective.

Jungkook tilted his head. "I don't know, I should touch it"

"Feed me first," she demanded playfully and threw him his shirt at his smirk. "C'mon, Koo, I'm starving and the one that's last, will pay for the food"

"That's not fair game, you're already dressed," he pointed out, since she just needed to put on some shoes and she was ready.

Lisa shrugged. "You should know I never play fair at this point"

Lisa knew she needed a change, to do something new to move on for once, you know, to close cycles, but she was not very clear on what to do. It was also 3 in the morning and she was very well rested, everything seemed interesting and suddenly she wanted to take care of her skin, start a new diet, adopt another cat...

Oh, wait...

"Do you like face masks?" she asked him while taking a package, it was an Aloe Vera-based mask.

Jungkook, who had been replying to a text, blinked not understanding but looked at what she was showing him. "Didn't we come here for food? And yes, they're refreshing"

Well, that was enough.

"We should buy it," she nodded and took two... or not? "What do you think is better? Aloe Vera or Honey?" she asked, taking the other package that had also caught her eye.

Jungkook cocked his head thoughtfully. "Wouldn't honey be too sweet? The smell I mean"

Lisa pouted her lips. "Well yeah but it's for extra dry skin and I'm kind of raspy"

"You're not raspy," he said confidently, looking at her like she was crazy.

Why was he so reluctant? Lisa's face was raspy, she felt it like that.

"I feel my face kind of raspy, look," she grabbed his hand and ran

it over her own cheekbone.

Jungkook shook his head. "Lisa, no, it's perfect"

"But touch my leg!" she said then and moved his hand to her thigh, after raising it, not really caring that the cashier got interested by the sudden petition. "See?"

"There's literally no difference, woman!" he said in disbelief. "If you want honey, just take honey"

"I was going to take honey anyways"

"But I want Aloe," he clarified, taking the thin package. "Fressssssshhh"

"Okay, sorry for wanting to match and be like one those cute couples on the streets," she shrugged dramatically.

Jungkook laughed and pulled her closer with his arms, back hugging her and kissing her hair. "Maybe if you started with that," he said. "Take honey for me too, doll"

"No, I don't want to match anymore," she played hard to get, still dramatically, barely holding back her amused tone.

Jungkook chuckled, his chest vibrating against her back as he had his nose pressed against her hair. "You still want to match"

"No, I remembered you called Leo fat and regretted"

"I apologized!"

"It wasn't honest enough," she sighed so Jungkook tickled her making her scream.

"Yo! Jungkook!" she tried to free herself but he had her hold tight and, also, she wasn't really trying to get away, she was enjoying his hug and his body close to her and his games.

Jungkook finally took the honey package for himself too in front of her eyes, with a *"okay, you win"* face at which Lisa replied with a *"happy to always win"* grin.

"We need headbands for our hair then," she added and leaned back to look at the stands better. Jungkook found what she was looking for first because of his height anyways, it was just over her head.

"Look, here, these are cute," he said, handing them to her.

"Oh, bows, they're so cute," she smiled, they were all pink with a cute bow on top. "We're taking these too"

Jungkook just nodded, no complaints at all for the pink and the bow which was fantastic, but Lisa's eyes sparkled when she found something better next to the bows. "Oh wait! No! Look this!!!" she exclaimed and took one package, it was a bunny headband. "Fuck bows, we're taking these! You will look so cute," she added, raising it to the height of his head as she squinted her eyes to imagine it.

Jungkook tilted his head. Why him? She was the one that was going to look cute with bunny ears, especially when smiling with

those cheeks and shiny happy eyes.

"Stop staring," she complained, he was annoying when he was just looking at her like a fool and making her want to roll around the floor like a happy small beetle.

"Stop being cute then," he complained back.

Lisa huffed dramatically. "As if that was possible!" she said and laughed, making him giggle too. "We should leave now because if we keep walking I'm afraid I will end up broke"

As if Jungkook was going to let her pay, but well, she could think whatever she wanted. "Yeah, let's go," he nodded because he was actually hungry and took her hand, intertwining their fingers.

But Lisa stopped. "Wait! I want Doritos too!" of course she wanted them. "Go ahead and I will go for them, okay?"

Jungkook nodded and stepped forward, and Lisa was about to move toward the snack aisle but her eyes caught a glimpse of the change she needed but she didn't know she wanted.

OH!

That's it! That was the big change!

A huge smile crept across her face as her eyes sparkled and she took the box in front of her eyes that she was seeing like a light from heaven was illuminating it, God's voice in the back saying "yes, girl, this is it" and a choir of angels singing.

Jungkook was with the cashier, waiting for her and her Doritos bag, and he looked at her weirdly when she put something totally different from a Doritos bag.

"What's that?"

Lisa held the box up to her face with a huge smile. "Hair dye!"

"Black?"

"Like your soul!"

"Are you ready?" he asked for the third time.

"Yes! Jungkook, yes!" she said clear and a little bit done.

(a/n: i read it like 5 times since i wrote that sentence and i still read the yes, jungkook, yes like a moan lmfao)

"I'm just trying to be sure, this is a big change," he said through pouty lips, she didn't have to scream.

"It's just hair dye not cutting off an arm," she rolled her eyes, not at all nervous. Actually she was just so sure about this and really excited to try.

"I wouldn't cut off your arm," he had to make it clear for some reason.

"Not even if I needed it?" she frowned. "Like, I don't know, cancer"

"Why would you have cancer in your arm?"

"Why would you cut off my arm?"

"You brought up the topic," he defended himself, amused.

"I was using an example and dye it for once!" she demanded, turning back to the front in the chair in the middle of the living room.

"Don't pressure your hairdresser, Miss Manoban," he scolded her. "It will cost you more now, because of emotional distress," he said so seriously that it was funny.

"Excuse me? I thought it was for free!" she complained, feeling betrayed. She couldn't trust anyone in this life.

(a/n: and less men lalisa, why are you acting surprised)

"I didn't study this for years to make it for free"

Lisa burst out laughing. "Dye my hair for once, Jungkook!" she whined, moving her feet like a child.

"Now it's 20 more," he said but FINALLY passed the brush bathed in hair dye through her hair, separated in sections by himself.

"20 what more? BJs? "

He shook his head, making a sound with his mouth while he was biting his lower lip. "No, you would like that"

"20 what, then?" she asked, curious.

"Push-ups," he said with a cocky smirk.

She gasped. "That's so unfair!"

"20 more!"

"Shut up!!!" she whined between laughs.

Jungkook was quiet this time to focus, he needed to. He carefully went through the different sections and then spread it with his fingers through the strands, grateful that they were short and not even considering how black his hands were turning. Then he decided to play and spiked Lisa's locks into a star and started laughing by himself. She looked like that meme of the drag queen in the star costume.

"What?"

"Nothing"

Lisa took her phone to see herself and turned to slap his thigh. "Yah!"

Jungkook burst out laughing very loudly and in a high-pitched tone, throwing his head back.

And Jimin, who had been sleeping and had seen many things in his life, did not expect to find the couple up at 5 in the morning... with face masks on their faces... Jungkook had a bunny headband and his hair was all up in peaks... Lisa had her hair pointing to all places in a wet, shiny, black star...

And they both smiled innocently at him when they saw him.

"Did we wake you up, Oppa? Sorry, "Lisa pouted.

Jimin just sighed. He was so done with these two. "I'm so fucking single..."

(a/n: would you all like to show up in the twt replies? like extras? i never asked before bc I don't want to fuck up lol but if you like it... also making random users is so hard 🤔🤔)

(a/n: OKAY BUT BLONDE JK...)

its thai bitch

Pali

are you kidnapped?

blink twice if you are

IM OKAY

and gorgeous

Minnie

did you notice that you just

get back to black?

yes

Minnie

like your mother wanted?

OH FUCK

DELETEEEEEJKELA

ill go grab bleach

The one about Lisa debuting JK as a model, hope he doesn't sing up on YG...

(a/n: lots of thanks to lilisgcf for the edit and hope you all get the concept lol)

The one about moms ...

Jungkook didn't know what the hell Lisa was saying or what her mother answered but it seemed to be something very heavy because Lisa looked on the verge of murdering someone and even moved her hands as if she were choking an invisible person in front of her eyes, stomping as they advanced around that neighborhood in Seoul.

"No, for the last time, no," Lisa repeated in Thai at the phone in exasperation. "I am busy and I won't go to Thailand, not this month at least. I. Am. Busy. "

Her mother responded impassively, however: "You don't seem so busy on your Instagram page, what happened with the wedding? I just see posts of that boy"

Lisa wanted to slap the girl who showed her mom her account in

the whole face but sadly, she was a minor and actually adorable, she was the niece of the housekeeper of her house. Dammit, the poor girl wasn't guilty of her mom being a pain in the ass. Obviously her mother was stalking her account every day and thank goodness she was unaware of the existence of her private account, which was locked.

"He is my job," she specified, she wasn't lying anyway.

"So, he is a model"

He could be one, that was sure, so Lisa nodded: "Yes, he is"

"Aren't you taking too much pictures of him? Lisa you could be giving the wrong impression, remember that it is always a problem for you," she told her in that tone that it was not like a scolding but the words made it sound like one, indirectly reminding her of all the problems she had caused in the past and creating in her that nagging guilt that Lisa wanted to bury most of the time. "All guys are after you and then you get in trouble"

Lisa rolled her eyes. "You made a beautiful girl, deal with her being the crush of everyone, woman"

"Lisa, I'm serious," her mother made it even clearer with her voice, Lisa just sighed, annoyed. At this age she already knew all that shit and what it involved, she had learned to control it... In general, of course.

"He hired me to take pictures of him, mom, that's how it works. I'm not just taking many pictures of him," actually she was but her mother didn't have to know.

"Actually, that boy there seems familiar"

Oh shit.

Her eyes widened in fear.

"He does?" her voice was high-pitched, shaky, because of her heart beating faster by the second.

"Yes, do I know him?"

Oh wait, she wasn't sure, she didn't know it was Jungkook, the same ruffian from the Van Gogh exposition.

Lisa glanced at Jungkook, walking at her side... He looked different from the last time her mother saw him, that was sure, and Lisa hated the haircut, she was mourning long hair Jungkook with a flower every day, but now she was so grateful that he decided to meet those scissors once and save them both from Preeda Manoban.

"How would I know that, mom? I'm not your eyes or your brain," Lisa said more confidently and with exaggerated irony, seeking to make her feel ridiculous. "The point here is that you have to stop questioning my job, I will go home when I go home," she decided to go back to the main topic, the topic not as safe as Jungkook's but definitely safer.

"And when is that?"

"When I get home, duh"

She heard her mother sigh wearily on the other end of the phone, probably trying to control the urge to yell at her face and Lisa was a little amused, because the victory of shutting her up was fun.

"You're being so stubborn Lalisa"

"Says you?" Lisa arched an eyebrow, smirking.

Her mother fell silent, possibly shaking her head, an arched brow and her right index finger pressing against her temple.

"I repeat, that boy is really familiar"

DAMN

SHE WON'T LET IT GO, RIGHT?

"Maybe because he's handsome, mom, I don't know why! Leave the boy alone, we're just working," Lisa replied, exasperated and defensive. That woman was too intrusive.

"Oh so you think she is handsome, Lisa are you involved with him?"

HO-HOW ?!

I MEAN...

HOW COULD SHE RELATE IT LIKE THAT?

LIKE...

Ugh!

"Yeah, we have to be involved to work together," Lisa managed to maintain a flat, calm, ironic demeanor.

"You know that's not the questi-"

God.

She was forcing her to this.

She really was.

"I think there was an accident in front of my eyes, do you hear that? WEE-WOO WEE-WOO! OH NO! THE AMBULANCE! There's so much blood around and a foot just flew over my head, oh my god! I have to go save that granny stuck in the car, sorry mom. Bye"

Lisa pushed the red button to end the call and nothing ever felt more glorious, it was soothing and she even felt 5 chakras clearer after doing it.

"So, was that an ambulance or a police car?"

Oh Jungkook, he was still there.

"An ambulance, my mom and I like to play those games sometimes," she said blankly.

He chuckled but asked: "Is everything okay?"

"Yes, everything is okay," she showed a big grin like nothing happened and Jungkook just accepted it, really amused. "Maybe my mom sensed we're coming to visit yours and she called to mark territory"

"So she has those types of kinks?"

Oh no, he just didn't ...

"Oh nooo, why would you say that?" she said disgusted but laughing, putting her hands at the sides of her head. Jungkook giggled, putting his arm around her shoulders to pull her closer.

"Aren't you nervous?" he asked her, changing the subject and somewhat surprised that she was so calm in this situation, even after the show she had just given in the middle of the street, but he was starting to get used to it.

"Yes," she nodded, too calmly to be nervous. "Don't look at me like I'm lying, look at my hands," she said and raised them... She was shaking.

He pulled her closer to his side and kissed her temple. "My mom loves you"

"She loved me as your best friend, not your as your girlfriend," she said, stretching her lips out as usual when she was thinking or doubtful even though the little joke had raised a corner of her mouth.

"We both know she didn't eat that bullshit. I'm sure she knew we were dating already and just asked to be polite," he said, knowing his mother very well. "And she still loved you"

"Right... But what if I fuck up?" she asked, with a look that said how genuinely concerned she was.

"What could you do to fuck up?" because he really couldn't imagine anything, he was the king of saying the wrong things and stuttering all the bad words and Lisa was the perfect chill type. Maybe that was why they fit so good.

"That's a good question," she pointed out and showed him shit eating grin. "Thank you for reminding me that I'm perfect"

He chuckled and kissed her lips, keeping her close for a few seconds more than usual just to taste again her really sweet strawberry gloss. He was taking it all off but it was technically her fault for being so sweet.

"I love these neighborhoods by the way, they're as pretty as on TV," she mentioned once they parted.

He nodded, he hadn't paid much attention to them before as they were his normality, but Lisa gave him a new perspective on the rest of the road, talking about the pretty trees and the nice contrast with the brick walls, also mentioning that the steep streets gave an endless road feeling at times, as well as mentioning some k-dramas that she remembered randomly.

And finally, they reached Jungkook's family home. The entrance wall was against the street and they both entered through a large gray door, which revealed a nice brick house a few meters behind

the garden. It was small and square, two-floors, but very aesthetically pretty, like it came off Pinterest.

(a/n: yeah it's literally a house from pinterest i just saw)

Lisa was able to breathe in the feeling of home already from there. It was definitely the lilies in the garden next to hedges with purple flowers and the red wood wind chime hanging by the door, ringing a little from the summer breeze. She could imagine a family growing up there with kids or teenagers coming back school and a lady gardening some mornings.

"This is so beautiful," she murmured to Jungkook, not quite sure why she was speaking softly.

"We moved here after my father's death, we used to live in an apartment before," he commented casually, Lisa deduced that it must have been in Gangnam if he had attended high school there. "My mom loves small houses, she says they're easier to clean"

Lisa just mouthed a little "oh" and thought that she was right, her apartment was too big to clean and even more so since she was alone. It amazed her how much mess she could make herself but maybe it was because she had too much room to do it.

Jungkook stopped in front of the door next to her and shot her a wary look. "Are you ready?"

That question was effective in making her aware of the situation and the nerves made her heart beat like crazy again but they were already there so she took a deep breath and nodded, pursing her lips.

Jungkook knocked on the door before opening it and Lisa thought she heard small claws on the ground, like those of a puppy. And indeed there was a dog when Jungkook opened the door after pressing the code, a mini white Maltese dog barked excitedly and stood against her boyfriend's legs, jumping up and down and moving his little fluffy tail around him.

"Hi, buddy!" He bent down to greet him and lifted him in his arms, the dog was very excited, trying to lick as much of his face as possible and barking joyfully.

Lisa laughed at the cuteness.

"Say hi to Lisa," Jungkook said to the little dog in a childish voice and leaned towards her, only then the dog noticed her and barked happily at her, trying to pounce on her. Lisa leaned back in surprise, eyes going wide with a nervous smile on her lips. It was her cat person showing. "This is Gureum"

Lisa got a little closer and tried to pet him but the dog was too excited, trying to lick her hand. "Hi Gureum, you really look like a cloud"

(a/n: gureum is cloud in korean, people say in the streets)

"Lisa, honey, hi!" Jungkook's mother's voice distracted her and she turned around to see her.

"Hi, auntie! How are you? "

"Better know that I see you, you look beautiful, I love the new hair," she complimented her, looking at her with those eyes as bright as Jungkook's. "Here, you can use these," she said, pulling out slippers for her from the shelves in the entrance.

Lisa nodded and took off her sneakers. "Thank you! And Jungkook made it," she replied happily, pointing to her hair.

"Oh," his mother gasped surprised. "That's a big improvement, the last time I left him play with hair he poured light blue paint on his sister's hair"

"It's been like 20 years mom"

"And I spent 9 hours washing your sister hair, there are things I just can't forgive, honey," she said seriously and smiled back at Lisa, leading her to the house. "Let's get in, dinner is ready!"

The Jeons family's house was very pretty, it had light brown polished floors and after entering, a hallway led to an open kitchen and three steps led up to the open dining and living room area. To the left, in front of the couches and the television, were the stairs that led to the second floor.

"Hi Lisa!" Yuqi greeted her, she was setting the table, wearing mom jeans and a baby pink crop top.

"Hi!" Lisa hugged her cheerfully, as Jungkook and her mother moved behind the kitchen counter.

"I love the new color, it suits you"

"Thank you! Jungkook did it "

"I can see it," Yuqi commented, glancing at her brother's hands which still had stains of black dye. "Is it your natural color?"

"Kind of, mine is more like dark brown"

"Black is good anyways, you look really pretty," she said honestly, cheerfully, smiling.

"You too! How everything's going since Lucas left? "

Yuqi sighed. "Boring but my friends and I have been going out a lot, how's summer being for you?"

Lisa just shrugged, it was being amazing, probably because of the sex and the time with Jungkook but she figured out she couldn't say that. "Really good," she replied instead.

"I made my best dish tonight so hope you all like it!" Jungkook's mom walked to the low dinner table with a tray full of small dishes on her hands, getting between them and Jungkook was walking behind her with another covered dish in his hands on an electrical grill. "Let's sit"

Yuqi kindly indicated to Lisa where to sit, exactly next to

Jungkook and in front of her and her mother. Lisa felt her heart racing in her chest from nerves that didn't even have a specific reason to exist but were there. She was also excited and a little bit happy that both women were so nice.

"Oh, Bossam!" she exclaimed once Jungkook discovered the skillet full of pork on an electric grill. The smell was exquisite, filling her mouth with saliva.

(a/n: bossam is korean pork belly, i think it is eaten wrapped in lettuce with spices and side dishes... like tacos? lol)

"Have you tasted it?" Jungkook's mom asked as she started to cut the meat with big scissors.

"Yes but just in restaurants, never homemade," she explained and smiled at Jungkook who gave her a leaf of lettuce. "It tastes better this way, right?" she asked, low-key flattering her as the lovely girl she was.

"Of course, honey, homemade is better. You have more time to make it with love, it's hard to do that in a restaurant because it's always busy "

"Oh yeah," Lisa nodded, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. It was still weird not to feel her long hair going behind her shoulder. "My grandma was a chef and my dad is good at cooking too, they run restaurants but food in home always taste better"

"Oh? Do you like to cook? "

Lisa giggled. "No, not at all .." no wait, she widened her eyes regretting her words. Should she be that honest? Wouldn't a mom prefer a good cook for her son? "I mean, I could learn to cook... someday..."

And she was conscious of Jungkook's look on her, like saying "*oh, really?*". They both knew she was lying, why was he looking at her like that?

"Is not that hard, right?" she added nervously, knowing she could burn an ice cube... not like burning an ice cube was hard.

Jungkook's mom laughed. "Oh honey, you're lucky our Jungkookie is a good cook then"

(a/n: I literally typed good cock first. not lying tho)

"I can't cook shit either," Yuqi nodded casually.

"Words!" her mother scolded her, sending a glare.

"Sorry! I feel inspired when I see Jungkook's face"

"That's why you should have abandoned her under a bridge," Jungkook said blankly, preparing his own piece of meat.

Lisa giggled, they were funny to see and she really lamented not being in his studio when they were together more times.

"Excuse them, Lisa, they love each other that way," Jungkook's mother showed her a polite smile but her eyes were pure fire

against her children, daring them to say otherwise but they decided to bring a big piece of meat wrapped in lettuce to their mouths at the same time.

Lisa scrunched her nose, smiling. "I see"

"Do you have siblings?"

She shook her head no fast. "No, I'm an only child"

Yuqi widened her eyes. "How lucky!"

"Shut up, you just exist because I asked for a BROTHER," Jungkook left it too clear.

"Well, you must be special if he's being his usual annoying self in front of you," Yuqi mentioned, Lisa felt her cheeks burn and her heart skip a beat out of sudden happiness, maybe that wasn't something big for other people but it was for her. Since the first moment, she wanted Jungkook to be like that with her and Yuqi, his sister, recognizing it was so amazing. "Please take him to Thailand and never get him back"

Oh...

Sweet...

"Yuqi," Areum said with a scolding tone and also glared at Jungkook for making faces at his sister. "Sorry for this, it's always war between these two since they learned to talk as if Jungkook wasn't Yuqi's first word"

"There's no proof of that so I refuse to believe"

"Don't worry I have the memory of you being my fan and that's enough"

Areum sighed deeply.

"It's okay, it's like this with my parents too," Lisa shrugged casually and the three looked at her confused because... was she fighting her parents all the time at dinner too? Lisa noticed and hesitated but didn't know what to say. She had been less nervous but suddenly she was back, blushing and feeling warm on the back of her neck. So she did the first thing that came to mind: "This is really good, Auntie," she said and ate another piece of meat. "Yum-yum"

"You can call me Mom now, you're Jungkook's girlfriend"

Lisa almost choked, Jungkook did too but we don't know how, he wasn't eating or drinking anything at that time.

Damn.

The woman was bold...

They wanted to tell her later, but she just came for it and they knew she knew but they didn't expect her to expose them like this, gosh.

"They didn't tell us yet mom, I told you to act clueless," Yuqi rolled her eyes.

Lisa giggled nervously. Normally she would take Jungkook's hand or caress his thigh but right now she wouldn't dare to breathe closer to him, not in front of his mother, no, nope. But this time she wasn't going to commit the same mistake than before so she nodded. "Sorry I didn't tell you the first time, I was nervous, but yes, we're dating," she confirmed with a real knot in her throat, having war memories of all those dramas in which Korean moms hated their sons' girlfriends. But she glanced at her side and Jungkook was staring at her in that way... so warm, so comfy, so like home.

"No shit, you two? Together?"

"Yuqi!" Jungkook's mom smacked her arm. "It's okay, honey," she smiled at Lisa.

"I think it was obvious, right?"

"Yes, it is," Jungkook's mom sighed like Lisa had just lifted a weight off her shoulders, apparently she was grateful she wasn't just friendzoning her son like the last one. "I'm happy to know from your mouth anyways, you're a good girl and I like to think my son is a good guy for you too, I raised him well"

That was so sweet! Her mother would throw her at Jaehyun and tell him *"she's a bad girl and she bites sometimes but you can keep her happy with gold and cameras"*.

"Yeah, Jungkook is dumb but he's good," Yuqi said with the cutest smile, her brother glared at her so strongly Lisa was surprised she didn't set on fire in front of them but she was unbothered, knowing perfectly that Jungkook was as harmless as a bunny.

(a/n: why do i say that im literally scared of bunnies, i know they plan our deaths and world domination behind those cute looks)

"He's not dumb, or at least I'm dumber," Lisa shrugged in his defense, sending him a small smile.

Yuqi snorted. "Impossible"

"Is it too late to abort her?" Jungkook asked.

"Yes honey, 16 years late. And can you both please behave? You're making me look back in front of Lisa"

"Oh, no, it's okay"

Areum glared at her this time. "Honey don't say it is okay because this two will start to wrestle"

Oh...

Lisa giggled, she was loving this family. They really loved each other even behind the shade and they were funny, the warmth was radiating from them and they really made her feel like home, even when she wasn't even part of them. Actually, she noticed she missed her family, her grandma, her cousin, her friends... even her parents.

The dinner was delicious and the night moved fast, 2 hours passed in front of them like a flash and after finishing they all were

sitting, chatting, having the ice cream cake Lisa brought and sharing stories. Actually, just Jungkook's mom was sharing cute stories and Jungkook was scrunching his nose in embarrassment, which was so cute. Lisa wanted to pinch his cheek and peck the tip of his nose. He would whine and drag the words in the most cute pout ever and she really had her hands in fists to stop herself from jumping on him.

HE WAS SO DAMN CUTE!!!!

HER BOY, SMOL, TINY, BEAUTIFUL BOY!!!

Jungkook's mom also asked her about herself and she shared a little bit, just the necessary, she didn't want to ruin the night with her lame and boring story about how she ended up in Seoul. Actually, she was a little bit jealous (in a healthy way) of not having a mother like Jungkook's, she was so interested about him and all the things related to him, even his girlfriend, sharing proudly all his achievements in life. Apparently, her boyfriend was a taekwondo gold champion, a world recognized tattoo artist and he won tons of art contents when he was younger... And also a cosplay contest.

"Oh, I won one too!" Lisa said cheerfully.

Jungkook tilted his head, raising a brow. Yeah, she looked hot in that one and when he won he was dressed up as Saitama from One Punch Man, with a bald wig and a big dimple on his nose. Gladly, his mom didn't have photos of that... because they disappeared mysteriously.

"What?" she asked, clueless, at noticing his glance.

"Nothing," he shook his head and she narrowed her eyes playfully but didn't insist.

"Oh! I remember that! I saw the picture you posted on Instagram," Yuqi searched it to show it to her mom, who praised Lisa so lovingly that she got sudden urges to hug the lady hard and pet her head and then leave kisses all over her cheeks.

Why couldn't Preeda be like this? No, the old lady was always calling her out for... having a personality, technically. And just like that, Lisa knew she could never introduce Jungkook to her family. It wasn't going to be a warm dinner like this...

Sadly, the time to leave came and Gureum was once again released from where he was, the backyard. The little dog ran between everyone's legs until Jungkook picked him up again and went outside to play a bit with him while Lisa helped clear the table and then went to put her shoes on.

"It was such a pleasure to know you better, Lisa," Jungkook's mother told her, arms crossed over her chest while showing her a real motherly smile when Lisa was putting on her sneakers. "I'm

happy that my son found a good girl like you"

Oh... Damn...

Lisa didn't know what to say at that, feeling appreciated and so worthy. This woman was really happy to have her son dating a girl like her. A GIRL LIKE HER. A girl that all mothers used to dislike, a girl even a normal Korean mother would dislike because of her nationality. But Areum liked her and Lisa wanted to cry.

"Do you love him?" she asked then, showing fear in her eyes. Lisa realized she knew all Jungkook suffered with that other rotten cheese and she didn't want him to go through the same again, she wanted him to be loved as the good mother she was.

"Yes, of course," she replied with honesty, she wanted her to be sure about it because her son was amazing.

Jungkook's mother nodded. "Then I'm calm, because he loves you a lot Lisa and he deserves to be loved as much as he loves"

"I know, oh God, I know," she giggled with some irony, because it was something so obvious. "I want him to be happy this time"

"You're doing a good job then, he's practically shining and it's been a while since I saw him like that so thank you, my dear," she said, glancing at Jungkook who was playing in the garden and just happened to look at them and smile.

Lisa nodded. She wasn't there when he was in the darkest time but she knew that now he was good and it was because of himself, with a little bit of her help. Because he crawled out of the dark hole by himself... and then he met Lisa to love again and she wanted it to be worthy.

The two said goodbye after a few minutes and Jungkook had to promise his mother to bring Lisa more times to eat, especially on Fridays since they were pizza nights and she had to try them.

It was late, almost midnight, when they went down the street together, fingers intertwined and hands swaying.

"What did she tell you?" he asked her, once they were alone.

Lisa smiled at him. "That you should make me dinner more times"

"Oh," he nodded, pretending to think deeply about it. "Am I not your dinner already?"

She giggled in response and he drew her to his body, arms wrapping her waist, as he pulled them both to a side of the street under a light, against a wall, to kiss her sweetly.

"I've wanted to do that the whole night," she whispered at him after releasing a happy sigh.

And their lips met again for a few more minutes to make up all the lost time.

The one about the stupid urinate track infection messing

everything up...

GD-Hyung

hey jungkookie

what's up?

hi hyung

it's been so long

how are you?

busy these days

i've been working on a brand

yeah i saw it

congrats!

thank you kid

i saw you doing well too

always proud of you

i also saw you with a girl

is that your girlfriend?

yeah

she's lisa

we've been together like almost two months

she's wonderful kid

i've checked her account

does she do this professionally?

yes!

she does!

she's still studying but she's amazing

as you can see

her ideas are mindblowing and

she's truly passionate about it

and you're passionate about her

i see

nana wants to know her

what?

for real?

yes

she sees future in her

and she wants to know if she's into it

if she is, nana would like to talk about her to some friends

for real???????

hyung!!!!

lisa will love that!

oh my god

does nana mean editorials?

yes

so that's a yes?

it's a motherfucking YES
can i tell her?
i want to surprise her
yeah of course jungkookie
go blow her mind
in the innocent way
tell me when she do so i can tell nana to contact her
thank you so much hyung!
you got it

also
you're a handsome boy
glad to see you modeling
Ooof
btw hyung
since you know about photography
is it expensive to make a darkroom?

well
it depends on your capital of course
there are things that you can get easier
but most things are expensive
not impossible tho
i think i can talk with some friends in seoul
that could help you there with that
why?
are you getting into photography like your gf?

no
or not yet kk
but she wants one and i'd like
to make it for her
she's not having a good time rn
and that would be a great gift
ah jungkookie
you're such a good boy
listen, ill call some friends and contact you back
ok hyung
thank you

and go tell her these news
hope this makes her happier

Jungkook put his phone down on his studio desk and swung around in his chair, ecstatic. He couldn't wait to say this to Lisa, it was going to make her so happy. This opportunity could finally open all those doors that she wanted so much.

God.

This was mind blowing.

He was already fantasizing about her huge smile and happy squeals, jumping and dancing around him like every time she was happy.

And he had to think how he was going to tell her, should he take her to dinner? Surprise her at breakfast? Or just showing up at work with huge balloons saying congratulations?

Oh, so many options...

Lisa deserved everything and more.

Two knocks on his door distracted him, however.

"Go in," he said, thinking it was Jisoo or maybe Lisa out of surprise if she had finished working earlier.

But it was not either of them who entered his studio, it was Tzuyu. He was immediately alerted when he saw her and stood up.

"Hi," he said, puzzled since he wasn't expecting her at all. Actually, in favor of keeping the peace with Lisa and respecting her, he had kept his chats with Tzuyu almost dead, only at dawn when she seemed really desperate and lost he had answered her but he had not stayed to have casual conversations.

He didn't want problems, not with Lisa. It was fun to play kinky and the jealousy but he didn't want to risk anything seriously. Everything was so perfect...

"Hey," she greeted him softly, closing the door behind her and leaning against it.

"Are you okay? Something bad happened?"

"Oh no, no, don't worry," she waved her hands, emphasizing that nothing was wrong.

She was nervous, he knew she was lying and something was really wrong but he couldn't figure out why she seemed so shy and reluctant to tell him.

"Why are you here then?" he asked in the least offensive tone possible, just curious and confused.

"I wanted to talk, face to face," she said softly and moved closer to him, fiddling with a lock of long brown hair between her delicate fingers.

He nodded slowly, waiting. Tzuyu was indecisive and struggling with herself, as if she were going to say something very important to him and he had memories of all those times when she had confessed that she had just got back with Mingyu, knowing full well that he was going to disapprove of that stupid decision. And he feared that she was about to say just that, that she just threw everything in the trash for Mingyu and she just came to confess it, because at the end of the day it was as if she always had to tell him, apologizing for failing him.

And Jungkook was so done with her failing him and he knew he

was going to send her to eat shit if she told him she got back with Mingyu right now, he was actually prepared to get mad.

"Actually, no," she redeemed herself and was determined, staring at him. "I don't want to talk" she specified and he raised an eyebrow, then what?

What did she want?

Like, was she going to write him a letter? Or just make faces? Play Guess Who with him?

"I came here to do this"

And she kissed him.

Just like that.

(a/n: RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY CAT?!?!##)

i really wanna test your mexican dramatic ass also raised by lk fanfictions in all this time since you ship them and read about them, **what do you think will happen after this?** pls if you can, go full extra, i really love to read your expectations.

AND PLEASE DON'T HATE ME. you all knew this was going to happen but i take all the blame bc i just wanted to prove why you alwas have to listen to your gf when she says that girl is going for your dick.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 and sorry if i take long to update again especially after this but my midterms are between this week and the next, and then finals in december so, wish me luck pls

Chapter 38 • Pt. 4

HII EVERYONEEEEE

how are my beautiful gorgeous tukkihoes?

your weather cake girl is back again her



this time without rain :((BUT I feel in my boobs there's a few storms in this chapter so be ready, get your strongest umbrella, put some water boots and enjoy the day!!

also, I really apologize for taking so long to update. it's been hard and shitty but I like to think that now it will get better since I'm free from school and finally on vacations, i think lol

I wanted to finish the story for Christmas but it's in 10 days (which I find insulting, 2020 has no rights in moving that fast) and I don't think it's possible so I guess we will get more of ht for 2021 lol

so anyways, I'll stop here and hope you enjoy this super long chapter. like for real. I broke my own record, this one has more than 20k words.

The one about the truth and panic!... In the studio

(a/n: lmfao sorry I couldn't help it. forgive me im just a bag of bad jokes)

"What are you doing ?!" Jungkook reacted scandalized, pushing her away. "Fuck, sorry!" he immediately apologized because he had used too much force and made her stumble back so he held her arm, but then released it as if she was toxic.

(a/n: so you think she's not????)

Tzuyu stared at him wide wild eyes, unable to believe what had just happened but tried to get closer and Jungkook straightened back, big round eyes widening.

"No no no no no, stay there, six feet apart please," he ordered and moved his chair in the middle of them, just in case, just to be safe.

(a/n: he said coronavAIrus)

Tzuyu sighed and obeyed, but her eyes were shining with vulnerability and she was nibbling on her lower lip. "Jungkook-"

"Why did you do that?! Are you out of your mind?!"

She was definitely crazy.

Oh fuck.

"I-"

Oh fuck.

"Jungkook, listen ..."

Oh fuck!

This was bad. Really bad.

Was this cheating?

Did he just cheat?

"Jungkook! Listen to me! "

He came back to earth and focused on her, he was terrified, disturbed and very very very confused. Why did she just kiss him?!

Didn't she know he was a man in a relationship? He couldn't fail to the future mother of their children! And he just did!

Oh, fuck, he was so fucked...

"Listen, I'm sorry!" She raised her voice, showing her hands in peace, as if making it clear that she wasn't going to attack him again. Jungkook remained sheltered behind his chair anyway. "I thought... I thought... I thought this was our chance"

"Our chance for what?!" he literally screeched in panic, way too dramatic but he couldn't stop himself.

"To revive what happened between us years ago," she said, panicking too.

What?

That was dead! Super dead! Ultra dead! Spectacularly dead!

He didn't even remember what happened between them!

His clear expression of rejection hit her harder than expected and he could see her face fall, but he couldn't feel bad, he was very stunned and confused because what the hell was going on?

"I thought you still loved me, I thought I could get you back," she told him softly, with a hint of sadness and much disappointment. "We've been talking again, it was like in the old days, and-"

What?

What the hell was she saying?

"Tzuyu I have a girlfriend," he stated, canceling all that bullshit. "You know her, you saw her with me-"

"And yet you were texting me back at 4AM, Jungkook," she objected.

"Because you said you were feeling really bad! What was I supposed to do? Leave you on read?" he justified himself, even without understanding what the hell it had to do with it.

Now talking normally at night meant something? It never meant shit before and she was making it clear all the time, always bringing Mingyu up. AND THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT MINGYU RECENTLY! How could she think something could happen between them both when Mingyu was still the main topic of their conversations? Wasn't Mingyu the clear signal of them still being

just friends? Like, damn, he really didn't have any idea about how Tzuyu's mind worked.

Women were so weird!

(a/n: don't put us all in the same bag ugly)

"What happened between us was a mistake, you told me yourself and it took me time but I accepted it and moved on, you did too. Tzuyu you got pregnant and even got back to him after all that mess," he knew he hit low with that one but it was just... facts! "Since when are we a thing to revive? And why? It's over!" he asked incredulously, it couldn't get in his mind what the hell was she thinking.

"Because I love you!"

...

...

...

"What?"

"Jungkook I really do, I always did. Even when I was with Mingyu, I was loving you "

What kind of fucked up love was that?

The Jungkook from the past would have accepted it, he would have been even excited when hearing that, but now it was pure bullshit because now, he was loving a girl and that girl was loving him back and just him and there wasn't a place for someone else.

And what the hell? Now she loved him? After rejecting him again and again and choosing the other guy over him all the time?

That wasn't love, that was... he didn't even know what the fuck that was but it was pure bullshit.

The truth was just in front of his eyes and he genuinely felt bad. So bad. Because everyone was right, especially Lisa. Lisa was right and he hated to see it, not because accepting his girl being right was bad, but because Tzuyu was just a bunch of messed up bullshit ready to sink him with herself... again!

Damn, he couldn't believe that even Mingyu was right. Tzuyu didn't know what she wanted, she was just going to ruin him and she wouldn't even care.

He shook his head, feeling pure ice cut through and burn the last piece of his heart that still cared for her. "You don't love me, c'mon"

"I do," she insisted and wanted to get closer, but Jungkook ordered her with his glare to stay away because he felt disgust and too much disappointment which only made him angry.

"No, you don't. You say you love me just when Mingyu is out of the picture, Tzuyu," he told her on the verge of exploding, sincerely treating her like she was stupid.

Obviously, being harshly scolded with the ugly truth spitted on

her face, her eyes filled with tears of frustration and regret. She was hurt but well, he was too! And he was so fucking tired of being the hurt one in this relationship.

"And if you loved me, you wouldn't do this to me," he added. "You wouldn't come here and try to sabotage my happiness"

"Happiness?" she murmured weakly, bringing a hand to her chest as if he were stabbing her with a knife.

"Yes, happiness. I am happy right now," he confessed and began to feel his anger turn into latent fury, because he couldn't believe her audacity, he couldn't believe that she saw him as a damn dog ready to run after her after the most minimal sign of love without even taking into account that he was finally solving his life. She didn't give a shit, if she was unhappy she was going to ruin anyone to feel good about herself. "You don't want me to be happy, right?"

"What?" she blinked in surprise.

Jungkook took a deep breath, relaxing his hands that he had inadvertently squeezed, so tight that it hurt to open his fingers.

"Every single time I was moving on in the past, you were showing up to bring me back to the hole just because you and Mingyu were in bad terms and now you're back here doing the same old shit...", and he sighed outraged, so tired of this shit and not really able to believe that she was this way, especially with him. With him! He was trying to help her! "You were really trying to get between Lisa and me that night in the bar, right? No... wait, you went there following Mingyu, right?"

"I ..." she didn't have to explain herself, her eyes said it all. She was guilty.

Jungkook laughed bitterly and shook his hair, pulling a few strands angrily. He was mad at her and at himself because he'd been stupid, he allowed this to happen and now he was into this shit, ruining everything.

Tzuyu hugged herself with great sorrow, looking as devastated as that cold December night when the worst happened. "Jungkook, I... I don't want to sabotage your happiness, I really thought I could give you happiness since it's everything you ever asked from me but now I think... It is not possible," her voice trailed off as her eyes looked at her feet.

"Give me happiness how? Making me break up with the first fucking girl in my life that loves me?" he spat angrily.

"Don't say that! I love you, maybe not in the most healthy and best way but I do love you Jungkook," she raised her voice strongly enough, it cracked in the middle as tears fell down her cheeks. She wiped them and he found himself noticing he couldn't give less a shit. She was lying, to herself and to him. "Maybe I am really sick

and I don't know what I want but I know that I love you and I thought you could help me and we could be happy now that Mingyu is out"

Oh my fucking God.

Jungkook leaned against the chair and buried his face, seeking strength not to grab it and throw it at her head.

"But Lisa is in! Lisa, my GIRLFRIEND!" he literally yelled at her. Wasn't she listening to herself? Wasn't she noticing how selfish and self-centered she sounded?

"But you know her since like what? 2 months ago?"

"Eight months"

"And you know me since years, you were in love with me last year and you still love me"

"No, no, no," he shook his finger, correcting her. "I CARE for you, because we are... WERE friends"

"Now we're just that?" she asked hurt, as if... as if she didn't friendzone him multiple times, as if that never happened because apparently for her it was just choosing the guy she loved the most and now that he was out, Jungkook was the only option. The forever in love Jungkook without feelings or emotions other than devotion for her.

Because Jungkook was just a fucking toy for her.

"See? You don't care about me or what I want, all you have been doing since we got into this bullshit was using me and I won't be that idiot again, Tzuyu "

"I never saw you as an idiot"

"You did, goddamnit! You fucking did! You're doing it now when thinking I will throw everything to hell for you! Fuck!" he yelled, so tired of this shit, so angry and so fucking hurt that he had been betrayed again. She would never see him as a fucking human.

Why was everyone treating him as a fucking toy to move from here to there? Did he had printed Mattel on his fucking forehead? Was Andy written in the sole of his foot? OR WHAT?

Tzuyu didn't know what to say, not anymore.

He squeezed the bridge of his nose, seeking for calm because oh damn, never before he felt so angry. "Just get out of here...," he finally said, running a hand through his hair. "Get the fuck out of my life. I'm tired of trying to help you, I'm tired of playing the motherfucking hero when you're the only villain destroying me and yourself every single time"

"Jungkook-" she tried to reach him but he pointed at the door, sending sharp daggers with his dark eyes.

"Out! For real. Delete my number, block me, whatever. Just... Out...," he finished, he was done, he was tired, he wanted to be

alone.

She finally nodded and sniffed, reached to open the door but Jungkook remembered something.

"Wait"

She looked up, hopeful, but it wasn't what she thought.

"What did you tell your family about me?"

...

...

...

She lowered her gaze with such embarrassment Jungkook didn't want to know.

"You don't want to know...," she said like reading his mind and she sighed again, deeply, pressing her hand against her nose in order to stop the sobbing. "I did really bad shit in the past and I deserve this, I'm sorry...," her voice was broken and she fell apart again, more tears ran down. "Tell Lisa I'm sorry, okay?"

And she left and Jungkook kicked the chair until it hit the door.

"Fuck!" he yelled, tugging at her hair.

How the hell was he going to explain this to Lisa? How the hell was Lisa going to react?

"Tell Lisa I'm sorry" SHE SAID AFTER FUCKING EVERYTHING UP.

AND WHY WAS HE EVEN SURPRISED? This wasn't even new. She was never taking responsibilities of her actions and now it was so fucking annoying for Jungkook.

"FFFUUUUUUUUUUUCKKKKKKK," he yelled to the ceiling.

(a/n: i watched after we collided the other night with my friends and now i giggle everytime i read or write fuck bc it reminds me to FFFFAKIN TREVA lmfao i hate the movie but it was so hilariously funny)

Two hours after him telling Jisoo that he didn't want to talk to anyone and canceling all work for the day, Jimin walked into his dark and silent study. The room was full of smoke and no, Jungkook hadn't set himself on fire... yet.

"Why so emo? Did Lisa already break up with you?" he teased, turning on the light and finding him on his chair, flopped, he was almost falling with just his long crossed legs keeping the balance while he was seeing the light in the tip of his cigarette. Jimin glanced at the ashtray on the desk and arched a brow, Jungkook was going for the fifth one. "Did she really break up with you?"

"Not yet," he mumbled with a raspy voice and he hated to say it like that because it made him so anxious, more than he already was. It was like a hand squeezing his throat and the pit of his stomach and not even all the smoke burning his lungs and blurring his senses was calming his nerves.

Jimin got worried, recognizing the paleness of his face and that unwell expression he was showing. "Wait, what happened?"

Jungkook sighed deeply and told him everything in a short summary of the last events, feeling more and more bad. Gosh, he was scared and anguished.

"I told you she was bad news and you never listened"

"I know"

"Why are you like this?"

"I don't know"

"You're screwed, you know right?"

"Yes, Hyung, I know," he snapped annoyed. He didn't need him rubbing it on his face. "I don't get how the hell I am in this situation," he continued, standing up to start walking around his studio out of frustration. "Since when me, the big loser, is in such a mess. Like, not a single girl liked me during highschool and now suddenly, in less than 3 months, I had one being delusional about our fictional relationship and shitting on Lisa, I got Lisa as a girlfriend, which is fucking crazy, and then my ex, who never loved me at all, coming to kiss me out of nowhere because she wants to "reconnect". What he fuck?" and his voice got high pitched at the end, showing his clear disbelief.

"Well, that's big improvement since high school in my opinion," Jimin opined, after taking seat on his chair.

Jungkook rolled his eyes while inhaling deeply, he wanted to punch air or punch a wall and his frustration came out as a big cloud of smoke from his lungs. "It's fucking hell. I'm not even that handsome fuck"

"No, for sure," Jimin agreed and earned a glare, which made him smirk bitterly. "But you are the main character and you have to deal with the responsibilities of being the center of the story, you also looked for it yourself," he shrugged because it was so easy for him to be just a spectator of the Clown Night Show with Jeon Jungkook. "Just in fiction, three super hot girls fall for the useless naive and unknown Your Name"

"Is this even real life? Because it's crazy and hella annoying," Jungkook mumbled, smashing the bottom of the cigarette with too much force on the ashtray. "What do I do now? I have to tell Lisa," he said because after all, he couldn't hide it from her but he was shitting on his pants. He didn't know how Lisa would react to this.

Jimin nodded, agreeing with the mature behavior. "Yes, you have to tell Lisa"

"Tell me what?"

Oh...

How convenient...

How sweet...

Fucking Cake.

(a/n: imagine blaming cake about the things you did yourself)

The silence that followed Lisa's arrival was so long and heavy that it effectively erased the cheerful smile on her face.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking at them both back and forth and noticing, sadly, the terror on their faces.

"Eh..." Jungkook scratched behind her ear.

"Uh..." Jimin looked down at his boots, burying his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

Lisa arched an eyebrow. "Eh... Uh... Are you both vocalizing?"

"I mean-"

"No!"

Both boys looked at each other, Jungkook was literally breaking into a sweat with fear and Jimin couldn't save him from this, also, even though he loved watching the drama, it wasn't a good time to witness it.

"I think I'll go"

"What? No!" Jungkook complained, grabbing him by his shirt.

"Yah, what are you doing?"

"Why are you leaving?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

"Hyung..." he literally whined.

Lisa blinked and crossed her arms over her chest, wondering what the hell what's going on and why her boyfriend seemed genuinely scared of being left alone with her.

"Are you serious?"

"Hyung..."

"Why suddenly it looks like I'm a big bad dog?" Lisa asked, so confused. "What's going on? For real, guys"

Something must be seriously wrong because Jungkook swallowed heavily when his eyes met hers, looking deeply nervous and terrified. He was pale and chewing his lower lip frantically, still holding Jimin like a lost child in the supermarket.

Oh...

Lisa's senses finally clicked and alarms began to sound, warning of danger. Whatever Jungkook had to say to her was bad, very bad, and this whole situation only served to make a pressure fall on her chest like a rock.

"What have you done?" she asked in a whisper, noticing the clear guilt in his gaze.

"I'll really leave," Jimin said then and managed to escape from Jungkook's claws.

The click of the door announced them being finally alone and the

room seemed ten times smaller than usual.

Jungkook rubbed the back of his neck and then ran a hand through his hair, ruffling it more than it was. Lisa noticed that Jungkook had touched his hair so much with his sweaty hands that it was starting to look a bit greasy and dirty. Also, the smell of smoke was so strong it was hard to breathe and she couldn't recall seeing him smoke in weeks. He still had that delicious hint of smoke mixed with perfume on his clothes but now he sure reeked of a train.

What the hell had Jungkook done...

No! Wait!

Lisa took a deep breath. "Don't tell me Tzuyu was here"

Oh, it was all in his face.

She was there.

Then what the hell happened? Why did he look so guilty?

Lisa felt her heart starting to race in panic.

Wait.

He didn't...

He wasn't going to...

He wasn't, right?

Right?

"Listen," Jungkook raised a finger. "I swear it's not what it looks like"

Lisa's eyes went wide.

Oh no.

WHAT HE DID WITH THAT STUPID UGLY GONORRHEA AND WHY IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GOING TO CONFESS SHE WAS EXPECTING HIS CHILD?

Was a little gonorrhea coming up?

Was she wrong about him all this time? Was he still not over Tzuyu and had been cheating with her all this time? Was Lisa that stupid?

"Have you been cheating on me with her Jungkook?" she was brave enough to ask, because she wanted the truth even when she knew it was going to destroy her.

He couldn't be bad, he couldn't have played her that well that she never expected it.

"No! What! Of course not!" he exclaimed, moving fast to put his hands on her arms and comfort her. She didn't notice she was giving the most vulnerable look and the sight almost made Jungkook go out there and beat himself up because he was the cause of this and he deserved to be punished. "Lisa no, I would never"

Lisa looked at his eyes, searching for the truth and when she was

sure he wasn't lying, because he seemed genuinely in panic just about the idea of that happening, she let all the air out. She trusted him, she was right about him and she was relieved but God, it hit her again the realization of how bad she loved him.

If he knew how vulnerable and weak she was in his hands...

"Don't scare me like that, please," she said way more softly than expected but it's that her heart was still trying to calm down, the adrenaline slowly running out as she was sure about them again.

Jungkook reached up to caress her cheek in a soothing way and Lisa felt better, eyes still on his, so fucking relieved. His touch was like a breeze of fresh air, murmuring that everything was okay... But, her brain wasn't that dumb and easy to distract, something was wrong and she still didn't know what.

He, of course, caught the change in her expressive eyes and the way he stepped back, scratching behind his ear nervously while picking the baby hair of his cheek, was enough to get Lisa anxious again.

What the hell was going on?

What happened?

Why was he taking so long?

If he didn't cheat, if he wasn't cheating, what the hell happened with Tzuyu that had him so nervous?

Lisa was going crazy and he wasn't talking!

Why wasn't he talking if he didn't cheat?

"For God's sake, just say what happened Jungkook," she demanded impatiently.

He looked caught and licked his lips nervously. "I... Uhm... She... I mean... She came here"

"We already know that"

"Yeah, okay, so... She said she wanted to talk and..."

"And?"

"And..."

"Are you the father or not?" she couldn't hold herself back from that. It was the stress.

"No? What?" he asked, lost.

"I don't know Jungkook, you're acting weird, just say it!"

He sighed and pressed his lips for a few seconds, and then sighed again. Was he giving birth or what?

"she kissed me ..."

Lisa froze.

"What?"

And Jungkook finally started to spill, walking side to side in front of her eyes like a caught frustrated lion: "She kissed me and said she wanted to reconnect, I was like what the fuck???? Because it's

crazy! It's fucking crazy! I never gave her some hint that implied I was still into her, I thought that me having a girlfriend was enough. And now I realize it wasn't enough, because damn, she was cheating on Mingyu with me and cheating on me with him, she doesn't see a limit in the world relationship. Oh fuck, I'm such an idiot. But I swear, I never hinted anything about getting back together. I don't want to get back together with her, it's over. I love you and we're together and we're amazing Lisa so please trust me, I pushed her back and told her to get out, get out of my life. I promise to never talk to her never again, I swear. Now I realize you were right and even Mingyu was right and I hate to say that but it's true and I am so dumb"

Lisa was dead silent and frozen in her place, arms still crossed and gaze down, like processing the information.

It was weird to have her so quiet and Jungkook felt his anxiety hit 10 new levels. He knew he fucked up and it was his fault, he didn't cheat, but he... he did something really bad which was not listening to her and then he faced the inevitable. He was dumb, it was in front of his eyes and she told him and he chose not to hear her...

"Say something, please," he pleaded, literally, with fear but with a small hope in his heart that Lisa was going to understand.

Yet, Lisa didn't say anything. She didn't even look at him.

Oh, why?

Because Lisa was boiling like a kettle, one degree closer to start to whistle and smoke like crazy.

Tzuyu had nothing but the fucking audacity.

"Lisa, please. I'm really sorry," Jungkook said and tried to reach her but Lisa moved away, he got so hurt at that but she knew she had to, she was literally boiling and he was going to severely burn himself if he touched her.

"I know you are, I just..." She wanted to commit a homicide. No jokes.

"You know I would never-"

"I know, don't say more," she cut him off because his voice, which was soothing a few minutes ago, now it was fucking annoying. "I'm just so fucking angry right now, Jungkook," she went honest and snapped: "I told you! I told you this was going to happen. Didn't I tell you, Jungkook?"

He nodded like the scolded puppy he was.

"Reply to me!" she startled him with fiery eyes, literally cornering his 179 centimeters person against the wall like she wasn't 12 centimeters shorter and 20 kilograms lighter. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Yes, you did"

"I did!" she exclaimed, stomping around with crossed arms. "And you were like *dOLL nO, sHe'S jUsT a FrIeNd*. Well, shit, look at your friend!"

Jungkook nodded sadly. "I know, I really didn't expect-"

"Of course you didn't!" she interrupted him but then she got a real doubt, making her narrow her eyes and approach him like a very dangerous snake. "No, for real, be honest, didn't you really never expect it? It never crossed your mind that she was after you? For real?" she asked in a way that it really got him scared of replying because there wasn't a correct reply. "She was flirting with you, in my face, Jungkook! And you let her!"

"I didn't think she was flirting," he mumbled and that was brave, it was brave, because that was exactly the most wrong reply he could ever have gotten out of his mouth.

Was he stupid?

Seriously?

Lisa closed her eyes, seeking for calm.

"So what the hell did you think she was doing?" she managed to ask through gritted teeth.

Jungkook stuttered, trying to say his truth even when he knew right now that his truth was bullshit. But it wasn't in the moment. "...I don't know, maybe just friendly. You were there with me and I thought it was obvious I wasn't interested"

His low self-esteem was cute, Lisa wasn't going to lie, it was lovely to remind him how handsome and hot he was and how crazy she was for him because he was a dream come true. BUT NOW, she wanted to kick his balls so hard and then make him swallow him with the truth. He was fucking hot and precious and girls were after him, they weren't being just friendly!

Oh, how good she could understand him right now when he was jealous.

But understanding him didn't change the fact that she told him everything and he didn't listen! He mocked her! He decided not to listen and let things move like this! At least Jaewon wasn't a fucking snake like his oh so poor friend.

"Guess what, Jungkook. It wasn't obvious that you weren't interested because sissy came and kissed you at the end of the day, ready to claim the happy ever after of you too," oh it was making her so angry to just say it because it was so... OH MY GOD. IT WAS AWFUL AND OUTRAGING. That bitch had no respect for anyone, she was just existing to ruin lives and mess up with Jungkook's mind and mess up his relationship with her, which was the worst part because everything was fucking perfect between them for that stupid ass hoe coming to ruin it just because she couldn't be happy

without making Jungkook miserable.

Lisa growled, shaking her fists. "I'm so ready to destroy her, fuck! How dares she? Who the fuck she thinks she is? Is she fucking stupid? Why does she have to ruin everything for you all the time? Can't she get a fucking life and leave you alone? Also, didn't she fucking hear you fucking the shit out of me in that bar? I'm sure everyone did, I was extra louder for a reason," she ranted angrily.

"I-"

"I hate her so much, you don't have idea. She just came here and tried to steal my man and, is she still out there I have to-" she tried to walk out but Jungkook held her waist, turning her around and he was lucky she didn't punch him after that with the mood she was carrying.

"No, no, no!" he brought her back.

Why was he stopping her? Why so fast? He wasn't that fast to stop Tzuyu when she was saying shit at her face!

"Ah, so now you're protecting her!"

Jungkook widened his eyes as she slapped his arms away. "What? No!"

"Then let me go beat her ass! Because she deserves it!"

Yet, he managed to grip her waist again, looking straight to her eyes. "Listen, I don't want you to get in trouble and going violent ain't good for you, doll"

"You didn't say anything when she was saying shit to me!"

Jungkook closed his eyes in regret. "I'm sorry for that," he said honestly. "I told her to shut up after and respect you, I swear"

Lisa knew he was, he already told her, but right now she didn't care, she wanted to slap someone. "Well, let me repay and beat her ass"

"No, it will get you in trouble"

Lisa, again, knew he was right but it was so fucking unfair!

Why could that ugly Star Wars character get out of this without any consequences? She deserved to pay! She deserved someone to teach her a fucking lesson!

"But, she deserves it! She fucking came here even when knowing you moved on, just to fuck you up, not giving a shit about me. And I'm not just a simple girl no, no, no. I AM THE OFFICIAL! I AM THE FUCKING LALISA MANOBAN, YOUR GIRLFRIEND, AND SHE DESERVES THE BEAT OF HER LIFE TO LEARN HER FUCKING LESSON BECAUSE YOU DON'T JUST KISS A TAKEN MAN," she yelled without knowing and started to try to free herself from his grip like an angry cat, not at all noticing the small smile trying to escape from Jungkook's lips.

"Doll, please, calm down," he said, feeling a small giggle coming

from his throat. It's that she was so cute calling herself the official and actually wanting to beat Tzuyu for ruining it all for him.

Lisa was one of a kind and he was lucky.

But Lisa wasn't for this shit right now. "Don't ask me to call down Jungkook!" she snapped and glared at him.

The laughter died and he got serious. "Sorry. I know that what she did was messed up as fuck and she's a bad person, but she doesn't worth the trouble you may get into," he tried to explain and Lisa got it, she really did, it didn't change the fact that she was angry though.

"Ugh!" she growled and started to push his hands away. "You know what? I have to go," she said because she needed air and she couldn't even breathe in that fucking small room with all the fucking smoke around her and him being that close.

This was all his fault for not listening and keeping himself around that awful bitch even when knowing she was bad for him and Lisa was so mad, because she told him! She warned him! She fucking put all the LED red warning signs and decorated the hoe with red flags and he decided to be fucking kind and still help her. Fuck his concern for her getting in trouble, fuck his stupid apologies and fuck this fucking situation, she wanted to be alone to get her shit together.

Jungkook, of course, started to panic. "What? No! Don't go, we can talk and-"

"Jungkook, I don't want to talk!"

They already talked enough before about this fuckery and about Tzuyu and now it was pointless because things happened, things were done, and all just because he couldn't listen to her and open that big as fuck eyes of his for once.

"But-"

Lisa raised her hands, signaling him to stop trying to touch her for once because it was driving her crazy. "I'll go and do what I was going to do, clear my mind or whatever to not punch that stupid ass hoe"

"But-" he stuttered.

"Bye!" she yelled to mark the final periodt in the conversation.

"Wait!" Jungkook said loud enough and with such panic that it made her look at him. He looked so little suddenly, showing those big sad eyes of his, ready to wreck the big angry wall Lisa just built. "You will... Will you be back? Will you want to see me after? Can we talk after?" he asked softly, insecure.

She noticed he was afraid of her leaving him and it made sense, or it didn't, she didn't know to be honest. She just knew she wasn't going to break up with him because deeply in her heart she knew

what his real intentions were and that he wouldn't have told her what happened if he were doing her dirty; so in short, he was the victim. But she just needed time to be alone.

Lisa took a deep breath to calm down a little bit. "I'm not breaking up with you Jungkook, I'm just angry and I need time alone, by myself, away from this fuckery"

That was enough for him, he didn't relax completely but it showed that a weight was lifted off his shoulders. "Okay"

She hated that he accepted it and respected it because she was so ready to fight. She wanted to fight someone and that's why she wanted to leave. It was actually good and healthy that he was letting her go but so annoying for Lisa's angry mind, it was frustrating to have this big soft man staring at her like a puppy, threatening to make her anger fade away when she was like this. It was unfair, because he did wrong and just that got her more angry.

Stupid pitbull puppy.

"No calls, no following," she specified, knowing he was going to get dramatic if she took so long to come back. "Just leave me alone to think and if that bitch comes back I will follow her ass even after death and pull every single hair out of her head," she said and had to growl to let out the frustration of not having her close to actually hurt her. This was also all her stupid fault! Stupid hoe! "God! Fucking whore!" she exclaimed.

"What about the photoshoot?" he said then.

Ah, that. They were still working on her account and projects.

WAS HE REALLY THINKING ABOUT THAT IN MOMENTS LIKE THIS?

And yes, he was, one look at him was enough to confirm it.

She rolled her eyes and said before leaving: "Tomorrow at 3"

Lisa banged the door close and ran her hands through her face, sliding them under her bangs and then pressing her eyes. She couldn't recall the last time she was so angry. The control was slipping from her hands, making her desire to squeeze something so hard it vanished between her fingers.

"Lisa? What happened? I heard you two arguing?" Jisoo asked her, confused because it was really weird coming from them.

Lisa saw her approaching and shook her head, making a signal with her hands to keep her away. "Nothing," she sighed deeply, pressing her temples.

"Well, that didn't sound like nothing," Jisoo opined with some irony.

"Tzuyu was here"

Jisoo sighed while moving a few papers to one side to the other. "I know and she must have messed up again because he seemed

troubled and cancelled everything"

"She kissed him," Lisa told her with a dead serious face, almost blankly.

Jisoo's eyes went wide as her mouth opened slowly. "What?"

Lisa sighed again, rubbing forehead almost violently. "I'm hungry, want to come with me to get something?"

Jisoo thought little bit about her job, Jungkook was not working anyways and it was almost night so Jimin was going out soon. "Sure"

Jisoo and Lisa went for ice cream together and the older one let her vent while violently stabbing her pot of chocolate ice cream. The poor ice cream was innocent but paying for the sins of another person and it was so sad, especially because Lisa had such strength it was making the table tremble every single time. Jisoo for sure could hear the cries of the sweet cold thing.

But going seriously, Jisoo told her that it had always been this way between Jungkook and Tzuyu but if he pushed her away for Lisa, it was something very big, since he had never done it before, not even when Taehyung and Jimin insisted that he stop interacting with her after the pregnancy incident.

Yes, very nice, but Lisa was still furious. Did they have to come to this for Jungkook to finally open his eyes? And she just hit the bottom of the pot with spoon, by completely finishing the ice cream. She had eaten it so fast that her tongue burned after being so cold.

Jisoo fully told her that yes, that it was the last straw and Tzuyu did all the wrong moves gladly. And even so Lisa couldn't be calm, because if Jungkook had listened to her, if he had trusted her words instead of being the damn hero, everything would be fine right now and he would have removed that fool from his life long before.

Why couldn't men just listen?!

It was so annoying! So outraging!

And the worst part is that he wasn't helping a friend that at least pretended to be good like Chaeyoung, no, he was a helping a friend that awful to him since always. WHAT WAS THE REASON?

She was stomping all the way back to the parlor, but Jisoo knew how cool her head a little bit.

"Didn't you go through the same with Chaeyoung?" much to herself Lisa nodded. She understood the situation of caring for someone even when they were on bad terms, God, even now she was wondering what the hell Chaeyoung was doing. But it was different! "She was his Chaeyoung"

"I said fuck you to my Chaeyoung when she crossed the limits,

but he-"

"He just did the same for you," Jisoo finished for her.

He did but when it was too damn late! His lips were already contaminated!

"You knew he was an idiot with a golden heart when you signed up for this, deal with it, Lalisa," Jisoo rolled her eyes.

Yes, she knew, she loved that golden heart, she loved that man and she... Fuck!

Couldn't he be less annoyingly good? Fucking Jeon Jungkook. Fucking good boys!

"You have to be kidding me," Jisoo sighed beside her and Lisa looked straight ahead.

Oh...

Few times in her life Lisa was truly violent with no alcohol involved, not counting the time she ripped the extensions and destroyed her best friend's clothes. Violence was never her thing, because in spite of everything she was always a classy girl... No wait, she kicked someone's ass for Bambam once when she was a child... But she wasn't that-No, she also kicked someone's ass for Minnie in highschool too...

Well, the point is that Lisa didn't see herself as the type that would react like this but when Lisa was angry and someone she loved was doing dirty, Lisa turned into someone else and she blamed that someone else for approach that stupid rich bitch and slap the shit out of her.

That was certainly unexpected, for Tzuyu, for herself, for Jisoo and for the group of guys passing by that stopped and looked at Lisa with wide open eyes.

The slap was loud and clear, it made like an eco and it was like both girls were left alone in a small invisible room.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Tzuyu asked, holding her reddening cheek.

Lisa crossed her arms, feeling satisfaction for that mark growing clear in the skin of the younger one. "No, what the hell is wrong with you? What are you doing here? Are you being paid for ruining Jungkook's life or is it just a fucking hobby?" she asked and the small public opened their mouths, wondering who was Jungkook and how ruined his life was.

Tzuyu blinked, processing her words, like Lisa was fucking crazy for reacting like this.

"I came here to apologize."

"No needed, thank you," Lisa cut her off, just seeing her there again, close to her boyfriend with clear intentions to talk to him again, was making her boil again. Didn't she have a limit? Or a

brain? "All he needs is you getting the fuck out of his life"

Tzuyu clenched her jaw, looking away. "He already told me that if you don't know," she said in a low tone.

"So are you fucking stupid or what? Stay. Away. From. Him." she said slowly, approaching her, seeking to intimidate her although her furious gaze was already capable of making the biggest and toughest guy run away... Or Jungkook.

Tzuyu didn't shrink from her anyway, she kept her cool rich girl appearance that Lisa knew all too well. Both were raised not to create drama in public, the difference was that Lisa was never good at being a rich girl with spotless manners.

"Who are you? A bodyguard? You can't just control who he talks with and I'm his friend"

"You're not much of a friend if he told you to fuck off," Lisa cut hard and roughly through her, holding back the need to roll her eyes before her watering eyes.

God, this girl was really a mess. She wasn't even a fair opponent because she was already crying, at least Chaeyoung could fight back and tell her shit at her face... Or behind, haha.

But this... Lisa hated to see this pitiful bitch cry and especially because she knew it was going to reach Jungkook if he saw her and she knew it. Maybe it was on purpose, maybe it was unconsciously, but she was bad for him, she needed to stay fucking away and respect him and Lisa.

"Listen, I'm sorry that life treated you so bad but remember that everything that happened to you are the consequences or your bad choices. You chose the wrong guy, things went wrong because everything was dirty from the beginning and you let the right guy go, so well, deal with it. He has finally moved on, so do it you too because I'm tired of dealing with your bullshit and all the shit you did to him," Lisa told her coldly.

A tear rolled down Tzuyu's cheek and she quickly wiped it away. "I didn't mean to hurt him... never"

"Oh well, thank god you didn't try, imagine if you tried," Lisa clapped back which got Tzuyu annoyed too, pushing aside the sadness a little bit as a small anger grew in her tearful eyes and she showed an angry kitty expression, kind of despreciative as if she had the right.

"Why are you so entitled, anyway? He's dating you but was still texting me," she decided to pull that card out.

Oh, the bitch was so annoying. Jungkook was texting her just because she was a mess! And now she was trying to mess up with her mind too?

Lisa said fuck to her crying agenda and slapped her again.

And Tzuyu also said fuck to my crying agenda because this time, she didn't left it like that, she jumped on Lisa, pulling her hair.

"Yah! Let me go!" Lisa yelled at her, also taking a few strand of her hair between her fingers to pull her away.

"You're so annoying! You were literally no one for him a few months!"

"For sure I am someone for him now!" and Lisa pushed her away strongly, rubbing her scalp as she was throwing fire from her eyes.

Tzuyu smirked bitterly, not caring much about the mess her hair was now. "Yeah, a fucking slut to fuck and forget. But when he's over you, he will come back to me, as always"

Couldn't she hear herself? Couldn't she see how fucking selfish she was? Even now he was just an object and just because of that, Lisa slapped her again... for the third time.

And Tzuyu slapped her back, just because Lisa couldn't be fast enough to move.

And oh no, Tzuyu didn't know what she was getting into.

"Oh no, not again," a stunned Jungkook mumbled, while coming out the parlor because of the noise of cats fighting.

"What do you mean with not again? How many times did this happen?" Jisoo asked, scandalized. She was having fun with this, the guys too, but this was also way too dramatic.

Jungkook ignored her and he was fast enough to stop Lisa, pulling her back and away from Tzuyu.

"Didn't I tell you not to fight her?" he had the audacity to scold her.

Was he stupid, for real?

Tzuyu stopped at the sight of him but Lisa got more infuriated, freeing herself from him like an angry cat until she could push him away.

"Are you for real, Jungkook?" she asked, genuinely in disbelief with pure rage running through her veins.

Why was he stopping her?

"Yes, I am! This is not good!" he had the audacity to reply, looking as upset as herself.

Excuse me?

"I explained you why you don't have to do this!"

Lisa gasped. "Well, sorry Daddy, but tell your stupid friend to not come to say shit at my face!"

"This is not about her! I don't want you to get in trouble!"

"You should have thought better before and listened to me then!"

"I told you I'm sorry!"

"And I told you I wanted to fight a bitch and the bitch just offered herself in a silver tray saying shit about you!"

"Lisa," Jungkook took a deep breath, approaching her slowly, but Lisa was so mad she was literally daring him with her glare to get closer. "Listen, you're not thinking"

AH, SO SHE WASN'T THINKING?!

"So now I'm just a wild animal here without thoughts?!"

"You know that's not what I am saying!"

"It sounds like that!" she replied, super defensive. "You know what I am thinking?" she asked, walking to him until their faces were just centimeters away. "That you're just protecting your stupid damsel in distress over me, AGAIN"

"I knew I shouldn't have come," they heard Tzuyu whisper.

"No shit, Sherlock!" Lisa spat.

"You shut the fuck up!" Jungkook also spat at Tzuyu.

Both looked at the other back and Lisa huffed.

"You know what? Fuck it"

Jungkook sighed and held her arms but Lisa brushed him off.

"Lisa-"

"No! I don't want to listen!"

"But this is not my fault!" he exclaimed and Lisa arched a brow, was he for real? Jungkook blinked and stuttered. "I mean, she coming back," he pointed at Tzuyu. "That's not my fault," and then he turned around at the stupid girl there. "Didn't I tell you this was over? Why are you here?"

Tzuyu's eyes went wide. "I-"

"Probably came to cry or whatever," Lisa rolled her eyes.

She was already so done with this shit and, honestly, why was she still here?

"Just fuck off, for real," Jungkook told Tzuyu seriously, between tired and annoyed.

The girl opened her mouth but after the glares she received, she lowered her head and nodded poorly, feeling finally defeated because nothing was left there. Jungkook was done with her.

So she left, feeling miserable.

Oh poor thing.

Hope she got hit by a car.

(a/n: sorry it wasn't harder but she wasn't that big of an enemy to fight with and it was going to be unfair to make lisa beat her so easily lol. also im tired and that's the best i could do, hope you don't kill me 🌍 I know you all hoes wanted a hard strong catfight but girly never fought for jk, she wouldn't start this time and less against lisa)

Lisa felt a little proud of herself for slapping her, god, slapping her had been the best thing she had done in years and she wasn't going to jail this time so, yay! Maybe that way she was going to wake up and stay away from Jungkook for once and if Lisa was

lucky, she was going to stay out of his mind too.

Lisa knew she was in his mind when he was doubting her and she couldn't wait for him to just get over everything and see Lisa as just Lisa. But well, it was a slow process.

And now she was alone with him.

I mean, as alone as they could be in a public street after a public fight. Gladly, the people who were subtly enjoying the show left fast once they noticed Lisa looking at them.

"Are you okay?" Jisoo asked her, reminding her that she was still there and they were in front of the parlor.

Lisa nodded even though she was upset again and wanted to be alone again to process her thoughts.

Jungkook looked at her now with that puppy sad face and she sighed.

"I'll go," she said, because her anger was kind of cooling off after seeing him tell that idiot to fuck off, it was really pleasing she couldn't lie, but it wasn't cooling off enough for her to stop feeling so annoyed by him.

It was damn late to tell Tzuyu to fuck off, things were already done.

Jungkook bit his lower lip. "I don't know why she was back," he told her even though she already know that.

"I don't even care anymore, I just hope she stays away because I am tired, Jungkook"

He nodded, agreeing, and glanced at her sadly. "I'm really sorry"

She knew he was, it was obvious at this point, but his sorry wasn't solving anything because guess what? Lisa was already mad, annoyed, angry and infuriated at him.

She didn't just have to deal with that hoe kissing him but also having the audacity to come for her and tell her awful shit and Jungkook didn't even let her fight her as she deserved.

And whose fault was this?

DING DING DING! RIGHT!

JUNGKOOK.

The silence between was awkward, it was so tense it was hurting.

"I have things to do, so, yeah, whatever," Lisa said and glanced at him one last time, hating to see him so sad.

But, well, she didn't have enough mercy to feel that bad about it. He deserved to feel bad.

Lisa left, she really had plans for the evening anyway and she smiled wryly as she remembered that that was the main reason she had gone to Jungkook's parlor earlier.

it keeps going in the next part, i have to split it bc it will glitch

otherwise. pls dont forget to vote💕

Chapter 38 • Pt. 4, 2

The one about the ranting angry girlfriend and the revelation she has...

Going to the first gym she found, hitting a punching bag until she couldn't feel her arms anymore, and then going dancing with Seungyeom wasn't the best of ideas. Lisa confirmed it when their legs shook as they reached the table outside a convenience store and she had to sit down, Seungyeom laughed at her loudly.

"Yah, don't laugh!"

"Girl, you're so ruined," Seungyeom said with a smile. "I'll go to get us something to drink and snacks, okay?"

Lisa just nodded and waited for her, noticing that somehow she felt better... Or she was already too exhausted to deal with life and just wanted to take a shower and sleep.

Thinking that she was planning a surprise for that stupid fool who had allowed himself to be used by his ex made her realize the ironies of life. Did he really deserve that birthday present after this?

"So, what happened with that boyfriend of yours this time?" Seungyeom asked, returning with two ice cold beer bottles and a large bag of Kkokkalcorn (corn snacks). Lisa snorted in response and took the bag, opening it quickly to pop several into her mouth. The grace of the snack was to put them on the tips of the fingers and eat them from there but Lisa just needed a handful to swallow her anger. "Okay..." Seungyeom dragged the word, amused.

"His fucking ex! She came and kissed him! " Lisa spat angrily because apparently she wasn't that much over it.

I mean, how to?

"Noo... For real?" Seungyeom asked, clearly shocked, as she opened the bottles for Lisa and for herself.

"Yes!"

"I told you that bitch is awful!"

"I knew but I didn't know she could reach such limits as coming for MY man like that! And she was, like, sure he was going to drop it all for her," Lisa said and took the neck of the bottle violently, drinking a few sips fast and feeling the gas tickle her tongue.

For real! Tzuyu was really expecting Jungkook to say Sayonara to Lisa and go with her??? Excuse me?????????

"Who would drop you?"

"I know, right?" she replied automatically but then it hit her and it made her smile. "Wait, thank you"

"It's the truth, Lisa. You're really amazing," Seungyeom smiled, taking her hand and caressing it with her thumb. "But I can't believe that idiot was giving her a second chance. She was always awful to him and not just about his whole weird drama with the other guy," she added, getting comfortable in her chair. Lisa's ears perked up, waiting for more tea it was about to be spilled for her to sip. "You can't imagine how rude and disgusted she was with us when she met us, like we had fleas or something"

"Really?"

"Yeah, and Jungkook was so different last year. Like, desperately trying to make her happy and doing anything for her, so if she hated us, he would try to stay away and girl!" she exclaimed, remembering something. "The way he forced himself to wear long sleeves shirts during the summer because he was dating her and her friends and family didn't like that of him at all"

"No way...," Lisa couldn't believe it! She couldn't believe the audacity of that hoe either! She would never do that to him, gosh, that was why she wanted him away from her parents. She kind of suspected Tzuyu was awful with him in that way, making him feel insecure about himself.

Why was Jungkook being so nice at her? What the hell was wrong with him?

"Yes! It was such a pleasure to finally have you at his side. Because when we met you, we expected you to be like her just because of the rich vibes but it was so good that you're different, he deserves something different because he's a real good guy"

"I know," Lisa sighed. "He's too good for his own good, like, he was really being kind with that ugly stupid bitch because she was having a moment and she took advantage of it and I'm so angry with him, because, damn! You can't tell me you never saw it coming!" she snapped again, punching the table.

Gladly, Seungyeom agreed and nodded "She was awful with you in front of his eyes too! He's for real an idiot"

Lisa got riled up after that, thankful to finally have someone agreeing with her. It was good to have Jisoo being cold and reasonable, but sometimes a girl just wants to curse and rant angrily and be cheer up because of that. "And I told him! That night I told him she was coming for him and he didn't believe me, he dismissed me! Like, are you for real?"

Seungyeom sighed, taking a sip from her beer. "Men are stupid, Lisa, even the good ones"

Especially the good ones, because they didn't expect that shit

coming to them after the good things they did. It was unfair but well, life was actually a bitch.

Lisa was so conflicted at the end of the day. It was Jungkook's fault for not listening but it wasn't his fault at the same time because he wasn't opening doors for Tzuyu, he was being the good friend she needed and the hoe just... Ugh, why was she repeating it again anyways? It just worked to keep her angry.

Lisa sighed and buried her face in her hands. "I don't know what to do anyways, I don't want to see him but I want to fight him and I also want to hug him, he looked so guilty and sad..."

And she couldn't believe she was starting to feel kind of guilty, because Jungkook was a good tiny smol boy that needed to be protected...

"That's your fault for dating someone with puppy eyes, they're the worst"

"I know," Lisa whined and drank beer, fake crying. "But he still has me so fucking angry, because I told him!"

Seungyeom then laughed while drinking, staring at the empty street in front of them in the center of Hongdae. "If I was you I would punish him..."

Lisa raised a brow, recalling the only kind of punishment it was available for a 22 years old guy. "Without sex?"

The other girl shook her head and shot her a playful look. "With sex"

Lisa frowned, confused. What was she talking about? Punishing with sex?

Wasn't normal to deny sex at him? And that wasn't going to be a good punishment because Lisa loved sex as much as him, she was going to suffer too.

But, as she took another sip of beer in front of Seungyeom's mischievous stare, a memory came to her mind pretty fast... When she was on Twitter, searching for Hentai to know what it was and after she watched so many videos, she found one where a big tiddy anime girl had a forgettable guy tied up, and she was liking him slowly and torturously. He was so desperate at her hands, asking for more but she wasn't giving in, she was teasing and having the time of her life.

Why was it so easy to picture herself and Jungkook doing that?

Probably because it was a really good idea.

Oh...

What a punishment would be to not let him come... What a punishment would be to use his body and see him struggle... That would remind him why he had to listen...

Jungkook fucked her so hard when he was jealous, he was so

passionate when eating her out and proving her he was the only one all the time. Why couldn't Lisa do the same and give him just to long session of angry sex?

"Wait, you're so right..." she mumbled, having a big revelation.

"I know! It sounds fun and you can... Let it all go, in him"

Lisa giggled devilishly. "So, fuck silent treatment, I will ride his dick till it falls off"

"Yes!" Seungyeom exclaimed, straightening up in her chair. "Do you have some kind of fantasy?"

Fantasy? Besides fucking Jungkook which she was already doing? Nope.

Did Jungkook have a fantasy?

And her mind was pretty active that night because another memory surfaced.

They were in the park, going to their first date, when they remembered that time they lost Soomin in the supermarket.

"Shit"

"Uh, yeah, shit. That time, I thought about putting you on a leash too," she said, tugging at his chair.

At that time, Lisa was kidding. In general, she liked to play and tease about that, she wasn't giving it a second thought. But now all she could remember was the way his pupils darkened and he slightly opened his mouth, breathing deeply.

He wanted that...

Jungkook wanted to be put on a leash and be at her mercy... and who was Lisa to say no.

Lisa smirked. "Do you think there's some sex shop open?"

"It's Seoul, I'm sure it is and I can't wait to see what you buy"

Both girls clinked their beer bottles with devil smiles on their faces.

where are you little dick

Taehyunggie just changed the name of the group.

Taehyunggie

are you going to comeback

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply

reply
reply
reply
reply
reply
reply
reply

Gnome Hyung

can't you just text him
on the priv
my phone acting like a plug

Taehyunggie

for sure you know
about plugs

Gnome Hyung

my favorite one is your 💎dick💎

Taehyunggie

not today satan
jungkook comeback
its too late to save you
from jumping off a bridge

Gnome Hyung

at least reply
im okay

just working

Taehyunggie

did lisa comeback
no

Taehyunggie

well
call her????

she told me
to not text or wtv
she wants to be alone

Taehyunggie

oh
that's dangerous
you're not helping

Taehyunggie

she will be back
you didn't cheat or something
no

i was just an idiot

Taehyunggie

it's okay
it's part of you
you're too nice
and nice people always get fucked
i genuinely thought
we were just friends
and she was never into me
i finally accepted it
i never expected her to confess
or kiss me
or expect something from me
i feel so bad
and now lisa is not talking to me

Gnome Hyung

oh c'mon
it's been just a few hours
everything will be alright tomorrow
what if it's not

Taehyunggie

why wouldn't it be alright
idk
what about the fucking part
of my ex over me and me
being a fucking idiot with a short dick

Taehyunggie

don't say that
your dick is not short

Gnome Hyung

lisa knows this wasn't
entirely your fault jk

Taehyunggie

and you both are
disgustingly in love
love beats hoes
she was so fucking angry earlier
i never saw her this angry
not with me at least
she seemed about to destroy me
and I was going to let her do it

Gnome Hyung

she knows that
she knows that you're whipped for her
how are you so sure

Taehyunggie

she brags about it every two seconds

Gnome Hyung

yeah

it's annoying

but good

someone gotta tell you

that you're not that ugly

you know

appreciate you

since all you do is talk

shit about yourself

Taehyunggie

that's deep

are you drunk

Gnome Hyung

not yet

i have a date

i want to get drunk

Taehyunggie

COME HOME THEN

do you have alcohol? □

Gnome Hyung

buy some beer

i have soju in my closet

Taehyunggie

you're such a rat

i asked you if you had yesterday

Gnome Hyung

it's for emergencies

were you heartbroken yesterday

Taehyunggie

im always heartbroken

for the ✨aesthetic✨

Gnome Hyung

that's not as funny as you think it is

what about your date

Gnome Hyung

we don't know any hoe here

just a jey-key

□

i love you short man

Taehyunggie

excuse me 🙇🙇🙇

i was the one texting first



i love you too skinny korean boy

The one about the innocent naive boy facing his angry horny girlfriend...

"Hey"

Jungkook looked very vulnerable, almost small despite being more than 10 centimeters taller than her and despite wearing his typical dark clothes with his chunky boots. His eyes showed a clear concern and perhaps a little fear, Lisa knew he was afraid of losing her.

But it wasn't going to happen, Lisa woke up still angry and by the afternoon she was still fuming, mumbling under her breath her big "*he didn't listen*" BUT she wasn't stupid to ruin everything for something so stupid.

"Come in," she told him lightly but keeping her expression cold, not even smiling.

Jungkook entered the apartment uncertainly, looking at her closely as if she was going to explode at some point. Lisa rolled her eyes, annoyed that he was so insecure about their relationship as if she didn't swear everlasting love to him all the time.

Why was he like that?

The silence was tense between them, uncomfortable and cold but she couldn't care less. He deserved some discomfort after not listening to her and practically making fun of her obvious theories, theories that came true and exploded in his face.

"Where's Leo?" he asked, surely to fill the space.

Lisa shrugged, as she took her camera, which was on the coffee table. "Hidden somewhere, I don't know"

"Oh"

She verified that the carpet by the balcony doors was in the right place and, at not feeling nearby footsteps or even the sound of Jungkook's presence, she turned to see him and found him still at the entrance.

He had put on his slippers but was keeping an unsure pose, hands together in front of him and big eyes looking at her with great innocence.

Was she going to bite him or what?

Actually... She could bite him, God knew he deserved it after what he did, and just the small implication of it happening made her notice how curiously hot the situation was.

Jungkook was ready to do whatever she wanted...

Lisa was struck by the desire to take advantage of him like this,

tease him and play with him as a punishment, because when Lisa was angry, she was mean.

But wouldn't that be hot too? Wouldn't be hot to have him lusting after her and not being able to have her?

That thought alone was hot enough to create a little lustful twist in her stomach that her anger force her to push away and focus.

Jungkook was still in his place, quiet and still.

"What are you waiting for? An invitation?" she arched an eyebrow and Jungkook quickly stepped forward, as if someone had just pushed him.

"M sorry...", he muttered, scratching behind his ear.

"I want to try a few pictures with the reflection of the sun, like, golden hour style, you know," She explained flatly, as if it were just work, not at all like the other times where the atmosphere was full of laughter and jokes. "So, I need you to lie down here"

Jungkook nodded and obeyed, she guided him to the correct position and then cursed under her breath when he finished sitting in the afternoon sunlight, creating reddish highlights in his dark hair and making his golden skin glow magnificently. He was so damn handsome that it was unfair.

Why couldn't he date an ugly man? Maybe that way it would be easier to stay angry and not get aroused, actually she was still angry but now aroused too and it was a pretty messed up combination.

She managed to get her job done anyway, but she couldn't help but appreciate him, she couldn't help but notice how well he followed her orders and pulled off seductive poses in the sun. The warm light caressed his body as if it had been created just for him. And it was a bad idea to ask him to take off his shirt, but the photos turned out a thousand times better with him only in distressed ripped jeans around his waist and marked muscles glowing, decorated with strokes of black ink. He was like a painted and decorated god who tempted her to want to run through him and all the curves in his skin with her tongue. His natural tan glowed out and he looked like a laid-back Calvin Klein model, after taking a nap, with a bored-tired look that turned hot, and that relaxed smile. Like he had no idea he was in a photoshoot.

God, Lisa wanted to fuck him so bad.

And Jungkook had no idea, he still had that pleasing and pleading look when she was giving indications, he was seeking to make her happy in favor of being forgiven. He no longer seemed as arrogant as all those times when he defended his stupid ex. It was lovely to see a regretting dog like this and it opened up so many possibilities, because for now he was literally on her hands.

In her hands...

So many possibilities...

She wanted to fuck him, but she also wanted to punish him and why not doing both.

Her mind got clouded by images and sounds, her over him, teasing him, driving him crazy or maybe... She being far away from him, touching herself in front of his eyes, him completely helpless and desperate because he wouldn't get anything from her...

Fuck, Seungyeom did her dirty at opening that door for her and now it was all she could think about.

After all, she bought that chain...

There was only one of her last ideas left to do and when Lisa had it, everything was fine and it was innocent. Now, this idea looked like the perfect trap. It wasn't good for the internal struggle she was going through but it was necessary.

"Lie down please," she told him and he obeyed, laying back on the rug and his lashes fluttered, trying to get used to the light. She cocked her head from above, admiring his stretched body with burning looks, from the sharp curve of his collarbone down the dangerous curve of his pecs to the slightly marked abs. "Raise your arms, over your head"

And damn it, he made a fiery stream of lust run through her entire body until it exploded in her belly as he obeyed once more and looked so vulnerable, shooting her a curious look to see if he was doing well through his narrowed eyes while his arms were up, around his head, thick curved biceps painted in black.

"Good," she nodded like nothing was wrong and just straddled him, staying on her knees.

His eyes widened in surprise, since she hadn't even touched him when he arrived, and Lisa arched an arrogant brow, holding back a smile.

"Some problem?"

He shook his head and she smirked, noticing way too fast how bothered he got. After all, she fucked this man too many times to not notice how fast and easy it was to turn him on. And it was so funny, so pleasing to see.

"Good, now please, be a good boy and look at the camera"

Her words hit him, they were new, Lisa realized but he finally nodded and pushed his surprise away to make that look he knew she wanted. She wanted seduction and laziness and she got it from him, sadly it reminded her after fucking all night when he was too sleepy to react.

God, he was such a good model... and a really good boy.

The tension had grown much thicker and she noticed that he had started to breathe heavily, holding his breath as she moved a little

to get a better shot from above. However, she continued, despite the heat she was beginning to feel.

It was hard not to feel warm when he subtly watched her, from her neck, along her torso covered by an oversized old t-shirt, to her bare thighs.

Did he know that she didn't have pants? He should have seen it and she credited him for not mentioning it, knowing full well that he was walking on the edge of the cliff and it wouldn't end well if he made jokes.

Perhaps that knowledge made him a bit nervous but he was still inadvertently expressing desire.

Jungkook wanted her.

She smirked wickedly, and decided to finally flop down onto his body, accommodating her barely covered core over his hard pelvis, her ass just over his bulge that was a little harder than she'd expected.

Jungkook gasped in surprise but she ignored him.

"Close your eyes," she directed without caring, as if she wasn't enjoying the pressure that the buckle on his belt caused right against her covered clit.

Jungkook silently nodded and closed his eyes, seeking to look peaceful, like just a guy sunbathing with his head back against the ground, but there was no way he would look peaceful when he was so bothered, his jaw clenched and his lips slightly parted, on the verge to moan if Lisa moved again.

God.

Lisa took as many photos as she could, transmitting through the lens the lust she felt, focusing on every corner of him that was hot in the sun that she wanted to lick. She took a focused photo on his thin lips, which she knew could kiss her until her legs shake and they could actually make her legs shake as he made her come, sucking on her clit. She took a photo of his closed eyes and the sharp curve of his jaw, where she wanted to kiss. She took a photo of the sharp lines on his arched neck that she wanted to nibble and mark so that no other bitch would dare to touch him...

From his frown, Lisa could see that he was trying hard to stop thinking about her on him, but it was difficult and unnecessary, especially unnecessary. Because now Lisa wanted him hard and bothered and pleading. It was too easy to imagine him writhing under her, with his hands up, and his cock deep in her. Muttering her name many times because she was riding him fast and hard, seeking her own release.

She felt her body so hot that she wanted to throw her shirt away, not even the AC helped, and her panties were definitely wet. Why

keep playing this then? Why not let it go?

Ah right.

He didn't deserve it

"Jungkook?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her, slightly confused when she leaned over his body, resting her hands on his chest, until she was inches from his face.

He glanced at her lips and then her eyes, like a deer caught in headlights.

He was... so cute... so hot... so easy to use.

"We're over, go home," she said with perhaps too much pleasure.

He opened his mouth stunned and he followed with incredulous eyes as she stepped up like nothing happened, leaving him on the floor bothered and too horny for his own good.

Lisa hid a smile and focused on her camera, Jungkook kept staring at her, like expecting a "I'm kidding baby, get naked" but Lisa wasn't going to do that and she showed the most wicked innocence she could. "Some problem? You better hurry, I have plans"

Jungkook blinked and finally pressed the inside of his mouth with his tongue. "Okay?"

"Be sure to close the door when you leave, I'll go take a shower... It's kind of hot in here, right?" she playfully teased and showed him the first smile of the afternoon. "I'll go take care of myself," she added, noticing in his eyes the lust that understood what she was talking about.

Well, how sad.

And she left to laugh in the bathroom.

love of my life

are you coming

tomorrow for another shoot?

yes

if you want to

good

im preparing a few shots

actually i just took a picture

of myself

i like to model for myself

sometimes

to test myself you know

yeah?

you're so talented doll

i know

i'd like your opinion about

one of the pics

really?

my opinion?

yes

look

(deleted picture in case they delete my whole story lol)

damn

you certainly are

very talented

and beautiful

thank you 😊□□□□

i just took it

so

you're naked?

no

or yes

just panties i guess...

oh

the sheets feel extra soft against my body

my skin is also so soft

like pure silk

and it smells just like vanilla

i love this new body oil

don't you?

yes

very

i got some idea

since all you were doing

a few nights ago

was kissing my body

running your hands through me

was i very soft, hottie?

yes

a lot

i'd love to feel it again

well

not me

im good by myself

touching myself

thinking of you

and all your kisses

and your tongue on me

it was so sweet

but
i can go now
not necessary baby
im already taking care of it
it's pretty wet
anyways
have a good night
uh
goodnight?



gimme me back all the alcohol taehyung
i think lisa
is punishing me without sex
Gnome Hyung
ouch

Taehyunggie
tragic
not like there are kids dying out of starvation
not my issue
im not a white famous celebrity
this is bad
it actually keeps me hard
does that mean

Gnome Hyung
that youre into degradation
yes

Taehyunggie
wbk
but you know what
look hotter the next time you
see each other
no
wait

The one about the naive guy, now horny, facing his unforgiving girlfriend...

Maybe it was the pent up lust but Jungkook was about to gasp like a thirsty dog as Lisa continued the next day, straddling him while taking pictures.

It was being torture.

She was again with just an oversized shirt and no pants, he could still see the hint of her underwear and it was driving him crazy. Especially when she was bending down to take things to the floor, putting her beautiful ass on his face.

And he would love to bury his face there but Lisa, at the same time she was tempting him, she was also so cold... so distant. It was confusing.

Her actions were saying yes, I'm fucking with you and I'd love you to fuck me, but the aura around her was saying no, just no💔.

And once again he had her over him, wrapping his waist with those sinful legs, with the camera between them. He couldn't stop staring, wishing she was actually naked and with him deeply buried in her, moving and arching for him.

And he wouldn't mind the camera still between them.

But Lisa had him without breathing again when she moved the camera aside and tilted her head, looking at him down like he was nothing... For her he could be nothing.

He just wanted her forgiveness... and her cunt wrapping him.

"Would you do anything for me to forgive you?" She asked softly, her voice seductively sweet.

He nodded without thinking twice, of course.

Good.

"So," she dragged the word, running her short nail up his chest on a path to his neck and cheek, giving him pleasant chills. Jungkook looked at her with the heart in his throat, racing. "Remember when we talked about the one that got mad at the other would lose? It was so long ago"

He nodded, not sure where this was going.

"You got mad at me first but you still used me as a fuck doll," she said frankly, without fear, and he felt a current of lust go through him at the sinful memories of he fucking her against the door in a bathroom. "That was so unfair, Jungkook," Lisa added, catching his attention. "I should claim my reward and make it double, don't you think?"

He nodded, she was right after all and what she was implying was so tempting...

Lisa leaned over him, bringing her lips close to his yet so away because he couldn't kiss her yet, just released her breath and feel himself go out of breath. "Would you let me punish you, baby? Because you need a lesson"

Her voice was tender but her words hardened him in seconds, almost making him gasp because, honestly, he wanted that and hearing it from her lips was like a dream... As if he had waited a lifetime to be in this situation and right with her.

Especially with her.

He wasn't lying when he said she was a fantasy, sometimes it was sweet, sometimes it was cruel... like now. But he was a sucker for pain, as if his past love story didn't show it.

"You can," he whispered back, mesmerized by her plump lips and that wicked look promising things...

Lisa smiled and stood up, as if nothing had happened. "Get naked and wait for me on the bed"

And then she left to the bathroom, swaying those sweet hips of hers, for sure already knowing he could see her perky round ass and cotton white panties from the floor.



AYO 🍷 AYO 🍷

this one is nasty, idk if good but nasty and kinky. this one is for the subkook stans

BECAUSE THAT MAN IS A SUB

also im so nervous fr I don't wanna fuck up

Jungkook felt like his first time again, nervous because he didn't know what could happen and scared he would screw up even more. But, he was hard as a rock despite the worries haunting his mind, possibly because she had aroused in him a sinful curiosity that kept him on.

Lisa emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, finding him sitting at the foot of the bed, only wearing boxers and fiddling with the rings on his fingers. He looked at her with his big eyes and gulped at the vision, long bare legs were at hand, looking soft and like gold, and her center was barely covered by the same sexy panties he had seen from the side, the bands wrapped around the fine bones of her hips and they further marked the precious curve from her small waist to her shapely thighs ... And she was wearing nothing else.

Her breasts were there, in front of his eyes, mesmerizing him.

He wanted to grip her and pull her closer, he wanted to bury his face between her breasts and run his tongue to one of her nipples, but right now, he knew he couldn't.

"I said naked," she stated, arching an eyebrow that showed under her messy bangs, a little bit moved to the side.

He reacted a bit late but nodded and quickly threw his boxers away, standing in front of her and her intense gaze, devouring him like he was a feast, especially when glancing at his dick who was ready to whatever it came.. Or got out...

She smiled, running her tongue over her teeth, and although it seemed that the walls were finally down, Jungkook sensed danger and it was curiously arousing.

And then he noticed what she had wrapped in her hand.

No, it wasn't a whip.

It was a chain choker with leather... and a longer chain...

(a/n: wanna know something funny about the witch cake? I wrote this just the night before MMA)

Oh... wait...

"Sit," she indicated the bed with her head.

Instinctively, without taking his eyes off that mischievous expression she wore that was driving him crazy, he obeyed and held his breath as she approached, while the sweet vanilla perfume of her body oil flooded his nostrils deliciously.

Lisa climbed onto his lap, circling him with those silky legs that made his cock twitch impatiently, and, with a hand that burned against his skin, she gently pushed him onto the mattress.

She stood fours over him, her back perfectly arched.

She was beautiful and he wanted to touch her, caress her, but he was temporarily frozen in place, barely daring to breathe, because it felt like he was walking on broken ice.

"You're so handsome, Jungkook," her silky voice caressed his ears with the compliment and the finger she used to traverse the sunken line between his pecs, grazing slightly the tatted wolf, sent chills down his skin. He needed to moan just for that and it was actually nothing. "Can I put you on a leash?" She asked casually, as if it was nothing.

Damn, his belly burned in a twist of lust and he found himself nodding enthusiastically but silently. Lisa bit her lower lip, looking at him a little more just to be sure, and finally put the choker on. The chains were cold or his skin was very hot, he only felt the coolness and small pleasant currents by Lisa's long fingers brushing his neck, squeezing but not too tight, he didn't want to mention the things that did to his dick. In the center of his throat, there was a piece of leather from which a ring hung and there was attached the not so long chain... It was a leash.

"You look better now," she murmured, leaning over him with her breath brushing his skin. He felt her smile and she then gently kissed his cheek like saying good boy. He felt real butterflies in his stomach. "Are you okay?"

"Yes"

"Good"

And he had no idea what she would do so when Lisa started leaving kisses from his cheek to his chest, down his neck, he was surprised but enjoyed it, letting out the air that he had been holding without realizing. This felt good, this felt safe. Her kisses grew bigger and wetter as they went by, sometimes tapping her tongue around his tattoos which made him bite his lower lip. She was savoring him in places, especially in the hollow of his collarbone and then in the beginning of his chest. Jungkook felt himself like

simmering in the oven, being stimulated in small sweet doses that made him impatient the more he liked it, even when his cock was very hard.

His back arched and he moaned when she kissed his nipple, sucking a little, he knew they were sensitive but he was getting so turned on that it was inevitable not to react. She smiled, looking at him from there, and nipped it, as her hands took his arms and brought him up over his head. Jungkook just let her do it, focused on the nerve endings in her mouth and against her tongue. She rolled it around the nipple and bit softly, to then lap one... two... three times... Fuck. And it was so good that his cock was twitching out of pleasure, slowly leaking around the tip.

God, he wanted to be inside her right now.

But Lisa was just beginning what would be torture.

She sucked on his nipples and slid the cold chain over his warm, slightly wet skin, creating a pleasant mix of sensations.

"Fuck"

Lisa laughed against his skin. "Do you like it?"

"Uhum..."

She moved down his stomach, taking her time to kiss every part of him, run her tongue from the lines between his muscles and even around his belly button, and he could already feel her lips where he needed her most, expectant and ready, but Lisa laughed at him... literally.

"You're so hard, baby, I didn't even touch you"

Jungkook opened his eyes quickly when he stopped feeling the heat of her body and found her kneeling, straddling his thighs, while staring at his pitiful hard dick. She was very amused and Jungkook felt some shame, but how could he not be hard after she did all that? Sometimes he just had to look at her to be hard.

What was she going to do now? Just look at it?

"Sorry, did you think I was going to suck it?" She cocked her head with the most wicked innocence possible.

Jungkook stammered in surprise. He would love for her to do it but he hadn't exactly thought about it, he was actually ready to be surprised and she was doing it with that question. But why was she scoffing at the idea of sucking him anyway?

Lisa rested both hands on his hips, leaning forward, and he couldn't help but gasp for her nails digging into his skin and the sight of her breasts, hard, beautifully decorated nipples waiting for some attention...

"I don't think you deserve me to suck you off, Kookie Oppa," She hummed and quickly reminded him of why they were there, the reasons behind it.

He had completely forgotten that someone other than Lisa existed for a few seconds.

"For your information," Lisa continued, sliding her hands down to his thighs and ignoring his erection in such a way that it was painful and sad. "This is all about me," she pushed his thighs open and he didn't know what she was doing, he was actually like a rag doll in her hands. "So, raise your leg... Yes, just like this, it's perfect," She urged him and straddled his leg. "Keep it hard and I'd love you to enjoy the show"

What show?

The answers came quick anyway when Lisa leaned completely against his taut thigh and he felt her very wet panties on his skin, covering a slit that he knew very well, that his tongue knew very well. God ... She was so wet... He could slip inside that hot cave so easily... Fill her and finally feel some friction where he needed it...

But then, she moved her hips over the muscle and he understood everything.

She was going to use it, use him.

Fuck.

Yes.

She moaned when she found the best position and rocked her hips, nipping at her plump lower lip. She was frowning under her bangs and her eyes closed with long lashes caressing her cheekbones, focused on her pleasure.

Jungkook completely forgot about himself and looked at her rapt, stunned but very aroused, almost moaning for her. He could feel her entire core, every curvature, how wet she was and how wet she became. She was so gorgeous, her hips rocking and arching, whimpering with amusement as if she were alone and he was just a toy.

But he was not a toy, and finally he remembered.

Jungkook reached out to touch her leg, eager to feel her skin, but Lisa stopped abruptly and yanked on the strap quickly, glaring at him. He had forgotten that it was around his neck and the pressure electrified his entire spine, making him gasp.

"You can't touch me or yourself, Jungkook," she told him seriously and she didn't even need to touch him, he would have spanked her but she didn't have to, Jungkook felt his dick twitch at the stern statement and raised his hands back, taking the pillow where his head was resting. "Good boy," she smiled and continued, and it felt so right to get that praise.

He stifled impatient moans and glanced at his cock, it was leaking to his stomach, so hard it was turning painfully dark pink. God, he needed to get inside her... But did he really want it?

Lisa was wonderful. Nothing was more beautiful than watching her seek her own pleasure, using him, being selfish and sexy. Her chest and shoulders began to blush with the effort, further marking the paleness of her beautiful, round breasts that he wanted to have in his mouth, he felt his mouth water to suck her and kiss her, he wanted to pull her piercings and lick them later. But now he could only watch them sway and want her like never before.

It was torture, but it was beautiful. It was turning him on so bad.

"I've been wanting to do this for so long...," She moaned and arched, running a hand through her hair and tangling it between her fingers. "Fuck, it's so good"

It was hard and it was firm, it was perfect to grind on, and Lisa couldn't stop. God, her clit was getting more and more ready, loving it from the beginning to the end. It was inexplicable the sensation that rubbing against him caused her, it made her curl her toes and want to squeeze something, and the sight ... Oh, the sight. Jungkook was helpless under her, looking at her with such lust it was setting her on fire. Lisa felt like a goddess in front of a peasant, delighted by her and her beauty... He was so good at making her feel beautiful and sexy.

She knew he was dying to sink into her or to simply touch her, and he could do it if he wanted to, but he wouldn't. Lisa was learning that Jungkook seemed to enjoy this very much.

He couldn't touch her but he was touching himself, stroking his chest and stomach lazily, obediently ignoring his cock but... Was it for her or himself? Lisa didn't know, she just knew that she loved seeing him restless on the sheets, as if the simple friction of the sheets overstimulated him, like his own hands running over his chest was enough. And no, it wasn't, but he did make it look like that, quietly moaning, and she liked it, he was practically living his pleasure with her.

It was so good to see him like this as it was so good to have his hard thigh between her legs. The muscle had the perfect curve to brush her clit and it was making her move her hips harder to come, her moans turning louder as she squeezed and toyed her own nipples.

And God, Lisa came easily in the next few seconds, squeezing his leg and shaking, very horny and with an inexplicable heat on her neck and back.

Jungkook knew there was no way he was coming untouched, but he had almost felt something close to an orgasm watching her squirm. Fire turned red the skin behind his ears and the back of his neck, also around his groin that burned with need too, but he could take it, damn it, he wanted her to carry on with whatever she

wanted. It felt inexplicably good and more at knowing it was going to feel better when he finally came.

"You're so good, baby," she praised him and he licked his lips, expectantly and feeling good just being there. He was proud of himself for being good and patient, but was he going to be rewarded? "I feel so much better now," she sighed and left his thigh, which was sad, but not so much when she circled his hips again. "Did you like it?"

He nodded, like a stupid himbo... Maybe because he was being one actually.

"You're so quiet, though," she opined, slowly sliding the tips of her nails down his skin, down his hips, down his hard V line, ignoring the most prominent part of him too well and again... "Where's the man that wanted to fill me up with cum?" she asked and he opened his mouth to tell her that he still wanted to fill her with cum even though she could decide when, however the words stuck in his throat as she wrapped one hand around his cock tightly. "Oh right, he's in my hands now"

Lisa raised and lowered her hand, squeezing him firmly, and as she reached the tip, she ran her thumb over the wet tip and elicited the most sinful moan he had ever made in his life.

So good... So finally good...

Lisa did it again, spreading the small drops around the tip and the border, making him moan and whimper. He had no idea he was so sensitive right now but he wanted more and desperately needed her to put it in his mouth.

"Please... I..."

"Sorry," she knew what he wanted and apologized without any hard feelings, lowering her hand, loosening her grip. He wanted to insult her but he couldn't because that way she would stop touching him and he was loving her touching him, grazing her fingers through his dick like feathers... Oh, he was too hard for this and he desperately needed a hard handjob.

"Lisa..."

Lisa watched him with a deep desire to end this and just get on top of it, but that wouldn't be fun, and wasn't everything about them a basic slow burn?

Besides, having him in her hands like this, at her mercy, made her a little too hot. And the sounds he made when she ran her thumb across the tip were mere glory, they made her center of desire throb and possibly she was leaking as much as he was. Jungkook was also staring at her and at her hand, obsessed, he wanted it faster, harder, rougher, he needed it so bad because his climax was building up and all he needed was friction... just more...

"Please," he mumbled and bucked his hip a little bit.

Lisa pulled the chain so hard it made him arch his neck and raise a little bit on his hands, she didn't expect it, nor did he, but she smirked at the pleasing sensation of having him like this and the way he fucking liked it, showing it with glassy heavy eyes and open lips, and she shook her head, gripping harder the base of his dick. "No"

His eyes implored mercy, Lisa giggled and kissed his cheek again, releasing him, which made him whimper tons of pitiful no's, because even she was going soft, it was pushing him closer.

"This not fair," he mumbled.

"I didn't say I was going to be," she replied playfully, almost making fun of him and why is it keeping him so fucking hard? Why was it so hot?

Probably because he deserved it and he knew it, and he wanted more. He wanted to be whatever she wanted to make her happy, because it was going to bring so much pleasure to himself.

She reached up to his stomach, fingers caressing his abs, and climbed onto his chest, lowering her head to his neck as she tugged on the chain, keeping him arched. Jungkook moaned, feeling a slight calm despite the pain that he began to feel in his crotch, which received small streams of pleasure from the kisses she was leaving on his neck.

Her nipples brushed his chest and he could feel the warmth of her core on his stomach, on the tip of his twitching dick. God, despite everything, he wanted to taste her, he wanted to fuck her for once, but he also wanted her to never stop.

He was willing to wait anyways, he knew it was going to get better at the end, and he was loving way too much to be in her hands.

And she touched him again, pumping, rolling her hand around him, he arched up and murmured her name, feeling little bites on his neck that would leave marks.

"It's so hard to be bad with you when you're such a good boy, Jungkook," she whispered to him, as if he needed something else to get closer. "Do you want it faster?"

"Yes"

She moved her hand faster, kissing his chest and nipples, enveloping him in a hot cloud that wouldn't let him breathe.

"Fuck, yes, please, please, keep going," he whimpered helplessly, gripping the pillows in a fist and bucking up to get all he could.

From being neglected for long minutes to being fast stimulated, his dick was driving him crazy, making him squirm and twitch under her, moaning her name like a mantra. He was getting close,

and it was going to be hard because he could feel his tip about to explode. He wanted it now, right now.

"Are you close?"

He was breathing hard and moaning, pushing his hips against her hand, he for sure was, but he still could mumble a "Yes".

So Lisa stopped and Jungkook literally whined.

"Wait, why???!!!"

Lisa chuckled against his neck. "This is a punishment and you can't cum until I say so," she murmured relaxed, happily, probably because she wasn't the one with a dick about to explode.

And why was it so hot yet so fucking frustrating?

He wanted to be angry, he wanted to be mad, but right now he just wanted to beg and maybe cry a little bit. It was pitiful, but he was way too turned out to care.

"Doll, please," he muttered with pain, moving his hips a little bit in search of her hand. He was too needy for her, he knew she was the only one capable of giving him all he wanted.

She was the one for him and he didn't care what she had to do to get her.

Lisa shook her head and pouted mockingly. "Maybe if you knew when to listen to your girlfriend, she would please you, Kookie Oppa"

Fuck!

"I'm sorry," he told her with pleading eyes, asking for a bit of friction.

"Are you really?"

"Yes, I am, I promise to always listen to you"

Lisa leaned in once more and brushed his lips, tugging on the chain to keep him close. "Prove it"

"How?" he asked, helpless, desperate, hungry for her. "I'd do anything"

"You have to just not cum," she whispered and kissed him softly, barely giving him time to ever savor her lips.

Jungkook tried to follow her mouth with his head, noticing he wanted her kisses because maybe he could get at least her lips, but Lisa just pulled apart with a smirk.

"You're making me so wet right now, Jungkook," she commented, like annoyed by the fact, like it was unfair. Because it was, she was wanting him as much as he wanted her, and it was getting harder to keep playing him, even when it was so hot.

Lisa wasn't patient enough for this game. The proof was that she was so ready to come again and her clit didn't get any kind of stimulation.

"Are you?" he asked, interested, his breath hitching in his throat

when she started to pump him again slowly.

Lisa nodded. "So much, baby, you don't have idea how much I'm leaking for you"

"Ffffuck," he sighed through his teeth and clenched them, because his sensitive cock was getting closer to just come in her hand. "Faster please"

"You're so wet too, is it for me?" she whispered on his ear, biting and kissing his lobe.

"Yesss..."

"Mmmmm, just for me?"

"Yes, fuck," he choked with his own drool and bucked his hips up, loving her wet hand around him, so warm, so firm, so perfect for his dick. "I'm close, please, Lisa, please," he begged again pitifully, knowing she could edge him again.

And she fucking did.

"No, please!"

"It's okay," she whispered, comforting his whimpering with kisses on his cheek, being kind enough to stop touching him at all because her hands on him were burning, sending shocks of electricity like crazy. He was so sensitive and hot.

He stopped complaining after a few seconds, especially when she kissed him. It was innocent, it was almost pure, it was full of love and she petted his hair too.

But she pulled apart too soon and he wanted to complain again.

"I'm still so wet for you, Kook," she told him, with heavy full of lust eyes over him because she knew what to do to pleasure herself and show him how wet she was. "And it's good," she said and moved away from him to take off her panties and throw them away.

Jungkook waited patiently, not sure about what was going to happen next but excited about it because she was completely naked now...

Lisa went back to straddle him and oh fuck, she killed him, he arched and moaned when she sat on him with his dick settled perfectly between her very wet folds.

"Oh my God..."

Lisa used her fingers to spread her slick on his dick, and moaned softly when it was just perfect and ready for her. "God, you're so big"

"Please..." he mumbled, just a little bit more of friction, just like she was, it was perfect. Her weight was perfect to settle him between her wet cunt and his own hard stomach. He could feel everything again, he was close yet so far away and so happy to be there.

If this was what he deserved, he was okay with taking it. Just feeling her like this was enough if it was all she was going to give.

Lisa started to grind on him and arched her neck, pulling her head back while moaning. Jungkook forced himself to keep his eyes open just to look at the piece of art she was, moving her hips on him to get her own pleasure, running her hands through her body the way he would do, moving them up to her breasts to play with them.

Lisa was enjoying the friction way too much, he was so hard it was perfect, the tip perfectly hitting her clit when she was coming forward, and oh, he was so thick it fit perfectly. She was bad for using her own hands to pretend they were his when he was right there, but she was loving to see his hungry look, the desperation for her, the need to touch her yet the control to not do it. He was literally sweating, red because of her. And she was so full of sensations, the cold chain against her skin while her long hands were squeezing her nipples, his dick between her legs, the visuals...

Jungkook moaned sinfully, pushing his hips to help her and just managed to give more pleasure to himself, forcing him to close his eyes and grit his teeth hardly. He frowned because of the strength he was making to not come and it was so hard. He was loving this too much.

It took a little over a minute for her to come on him again, noisily, bringing him back to the edge with her hips, her body and her eyes. It was fucking addicting to watch his hard cock get lost in those wet lips, front to back, it was addicting to watch the drops fall from the tip and it was addicting to feel himself climb back to the top to be simply stopped by her and her evil side, but he didn't give a shit when he saw her tremble for him and then touch herself with fingers in front of him to come stronger, hips twitching and thighs trembling while her mouth was open, releasing the sweetest moans mixed with soft giggles while she was squirming, having to lean on a hand to not fall apart.

It was so good that the last tug he felt in his balls was the definite one.

It was inevitable for him to come and he definitely didn't want it. But it happened.

He squirmed and came all over himself, and it was painful because Lisa stopped moving. His dick was left alone in the coolness. Jungkook moaned helplessly, like his hands were tied and he couldn't touch himself, closing his eyes while his dick was twitching and releasing itself like crazy all over his stomach.

"Oh, that's bad," she murmured with pity, he didn't know if it was because she wanted to tease him more or because she was going to

punish him more. He just knew he ruined it completely for her and for himself.

God if he had waited a little bit more, it was going to be amazing, he knew it was going to be. But now it was ruined.

Or so he thought.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled sadly, disappointed.

Lisa just smiled softly and got closer, she held his face between her hands and kissed him deeply like saying "oh, it's nothing". It was warm and sweet. It started simple but once she licked his mouth open, he moaned, still horny and going. Lisa played with his tongue like she would lick his dick and then bit his lower lip, stretching it out as she stared at him. He felt his hands hurting because of hard he had them closed, holding himself back from taking her.

She pressed his lip with her thumb and he licked it, going crazy for her flavor. Lisa smiled and let him suck two of her fingers, still a little bit wet and sticky with her juices. He moaned out of pleasure and when she kissed him again, it took him to the space while their tongues were licking each other and her taste was all over his mouth. It was good distraction for when she took his still very pink dick and lined it up to sit on it.

He was way too sensitive and he went crazy, pulling apart to moan loudly, arching his neck and pulling his head back to the pillow.

"God, Jungkook, you're always misbehaving," she scolded him, moving her hips so fast it was making him squirm, gripping the pillow with such strength his knuckles were turning white and all the muscles in his arms were marking. She was riding him so roughly, squeezing his length with her walls in such a way that it was blinding him.

"Fffffffuuuuck"

His mind was blank, fucking blank, he couldn't even see or even try to open his eyes because pure fire was spreading in his lower belly to his balls, it was burning with pleasure and pain. And he wanted more, pushing his hips up and using his legs to get deeper but he couldn't and he had to, he had to go deeper and tighter and...

"Oh my God, fuck," he moaned.

"Will she ever fuck you like this, Jungkook?" she asked against his ear, holding herself on her hands.

He shook his head fast. "N-No, fuck, no one"

"No one?"

"You, just you, fuck, please, please, please," he choked out a moan and a tear ran down his cheek, Lisa kissed it, holding his neck and cheeks to establish herself.

"Fuck baby, your dick is so big," she mumbled, turning him on more if it was possible. "You're mine, baby, please fill me up, come for me"

Jungkook moaned a bunch of high-pitched nonsenses.

Lisa arched, taking hold on his thighs, she didn't expect to be this affected just after getting two orgasms. but it was always like this with Jungkook. She found herself wanting more just because he was just so ecstatic, overstimulated and wild, literally lifting her with his hips because he wanted more. She was literally riding a beast but oh, he looked like such a prince.

Jungkook was a mess under her, moaning louder when she was pulling the chain and Lisa found a new side of herself when she just did it with strength: "Jungkook, open your eyes," she said clearly.

Jungkook obeyed, making an effort to get back down to earth but his eyes were glassy and a few tears slid down his cheeks. Lisa moaned just because he looked so hot like this, needy and desperate. She needed him so bad right now. "Watch me and touch me, you can touch me"

Oh, she didn't know what she was doing.

Jungkook sat on the bed and took her nape to crash her lips into his, the other hand going to her hips to make her move harder. Lisa moaned into his mouth, wrapping herself in the boiling blanket he had created and pushed him back onto the bed, just to better accommodate her legs, prop her feet on his thighs, and push herself up and down, just for him.

Jungkook whimpered, sobbing a little bit, and grabbed her ass so tightly that he was going to leave bruises, helping her lower herself harder as his toes curled in pleasure and his legs couldn't stay still, pushing himself up and squirming around. He could only make noises of the most excruciating pleasure he felt travel through his body, it burned from his thighs to the center of his stomach and was so hard he could explode and god, he wanted to explode. It was so good it was making him cry out of pleasure, his skin was burning and sensitive and all his senses were in red, just pure hot red.

Drops of sweat slid down his body and mixed with hers, his hair had stuck to his face as he squirmed and when he stopped feeling the stabbing pain of overstimulation, the pleasure took over him. Lisa was literally bouncing on his dick, tits moving hypnotically as her hands on his chest were holding her body, nails pressing his skin. She was blushed, she was sweaty, her hair was a mess, and she couldn't look prettier, fuck, she was a fantasy. And when she tugged on the chain again, looking like a fucking goddess, he came so hard he got lost in the nonsense, he couldn't think, he couldn't feel, it was like he died for long seconds in which his dick spurted

everything out inside her as strong waves of climax hit him many times, making him literally tremble and sob under her.

Lisa's moans brought him back to earth, he lost all strength to move and he fell apart on the mattress but Lisa kept going, she was close to her climax, desperate and whimpering. Her hips were moving fast on him like crazy, back and forward, grinding her clit on him while he was still hard rock deep in her.

Lisa still had in mind Jungkook's contracted face and open red lips when he came and all the sounds he made, nothing in her life turned her on so much before, absolutely nothing could top that experience. He twitched and squirmed, all his big body under her sweaty and blushed, and from his lips came out the most beautiful whines and moans. He pushed her close to that without even knowing and now he was on the bed, exhausted, still leashed and submitted, but his eyes were dark... his eyes were so full of promises, she got to know he was going to fuck her hard after this and she couldn't wait... But for now, she enjoyed the control of the leash on her hand and she finally came again. She came hard, trembling and moaning, walls pulsing around his hard rock dick as she squirmed out of pleasure, twitching a few times and losing the strength in her hands so she fell on his chest.

She couldn't breathe normally for a while after this, the muscles of her legs were burning and aching and her pussy was still pulsing around him, even when he finally went soft inside her.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

△□△□△□

well that one was super long and idk what to say about it. it still doesn't convince me which makes me mad bc I've been wanting to write subkook for so long. but i hope you liked it, if you don't pls lie to me :)

Jungkook didn't say anything for long seconds, which made her raise her head and check on him. His eyes were closed but he was awake.

"Are you okay?" she asked, reaching up to caress his cheeks.

Jungkook smiled lazily and slowly opened his eyes. "Yes," he whispered. "Can I touch you now?" he asked, but it was more like a joke and it was proof of him being okay.

She chuckled and looked at him better, holding his cheeks. Jungkook was still blushed and sweaty, and his smile was the cutest. "Yes, you can, I think you learned your lesson, sir," she said and poked his nose.

He giggled and hugged her over him, he was feeling his body so heavy it really took him strength to move it. "Damn, Doll, you ruined me"

She giggled, proud of herself. She didn't have idea she could do

that or that he would like it. "That was the point," she said anyways, cockily. "But I'm so tired," she added with a sigh and rolled to his side, still hugging him and keeping a leg over him.

She did really feel so tired, the members of her body were heavy and she was beginning to feel drowsy. She was also so sticky, it looked like Jungkook came a lot and maybe it was because of the edging. Was that even a thing?

"We're a mess," she commented.

"Yeah..."

But no one moved, they just lied in bed with long limbs tangled somehow, super messy hair, rosy cheeks and closed eyes or looking at the ceiling, still trying to recuperate. After a few minutes, they just had to stare at each other to confirm they were considering the same and they had to make a decision.

"Just a five minutes nap and then a shower," she said, already stating the limits because they both could take 10 hours long naps.

Jungkook smiled softly, moving to his side to spoon her softly, wrapping her in her arms as her legs tangled lazily with his, getting so comfortable. "Deal"

But a few seconds after he mumbled: "Doll?"

"Yes?"

"That was hot as fuck, baby," he flattered her, nuzzling his nose against her shoulder.

"You were too"

"Good, because never before in my life I embarrassed myself that much"

Lisa arched a brow and turned a little bit around in the bed to look at him. "Are you sure about that? Mr. Your Problem?"

He chuckled, strangely not feeling the usual cringe but maybe it was because he was tired.

"Also," she said. "You liked it"

"Sshhh, it's a secret," he mumbled, covering her face with his big tatted hand which made her giggle.

He finally squeezed her cheeks and moved her face enough to catch her lips in a kiss. "Are we okay?"

Lisa frowned, pretending to think. "I don't know, am I still angry?"

He smirked, knowing she was just teasing. "That sounds sexy," he kinda purred, not at all against a second round. He still had the leash on anyways...

And she pressed a finger against his lips. "Ssshhhhh, you will reveal the secret, Sub"

Lisa was preparing some cereal and milk the next day, since after

the nap they took they had a shower and went back to sleep without any second thoughts besides cuddling and sleeping, when she felt strong arms wrapping her from behind as a big body radiated heat to her.

"*Good morning*," she hummed in English, feeling way better and not at all angry like the day before, when she was stomping and doing her chores violently.

Jungkook nuzzled her hair with his nose, hugging her tight, and she barely could hear his small: "I'm sorry"

Lisa nodded, running one of her nails through his arm as a small soothing caress. "It's okay, it's done"

She was no longer angry and it wasn't worthy anymore anyways.

Jungkook didn't say anything and kept hugging her. Maybe he was too sleepy to say something else or too cuddly, Lisa was okay with whatever anyways because he was soft and cute, giving her so much love in the simplest ways.

That's why she couldn't doubt him. Call her idiot, but she was sure that a man wouldn't be able to love her like this falsely. There was nothing fake, dirty or suspicious about Jungkook with her and she trusted him because of that.

She liked that even when things weren't that clean with people around them, things were extra and pristine clean between them.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, deciding to add more cereal and milk in her own bowl and just share it with him.

"Uhum..."

"Well, then let me move so we can eat, hottie," she said, amused.

Jungkook simply freed her and then followed her through the apartment lazily, to the wide sofa, where she sat. He, again, simply took seat behind her, surrounding her with his legs and arms and pulled her closer to his body, resting his chin on her shoulder.

"So, you can eat from that position?" she asked again, looking at her side to finally see his eyes.

His face was sleepy, there was a mark by the pillow and small mark of droll on the corner of his lips, his hair was of course a mess, but he was still so handsome. And just as she was staring at him, he was staring at her.

"I'm so lucky," he mumbled with a raspy voice.

She smiled and kissed him softly. And then they had breakfast silently, just the noise of the snoop and the chewing was heard but it was comfortable. They were so quiet and calm that Leo decided to be brave and jump to the sofa. He was still side eyeing Jungkook but managed to get close to Lisa's lap and take a look at what she had in her hands.

Jungkook didn't notice that Leo was really cute until Lisa gave

him a drop of milk from her fingers, so he could lick. The cat squinted, sniffing, and liked, purring softly. Lisa giggled happily and then caressed his head, Leo was happy with it and nuzzled her hand. Jungkook couldn't blame him, he was just like that.

They finished not long after and the cat went away once Jungkook moved a little bit to readjust on the sofa. Lisa chuckled and left the bowl on the coffee table, then she came back to his arms.

And he knew there was something left to talk so he wasn't surprised when she finally asked: "Why?"

He didn't play dumb, he knew what was she referring to. So he sighed before giving his answer, an answer he got the night after they fight, when he was tipsy and looking at the ceiling of his room wondering the same. Why?

"Because I feel guilty and I care for her"

Lisa frowned and turned around to shot him a very confused look. Jungkook took her legs and moved her to the side, so he could face him. She let him do it, also pleased by the small massages he made on her ankles.

"They met because of me... And I left her alone when the worst happened," he said in a sigh. "I wonder if they would ever had gotten so far if I stayed with her a few months more instead of leaving, I wonder if everything would be different if I would never had introduced them..."

"And how is that your fault?" she asked, genuinely clueless. "Maybe you were there in the middle, but you weren't manipulating them to make the wrong decisions, Jungkook"

"But I could have helped her sooner, instead of helping her to hide her mess or be part of it," he said instead.

"What would you know? You were a teenager and you were in love, no one thinks clearly when in love and less when you're a teenager," she reasoned. "Her mess is just fault of herself, because she chose Mingyu, she chose to keep going with him even when he had a girlfriend, she chose to keep going with him even when she had you offering her the world. It was all on her and you can't take a blame on it"

"But-"

"But nothing. You were kind to try to help her and you couldn't, so that's it. Right?" she asked just to get some reassurement, she wanted it in the past for once, she wanted him free from all that shit that was still tormenting him and it was about time, because Tzuyu was finally out and Lisa was proud of him for stepping out for himself in front of her.

Jungkook sighed, looking at her eyes, and nodded. "Yes, that's it"

"Then think it like that when you recall it. Remember that you tried and she didn't let you and that's it, let it go," Lisa shrugged, like she didn't just clear up his mind.

Jungkook stared blankly at a spot in the space, reconsidering her words deeply and better and it didn't just sound right, it was right. It wasn't his fault if he was just in the middle, right?

But, how to stop feeling guilty and involved? He didn't know, at least now he felt a little relieved because Lisa wasn't blaming him and... Did Tzuyu ever blame him, anyways? Was it worth to know, anyways?

It was done and she was out of his life.

Tzuyu was out.

So Mingyu was out.

And he was here, with Lisa.

His Lisa.

He chuckled and looked at her with such appreciation. "You're so smart"

"Surprising, right?" she said with the sweetest smile, obviously joking.

He leaned closer and kissed her forehead. "Nope, not at all," he was honest and made her smile genuinely, kind of shyly.

"I'm happy that you're free of her, you deserve some peace," she told him softly. "Please, stop being that good"

He arched a brow. "Even with you?"

"No, I'm the only exception," she said cynically in a joke and earned another big kiss on the cheek that made her giggle.

"By the way, I have a gift for you," he added, remembering that thing that was in his backpack waiting for her.

Lisa got excited instantly, looking so suddenly sweet he pecked her lips. "Really?" she asked against his lips.

"Yeah," he said, leaving the couch to go for his backpack. "I brought it with me yesterday to make peace"

Lisa chuckled. "I wonder what it is"

Jungkook took it and went back, hiding it behind his back. Lisa was curious like a child, moving her head side to side as she could see something by doing that. Jungkook smiled fondly at how cute she was and once he kneeled in front of her, he showed her the small doll with a cute yellow bow on one of the space buns.

"No way!" she screeched and took it, looking at it with big excited eyes. "Killa! A mini cute Killa! She's so cute!!!! Jungkook it has space buns!!!!"

"It's a chibi Killa"

"Chibi Killa!" she repeated happily and hugged it against her cheek, squashing it and looking so cute as she was doing that Lisa

face when she's so happy and overwhelmed about something cute, she frowns and pouts and seems about to cry.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it!!!" she cried out happily.

"And that's not the only gift," he added then.

"Wait, what?"

He pulled out two train tickets then. "Would you like to come to Busan with me, Miss Lalisa?"

Lisa screamed so Jungkook to it as a yes.

It was good to be okay again and he couldn't wait to surprise her more with the other news.

SOOOOOO, the weather?

so the last time they had angry sex it was like kind of awkward and weird the way they ended up having so this time I tried to elaborate more? idk, **tell me what you think. did you like it?**

the chapter was a whole rollercoaster right? hope you enjoyed angry Lisa bc that was literally me releasing all my angry feelings from the last months lol. I actually loved that scene bc I felt it so relatable. **did you like it? was she right about being that angry?**

was good the way they made up for you?

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷 tell me what was your favorite part of this super long chapter if you have one! and thank you so much for reading till this point.

ALSO, I opened an ig account and idk what to do with it but you can follow me there I guess. it's @tukkihoe bc idk who the hell is using tukkilisa. the audacity

Chapter 38 • Pt. 5

HELLOOOOOO

mother is still alive 🙌👤

how's everyone doing? are you all still there? ** pls say raise your hand in the class im actually afraid that i took so long to update no one remembers what the hell this story was about. AND I DONT BLAME YOU.

sorry for going mia 🤔🤔🤔 i had such a big block and january and february FLEW pass my eyes. fr, so many things happened, like, the show, LILIFILM THE MF MASTERPIECE, jk going BLONDE (im debuting soon as a predictions account i warn y'all), all awards season, MY BIRTHDAY, and I genuinely don't remember what else sorry it's Sunday in the morning in here I barely know who I am.

anyways, thank you so much for last chapter's comments, it actually made me happy and it was like getting in touch with funny feelings and the story when I read them and replied to them. **hope you know how important you are for me and how much you make me laugh** 🍷

this one coming extra long and hope you like it, because I hate it. like, you know when you have a good idea but it comes out, like, super bad? well it's like that but I found out after writing 20k words and all I could do was try to edit it to make it better. so, I'm sorry.

gosh it's been so long im actually nervous.

The one about the careless little sister and the broke older brother...

"Couldn't you have done this another day of the year?" Jungkook asked his sister.

Yuqi opened her mouth, offended. "Breaking my leg, you mean? Well sorry for not planning it beforehand!"

"And what were you doing that you didn't take care of her?" Jungkook then came for Lucas, who was awkwardly standing next to Yuqi in the hospital bed.

"I-," Lucas tried to defend himself and his girlfriend but she snapped back at her brother hard, as if she didn't just get out of surgery with her leg in a cast.

"I don't need a nanny!"

"You broke your leg running around the pool, idiot! Even seven years old kids know that they mustn't do that!"

"I wasn't running!"

"No, you were walking fast, right?"

They were being so loud that Areum entered the hospital room, after asking for a moment to the doctor, she was stomping and fuming to the point where she only needed one glare to shut her children. "Behave, for God's sake! This is a hospital!"

She shot them both a last warning look and formed a fast polite and sweet smile to the doctor with whom she was talking again; on their side, Yuqi and Jungkook glared at each other silently.

Jungkook sighed loudly, to show his sister his obvious fury, and turned around to look at the window, crossing his arms over his chest.

This was so bad, so fucking bad.

He was more frustrated than angry, but also annoyed by his irresponsible sister because this was totally evitable. She could have just been careful and that's it! But nooooo, the lady had to run around the pool playing Marco Polo with Lucas or whatever, slip and make her leg do two or three cartwheels and now Jungkook was out of money.

Couldn't she fuck in the pool like any normal teenager?!!!!

That was less expensive!

Money...money was the problem.

Health insurance didn't cover Yuqi's surgery completely, just 30%, so they had to pay for the other 70% and by *they* we mean Jungkook. Jungkook had to pay it. Jungkook had to pay it 3 days before his trip with Lisa... Using the money that was for that trip...

Why did he ask for that sibling to begin with? Why was he so dumb? Why did young stupid Jungkook get himself into the ways of having an annoying young sister that would make him spend all his money on her? Why couldn't young stupid Jungkook just ask for a puppy? It would've been cuter and even cleaner sometimes.

Could Yuqi do cute tricks and wiggle her tail? No, Yuqi was just there with a broken leg and making him do her chores when he was living in the family house, using her youngest child privileges.

He sighed again, biting the nail of his thumb and trying to figure out what to do now.

He couldn't cancel all the plans, he already got the ticket and they weren't refundable, Lisa bought a bikini for the occasion that she didn't show to him yet, and, overall, she was so excited about it, she was talking about all the photos she wanted to take and the night walks on the beach she wanted to do with him, with her beautiful big eyes full of expectations and cheerfulness. He didn't want to ruin that and he just COULDN'T.

So, what was he going to do now?

Bury himself in work for the next three days and tattoo everything that was a living person with a wallet maybe even his grandma?

Sell all the special editions of his own merch that he had saved? But that was going to take more time than just three days...

Oh, Jesus, what about prostitution? After working this hard on his body he could probably make money out of it, right?

(a/n: i don't think jesus approves prostitution jungkook but you go ask him)

He needed money so badly, he knew that he couldn't take Lisa to the best hotel in Haeundae Beach, in a district of Busan, with the simply small amount of 1000KW left on his bank account. All the places around the beach were so expensive because of, well, the beach being one of the most popular in the country, and Lisa didn't deserve anything less.

She for sure was used to expensive places, her family was the owner of a chain of luxurious hotels as popular as the Plaza and just the restaurants they had looked like palaces. Jimin described everything to him once and he saw it from the outside that time he went to Chaeyoung to have some lunch. And he didn't want to start to think about her expensive apartment in Gangnam. Lisa was used to the best and deserved the best. Jungkook didn't want to disappoint.

So, yeah, he was fucked up.

Unless he gets fucking for money.

What about selling feet pics? I mean he did know that some person would spend a whole lot of money for those kinds of pictures. Were his feet cute enough tho? They weren't ugly, that's for sure, but they had tattoos and people were going to know it was him, DAMN. WHY DIDN'T HE THINK ABOUT THAT BEFORE TATTOOING HIS FEET?

"The doctor said that you will just have to stay here for one more day before you can get back home, the cast will be just for two months and then you will be just as good as brand new," his mother entered the room again with a big smile, carrying tons of receipts and Jungkook cried internally because he knew that he had to pay for all that medicine afterall he wasn't a selfish asshole, and a reasonable part of him was glad that his sister was okay and the injury wasn't something leading to a chronic problem. "But honey, let me tell you, this is so unfortunate. It's not the right time of the month to make us spend money, just yesterday I paid all the employees at the restaurant and bills for the house," she scolded her youngest child with her hands on her waist and Jungkook nodded, agreeing totally.

He also had to pay Jisoo, and pay the rent of the parlour, and pay his part of the bills of his home, and pay a new SD card for his work, he also spent money on camera equipment for Lisa and the groceries of the month were on him this August.

Yuqi rolled her eyes. "Sorry for not breaking my leg next week. I'll try to do it before the 15th of the month next time"

"Be sorry for breaking your leg, brat!" Jungkook complained.

"Do you think I did this on purpose, coconut head?"

"Stop!" their mother scolded them both again with a glare that they both knew meant shut up before I whip your asses. Lucas, caught again in the middle, just fiddled with Yuqi's IV.

"He's attacking me, mom!" Yuqi accused her brother while Jungkook just huffed, ruffling his hair.

Areum sighed, already so tired of both of them and generally exhausted after dealing with the breaking leg and the anxiety during the surgery. "I think you should go home," she told Jungkook, trying to make peace. "It's late and you are tired, it's been a really long day"

That was true, it has been a long day.

Yuqi broke her leg at 2PM and had surgery at 4PM, meanwhile Jungkook was making all the arrangements and payments, walking from an end to another of the hospital offices and talking with the health insurance through the phone, as he was also taking care of his worried mother; now it was around 1AM and he was frustrated, resentful and... hungry, very hungry actually. Maybe that's why he was so mad.

(a/n: I know the time doesn't seem real but well what do you expect it's fanfiction and is time real anyways?)

"Hi, everyone!" like an angel, Lisa entered the room with coffee and a box of something so sweet that the smell got all over the place. It was something with coconut and chocolate. "I thought we all were going to be hungry"

It was one of those moments when Jungkook felt his insides tickle as if he had a bunch of butterflies fluttering around, fading his anger and turning into a giddy warm feeling that was close to falling in love all over again with her.

"You're such an angel, love," Areum told her sweetly and received a plastic glass of coffee, also taking a muffin from the box, which was actually full of chocolate muffins with coconut sprinkles over them.

"Why can't you treat me as good as Lisa? I'm the weak victim," Yuqi complained and showed Lisa a smile, same as Lucas did. Both took coffee and muffins, Lucas directly stuffed one completely in his mouth actually and made appreciation noises, feeling in a safe place

now that Lisa was him and Jungkook always behaved in front of her.

Jungkook was the last one, who took the glass from her fingers, wrapping them warmly with his own long fingers to keep her close, with the coffee in the middle, just to get her eyes on his. She really had the prettiest eyes, doll-like, with the longest lashes. They shared such a sweet smile.

"Thank you," he said in a low voice, thankful for more than just the coffee. She didn't stutter to come to the hospital and be there for him, she stayed with his mother when he couldn't and she was very good at it, keeping her distracted with random chatting and her always present cheerfulness.

Lisa just nodded, recognizing his tone, and shrugged like it was nothing, like she didn't just lit up his mood with just a snap.

"It's been such a long day, right?" she said, offering Jungkook a muffin, and it didn't take long for him to grab it, bite in it and then moan for himself because it was just so good, in the middle there was a mix of liquor and something sweet like melted sweet chocolate. Lisa glanced at him with a smirk and went to leave the box on a narrow drawer at the side of the white room.

"It has been eventful, indeed, but everything is okay now," Areum smiled with relief, coming to sit in one of the olive green armchairs in the room. "I'm glad we all are okay"

Except for Jungkook's wallet.

That bitch was found dead in a ditch, without money, without coins, just an ID with the ugliest picture ever to the point that if someone tried to return it to him he would probably deny that it's his.

He didn't miss that chance to cry internally in his corner.

"Does it hurt?" Lisa asked Yuqi with curiosity.

"*YES. IT HURTS*," Jungkook cried out mentally.

Yuqi shook her head, both cheeks puffed because of the muffins. She looked extra cute like that, especially with those cute eyes of hers and the curled lashes. Although Jungkook thought she would look ten times cuter without a broken leg.

"Your boyfriend is making it painful, anyways," and of course the little pain in the ass didn't miss the opportunity to accuse him.

Lisa arched a brow. "Really?" she asked, looking at Jungkook playfully, like a scolding mom.

Jungkook showed her pure innocence and then glared at his sister, threatening her, sliding a finger across his throat, when Lisa turned her back at him.

"Yes," Yuqi said anyways, quite proud of herself. "Please, get him out of here"

"Yah!" Jungkook exclaimed. He was the one paying for this room!

"I have to agree," Jungkook's mom said, like the biggest traitor. Jungkook opened his mouth, outraged, he wasn't going to forget this, less forgive it. Now he was seeing the real faces of everyone, even the ones he loved the most, all were traitors. I mean... His own mother! "I'm just too tired to deal with both of you right now"

WELL WOMAN, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN ANOTHER CHILD AND WE ALL WOULD BE HAPPY!

(a/n: im channeling too many older sibling feels and bruh, im an only child)

"See? Go home," Yuqi smiled cockily.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes, already planning such a big revenge against that small piece of shit. Next Chuseok, officially, he was going to show Lucas all the cringy photos and then put blue tint with glue on her shampoo.

But he smiled and blinked like the purest bunny of a cartoon when Lisa looked at him. "Yeah, we should go," he agreed because it was about time and he should take Lisa home actually.

"Yes!" Yuqi celebrated in a whisper, shaking her fist.

THE NERRRRRRRRRVE.

"Yuqi leave your brother alone," Areum finally scolded her.

Jungkook showed her an eating shin grin as he cleaned his hand with a napkin, getting sure it was clean before taking Lisa's hand.

"I hope you get better," Lisa told Yuqi, getting closer to her and holding her hand lovingly. "Be careful the next time, okay?"

"Yes, PLEASE, be careful"

"Mom!"

Mother just sighed.

At last, Jungkook petted his sister's head like she was a dog as a show of the real love he had for her and then proceeded to flick her forehead, making her whine.

"See you tomorrow"

"Fuck you!"

"Language!"

He giggled devilishly. Meanwhile, Lisa was hugging Lucas, on her tiptoes Jungkook noticed and tilted his head... Thinking that he was so incredibly tall and Lisa looked good next to him... Jungkook liked her looking tiny and he wished he was as tall as Lucas.

"I'm so happy to have you back, please take care of Yuqi and don't forget to eat, okay?" She was telling the younger one as she let him go.

Jungkook just nodded at him, bitterly thinking that asking him that was useless since he was with her when she got her leg doing splits on its own. But well, Jungkook couldn't blame him much, he

was in charge of Yuqi when she jumped off that window so confident about reaching the tree close to it... His sister was the problem.

He, then, felt his heart warm when seeing Lisa hug his mom like they were old friends. They got along so well it was pleasing to see, especially for him. Because even when Lisa didn't say it, all the gratitude was in the shine of her eyes when his mother treated her well and included her in family things, such as inviting her to eat more at home or offering to send her food. She was happy about it and he loved to see her happy.

"Call me if you need me, okay?" he told his mother before leaving and she replied that everything was okay, that he should go rest. He still promised to bring her clothes the next morning and a bag with basic necessities, since he couldn't go for it early.

He should really save money for a car.

Oh, money...

Money was still his problem.

He bit his lower lip, worried and overthinking about all the possibilities in the list to get money fast.

Feet pictures seemed to be the only one good.

Or nudes? Nah, Lisa would kill him... and that was sexy to think, possessive Lisa was so hot for him, with the pierced bored glare surrounded by the longest lashes and her hand and lips running though his body, leaving marks and scratches.

Oh, chills, literal chills.

Lisa didn't seem to notice his out of space state of mind when they were already in the bus on the way home, she just stroked his hand with her thumb as their fingers were interlocked, resting in her lap. She was looking out of the window at the night lights, too quiet actually and once Jungkook looked at her with attention, a smile grew on his lips at noticing she was falling asleep there.

She was tired, of course she was.

"Rest here," he offered, shaking their hands a little bit to get her attention.

"Uh?" she blinked many times but she was so drowsy, it was like that cute baby from the movie Monster Inc.

"Put your head on my shoulder, doll, we are still away," he repeated, patting his shoulder with his free hand.

Lisa smiled. "Thank you, hottie," she said and got comfortable, snuggling closer to him and finding a good pillow on his shoulder. She sighed happily once she got the right position and made him giggle quietly because of the tickles she caused on his neck.

She was so sweet.

Jungkook kept stroking her hand with his thumb and leaned his

head on the top of her silky black hair, which felt so soft against his cheek, like an unconscious caress to him.

Sadly, his mind got clouded by the worries in minutes as the city was passing by at his side.

Gosh, why can nothing be easy for him?

He wanted to cry and throw a tantrum like a child, honestly. This was so unfair.

For real, why did he ask for a fucking sister?

The one about the little girl, the storm and the no-parents...

"Okay, I know I take very long naps and I've been sleeping the last 48 hours but I'm sure I haven't been out enough for you two to get a child," Taehyung said when he opened the door and found Lisa and Soomin.

"Hi, Oppa!" Lisa greeted him after letting out a small laughter and the small child at her side waved her hand with a toothy smile.

Taehyung chuckled because of the sweetness the simple gesture caused on him. "Who's this pretty lady?"

"This is-"

"Soomin! Nice to meet you!" Soomin bowed her head nicely, making her pigtails bounce with her.

"Soomin," Lisa agreed as Taehyung gave them place to enter the apartment. "I babysit her usually," she explained and helped Soomin to take off her yellow duck backpack which made a bells sound because of the star keyring Lisa gifted her before she left for vacations so she would remember her.

"I was in Denmark with grandma but now I am back because of school," Soomin explained to Taehyung who was so delighted.

"Denmark?"

"Yes! Mommy is from there, but daddy is from here. Like me! But I'm pretty like mom, she's tall and blonde like Lili before she did that...tragically," she pointed sassily to Lisa's hair.

"Tragedy," Lisa corrected with a sigh.

Soomin ignored her and looked at Taehyung with both brows up, about to make a point: "Wasn't she prettier with blonde hair? She looked like a princess!"

Taehyung didn't know what to say, clearly to not offend her since the black hair was relatively new and he himself told her it was pretty a few weeks ago. Did he have the guts to take his words back? Did he?

Ah, but Lisa was too nice and let it pass. That man didn't owe her anything, BUT HER BOYFRIEND...

"Stop coming for me, I look pretty," she told the kid, who pouted, and took off her shoes.

"I don't think so," Soomin hummed.

Lisa ignored her, rolling her eyes, amused. "I thought Jungkook was home alone," she explained to Taehyung, with a hidden apology for bringing Soomin. She didn't know if he liked kids.

"It's okay," Taehyung replied, eyes still on Soomin who had just met Yeontan and was petting him and talking to him. "I'm about to leave anyways, Jennie wants to go shopping"

That was cute.

Lisa was more an online shopper but going through shops with your boyfriend sounded fun and cool, and she wondered what that with Jungkook would be like. Maybe boring after the first 30 minutes but Lisa knew it would be so interesting to be in Victoria's Secret with him. Not like Jungkook needed lingerie to be into something with her but Lisa would love to see his face and opening mouth in shock and then those darkening eyes...

"I want a puppy!" Soomin screeched happily, hugging Yeontan on the floor. "What's his name, Oppa?"

And there she was again, getting too comfortable with strangers again. She grew a few centimeters but it was still the same careless child.

"Yeontan, but I call him Tannie"

"Oh! Tannie! Tannie!" Soomin called the dog and he jumped around her, doing his ready to play pose which she imitated.

"Where's Jungkook?" Lisa asked.

"In his room, but he's, like, stressed so... I'm warning you," he told her and Lisa tilted her head, frowning and pursing her lips.

SO SHE WASN'T CRAZY AND HE WAS INDEED ACTING WEIRD!

Jungkook wasn't very talkative in general, except when he was ranting about something or sharing some tea with Lisa, which was a part of him she loved because it was so entertaining, but since Yuqi's accident something was off. He was spacing out more than normal during small talks and kept working so much, which wouldn't be weird if he didn't tell her before that he had a few free days before their trip.

What happened to those free days?

She didn't ask him directly because she was afraid of sounding too intrusive, especially because he was giving that "don't ask" vibes. She didn't want to pressure him either, it was going to be unfair from her to be that demanding if he was busy.

What was going on with him? Was he upset because he got sudden work? Or was he concerned about the trip since the plans were all in his hands?

"Could you keep an eye on her for a few minutes, Oppa?"

Taehyung nodded without any problem and even approached

Soomin to talk with her. Good. Lisa needed her distracted for a few minutes. She brought her here because she could cheer everyone up and maybe she was going to help her to loosen Jungkook up for the night but first, she wanted to say hi to him like it should be: With a big ass kiss in the mouth... and a little bit of tongue.

Lisa went to Jungkook's room and upon opening the door, she stopped on her tracks because the sight of Jungkook's room being a mess was something weird. Never before, not even when she was around, she saw a pile of clothes on that bed, literally, NEVER.

It was kind of triggering, actually.

That man was not okay, definitely.

And there was also...

Clothes on the floor...

And dirty sheets in a corner...

(a/n: jungkook you already have a girlfriend, leave mrs sheets alone!)

Jungkook was sitting in his chair with his head buried in his graphic tablet and although he was facing the door, he didn't even notice her entering the room, probably because the AirPods on his ears were playing loud music.

A smile grew on her lips, humor pushing away her bewilderment, because he was wearing that bunny headband she bought to keep his hair out of his eyes and while one of the bunny ears was pointy, the other was falling to a side cutely. He looked as sweet as the whole Willy Wonka fabric and not even the fact that he was shirtless could distract her from that.

"Hi, hottie," she hummed while wrapping her arms around his neck in a back hug, smelling with pleasure the very alluring scent of his body wash.

Jungkook got a little bit startled but she felt him smiling when she smooched his cheek with much intensity.

"Hi, doll," he mumbled lovingly, putting a big raspy hand on her forearm once he pulled out both AirPods. "What a surprise"

"The prettiest one, right?" she said playfully and turned his chair around to face him. His hands didn't take long to hold her waist and pull her closer between his open thick thighs wrapped in blue shorts, looking at her with those starry beautiful eyes from his position as he nodded, agreeing. Of course he agreed. "I missed you these days," she pouted, stroking his cheek with her thumb, and then narrowed her eyes, glaring at the tablet. "That Killa girl is stealing you from me, she's such a whore beside I'm so much cuter than her"

Jungkook chuckled, deciding to stand up to be more comfortable and pull her closer to his body. Lisa loved this habit of his so much. "Sorry baby, two-timing is so hard sometimes, I promise to make a

better schedule for both of you"

"I deserve more days, I'm the one with this pretty mouth that can give you kisses," she pointed at her mouth, stretching out her lips to show him how pretty it was and to remind him of its skills. She was also wearing his favorite cherry gloss. "What can that digital whore do? Be pretty in 2D?"

"She's nothing without you... Literally," he added with a serious face that made her crack up.

There it was her Jungkook being her Jungkook again.

"I missed you so much," she dragged the words in a high-pitched tone and tiptoed to finally kiss him. Sweetly and beautifully. It was just perfect to have her lips against him like this, when both were happy and relaxed, being the happy couple they were most days.

Lisa didn't know but she was an actual "everything will be okay" pill for him and Jungkook didn't notice how much he needed her until he had her like this in his arms. Her sweet voice with the cutest tones was as soothing as her touches. One of her pretty long hands on him and he was okay, feeling all his muscles relax, and all the worries fade away at least for a little bit. Even when he was worried about her.

Her fingers played with his hair while her other hand was going down his naked chest, to finally rest on his beating heart, and he couldn't feel better, because his mind was getting blank and the sensations causing it were sugar-coated enough to get addicted, if he wasn't already.

Slowly they pulled apart and smiled at each other and it was again one of those silent intimate moments in which he wanted to get lost forever.

Ah, love, love was wonderful.

"Put some clothes on," she then said out of nowhere, patting his chest. "Not like I want it but I brought Soomin with me and I think we should go out to have some fun"

Jungkook blinked, not expecting that all.

Clothes? On him? Lisa asking him to put on clothes? And going out? He? When he was busy and about to make money?

Damn.

It wasn't that he didn't want to spend time with Lisa and he loved Soomin, of course, but he was really busy working. He had spent the last few days taking all the tattoo appointments he had turned down since he could afford that luxury sometimes and right now he was designing a huge Chinese dragon for a client who planned to get his whole back tattooed and if he was very good, Jungkook he would get a lot of money, although unfortunately it wasn't still much.

Of course, Lisa noticed his not so happy reaction. "What? Are you busy?" she asked innocently.

"I ... I mean, yeah but ..."

"Oh, it's not a big deal if you're, Kook," she shrugged but he could see her disappointment, even when she didn't want to show it. "Actually I already had plans with Soomin so we're going anyways, I thought you would like to come but I should have called you before, sorry," and she honestly apologized and he felt like an idiot.

He hadn't forgotten that he promised her some days off from her and he felt bad, it made no sense but he felt bad for disappointing her and not going with her and the little girl.

"No, no! I was just... thinking," he lied and quickly walked over to the pile of clothes on his bed, there were the clean clothes that he took out of the washing machine in the morning. And then he realized the mess, pinching the hair on his face. "Shit, sorry, I didn't have time to clean"

"It's okay," she said and sat in his chair, peeking at the screen. "I thought you were working on the webtoon, this is so cool"

"Thank you, it's for a back tattoo," he replied, picking up a not-too-wrinkled black T-shirt and grinning to himself as he heard her hiss at the idea.

"That sounds so painful"

"It's not..." and she turned with a raised eyebrow, not believing a word of it. "That much," he added, chuckling, and Lisa moved her hands like saying: See? I'm always right.

"Wear something fresh, we're going to Lotte World," she warned him when he finished sliding the shirt down his body and he froze.

Lotte World...

Lotte World with a child...

Lotte World with his girlfriend...

Lotte World with his girlfriend and all the games and things he would like to gift her and for sure was going to because he had no control when wanting to spoil her...

Fffffuck...

And the food... The drinks... Soomin for sure wanting something from McDonalds...

WHY WAS HE POOR?

THIS WAS SO UNFAIR.

WHY COULDN'T HIS MOTHER MARRY A RICH... NARCO DADDY WITH DUST AND DOLLARS? Nah, she had to go after the handsome Busan boy... And he couldn't blame her because his father was cool and, therefore, he himself was cool too.

But he wasn't so cool with an empty wallet.

This time he was able to hide the internal crisis he began to suffer

as he turned to look for pants in his closet and instantly regretted not simply admitting that he was busy and couldn't spend time with Lisa.

What was he going to do? Pretend a sudden massive explosive diarrhea?

Then he heard it ...

A thunder.

A thunder so powerful it felt like the earth was shaking and then lightning from the window lit up the entire room before another massive thunder sounded.

And a scream.

Soomin!

"Lili!!!!!" the girl whimpered and ran into the room to take refuge in the arms of Lisa, while Jungkook looked at the window with eyes so happy and bright that he could well be seeing his beautiful future with Lisa and six children playing around, maybe 5 dogs and one Leo.

(a/n: aww sweetie...)

"It's okay, baby," Lisa cooed at Soomin. "It's nothing, just noise, we are okay in here," she stroked her fine brown hair and looked out the window, noting that the clouds had piled up rapidly and the afternoon was suddenly very dark.

Jungkook shouldn't be as happy as he was but he was, he was totally thankful for the summer weather in Seoul and the spontaneous storms. But he wasn't an asshole either and he closed the window, in case such loud thunder returned.

"Hi, Soosoo," he greeted her, seeking to distract her, and squatted next to her to be at the same level as her.

Soomin slowly stopped hiding on Lisa's neck and shot him a peek to know who he was. Her entire face transformed with happiness when she recognized him and hugged his neck.

"Kookie!"

"Hi!"

"I missed you so much!" she screeched very loud in his ear, almost deafening him, and she moved away from him to cup his cheeks and squeeze them with her little hands. "You're still so handsome!"

Oh my God...

This kid...

Getting him flustered...

"And you're still so pretty and even more pretty!"

Soomin giggled sweetly, cupping her own round chubby cheeks. "I'm so happy to see you, Oppa. Lisa is your girlfriend now?"

Really proud of himself, Jungkook nodded. "Yes"

"AH! Lili! I'm so happy!" she turned around to squeal at Lisa, then

she sent happy looks to both of them. "Get married now!!!"

Both just laughed, not so against it actually but too shy to admit it.

Not like Jungkook could pay it, anyways.

Haha...

Not funny, he cried.

"I will be the flower girl because I'm pretty! And and and Kai Oppa is not invited because he drank my banana milk"

That sounded fair enough in Jungkook's opinion. Kai robbed him too.

Another thunder made the three of them jump by surprise and Soomin screamed in fear, snuggling between Lisa's legs with her eyes widening in fear as the heavy rain began to fall.

Yes!

"I think we're staying home," Lisa commented, nibbling on her lower lip.

Yes!

"That's bad ..." Jungkook sighed.

That was perfect.

"I hate storms," Soomin mumbled, frowning sadly.

Oh terrible, horrible, super bad, Jungkook wanted to drink some champagne to celebrate.

"Should we watch your favorite movie?" he offered instead when he saw that little pout on the little girl's lips, seeking to make her happy because she had the same effect on him as Lisa. "We can make a fort and eat some snacks"

Soomin's little face glowed with excitement. "We can do that?"

"Yes, Soosoo"

"Oh my God! Yes! Let's do that, Unnie!" she clapped her hands excitedly like Lisa used to and hugged him, wrapping her little arms around his neck.

Lisa muttered "Thank you" with her lips, showing him a small heart with her hands and a sexy, extra wink.

After putting all the clothes that were scattered in the room in Jungkook's closet, which did not even close properly, the three of them built a nice fort with sheets that ended up being a comfortable and cozy cave that Jungkook later decided to cover with some thick blankets to muffle a little more the noise of the heavy storm. Leaving the closet doors ajar worked to hang one part of the fort and they hung the other from the standing fan that they stole from Jimin's room, also leaning one edge on Jungkook's computer screen to watch the movie. Then they lowered Jungkook's bed mattress to the floor with pillows and more sheets and played the movie, Frozen.

Soomin quickly hugged a Squirtle's stuffed animal that fell from the closet full of Jungkook's closeted weebo feelings and sat upright on the floor, giggling with Lisa.

After like one hour and a half of building that fort, Jungkook smiled happily to see them both so satisfied and went to the kitchen for snacks, where he found Taehyung with a cup of tea in his big hand, his phone in the other as he was sitting at the island, one leg crossed over the other. He arched a brow at Jungkook and smirked.

"Hello, daddy"

"Wrong fanfiction, hyung"

Taehyung chuckled. "So you both are already practicing?"

Jungkook opened the upper cabinets, frowning cluelessly. "Practicing for what?"

"Parenting"

The face of pure fear Jungkook showed was hilarious, it got Taehyung laughing and more when he pretended to get chills and rubbed his arms as if he were dirty.

He was for sure being extra. One thing was him fantasizing about Lisa and him IN THE FUTURE with six kids in a happy marriage life, living in a pretty house with two stories and maybe vintage vibes since Lisa loved everything of 50 years old or more, he was the only exception there; but another different thing was Taehyung implying parenting as something happening soon.

He couldn't afford the trip he wanted to give his girlfriend and for sure he couldn't afford a baby... and the hate of Lisa's parents for getting her in that WAH-WAH-tears-poop-and-vomit predicament.

They didn't know him yet but he could already figure out they weren't going to like him, Lisa's mother already hated him.

What could he do to give a good impression to them? What could he say to make them forget about his tattoos and style and accept him as the boyfriend of their daughter?

Bambam once said Lisa didn't care about her parents' opinion but after hearing her talk about them and all she went through as a teenager, she cared at least a little bit and he wouldn't like to add more bullshit to the "I'm a major disappointment for my parents" agenda that she was carrying as if it was nothing.

And who was loved by his in-laws?

Taehyung.

"What did you do when meeting Jennie's parents?" he asked his hyung out of genuine curiosity,

Taehyung looked at him, blinking a few times in bewilderment and raising his brows. "What do you mean?"

Jungkook opened the bag of potato chips he found and poured them in a round orange plastic bowl as he shrugged.

"Those are mine, by the way" Taehyung stated, raising his brows.

Jungkook munched a chip in his face, showing how much he cared.

"I mean, what did you wear, what did you say to make them like you and you ate my last cup of ramen last night"

"It didn't have your name on it"

"Oh, so this bag has yours?" the little shit inspected the bag carefully and arched a questioning brow at Taehyung.

"Yah! Respect me! I'm older!"

"And you answer me!"

Taehyung shrugged. "I'm just handsome and at least share some with me," he asked, stretching his hand, but Jungkook moved the bowl away from his reach.

"No, I have a girlfriend to feed"

"Yes, he has," a sweeter voice opined, approaching them, and Lisa took a chip from the bowl, bringing it to her pink glossy lips. They tasted like cherry! His favorite!

Alsh, what a lucky boy was him and just him.

And she spanked Jungkook's ass softly, which got him shocked and flustered.

Did she just...

Could he do the same to her? Like, more frequently? Could he? Pretty please?

"Oh, these are cheese flavored!" she exclaimed excitedly, chewing.

"Yeah, my favorites," Taehyung commented resentfully, glaring at the youngest in the kitchen.

Oof, not him making drama about that. Jungkook didn't cry when he went for his night snack and found nothing because Taehyung ate it. He whined? Yes. But you didn't see him crying about it for sure.

"They are my favorites too, Oppa!" Lisa offered her hand for him to high-five it and caused an instant boxy smile on him.

And he knew very well what he was doing when he opened his mouth surprised, looking closely at their hands. "Oh, Lisa, you have such a pretty cute hand, it's so small in mine," he showed her, stretching his fingers with hers.

"Oh?" Lisa giggled, letting him wrap her whole hand with his. "You're right, Oppa"

Jungkook's eye twitched and he glanced down at his hand, his fingers were just a little bit longer than Lisa's, he couldn't cover her whole hand and made it disappear in his like Taehyung.

Oh, that was sad.

Would Lisa feel protected with his not so big hand?

And Taehyung smirked at him.

The audacity.

THE FUCKING AUDACITY.

He was going to expose him to his bad ass girlfriend so he'd get his ass beaten as he deserved.

Imagine touching HIS girlfriend's precious hand with such audacity and for so long. What was this? A fansign? Japan shaking hands event? In the middle of a soon to be global pandemic?

No, no, no, not in Jungkook's... perimeter view.

"Yah, yah, weren't you leaving? You don't want to make Noona wait, right? Move, move," he said as he rounded the island to push Taehyung softly out of the bench.

"Buy me a new pack of chips, don't forget," he said, finally stealing a chip and winking an eye at Lisa, clicking his tongue, as he left.

Jungkook saw him leave with narrowed eyes. He was going to expose him. Yes. And while glaring he barely noticed Lisa who wrapped his waist with her arms and leaned her chin on his shoulder.

"C'mon, Koo, we gotta watch the movie," she said with a super sweet voice and left a kiss on a special spot in his neck that causes goosebumps all over his body.

Oh...

Okay, that was good.

That was nice.

But it was such bad timing.

"Don't kiss me like that if you just want to watch a movie," he mumbled, dragging the words in a pout.

Lisa giggled mischievously and kissed him again, pulling him closer to her body till he could feel her breasts in his back. "What are you talking about? I'm innocent"

He leaned his head to a side, laughing softly, so she could get more space to play. "Yeah, sure"

"I swear," she then kissed a piece of skin of his shoulder that the collar of his t-shirt exposed. He felt more chills and his stomach made some back flips, excited. "Just leaving some sweet, pure, innocent love in here"

Suuuuuuure.

Jungkook turned around just to poke her side and give her some tickles that make her squeal. He pulled her closer by the waist and licked his lower lip, smiling. "You're playing dirty, Miss Manoban," and he spanked her softly.

Lisa just laughed and tiptoed to kiss him softly, giving him a taste of paradise once again. "I like to play dirty with you, Mr. Jeon"

Oh, that sounded interesting.

A sudden loud noise of things falling and a small scream made them both separate with wide eyes and gaping mouths.

What the hell just happened?

They ran to the room, instantly concerned for Soomin.

When they opened the door they found that part of the fort had fallen on Soomin, also knocking the fan but not the computer, thank goodness. The mischievous girl poked her head out from under the blanket and showed a face of utter guilt that made her huge honey-colored eyes shine a hundred times more.

"Oops," she said nervously.

"Gosh, Soomin!" Lisa scolded her and Jungkook reached down to grab her by the armpits and lift her up, pulling her out from under her covers.

His eyes widened in sheer terror however to see what the girl was holding.

WAS THAT HIS SAILOR VENUS PILLOW?!

"I love your toys, Oppa. Can you gift me this pillow, pretty please?" she asked in a pout, hugging Sailor Venus closer.

Wh-Why?

Why were these things happening to him?

What did he do wrong?

Did he deserve to be embarrassed like this?

"I think that one is too big for you, Soosoo," Lisa opined as Jungkook was still in shock, frozen and it was kind of ironic because Let It Go was playing in the background.

"Oh, isn't that your ex, Jungkook?"

Who needs enemies, when you got a Taehyung, resentful because you ate his bag of cheese chips, on your back.

The one about traveling with your girlfriend, making the dream come true because it's Lalisa Manoban...

sailor venus' fanclub

taehyunggie

you know it's not

too late right?

i can't still lend you some money

no

taehyunggie

why are you so stubborn

your dick won't get shorter

bc of this

it can't be shorter to begin with

gnome hyung

yah jungkookie
it's not that bad
just get the money
and stop worrying

no

im okay
we're okay
i found a good place
to stay

taehyunggie

you could go to a better place

gnome hyung

why don't you go
to a manoban hotel
say you're the next heir
and they'll give you a discount lmfaao

taehyunggie



this is my plan
im paying
and it will be okay

taehyunggie

fine
whatever
you two are together and that's
the important part of it

gnome hyung

so sad you didn't bring me with you tho
why would i???

gnome hyung

what about us
what about everything we've went through
what about trust?

you know i never wanted to hurt you

gnome hyung

BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

taehyunggie

binge watching high school musical movies
with lisa and soomin wasn't a good idea
first of all

you all weren't invited
to movie night

taehyunggie

YOU BUILT A FORT JUNGKOOK

gnome hyung

yeah!

what were we supposed to do?

stay out?

yes

taehyunggie

no♥

gnome hyung

sailor venus was invited 🤨

so we all were invited 🤨🤨

she wasn't invited either 🤨🤨

taehyunggie

not that hoe trying to get between

you and lisa☐🤨

"Hello boyfriend!" Lisa startled him with the sudden exclamation at his ear but once he realized what she just said as she hugged him from behind while he was sitting, waiting for her, he blushed terribly.

She smooched his cheek making a big "MUAAAH" noise and then she left more small but intense pecks on his face, making more kissy noises. Jungkook bit his lower lip and turned his head so she could reach his lips.

"Hi girlfriend"

Ah, saying it was just so heartwarming that it could turn the Arctic Polar into Miami...not like Arctic Polar is away from being Miami but you get the metaphor.

He stood up and Lisa walked around the line of station waiting chairs to get to his side, she was wearing short shorts and a yellow knitted blouse with princess sleeves, serving a casual slash feminine cute look that screamed pretty girl, probably because the outfit was worn by a very pretty girl. A small dark brown bag with light brown bands hung from her shoulder and a small yellow chick was the key ring.

He smiled wistfully, remembering Lisa's keyring that used to jingle everywhere she went to.

He missed the bells but his mind was making a whole orchestra in compensation.

"You look beautiful," he complimented her although once again it sounded like he was thinking aloud.

"Thank you, hottie," she purred in response, being flirty as usual, and took his hand in hers. "Has our train arrived already?"

"Nope, but... it is already coming right there," he pointed at the incoming train as the announcements at the station started again.

Lisa's excitement was contagious and when she cheerfully exhaled and pulled his hand to where they should present their tickets and board, Jungkook sighed like the fool in love he was and took her heavy bag, which she was forgetting on the seat, after leaving it there to greet him.

It didn't take them more than about ten minutes to get to their seats and after having a little argument over the window seat which Jungkook won, Lisa waited patiently for him to put their bags in the upstairs compartment standing next to her like the good girl she wasn't instead of just sitting down and he chuckled at the sight of her swaying her hands together, looking at him innocently and looking very, very adorable.

"What?" She asked, noticing his rapt and loving smirk look.

"Sorry, if I tell you what I'm thinking my girlfriend might get jealous, ma'am. I promise to hurry up and let you pass"

Lisa snorted and slapped his arm softly. "Don't flirt with me, stranger, my boyfriend is scary and he might punch you"

Oh, so he was scary and he might punch someone for her? Good.

He wouldn't hurt a butterfly but for he was ready to fight Iron Man, and that was much to say because Mr. Stark was powerful... not so powerful since he was dead, though.

Aaaaah, that was still painful.

"We don't have all day, foreigner, move!" a very disrespectful voice interrupted their moment, cutting it with a damn saw.

Jungkook looked over Lisa's shoulder and found a short elderly lady throwing daggers with her eyes at his girlfriend, who had just turned around.

They both raised one eyebrow at the same time and made the exact same expression of disgust.

Jungkook opened his mouth to tell the lady that now that she mentioned it, they did have all day so they weren't going to move, but Lisa put a hand on his arm.

"Sure," she nodded dignifiedly and lightly pushed Jungkook into her seat, who never took his furious eyes off that lady.

Who the hell did she think she was?

All that audacity when she had the same height of a gnome? Why were shorties always so brave and angry? It's because they are closer to hell?

"Good to know drug addicts and foreigners are respectful at least"

"YAH!" Lisa stood up, very irritated. "Take your old lady pills and calm yourself, ma'am!"

"I'm just 50!"

"Well, drink water, that skin is wrinklier than a rat"

"Excuse me?! You come to MY country to insult me?"

"I'm actually insulting the rat community"

"You're messing with the wrong person, young woman, I'll go talk with the manager," she said very offended, moving her accusing finger from there to there, and tried to move but Lisa lifted a hand.

"This is not Walmart, ma'am, there's no manager. Go back to your seat and calm down"

"Excuse me?"

"Excused," and Lisa closed her hand, signaling the end of the conversation, sitting again.

Jungkook moved his bangs to the side with his pinky, a little bit turned on, he couldn't lie, and he was also grateful that the old woman just growled like a bratty child and started to whisper furiously at her husband about the disrespectful foreigner in the train. But he once again remembered why he didn't let her fight Tzuyu. She was going to end up in jail and he didn't want her getting in trouble with the police while being a foreigner as it happened the last time and they treated her like a slut, his blood could still boil like water at remembering that situation and he wouldn't be able to defend her since everyone thought he was a drug addict at first sight.

All that didn't mean he wasn't annoyed right now, though. Lisa didn't do anything to her, not him either.

"I hate people," he mumbled, it was embarrassing this happened in front of Lisa.

Lisa sighed. "I do too, they're so unnecessarily mean. I don't get why they're always pointing out that I am a foreigner and treating me bad because of it, most of the time me being Thai has nothing to do with it but it's a thing, right? It has happened to me like everywhere I've been in"

"I'm sorry for that," he said, feeling shitty because it was unfair and out of place.

"Don't be, you're not like that so don't be," she stroked his hand with her thumb in comfort. "My experience in Seoul is nothing like I imagined, but hey," she added with an excited tone. "I have a hot Korean boyfriend now, who's the winner here?"

"The one with the hot Thai girlfriend, in my opinion"

Lisa giggled.

"But, did this happen before like this? Someone attacked you?" he asked, genuinely worried.

He was actually ready to fight for her if that happened. He still remembered that time some guys were rude to her when working on the mural and he had to put some hands on it.

Sometimes violence was the answer.

Lisa had to think about it for a few seconds, lowering her gaze

and pouting. "I mean, never physically like it happened with that girl in that bar, do you remember that?"

How to forget it. It was the first time he could see that strong fierce side of her and it could get him so giddy to think it was because of him. Honestly, how could he be so dumb and not realize she liked him when she was ready to punch a police officer for him?

"That girl was drunk and, like, jealous so it wasn't about me being Thai, although she was very racist with some remarks. But in general is that, people mumbling under their breath that I shouldn't be here or saying that I'm ugly"

HAHAHA.

LISA? UGLY? Those two words weren't correct at all in the same sentence.

People were full of envy and jealousy if they were saying that, the girl at his side was a human barbie doll from head to toe. She could shock you at first sight with those big eyes of hers and stay in your mind all day, leaving you thinking: "Did I just see a real proof that God has favorites?" and in love too, but maybe that was just him.

"Oh, they're jealous"

"You think so?"

"No, I'm sure, Lisa. You're perfect, if someone calls you ugly is out of jealousy," he assured her.

She pouted. "Thank you"

"Don't let them affect you"

She showed a relaxed smile. "Ah, don't worry, hottie. I know that not everyone is going to like me so I prefer to focus on the people that like me," she said smartly, shrugging like it wasn't the biggest statement a person could say when being hated. "I hate to hear them say shit about you, though. What the hell is wrong with them?"

"Well, not everyone is going to like me"

She scoffed amusedly. "Don't use my words against me," she complained. "Calling someone a drug addict is serious, it could ruin many chances for them especially here in Korea and is worse since it's a lie. It could ruin your reputation"

"Everyone makes my reputation out of my looks, anyways, so there's nothing to ruin or make better. Usually people stay with what they see and no matter what I do to change it, it won't"

"They're idiots then, because you're wonderful and one of the best guys out there"

She was so damn sweet.

"I'm not, remember that I called Leo fat once"

"I didn't say perfect," she specified. And she had a glimpse of her

watch, it was marking 2PM already and that explained the void she was feeling in her stomach, which was now less tied up after Jungkook made her smile. "Let's have lunch! I bought something so delicious for us"

"Oh... I prepared something to eat for us too," Jungkook commented, leaning down to the large YSL bag that Jimin gifted to him in his last birthday and forced him to use because he wasn't traveling with his girlfriend with an old worn overused bag and this time Jungkook had to agree. That was also why he was wearing his most expensive ripped jeans with a Balenciaga rain jacket he got in a discount a few months ago and Alexander Wang sneakers he also got in a 20% off sale.

He looked fine. Like, fine enough to eat.

(a/n: jk in that outfit still commits pussy terrorism)

Jungkook opened his homemade dosirak with rice, salad and meat and... she literally bought two cups of ramen with cheese and soy sauce and called it a day.

He ended up blinking silently while she got up to put both cups in the train microwave after helping him to settle up the train tray that came on the backs of the front seats and ordering him to mix all his food.

She didn't just... buy two cups of ramen and called it a day... But she did.

She, the same girl that loved hot dogs and while eating them she could moan like she was having the best orgasm in her life.

Why was it so easy to forget for him?

Also, she really needed to eat better. Jungkook wasn't Mr. Health but he for sure wasn't surviving out of cups of ramen. What was Lisa eating when she wasn't with him? He knew she didn't like to cook and now he was concerned... and wondering how was she so skinny, he could exhale a little bit more than normal and gain weight.

"Did you bring something to drink? I forgot that," she asked upon returning. Oh at least he was ready for this one.

He took from his back two bottles, one chocomilk for her and one banana milk for himself.

"Yay!" She clapped and leaned closer to press those pretty thick lips on his cheek. "Thank you hottie"

In comfortable silence they both prepared the food and greeted the flavors in their mouths with appreciative moans, relishing the simple but filling food they were sharing.

"I was going to prepare something but Soomin stayed up late last night with me and all I could buy fast in a convenience store was ramen, sorry," she commented and ended the sentence with a small

ashamed pout, a little bit self conscious.

So that was why and she couldn't really feel that self conscious because of that, c'mon.

"But we love ramen," he simply said with his mouth full of noodles, puffed cheeks and round innocent eyes.

Lisa smiled at him, feeling a warm feeling in the center of stomach. "We do," she agreed. "What don't you add soy sauce to it? It's your favorite"

"I forgot!" he exclaimed and rapidly took the small pack from her hands. "Wait, look at this"

"What?"

He wasn't a man of many talents BUT THIS ONE. This was one of his best skills.

Ah, he was so cool because of that. You can't imagine.

"Look"

With much skill and brain cells working like never before, after opening the packet of soy sauce at the corner, he put the tip between his teeth and caught the packet between his chopsticks. Then, he slid them through the bag to pour everything there in the cup of ramen and nothing was left behind.

All that in front of Lisa's very impressed eyes, hand on her open mouth.

Jungkook was very proud of himself now, smiling cockily.

"No wayyyy... How can I do that?"

See? Amazing!

Cool!

That was Jungkook!

Nothing better than impressing the pretty girl, right?

"It's easy," he said and took the other packet of soy sauce, opening it in the corner for her. "You have to put the opposite tip between your lips... Yes, like that... Be careful, the rest is hanging, don't let it hang or you will get dirty with the drops, take it with your fingers..." Lisa made a sound with her mouth that meant: I got it! "Okay, now, grip it with the chopsticks softly but firm... Yes, just like that, doll and..." he noticed a few guys, sitting in front seats, turned around staring at them in a very obvious way, like they were the most interesting thing in the world.

What were they looking at?

His girlfriend?

Were they going to say something rude? They wouldn't dare with him at her side, he dared them with a glare and they quickly turned back around.

Ah, better.

"Doll-"

Suddenly, the man sitting in front of them, a clear family guy, stood up and turned around saying: "What the hell are you two doing in a public train?"

Lisa and Jungkook looked up with big wide eyes and just then Jungkook noticed what his super indications to get soy sauce in ramen sounded like.

Oh...

Haha...

Did he-

In a public train?

Lisa and him? Purest souls in the nation? Two virgins in love?

"Pouring soy sauce on my noodles?" Lisa replied innocently, taking the packet with her fingers to stop it from falling.

The guy blushed terribly, turning red like a whole tomato when he saw that Lisa was just staring at him, asking with her gaze what he wanted and with a packet of soy sauce hanging from her mouth. And yes, she and Jungkook were all dressed, keeping it family friendly.

The guys in the other seats bursted out laughing like crazy.

"So-sorry, I thought..."

Jungkook pressed his lips closed, holding back a laugh. "Yeah, I think I know what you thought"

"I'm sorry," he bowed apologetically and turned around again, hiding behind his tall seat.

Lisa looked at him, confused. "What just happened?"

Jungkook shook his head. "Nothing. Let me do it for you," he offered, reaching the packet but Lisa moved it away with a pout.

"Yah, nooo, I'm working on it," she said pretty offended and put herself in position again, in front of his very amused gaze. "Slifeff wif thef choftisfiks you saif?"

"Yeah, doll, just like that," he said again, trying not to laugh because damn, it really sounded so bad.

After eating and Lisa successfully acquiring a little bit of Jungkook's ability to put soy sauce on noodles, they both tidied up and dumped the waste and settled back in their seats to enjoy the rest of the trip.

It had been a long night for Jungkook, the day before he spent working in the parlor and during the night he folded and prepared his clothes to travel and prepared today's food, suddenly it was dawn as he analyzed his plans so that they will be perfect, so now and while he was digesting his lunch, he began to feel sleepy, his eyes were already heavy and it was difficult for him to focus on something without his eyes rolling back from fatigue.

"Here!" Lisa called him, patting her shoulder. He arched a brow,

numbly confused. "Put your head on my shoulder, Jungkook"

Aw.

Was that a call to go home?

A lazy smile formed on his lips due to how adorable she was and even though he struggled due to his body being so much bigger, he managed to find a comfortable position. His head found shelter on her shoulder and Lisa lifted her hand to stroke his hair, long fingers sliding up to his scalp, helping him fall asleep soundly in a perfect place that smelled delicious and felt delicious.

At last, she left a sweet kiss on his forehead.

Hehe, if you saw him biting his lip extra giddy... No, you didn't.

When Jungkook woke up back it didn't seem like a long time had passed. He was so comfortable. Lisa had her AirPods on and he could hear some of the R&B music playing in her ears, she was humming softly too, she sounded lovely as her fingers absentmindedly stroked his. They were little brushes that almost looked like butterfly flaps but felt comforting and cozy like a warm blanket in winter.

Cute.

He squeezed her thigh to let her know that he was awake and Lisa turned her head, a bit surprised but a smile formed on her glossy lips.

"Hey hottie, we're close to arrive," she let him know and he just nodded, snuggling a little closer to her neck.

Lisa rested her cheek on his head, interlocking their fingers over her leg, and they both fell in a comfortable silence, the bustle of the train was not part of this fantasy and it was easy for both of them to ignore it.

"Does it hurt to get a hand tattoo?" she asked, while outlining the butterfly in his hand with the soft pad of her finger once again.

"Not that much," he replied, kind of dazed by the small caress that could cause big hurricanes of butterflies in his stomach.

"But, what if it's small? Does it hurt anyways?"

"Yes," he nodded, holding himself back from getting into details about a needle constantly pinching your skin. He didn't want to scare her. "But small tattoos are not that recommended in hands because it will end up looking blurry as time passes by, they could fade too" he added instead and Lisa looked confused. "You know, since you wash your hands"

"Oh... I didn't know tattoos could fade off," she frowned and lifted his hand, which was still interlocked with hers, to look closely. "This one looks brand new," she opined with her breath tickling his skin slightly.

"Because I take proper care of it," he said, very proud of himself

actually. "The secret is correct hands cream and cat-cha! Baby hands!

Lisa giggled. "So that's why your hands look better than mine?"

Jungkook pressed his lips closed in a smile. "Maybe"

"Yah!" she pretended to be offended. "This is when you tell me 'No, Lisa, your hands are wonderful, my queen'," she said in a deep voice, trying to sound like him but with his Busan accent.

Jungkook just laughed at her.

"You're so mean, you better share that cream," she scolded him. "But"

"But?"

"Does this mean you don't wash your hands that often then?" she made the tricky question while looking so innocent, oh but that eating shit spark was on her eyes shining.

Jungkook looked at her terribly offended. "Of course I wash my hands!"

"Often?"

"Yes!"

"Hmmm," she narrowed her eyes, suspicious.

"Yah~, I have the cleanest hands!" he whined and she giggled like *kkkk*, putting her hand on her mouth.

"You look so cute right now," she scrunched her nose and squeezed his cheeks in one hand, pulling him closer to leave a kiss in his pouty lips, which made him chuckle against hers and kiss her a little bit more deeply. "I was thinking in a hand tattoo," she confessed in a whisper.

Jungkook's eyes went wide. "For real?"

"Yeah, but it will be worthless right? I wouldn't like to renew it after a while, I barely see myself handling it well the first time"

And it would be extremely irresponsible of him to deny the truth in her words just because he really wanted to decorate her skin with his art. So he sighed, nodding after a few seconds.

He'd love to do it anyways. Not many nights ago he got an idea for a tattoo for her, like small dots with details that made them look like real stars in her skin, that wouldn't hurt her and it would look so pretty on her.

But Lisa was dead scared and he didn't want to pressure, he would never do.

"Don't look that disappointed," she pouted. "I thought in my hands because I saw a few photos on Instagram of it and it looked cute, but there are other parts that won't hurt much and it won't fade off, right?"

Oh, Jungkook got so happy after hearing that, his smile was big as he nodded like a happy puppy, almost giving her an OWA OWA.

"What about my ribs?" she asked innocently and Jungkook's figurative tail got still.

"No, that will hurt like shit"

"But you have a pretty one there," she pouted again, frowning cutely. He got flustered, of course, was it really that pretty? It was a verse of a poem that his father used to like. But then Lisa narrowed her eyes. "You're way more masochistic than I thought then"

Well, that was actually a good conclusion and he wasn't going to have that conversation with her because he knew that it was going to escalate quickly, taking into consideration when was the last time they talked about him being masochistic and what they did.

They were in a train, let's be clear and keep it clear.

"What about here?" he said and poked her neck knowing what he was doing and why, Lisa jumped up because of the tickles and let out a high pitched giggle.

"Yah!"

"Or here?" he poked her side and Lisa glared at him, while giggling and sliding to the edge of her seat. "And here?" he poked her tummy and she slapped her hand.

"Jungkook!"

"Here?"

"Stop!"

"Here? And here?"

"Yah!" she screamed while laughing and trying hard to dodge his pokes but he was fast and she was squirming like crazy, making people glare at them because of the noise.

The one about the guest house, Rochy and Y.M.C.A...

Jungkook should have been suspicious of the cheap price of the guest house despite being so close to the beach but the reviews were very good, of course, they spoke of the good treatment of the hosts, not the small and lingering smell of humidity that was covered with the excuse *"it's the smell of the sea"* nor did they talk about the old walls of the rooms or the shared bathroom with some water leaks and questionable hygiene. Sharing a bathroom was never a good idea.

Ffffuck.

The place didn't look too bad anyway, the polished sand-colored wooden floors sparkled and the dark furniture contrasted nicely with the light blue walls.

Lisa was so happy while chatting with the old lady, who was the host. She was telling her all about the history of the beach and more stuff, it was good to keep her distracted while Jungkook was... reconsidering his life choices and looking at a cockroach running

for it's life right next to his foot.

Oh no.

Not a cockroach.

He moved his foot and stomped on it... almost. The cockroach could run away and he just got his girlfriend and the lady staring at him for making the whole floor tremble with his foot.

"I tripped over the suitcase, hehe"

Lisa tilted her head, confused.

"Honey," the lady called him with a sweet tone, which was also tricky because she was carrying a glare while smiling. "Be kind to the house, it's old"

Jungkook wanted to bitterly laugh. Ma'am, he noticed.

"I will let you two alone to settle up, okay?" she said nicely and before leaving, she warned them: "Oh! And don't try anything if you don't want to be hear, we can hear everything is this old house "

Oh so no sex then.

Good to know...

Really, good to know...

What was left? Not eating? Not sleeping? No banana milk?

A man just needed 4 things to live and now he was just with 3, IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS VACATIONS!

This was terrible.

Lisa laughed once they were alone and he chuckled with her, to not cry, thinking that it would be a shame not to have sex these days... as if something could be worse.

"She's so nice," Lisa commented.

"Yeah, especially when talking about sex"

"I can't blame her, I wouldn't want my sleep interrupted by people having sex," she agreed funnily. "But she said if we don't want to be heard, was that ever a problem for us?"

Umm, ma'am, excuse, what?

She knew?

Jungkook opened his mouth, shocked. So she knew that Taehyung and Jimin knew? And she didn't care?

Lisa continued like nothing happened, as usual in Lisa. "She said we can get clean blankets from that closet to sleep and everything we need in the bathroom closet," and as she opened the closet doors, he saw the cockroach climbing down from one of the corners.

Fuck!

She didn't have to see that!

She was going to get scared and want to get out there!

Fuck fuck fuck.

"I THINK," Lisa turned around fast and he forced himself to look

at her in the eyes and not at the cockroach. "-That... I... Umm... I wouldn't touch what's in the bathroom, isn't it shared?"

Lisa tilted her head to a side. "Yes? What's the problem?"

(a/n: coronavirus)

Uh, germs? Bacteries? Some STD? FUCKING COVID-19?

"Let's just use our things, okay?" he said, glancing sneakily at the cockroach running as fast as her six or eight legs could make her.

How many legs a cockroach has anyways?

Lisa shrugged, not so worried. "Sure, I brought my own shampoo anyways but I will have to steal your body wash"

His-His body wash?

So she would smell like him?

Like *his*?

"Su-Sure," he nodded, sliding a strand of hair behind his ear flustered. They were together from more than a month now but the way his heart was jumping and doing splits for her was like they were just starting.

And while Lisa moved her own heavy brown luggage bag he caught the cockroach hitting it's head against the wall... Oh so it wasn't just sneaky and fast but also dumb.

Casually, Jungkook walked to the window with his hands in his pockets like someone who wants to stare at the scenery -even though the scenery was the center yard of the house with way too much plants for his taste- and the cockroach stayed there but it's small antennas moved like *"ICEBERG APPROACHING, should I move?"*. The answer was of course yes, idiot, but it didn't know, it didn't watch Titanic.

"I'm dying to go to the beach, it isn't too late right?" Lisa asked him, he turned around a little bit to see her but made a small side step to the right, closer to the enemy.

"Nah, the sun is still up and it doesn't go till 8," he shrugged and made another small step.

"Yay! Let's chang-" she was cut off by another Jungkook's stomp and she blinked many times in disbelief.

She looked at him and he looked at her and she looked at him and he looked at her...

And the cockroach was still fucking alive.

And Jungkook started to shake his foot, showing a nervous grin. "Sorry, haha, my foot fell asleep"

Lisa blinked a few more times more and frowned. "Are you okay?"

"I'm perfectly okay, doll. Let's change," he replied fast and moved to his luggage bag in front of Lisa's confused gaze. But he gave her a mischievous smirk and raised and lowered his brows playfully,

"Didn't you have something to show me?"

Lisa immediately smiled feeling an excited current run through her body that made her join her hands and bring them to her chest like a happy little girl. "Yes," she answered in a muffled voice through her huge smile and reached down to open her bag to pull out a ball of different colored clothing. "Give me one second!" she raised her finger and poked his nose with it. "No! I'll be back in two seconds," and she then she ran out of the room.

What was she hiding? I mean, it obviously was a bikini but was it good enough to turn her into a happy energy ball? Apparently. Although her little face was so cute, he kept ruffling his hair with a goofy smile on his lips for a few seconds after she left.

Oh, and finally he was alone and his eyes looked around the room like a bloody scanner.

"Where are you little thing? Darling ... I promise I won't hurt you" he hummed, making small steps. "Come out, come out, wherever you are"

Hmmm...

Hmmm...

Where was it ?

OH YES!

RIGHT THERE! IT WAS RIGHT THERE!

"Heeey..." he stopped, face to face with the cockroach a few meters away, antennas moving like crazy. "Rochy... Darling... Light of my life..." he approached slowly.

Cockroach stayed there, a very brave queen in my opinion.

"I'm not going to hurt you..."

And then he ran towards it and Rochy ran away. The cockroach could walk because it had 2 back legs and it walked away from that toxic man (bitch really said *💎no toxicity in 2021💎*).

Jungkook tried to kill the damn sneaky bug several times with his bag or his foot, but the damn creepy thing was able to escape anyway so he ended up looking for his new nemesis under the furniture.

How a middle size cockroach could be so damn sneaky and fast? IT WAS COCKROACH NOT A DAMN BUNNY!

"What are you doing?" Lisa's voice startled him.

"Nothing," he quickly slipped from under the room's television cabinet and hit his head. "Fuck!" he rubbed his head and knelt down, narrowing his eyes. It had been a hard blow.

Lisa cocked her head confused "What were you doing, for real?" She crossed her arms and closed the door behind her, wearing a closed oversized gray sweatshirt.

"Nothing, my-my ring rolled down the armchair and here it is," he

showed her his forefinger and got up.

"And that's why you didn't change already? Koo, c'mon is already 4," she hurried him with a pout. "Pali-Pali!"

Right! Right!

But the cockroach was still crawling around and... why was she wearing a sweatshirt?

"Aren't you hot?" he asked and decided to forget about Rochy for now to be normal in front of Lisa and change, walking to his backpack. Jimin could make him bring a classy YSL bag but he wasn't leaving his big backpack aka. second love of his life behind.

"Oh! Right! " Lisa stopped him by the shoulders and left her phone in his hand.

Jungkook looked down, confused. Why did he need her phone?

"Just press play and enjoy the show"

Show? What show?

Lisa leaned against the door with her hands behind her, long shiny legs crossed, recently oiled, and he lost his train of thought a bit, swallowing hard at the thought that maybe he was about to get a... He cleared his throat and looked back at the phone.

Was she really sure it was this the right song? He didn't recognize it but the name was familiar and...

"Jungkook!"

"Right! Sorry! "

And he pressed play.

Wait, he knew that song.

And Lisa knew it too and realized she picked the wrong song at hearing the first notes playing in low bass, escalating quickly.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RN8Li7kYNnw>

(a/n: pLEASE press play and if you don't know that song, EDUCATE yourself, it's gay culture. Like fr at least the minions version)

Of course she burst out laughing, covering her mouth, and Jungkook pulled his head back in a high pitched squeal.

She couldn't be real with this one.

But well, the show must go on.

So she turned around, swinging her hips to the beat of the song, raising her arms and quickly flipped dramatically to the first "Young man!" with her hands on her waist. She walked from side to side waving her arms like a diva on stage and clung to the wall at the second "Young man!" dramatically with her short black straight hair flipping, caressing her face, as she was lifting one leg and swaying against the surface. And on the third "Young man" she fell to her knees, going down and up with her knees a few times, hands running through her body like she was a sexy nyhmp. Then she wiggled her hips left and right in sync pointing to different parts of

the room and finally Jungkook when she did little hip thrusts. at him which got him laughing so loud.

How could she be so sexy and funny at the same time?

For the YMCA part she slipped the zipper and pulled the sweatshirt open, to then lift her arms, dancing to the rhythm of the song, standing up slowly. Like a real diva in the 70s, she danced around the room leaving the sweatshirt fall down her sharp clear shoulders, and she showed him her back with her perky ass barely peeking under the clothes, she winked at him and moved her arms, taking off the sweatshirt slowly until it fell to the floor and she turned around in a jump making a supermodel pose with her arms up.

His gaze adored her from head to toe as he bit his lower lip in a smile. She was beautiful.

She relaxed laughing when she decided her small striptease was over and took Jungkook's hands to lift him up and dance with him, sneakily lifting his white t-shirt up. Her palms were cold and tickled him. Jungkook chuckled and lifted his arms, Lisa pulled his shirt off, ruffling his messy black hair, and threw it away, then she slid her long fingers from his shoulders to his marked abs.

She yelled *"Young man! Are you listening to me?!"* between giggles. Jungkook took her waist and danced with her, sliding her feet and stretching her arms, until her fingers were intertwined. He then pulled her apart and spun her around, having her in front of him with their arms intertwined and her pretty body against his. Lisa lifted her arms and stroked his hair, moving her hips against his like a snake in time to the song. Jungkook lowered his hands together to her waist and caressed her, then turned her around and they both laughed with his nose brushing against hers, he stole a kiss from her then, feeling her laugh against his lips.

Lisa stepped away a bit, taking his hands and doing the familiar Y.M.C.A. poses.

Playfully, after finishing the poses, she tugged on the hem of his jeans to bring their hips together and loved his warm palms surrounding her bare waist, right over her yellow, lace bikini bottom with flowers that made her skin shine. It was delicately shaped, it almost looked like lingerie but it covered her properly, and she actually looked cute and so sexy in it.

"God, I'm so in love with you," he said, sighing against her mouth and took her cheek to devour her lips with so much passion, she gasped and leaned on into him, stroking his hair.

"Yah!" They both broke apart in shock, Jungkook moving Lisa next to him, someone was hitting the door so hard that he seemed about to knock it down.

"Stop the music! Some of us are trying to nap!"

Lisa covered her mouth and went to take her phone to turn the music off, Jungkook blinked in disbelief and they both shared a strange look but laughed softly.

What the hell was that?

Old lady was right, apparently, they wall were thin.

"Let's go to the beach, doll"

"Get naked then," she shrugged simply, which was right, he had to get naked, but both knew it was all word play for her.

Jungkook bit his lower lip in a smile and got naked, indeed. And he got a spank in the ass when he leaned down to pull up his trunks, this time he followed Lisa around to spank her back while giggling the most quietly they could.

Sadly, he got distracted and kissed her... or so she thought, she surely got shocked when she got a hard spank when leaving the room.

The one about UNO and loud sex...

"Oh! Yes! Please, please, please!"

"Do you like it baby?"

"Yes"

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

"Like this?"

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

"Yeeeeesss... Please! Harder! Hmmmmmmmmmm!"

CLAP ! CLAP ! CLAP !

"Oh, yEs!!!!!"

Lisa glanced at her watch. "It's been two hours already"

Jungkook looked up his UNO cards quite shocked. "Already?"

Lisa put a red two on the blanket, over the rest of cards, while nodding. Jungkook then put a red four up and expected Lisa to play but she was with her head cocked to a side, hearing.

"We don't sound like that, right?"

Jungkook shook his head, lips stretched out, eyes focused on his cards. "No, she sounds like dying..." he tilted his head thoughtfully, paying a little bit more attention to the high pitched moans. "Actually she sounds like a kid, is she over 18?"

"She sounds like a porn girl, she's faking," she resolved after a little bit more of analysis and finally put a blue four. Jungkook smirked. "No one screams like that, unless he has some, like, textured dick but that's not even it, my vagina is not that sensitive"

He shrugged, putting down a yellow four. "It's pretty though"

"Thank you, Mr. Jeon"

"PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE! YES! YES! YES!"

Both looked at the wall with wide eyes.

"She's dying"

"No, doll, she's being murdered. What the fuck?"

"OH! Uno! Uno! I said it first!" Lisa squealed like a child, pointing at Jungkook's only forgotten card. "Take two cards loser!"

"Aish!" he grumbled, taking two cards. "That's not fair, how am I supposed to pay attention when we're witnessing a murder"

"I don't care, I don't care," she made her lil dance dancey in victory. Oh, she was going to win, it was clear.

"Fine," he shrugged and put a +4 in front of her victory face that fell apart in seconds. "I choose yellow"

"Yah! That's unfair! You can't do that!"

"I can"

"No! You can't! I'm your girlfriend!"

"There are no rules in war, love and UNO. Lift those 4 babies, doll"

Lisa showed him her most sad pout with big doll-like eyes but he kept his smug closed smile.

She then frowned, annoyed and glared at him, sliding her finger across her throat. "You'll pay for that"

He chuckled, not affected at all, wiggling happily, and played again so: "Uno"

She rolled her eyes and put down a yellow +2 and Jungkook opened his mouth in shock, she took him out of nowhere. And she put down another +2, in green.

And Jungkook got her because with a shocked face, he put a +4 over them, his last card.

"Oh? Did I just... win, Miss Manoban?"

"Yah!!!!" Lisa screamed very unhappy and dramatically.

As the little shit he was, Jungkook giggled devilishly and so high-pitched, going louder when she kicked him out of the blankets, he impressed her with a perfect backward roll, landing on his ass without any wound and holding his ankles like a giddy baby, still laughing at her.

That man was a threat.

Imagine looking that cute with all those ripped muscles on display and dark ink all over his skin.

She ended up smiling lovingly at him and started to get all the cards to save them back in her bag. Jungkook helped her to settle all things down and get back to bed, since both started to play UNO when the couple next door became loud.

Gladly, they got quiet now.

Silently, they cuddled on the blankets, her on him with their legs

tangled and her head resting perfectly on his chest, hearing his calming heartbeats. But they both were with their phones, though, scrolling through social media until the sleep hit.

Lisa smacked Jungkook's chess.

"Yah! What was that for?"

"Yah! Look! Look! What you did was cheating!" she accused him, showing him the tweet that her sore loser ass actually searched for.

Jungkook chuckled in disbelief. "The game is already over, woman"

"Says who? The cheater?!"

"Look," he raised one finger. "All people play UNO the way they want it and in our game, that was fair"

"It wasn't!"

"You won once because of that!"

Lisa shrugged. "So what? Rules are mean to be broken but you can't break them"

"I-" Jungkook felt the laughter grow in his throat and he lowered his head to control it, but Lisa was pressing her lips to keep the serious expression too. "Doll, it's just a game and it's 4 in the morning"

Lisa scuffed and rolled her eyes. "I can't believe I let you in my pants, CHEATER"

He scuffed too, more dramatically. "You love me in your pants!"

"That's debatable now that I know you're a cheater"

Sure.

Really...

He poked her side and hugged her to bring her back on her place, on his chest. "Just let's go to sleep, fighter"

Lisa finally giggled and snuggled closer to him, leaving her phone over their pillows.

"It's been such a long day," she murmured after some calm minutes. Earlier they went surfing, or tried to because none of them could master it good even when they competed but it was fun and they had such a good time. "I feel like the floor's moving even right now because of the water"

He smiled. "I do too. Do you think people feel like this after spending a long time on a boat?"

"Uhum, but they must feel it harder," her voice was trailing off in sign of her tiredness and he caressed her hair, playing with the now short tips around her shoulders. It was so soft and silky, now more than before.

"Hmmm, daddy! YES! RIGHT THERE!"

SLAPSLAPSLAP

Lisa and Jungkook huffed in chorus.

SPANK

"Daddy!"

"Did he just-"

"Don't act like you don't like it too," and he got a small slap on the chest.

Lisa yawned deeply then and sighed. "I want to sleep," she grumpily mumbled against his chest and he honestly felt like shit, because they could be in a better place but they were there and he couldn't have done better...

Or he could and accept Taehyung's help, but he already helped him enough through his hardest times, giving him a place to live and giving him money to buy his first tattooing tools, and he didn't want to take more advantage of his kindness. It was damn embarrassing too, he was a popular tattoo artist and a popular webtoon artist, he shouldn't go around asking for money.

Ah, pride, the worst enemy of people.

"Why a tiger? I thought you didn't like cats," Lisa got him out of his self-blaming thoughts while tracing a finger the inside of his forearm, where he had a tattoo of a Korean tiger.

Well, he couldn't give her a better place right now, but he could give her a good long boring story about Korean culture so she would sleep. And after a hour of storytelling, Lisa wasn't asleep at all because she was his biggest fan and such a good listener, so he ended up singing her a song in low voice, which was hard with the *"Oh, yeah, daddy"* and the *"please, please, give me babies, daddy"* getting in between. Lisa told him he had a beautiful voice though and he blushed, hiding his face in her neck.

"Wait," he said, having a sudden realization. There was just another couple in the guest house, besides the one with a family of many kids, so just them could be the ones jingle-jangling the wall like it was the end of the world. "Isn't that the guy that almost kicked our door off earlier?"

He was so rude when they met during dinner, glaring at both of them and throwing shady comments, calling them the loud couple.

SO THEY WERE THE LOUD COUPLE?

"Nooooooooooooooooo, you're right!" Lisa sat up covering her mouth. "Yah! The audacity!"

He agreed silently and sighed again, running his hands through his tired face. He also wanted to sleep.

"Come!" Lisa said and took his hands, pulling him up. He let her drag him, confused, and saw her mischievous grin, which got him more concerned.

What was she going to do?

"Take the armchair," she whispered at him, pointing at it.

"Eh?"

"Take the armchair!"

Why was she whispering at him?

But he did what she told him to do, a little bit confused but also curious.

"Push it against the wall"

"What?"

"Do it Jungkook"

Okay?

So Jungkook did.

BANG

"OH YES BABY! HARDER!" Lisa screamed.

Jungkook's eyes went wide.

And she made him signs to hit it again.

BANG

"YES! YES! RIGHT THERE!"

Jungkook held back a snort and hit it again.

"OH JUNGKOOK !!!!! YES! YES! YES!"

He couldn't keep his laugh this time and Lisa covered his mouth, giggling quietly. "Ssshhh," she put her own finger in front of her lips but he laughed more, this time in low volume. "Help me!"

Ah, fuck it.

"OH LIKE THIS DOLL? LIKE THIS?"

"YES! JUNGKOOK! JUNGKOOK!!!"

"MMMMMM THAT COOCHIE GRIPPING HARD"

Lisa bursted out laughing, curling down in a giggling ball on the floor and hiding her face in her crossed arms. Her shoulders trembling.

"YES BABY! YOU'RE SO... MOISSTTTT"

Lisa took a deep breath but it was hard. "YES! MOST FOR YOUuu," her voice came out strangled, like a moan, but she was trying to control her laughter.

Jungkook hit the armchair against he wall a few more times, grunting, and suddenly it was all quiet.

"Do you think we scared them?" he asked.

"Oh no, I'm sure they're laughing about the moist one," she said witty but raised her hand for him to high-five and he did. "Well done, hottie," she whispered.

"Ah, that's what you say every time"

second part is next !! don't forget to leave a vote if you liked it💜

Chapter 38 • Pt. 5, 2

I CHANGED ONE (1) WORD and this app said: do you mean unpublish ma'am? NO NO NO NO NO NO

I HATE IT HEEEEEEERRRRRREE

aanyways going back to the chapter, I hope you all can open it this time

The one about the end of Rocky...

"Hey..." she greeted him with a muffled voice since she was brushing her teeth after a morning shower. It took her so much time to finally use the bathroom, a whole family of 4 was getting ready and the queue was long.

With his thick arms around her waist and chest pressed against her back like a warm blanket, Jungkook inhaled the sweet fresh smell of her wet hair and then tiptoed a little bit to lean his chin on the top of her head. He was still so sleepy but now back to hug his favorite teddy bear.

Lisa was perfect. So warm. So cuddly. He wanted to hug her forever. Yes-yes!

He just let her go a little bit when she leaned down to spit the foam and wash her mouth and hugged her again when she straightened up, hiding his face in the crook of her neck and oh she smelled so good there too. Lisa smiled lazily and lifted her hand to caress his hair. "Are those two fucking again? You were fast asleep when I got up"

He shook his head, being as quiet as usual in the mornings. It was almost midday by the way.

"Should we sleep more and go to the beach in the afternoon?"

"Sounds good"

"Then let's go back to bed, hottie, I'm sleepy too," she took his arm and tried to free himself but Jungkook refused. "Jungkook..."

"We can walk like this," his whine came muffled from her neck.

Lisa sighed, not willing to fight because why would she, he was so cute and precious. Her pitbul puppy was the hottest but when he was like this, she would give him the world. And they both did quite well till the room, ignoring the weirded out look a guy gave them at the hallway.

Who cared anyways. She was happy this way with him and she

wanted to stay like this forever, with the clingy buff man around her.

Oh wait, what was that close to her luggage?

No way...

NO WAY!

Lisa pushed Jungkook away and, even though that little bitch tried to escape, she stomped on her without any regrets, loving the small cracking noises coming from under her slipper.

"Stupid roaches," she mumbled and went out to throw the rests at the garden. No matter how clean a place was, they were always there, being ugly and nosy, getting everywhere, Lisa hated them so much.

And when she was back, Jungkook was staring at her blankly.

"What?"

He shook his head, scratching the back of his hair. "Nothing"

Internally, he was screaming. So his girlfriend wasn't afraid of insects, actually she was a fucking insect assassin and he was just getting to know it, and lets not forget how he was kind of embarrassed because he couldn't get Rochy but she just did at the first try.

"Let's sleep, Koo. Can you close the curtains for me?"

"...Sure"

Damn... Poor Rochy, killed by the hands of a murderer, a serial killer even...

The poor thing, darling, light of his life...

The one about a bold man and a frustrated boyfriend...

Jungkook was being weird again.

It was as if he was upset and didn't finish relaxing, his head full of things. What was going on in there? And there was no point in asking him because he always replied that it was nothing and at least it was like a twitch that brought him back to reality and he tried to relax with her.

But he always gets lost in his thoughts, spacing out with blank eyes as he bit the tip of one of his thumbs.

He was starting to be annoying, Lisa wanted to know what was going on and help him but he wouldn't let her in.

That night they were in a bar near the beach where they were staying. It was a really beautiful place with a beachy decoration that surrounded people with good vibes, never letting them forget how close they were to the sea and the sand. White furniture and yellow lights hung above the separate tables, which had adorable and comfortable white cane chairs in that area at the entrance that

she had chosen. Neon lights changed color in the center bar on the center of the dance floor, which was in a floor below the entrance zone, next to the stairs in a corner, and Lisa had a good view from her place, sitting right next to the railing and loving the way that that area was dark but lit with neon yellow lights that gave the illusion of being in a campfire.

Jungkook had left her alone at their table while he went for a few drinks after a little... argument? Lisa did not know if it was an argument because it had not even reached more than 3 dialogues, he said *"I'll go get something to drink"* as kind as usual and she said *"sure"* while opening her bag to get money but Jungkook had literally barked: *"I can pay"* and he was gone, leaving her with her wallet in her hand and gaping like a fish.

Did he just... bark at her?

There was no need to be so pressed but she sighed and fixed her light jacket on her shoulders, feeling the cold sea breeze brush her shoulders. That night she was wearing a tube crop top with thin straps and Celine high waisted white jeans that exposed a small part of her tanned stomach, and a light knitted jacket because at night the breeze was really cold.

What could be happening to Jungkook? Did he have problems at work? His strange attitude was not something new, it had been coming for days. And Lisa still couldn't wrap her mind around what was happening with him and some of his attitudes.

She remembered then that on the beach, earlier, he made a strange face when she bought popsicles for both of them along with bottles of water and he looked like a sulking baby with his popsicle while she was spreading sunscreen on his back.

"Well hi beautiful lady"

Lisa got startled, being literally kicked out of her thoughtfulness. She looked at her side of her and found a man, sitting very comfortably in her boyfriend's place. First red flag.

He was Korean, as expected in South Korea, with a nice styled hair to the back, undercut, wearing a pristine white t-shirt tucked inside dark striped pants. Second red flag, she didn't trust men who wore dress pants just to the ankles and no socks.

Stinky feet on sight there.

He smirked at her when noticing her looking him up and down and leaned closer, crossed arms on the table. "How come such a pretty flower looks so lonely?"

Lisa heard giggles in the background and looked up, noticing a group of guys sitting about two tables away, probably his friends. Was this a bet or what?

Far from being in her usual friendly mood, Lisa turned her cold

gaze back to him and showed him a smile that wasn't nice at all. "I'm not alone," she sent a clear message.

But he seemed to have no signal in his mental phone because he laughed. "I don't see someone else here," he sneered with amusement, looking around her as if she had a person hiding under the table or behind her.

Haha, he was so funny. Lisa was losing her lungs right now because of his good jokes. Yay!

Lisa opened her mouth to tell him that she had a tall, tattooed boyfriend that would be back at any moment, ready to enjoy watching him go, but he spoke before: "What an asshole whoever that left a pretty doll like you alone"

Asshole? Jungkook? An asshole? What did he say????!!!!

And Doll? Her? Someone calling her doll but not Jungkook? The audacity?

It sounded so dirty coming from a clown thinking he had a big dick like him.

For him, the only doll Lisa could be was Annabelle.

Lisa shot him such a contemptuous look that would make any normal person cringe with their self-esteem going into hell but apparently this guy had an ego so high that it made him blind.

"You don't have to lie, sweetheart," he purred at her, brushing her forearm with his fingers. Lisa watched the move like the Queen of England receiving the wrong cupcake.

If he dared to touch her again she was going to shove that sneaky hands of his up his own ass. She wasn't in the mood to shrug him off like other times.

"No, I don't have to lie," she crossed her arms, leaning back in the chair to get as far away from him as possible, her legs crossed. "That's why I am not lying, I'm not alone, I have a boyfriend"

The guy didn't hear anything, his eyes were on his tits that were now a little higher and pressed together.

Gosh.

She dealt with a lot of guys through her whole life and she could read them pretty well; this type was the most annoying. There was no place for her usual nice manners and cheerful demeanour, life taught her that being nice with these guys was a threat to clingy walking sexual diseases that after being rejected were going to call her a whore.

"Dump your boyfriend for me, I would never leave you alone, bored like this," he slowly lifted his dark gaze over the rest of her body and stayed on her lips, she wrinkled her face in dislike.

So he really believed that he had any chance next to the fucking Jeon Jungkook?

"No thanks"

He leaned closer to her, stretching his arms like a cage around her. She felt chills raise up her back, feeling so cornered and uncomfortable. "Why so fast? Don't you want to give a chance to a real man? One night with me and you won't remember that boyfriend of yours, love"

Lisa snorted, shaking her head in disbelief.

What did he say? Real man? Where was it hidden?

"No, thank you, I have a boyfriend coming in a few minutes"

"A few minutes sounds like time enough for me to convince you"

"No"

"C'mon, doll, pretty girls like you must be with men like me"

"No"

Men like him would make anyone a lesbian, actually.

He finally frowned and understood that she wasn't going to play his stupid little game. It was almost amusing to see his expression change, the seductive facade dropping to be replaced by a clenched jaw and furious gaze. So predictable.

Now he was going to call her a whore...

"Listen-"

"Am I interrupting?" Jungkook's voice sounded deep as fuck.

Lisa glanced at him, all dressed in black ripped skinny jeans and an oversized gray and white shirt, sending fierce flares with a cocky arched brow. He looked so tall and big, hot as hell. And a smirk formed on her lips. That was a real man, that was a hot man, that was *her* man.

"Baby!" Lisa exclaimed excitedly, straightening up. "I missed you so much, baby, this guy here doesn't leave me alone," she made a pitiful pout, doing a lot of aegyo, stomping her feet under the table and shaking her head, as if she was such a weak poor girlfriend in the claws of the evil.

Jungkook looked at her and she could see a slight amused glint shimmer in his eyes, but his gaze turned dark and threatening again when he glanced back at the idiot who had the NERVE to molest his girl. The chains dangling from his jeans, the heavy chunky boots, the hands full of silver rings, the tattoos adorning his muscular forearms and most of all, the angry eyes on him were enough for the real-man-that-would-make-her-forget- that-boyfriend-of-hers swallow hard and literally jump out of his seat. All that with just one look.

Jungkook poked his cheek with his tongue, looking him up and down. "And you are?"

The guy raised his hands in peace. "No one, man," and he almost ran out of there, because he knew he had no chance against

Jungkook. His friends got up from the table and followed him, leaving Lisa with a great feeling of satisfaction in her chest.

That's how it is done.

And oh, he was so good, making her belly twist in lust, uterus CRYING in despair for his babies.

Her boyfriend sat next to her, setting down a glass of greyhound with a piece of grapefruit on the edge. She smiled sliding it closer and sucked happily, loving the little gas that tickled her tongue and the sweetness of the grapefruit smoothing the vodka.

"Was he bothering you?" he asked, looking concerned.

She hummed a yes and reached his cheek. "Thank you for coming," and he moved his face to leave a small kiss in her hand.

"You should have called me"

"I knew you were going to come," she shrugged and smirked playfully. "He couldn't run faster from you, hottie"

"As he should?" he nodded, obviously, and showed her his bicep which got her cracking up. "One punch and he dead"

"I'd love to see that," she commented, sipping her straw with a dangerous gaze. For some reason, it was sexy to imagine him fighting for her honor. He licked his lips and pressed them closed. "He really deserved it, he said my boyfriend was an asshole"

"The nerve, the audacity, the insolence," he said dramatically.

"Uhum, I was this close," she put her forefinger and thumb together. "To tell him my boyfriend had it big"

"And what stopped you? I know you can lie very well, doll "

Lisa let out the sharpest and loudest sound of the night, covering her mouth from her.

"Stop telling people you have a small dick!"

"I like the surprise effect!"

"What surprise effect? I'm the only one seeing your dick "

"And you get surprised every single time, don't you?"

I...

I mean.

Lisa couldn't say no because yes, she could get surprised sometimes. It wasn't her fault anyways, it's that he had such a pretty one, not very common between men probably because Jungkook did have daily showers, and it was thick and veiny and...

"Wait, won't you drink anything?" she asked, just noticing that he had only bought her a drink.

Jungkook shook his head. "I've been having some stomach-ache so I don't think that's good"

"Oh..." she murmured. "It must be lunch, but it didn't do anything to me," she added with confusion, they had both eaten at a restaurant also near the beach, they ordered Agujjim and then they

tried grilled shellfish, everything was delicious but it was also very spicy and Lisa had laughed at Jungkook who was on the verge of tears. Maybe it was the spice which got him sick.

In response, Jungkook shrugged. "Do you want to go home?" she asked concerned, caressing his forearm.

He quickly shook his head at her. "Let's go dance, what do you think?" he asked with new excitement growing in him and even though she found it suspicious because he was way too animated to be sick she let him be and she took his hand and her glass to go with him to the dance floor.

When Lisa met Jungkook she never imagined that he would be the type of guy she could spend the night dancing with, or maybe she had sensed it a few times seeing him have so much fun with the people he was close to, but she still liked him. She was surprised and delighted that he danced with her for hours, having fun and laughing without fear of making a fool of himself. He did stupid moves and sexy moves, he wrapped his arms around her and spun her around, he guided her hips for some songs and then he also let her guide him, and with her he sang all the songs they knew and his made-up English for the lyrics he didn't know was very funny.

She didn't need alcohol, just a big dose of Jungkook and it was almost magical.

They were both very sweaty when they left the bar about four hours later and the cold sea breeze hit them square in the face. Jungkook put his black leather jacket over her shoulders and they both walked hand in hand towards the guest house, laughing and commenting on some funny people they had seen on the dance floor.

"I swear, they were having sex, doll"

"There's no way, why didn't you tell me?"

"It's not like you can see in the darkness"

"Yah!" she exclaimed half offended and half amused, she was self-aware of her eyes working really bad in dark places but he didn't have to expose her like that.

He chuckled and tried to open the door of the guest house but it was locked.

He frowned and tried again but nothing.

Was it locked?

"What's going on?"

"I think it's locked," Jungkook muttered and rang the house bell, feeling a bit self-conscious since it was 3 in the morning and he didn't want to disturb other people.

"Locked? Weird "

Lisa was right, the double front door of the guest house was

always open, this led to the front garden and the wooden steps to the large two-story cabin with stairs to the right that led directly to the rooms on the second floor. Why would they lock up at night without warning?

Jungkook rang the bell a few more times and saw the lights go on on the second floor, and then heard the sound of footsteps dragged on the small rocks that adorned the path to the entrances to the house, probably to avoid slipping in the rainy season.

"We're closed," it was the direct grumpy statement both got as the door opened.

"What? We're staying here," Lisa spoke before Jungkook but this time her charms didn't provoke anything in the old lady who had treated her so well the days before and during breakfast, that right morning.

Wrapped in a white terry robe and a nightcap, the lady crossed her arms. "This is a respectable house, you can't just come and go at this time of the night"

What?

What the hell?

"I can't let you in, comeback tomorrow, go! Go!"

"We paid for a room!" Jungkook raised his voice, surprising Lisa. With huge eyes she saw him towering the lady, fuming. "Are you going to give me back my money? You didn't let me spend a night here, ma'am "

"No, no refunds," she screeched back at him in that high-pitched, annoying lady voice.

"But-!"

"Come back tomorrow," and she slammed the door in their faces, leaving them speechless.

Was that even legal? It was clearly a robbery and Lisa couldn't believe it. In her hotels the client was always right, as in any commercial place, and what the client wanted was always done. Respectable place? Making the customer happy made a respectable place! Throwing them out and questioning their life and the time they came back was unacceptable, who the hell did she think she was? Hotel staff couldn't even talk about what was happening in the hotel because everything happened there. Idols, politicians, famous actors, very influential people did things in hotels with very varied people and left the most juicy tea that would never be talked about.

What the hell just happened?

That lady had been lovely before, now she was scolding them and not letting them in? She was kidnapping their stuff right there inside her house!

Arms crossed, Lisa sighed thinking that it wasn't so bad anyway,

it was going to dawn in two hours due to summer time and she and Jungkook could take their things and go to a better place.

It was a shame, however. She had adored the house because it was the kind of house she would want to have one day, with the light blue walls and the eternal smell of the sea. Their room had been perfect too, it had a huge window to the inner garden with a view of the sky and at night it was easy to see the stars.

But Jungkook wasn't taking it so well, his shoulders were tense and he had clenched his hands into fists, his tongue was poking the inside of his cheek and his jaw was so locked all the muscles were tight and showing, the bone so sharp it could cut the tension it grew between them.

"Jungk-"

He left her with the words in her mouth and strode furiously along the sidewalk. The guest house was on the same street that led to the beach, right in front of huge hotels and resorts, bars and restaurants, obviously with prices as high as your blood pressure could get when eating there and seeing the bill.

Lisa followed quickly, sliding her arms into the sleeves of his jacket so that it didn't fall off her shoulders. "Jungkook!"

He stopped for her but he was breathing heavily and clearly outraged. Lisa was so used to him being calm and her being the angry one that she was shocked and she doubted what exactly to do. But what else was left to do?

She smiled and took his hand. "Don't let me behind, gosh!" she playfully scolded him and pulled him to keep walking towards the beach. If she expected to find a smile in response as always happened, this time it didn't happen.

Jungkook was still tense and furious and she became awkward, afraid of starting a talk that would end up being a hundred times more awkward and she had no idea what to say.

The breeze was good company and the streets were not even completely empty, several drunk or "*very happy*" people had just left the bars and had gathered at the edges of the beach entrance to drink more or dance to music coming from some cars.

"It's not that bad," she finally told him, in a relaxed tone.

He shouldn't be so angry for something so insignificant, as she thought before, they could take their things and go to another place without other problems. Unpredicted issues like this happened all the time. And she also didn't want him angry, they were having a good night.

Jungkook let out a big sigh and ran a hand through his hair, releasing his hand from hers. He was frustrated as well as angry and she understood that he was blaming himself for what had just

happened. It made sense when knowing Jungkook. He had been just as frustrated on their first date, when he couldn't take her out to eat at a restaurant because of that claw machine incident.

"Jungkook, c'mon, we had a good night and good days, this is really nothing," she added, trying to calm him down.

"It is something!" he refuted her, spitting out the words. "Why aren't you mad? Don't you want to sleep?"

Lisa thought about it and shrugged. "No?"

Not like she was sleepy right now when he was so altered. She wasn't even sleepy before, tired, yes and with her feet hurting, also yes and those were the only reasons why they called it a night. No one wanted to sleep there to begin with.

Or did he?

Jungkook sighed again and pinched the bridge of his nose, his other hand on his waist, as if he was controlling himself not to explode.

What the hell was wrong with him? It wasn't really that deep!

"We can take our things and go to another place tomorrow, not even tomorrow tomorrow, just in two hours"

Jungkook scoffed. "Sure, because we're going to find a new place in the middle of the summer season at a good price"

Ah, so now he was being sarcastic. AND FOR WHAT?! She was just trying to loosen up the situation for him to feel better.

And why was the price even a problem? She brought her savings with her, she could pay for it if he was running out of money.

Lisa took a deep breath, crossing her arms and feeling a slight hint of Jungkook's perfume. This wasn't going anywhere and the argument was dumb.

"Jungkook," she called out to him, reaching out to take his hand in hers, stroking the back of it with her thumb. Jungkook finally looked at her after sighing and was met with an exhausted but complacent look. "Can we just walk on the beach? I don't want to fight, not with you"

If he needed a better clue that he was being an asshole, then he was stupid. But he wasn't.

The little pout on her plump lips made him finally calm down. He was still frustrated but staying angry wasn't going to change anything, he had made a bad decision and the consequences presented themselves, there was nothing left but to deal with them and find another place.

He nodded to Lisa's request and let her lead him to the beach, down the stone stairs that were a path to the sea. On the bottom step, they both kicked off their shoes and Lisa managed to make him laugh when she showed him that her fine, high-heeled sandals

went almost all the way into his jacket pockets.

Only then did he notice that she looked so beautiful in his jacket. The leather was practically eating her thin body but it was like a protective blanket, she was adorable.

The sand was cold between their toes and it felt somewhat wet, it was tickling and relaxing at the same time.

The waves beat the shore majestically, with the force it had it might have been clumsy but the movement was beautiful. The water mixed with each other and created beautiful sounds, as soothing as the melody of a lullaby. But the experience was amplified in beauty because Lisa was next to him, her fingers intertwined with his. The wind made her hair dance a little and cleared that face of hers that seemed to be carved with love by a doll sculptor. She was precious and she was his and he felt miserable for not giving her all the good things that she deserved.

"You know what?" she said suddenly and a smile rang out in her voice. She turned to look at him and wasn't even surprised that he was already staring. She tucked a lock behind her ear, adorned with the same star-shaped earrings as usual. "It's actually sad because I liked that house"

Wait, what?

She liked that old humid house?

Lisa giggled incredulously. "It felt warm, I don't know, like, not so cold as a hotel room would feel," she tried to explain and wrinkled her nose as if what she said was silly but something came to her mind because her eyes lit up again. With amusement and she raised her index finger. "Also, last night was funny. I never thought I'd be in a moans competition "

I mean... She was actually right.

Jungkook laughed just remembering it, with a lighter heart.

"And we won," he added, nodding, which once again made her laugh and he could never get tired of making her laugh. "Do you think we should do it professionally?"

"Sure! We'd be so famous, Jungkook. We're hot," she stated with such confidence and she was not even lying, she was hot and he felt hot around her, both meanings. "But, really, I liked that house"

"The one we were literally kicked out from," he couldn't help but let out ironically.

"Yep, that one," Lisa nodded and made long steps on the sand, playing with it, still holding his hand. "My grandma used to have one in Phuket, lost between the plants and palm trees," she told him and let go of him only to stretch her arms and catch the sea breeze on her face. "Of course, it was more like a mansion, but my mother and uncle grew up there their first years and they left their mark. I

loved it because when I went there it was already old with marks of age but also with marks of life. So there were traces of children growing up around like small engraved drawings in the wood and those cute height marks in the frame of a door. There was nothing of that in my house, except in my room. New decor every year, new furniture, even new curtains," and the story was perhaps sadder than she showed in her light tone. "So the guest house reminded me of it. I loved it. Vintage things are the best because they have history and you can be part of it, adding more "

So, that's why she loved vintage styles so much.

And it was still sad because in moments like this, Lisa, with her body lost in his leather jacket and her messy short black hair, barefoot on the beach, looked so vulnerable but happy despite everything. It seemed that nothing could turn off the light in her and maybe that's why he was so obsessed with her, for him turning off the light was easy but she could keep it lit until he could recover.

The irony was that he had grown up being happy, with people who loved him, while Lisa seemed to have grown up seeking to be happy and trying so passionately.

She was so strong.

Jungkook approached with slow steps towards her and seeing her smile soften with affection almost killed him, his heart was beating so hard and his stomach was full of precious emotions. "I love you," he told her close to her lips.

"I love you too," she replied and their lips met again sweetly, their feet wet from a sudden but gentle wave and the breeze hugging them.

And then the rest of the night went by quickly, Lisa told him stories from her childhood when she was going on vacation to some beach in the world that were downright hilarious, probably because Bambam was in most of it and almost always ended up hurt.

She also talked about all the beaches she had visited and how different they were, some had the water so bright that they made her believe that she would end up painted blue and others had the water so foamy that she liked to play to be a mermaid and drive her mother crazy with concern because she was playing on the rocks.

Jungkook, on the other hand, could only tell her about where he grew up as a child, in a fishing village in a small province of Busan and then he moved to the capital of Busan, finally ending up in Seoul. Lisa loved it and told him that it explained a lot the photos of him as a toddler playing in the mud and in the water that his mother showed him. Jungkook hoped his mother hadn't shown him the one in which he was naked and muddy... except in that part...

He didn't want to talk about that.

The dawn really surprised them, interrupting their talk so that both of them, sitting on the soft sand, saw the sun rise slowly, tinting the sky in different colors. It was the second time they did it but this time took the prize, the sea was beautiful, creating that illusion of never ending.

With her head resting on his shoulder, Lisa sighed happily and a smile formed on his lips.

the things i do for love

gnome hyung

i feel like such a robber doing this

taehyunggie

Can we steal some food?

no

put things together

and leave

gnome hyung

HER CAT IS SO CUUUUTE

taehyunggie

hes a fattie

And jimin is planning to rob him jungkook!

oh pls let him do it

not like he can carry that fat bitch tho

Gnome hyung

this leo slander is JUICY

lemme sc to send to lisa when you misbehave

RATA INMUNDA

The one about wanting to choke your boyfriend...

So, haha, awkward, but the happy ever after wasn't ever after.

"It's okay, I got it," he told her when she looked up after zipping his backpack close and saw that Lisa was handing him money.

Lisa frowned. "But I want to pay"

That made him uncomfortable, she noticed in the way his jaw tightened. He shook his head at her. "It's not necessary"

Lisa knew it was necessary. Before going back to the guest house, when they went to eat at a bar, he didn't ask for anything but told her to order whatever she wanted and he was going to pay for it, as he had done before every time they ate. Lisa thought it was that stomach ache and she insisted him to eat something, maybe it was hunger, besides he hadn't eaten anything since the day before.

From asking nothing, Jungkook ate half of his breakfast like a man lost on an island. It was something cute but so suspicious that Lisa didn't hesitate anymore, she had been in this situation before. The first months she was in Seoul, she was terrible at managing her month allowance so she ran out of money to buy something to eat in college and had to pretend not to be hungry in front of Chaeyoung because she was going to scold her, then she would devour Bambam's lunches. Jungkook had no money and was trying to hide it and was refusing to get help from her. AND FOR WHAT?

"Jungkook," she sighed. "We're in this together, you don't have to pay for me too"

He looked at her with an obvious expression. "Yes, I have to?"

"No, you don't?"

"I'm serious, I can pay for it. I brought you here after all," he shrugged like it was nothing but he was getting upset and Lisa didn't understand why, she didn't even understand why he refused.

"No, a train brought me. Or now you're a train driver and you never told me?" she crossed her arms, arching a sassy brow.

He shot her a look that made it clear that he didn't find it funny, she wasn't trying to be anyway.

"Just accept the money, it's half and half. You paid for the food too," she added and she felt guilty for just letting him do it sooner, without question. She had been selfish.

"No," he said it like that, clear, sharp, and headed for the door.

Lisa grabbed his arm. "Why not?"

"Just no," he insisted and made her grow annoyed because he was just making decisions for them and damaging himself -his wallet, actually- for no reason at all.

Was this about some man ego? Pride? Was that why he didn't tell her?

Where all this toxic masculinity was coming from?

"You can't just tell me that," she demanded, offended. "Let me pay," she told him slowly and frankly.

Jungkook sighed, annoyed. "Now you want to pay? Lisa, you never want to pay. In Dragon's you were so happy about having free drinks, why suddenly now it is a problem that you're here for free?" he spat at her, frustrated and just as upset as she was.

Lisa scoffed. "A free drink is not the same as a stay in a guest house for three nights Jungkook, are you being serious?"

"Exactly, it's not the same, it's more money, so why now do you want to pay? Let it go, Lisa"

"Let's be clear," she started, putting her hands on her waist as she angrily approached. "One, If it's the time that I think you're talking about, I was saving money for a new lens and you know it, I told

you. So anything free was making it easier for me. Two, the one paying for it were employees of the bar and they have a legal discount so it wasn't much of a loss for them and three, I want to pay because I am your girlfriend Jungkook, not a fucking dog"

"Oh, c'mon!" he exclaimed wearily. "Let it go! I'm not treating you as a dog and exactly because you're my girlfriend is why I'm paying for everything "

"Oof, please, don't come for that whole macho argument Jungkook, you're not like this"

"No, I am like this," he clarified. "I pay for trips, vacations, health, rent, It's my duty to-"

"Don't you dare to finish that," she interrupted him with one finger up. "I'm not a duty"

And she hated that he was seeing her as a duty, like weight on his shoulders, actually more weight since he was worried about his family and who knows what else before they came here. Lisa never liked to be a responsibility for someone or someone to worry about, and less when she could do something to help, like right now. But he was taking that for her and putting her in a position she didn't like it, it hurt her.

And he noticed after hearing her statement. His tense expression softened quickly because he had just screwed up.

"But fine, do whatever you want, I don't want to be more a *duty* for you"

She turned to continue fixing her bag and threw the money inside it, hurt but also very angry with him. It was not fair.

She felt him approach and stand next to her, and she waited to see what he was going to do next.

"What?" she asked, lifting her head and glaring at him.

Jungkook swallowed and looked at her sadly, regretting everything he said. "You're not a duty, not like that," he told her softly and took her hand so that she rose from the floor and was in front of him. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that"

Lisa nodded, still hesitating because his actions said otherwise. It hadn't even crossed her mind that he was looking at her like this until he said it and now she felt so bad.

He put a finger under her chin and made her look at him. "I'm serious, Lisa. I'm sorry"

"Then let me pay"

He sighed and she saw the battle in his eyes. Like he were struggling to not strangle her for being so stubborn but well, she couldn't get his point so she was going to keep standing up for hers.

"Jungkook, I'm a grown girl, I can pay for my things," she told him logically, reasonably. "And we're in a relationship, it's a thing

of two. It wasn't a problem before so why now?"

Jungkook pinched the bridge of his nose and turned around, ruffling his hair back. "You don't understand"

"Then explain it to me!"

He exhaled air and sighed again, searching for the words. "It's not about you not being able or being able to pay, it's not about not seeing you as an equal or otherwise either, it's because this a gift, Lisa. I want to fucking spoil you and give you the best because you're used to the best and don't want you to aspire less when you're with me," he explained with so much frustration that he overflowed with it, it was impossible not feeling what he was feeling because his whole body showed it, with clenched fists and tense shoulders. "And I failed! I wanted to take you to a luxurious resort or rent a good cabin for us but after Yuqi's accident I didn't have the money for it and I still tried to not disappoint you but I still did and it's so fucking awful. So can you please let me pay and keep pretending this is not as shitty as it is? Because the only thing keeping this perfect is you!"

Lisa swallowed, bringing a hand to her chest where her heart began to pound... for him. God, he was so dumb. Couldn't he see what was right in front of her eyes? He couldn't see how genuinely happy she was? All because he believed she wanted something luxurious? Why did he believe that? Because she was rich?

She didn't care about where they were! She had the best nights and summer days with him, she was satisfied and happy, why couldn't he take his head out of his ass and see it? He was hurting himself over nothing.

"I'm not pretending it's not shitty, Jungkook. It is not shitty," she told him after a few seconds, with utmost honesty. "You never disappointed me and I never expected-"

"See? You don't expect it from me and I want to- "

"Stop pushing yourself down, Jungkook!" she technically yelled at him, just for him to shut up. "Do you think I want a big hotel? A grew up in one, yeah the mattress is good but the place is lonely. And do you think I want some rich guy buying everything for me? No! I don't want a fucking sugar daddy, Jungkook, I want you. You are all I want, all I need "

Jungkook blinked, stunned by the sudden confession. Was that true?

"Stop stressing out about stupid things, you didn't disappoint me at all. I'm happy here and I will be wherever you are because nothing matters but you. So please, take my fucking money and go pay!"

She was good at changing the mood in seconds, becoming the

bossy and sassy person that made him smile, although he already wanted to smile after hearing her say all those beautiful things.

It didn't change the fact that he still felt like a failure and that sooner or later she was going to realize it had been a bad trip, but it was some salt to his bitter feelings of guilt.

Lisa reached over and cupped his cheeks, forcing him to look into her eyes. "Jungkook, I love you, deadass. I don't want anything else. Stop overthinking," she murmured to him in such a sweet voice, with that look that once again exposed everything she felt to him and then she kissed him, culminating in the effect of *"everything's gonna be alright"*.

He could believe her, he could if he were less stubborn but he wasn't less stubborn. But her thumb stroking his cheek was soothing and her stare was sincere, she wasn't lying, she was sure about her thoughts and... she loved him, despite of everything.

Didn't he really disappoint her?

"We can pay half and half in the next guest house, let me pay all this by myself this time," he murmured against her lips, arms hugging her waist and loving her around his neck.

"Sometimes I really want to choke you"

"Oh, did you bring that slash here? That's nasty, Miss Manoban"

"Jungkook don't be cute, I'm mad at you"

(a/n: this is the walmart version of lk white lies fight in st but I DID WHAT I COULD and idk, i think it wasn't like necessary to make it longer but what do you think? was one talk enough to solve it? or more drama is coming?)

The one about the lost kid and marriage...

"Where did you get this, Lisa?"

"Hi! I'm Ara!" the small little girl waved her hand like all kids do, kinds of awkward but with the right spirit.

"Hi, Ara, I'm Jungkook, at your service" introduced himself charmingly and the girl giggled, like Lisa who was carrying her.

"She liked Soomin's chick on my bag and followed me," Lisa explained... So like a lost chick following a random duck in a park? Not like there were random lost chicks in a park, they're farm animals but who am I to question Jungkook's metaphor. "We're trying to find her parents or her older siblings"

"I have two! Aera and Jihoon!"

"That's good, and how old are you?" Jungkook asked her.

Ara showed him 4 fingers while exclaiming the number, but she had to see it first in her hand. She was close to Soomin's age and she was so cute, he scrunched his nose because the load of cuteness was hitting hard.

"Can Ara call you Oppa?" she asked, taking one finger to her mouth to suck it, soothing herself out of her nerves for just meeting this tall stranger.

"Of course you can, Ara. Do you want ice cream?" he offered since he was just back from buying ice cream, that's why he left Lisa alone on the blanket, in their spot in the beach.

"Yes!" she was happy and took the chocolate popsicle, which Jungkook unwrapped for her. It was too big for her small mouth but she was genuinely happy.

"You're so good with kids"

"That's until someone starts crying," he was honest. "I'm terrified of children's tears, their moms glare at me like I kicked them"

Lisa chuckled at him being extra, staring at a blank spot as if he were reviving war memories. "I understand but they're easy to buy, and I'm here to protect you from those evil tears"

"Oh, I feel so safe now. Thank you my shining knight," he acted like a damsel in distress, pretending to almost faint, like he wasn't a tall buff man with tattoos and the hottest abs and pecs on the beach. And yes, Lisa was staring at all that disrespectfully all the time.

Her man was a God between simple mortals, with those long ripped legs and the marked lines of muscle in all his chest and back. Girls could stare all they wanted, it was satisfying to see their faces fall when noticing that all he could see was his very hot girlfriend in cute bikinis, two braids, a cap and long legs giggling and playing around him in the water.

The kid laughed cutely in response at Jungkook's antics, wagging her shorts legs at Lisa's sides.

"You cute, Oppa!" Ara giggled.

"You too, Ara. And I will protect you two!!" Lisa made her voice deeper and danced a little bit, making Ara laugh more. Her laughter was addictive, so full of joy and sweetness.

Lisa didn't miss Jungkook's eyes on her either, he was looking at her like she was his star once again.

"I'd like to have one with you," she said, boldly.

Jungkook choked with his own spit, she caught him out of guard with that one.

Lisa smirked. "But I want you all for myself for the next years," especially with the practice part and the calm nights with long chats.

He smiled, delighted with the idea and especially the "*next years*" part, because it was great to know that he wasn't the only one wishing to be in this relationship for many years, if possible forever.

"Oh! Oh! That's my mommy! MOMMY!!!" Ara pointed to a

woman who was walking through the locker room and bathroom area, a few meters from where they were, and the woman didn't hear them but Jungkook and Lisa hurried to get closer, making Ara's high voice reach the ears of her mother, who was scolding another girl of about 10 years.

"Ara!" the woman exclaimed in relief and took the girl in her arms, when Lisa handed her to her. She hugged Ara tightly against her chest and stroked her little head. "Thank you so much! I've been looking for her for hours! "

"Ten minutes, mom," the kid dragged the words, annoyed.

"Her sister was taking her to the restroom but she lost her," the kid again rolled her eyes, with puffed cheeks and crossed arms. Clearly annoyed by her little sister running away after a chick keyring. Jungkook pressed his lips closed to not smile, he could relate to that kid so much. "And, oh Lord, I was so scared! Thank you so much! Thank you! Thank you!" the woman repeated dramatically and took Lisa's hand, squeezing it.

"That Lisa, mommy" Ara informed the woman, separating with her hands full of chocolate and still squeezing the ice cream between her fingers, she had obviously filled her mother with chocolate stains and Lisa's shoulders were the same but none of them seemed care. "And that Junkoo"

They both bowed respectfully and straightened.

"You have such a cute kid," Lisa complimented her, holding Jungkook's hand already out of habit.

"Thank you. I'm Ayeong, Park Ayeong. And this is my oldest daughter, Park Aera "

The kid forced a smile at them just because her mother glared at her, daring her to be impolite.

"Hi, Aera," Lisa leaned in. "Sorry for distracting your sister, she liked my keychain and that's why she followed me," she explained to the girl and her mother, putting weight on the situation.

Jungkook fell in love again because he wished a pretty girl had defended him when his mother scolded him for not taking care of Yuqi, HE WAS TAKING OF HER BUT SHE WAS JUST EASY TO LOSE! AND IT WASN'T EVEN INTENTIONAL.

If it was intentional, she would never have been found, let's be clear.

"Oh, I'm so sorry for that. Our Ara is so curious. I'm glad she met you and not some dangerous stranger," Ayeong thanked her again, she must have been so scared. "I'd like to invite you to eat to some restaurant, as a sign of gratitude," and she didn't even let them answer because she continued: "Where are you both staying? Or you just arrived to Haeundae? My husband and I have a guest

house close here, I'd love you to be our guests"

They both shut their mouths that were about to deny the invitation and say that it wasn't necessary, because free accommodation meant not paying for either of them and was probably going to save them an argument.

"That's amazing! And you're just right, we just arrived here," Lisa blatantly lied like they both weren't obviously tanned.

The woman smiled at them and glanced down at their hands together appreciatively, like someone watching a beautiful love movie. "Is it your first trip together? Your honeymoon? We have a special package for that"

"Hone-honeymoon?" Jungkook stuttered.

"Special package you say?" Lisa had priorities.

"Yes, I'm a hopeless romantic and I can't help to celebrate all marriages. *What our God has joined together, let no man separate it*; isn't it precious?" she said with a loving smile and Lisa got it. She was religious and clearly conservative but not as much to come for Jungkook's tattoos, she just assumed they were traveling together because they were a married couple and not two sinners having sex before marriage, those Satan's witnesses wouldn't have saved her daughter, right? "You both look so young, how long have you been married?"

Jungkook stuttered again. "We're not-"

"Two months! The happiest time of my life! Isn't it, honey?"

She stuck to Jungkook like a bride extremely in love and poked the tip of his nose playfully, Jungkook was staring at her like she was crazy, not noticing she pulled him closer to bring their hands back them as steal one of his rings.

"We finally got time to travel together and it'd be such a pleasure to be in your guest house, I'm sure they're as kind as you, Park Ayeong-ssi"

"Call me Unnie, my dear"

"Oh, it's such an hon-OOPS! My ring fell!" she bent down to pick up the ring she had just stolen from Jungkook and slipped it onto her index finger. "It's so big, hehe, it's always falling from my finger. My honey here is so cute, he didn't buy a new ring but he gave me his favorite one because he said it was part of his whole life and he wanted to share it with me. Isn't that super beautiful?" she rambled like a super excited just bride while showing her hand at the woman who leaned closer to see, impressed and loving Lisa's romantic lies. At her side of her, Jungkook was so impressed, where all that came from?

(a/n: sure thing, chapter 30. I'm not that imaginative)

And that's how they ended up in an actual luxurious guest house,

bellies full of delicious food and lying in a king sized bed with Jesus in the cross hanging on the wall, right above them, probably judging them or not since he said *don't judge or you will be judged* and he wasn't going to take that back 2000 years later.

"We're going to hell," she sighed but the laughter was in her voice of her. Let's be real, she didn't regret any second of all the lies she spilled in this Christian household.

"Justin Bieber will be there too, I don't see the problem," Jungkook declared, like it was something good.

△□△△□△□

(this nothing compared to prior smuts, just cute love making but warnings still there for people that don't like it)

It was probably much earlier than the normal time Jungkook would have woken up.

But it was a new day and both his body and his mind felt full, relaxed, finally de-stressed.

Maybe it had been the accumulation of things or having slept so little in the last few days, but his body had given up in minutes after lying in that fluffy and huge bed.

Lisa was curled up next to him, being the little spoon. It was not new, Jungkook had discovered that his body asleep always sought her contact and ended up wrapping her body with his arms, sometimes with a leg as well. And she had no problem with that, of course.

Despite the difficulties and the things that went wrong, many memories remained in his mind in that old room with blue walls. She was actually right, it wasn't that bad and now that his mind was clearer, he could agree and believe *a little bit* that it was enjoyable.

Seeing Lisa trying on different bikinis and asking for his opinion was without a doubt his favorite memory. Music from Doja Cat and other silky voiced singers he didn't know had played in the background as Lisa tried on different bikinis of different colors and shapes and modeled for him while dancing and doing the most extra poses and not even those could steal the sexyness from her. While waiting he was sitting on the armchair, absentmindedly drawing for entertainment.

They weren't just meaningless squiggles, however. He drew the curved lines that formed her legs and their muscles, they were long and sometimes seemed infinite. He even remembered to add that mole that she had on her left thigh, the one that sometimes appeared on the hem of her shorts and it tempted him to touch it, just because.

Currently, Lisa stirred against him and her butt brushed his

morning wood, kind of greeting it in the morning. A lazy smile formed on his thin lips and Jungkook's gaze swept over her slowly.

He propped himself up on one elbow and watched her sleep, face down, hugging a pillow. One of her legs had risen and was escaping from the white sheets that devilishly covered her bottom. What a sin to hide that pretty perky ass.

Her exposed thigh was something to see, the little yellow silk nightgown that Lisa had worn to sleep hugged it tightly, the lace on the edge caressing her shimmering skin and fit perfectly the golden hue she had acquired under the sun.

His gaze traveled north, to her tiny silk-wrapped waist and then to her back and bare shoulders, where the thin straps covered nothing.

She looked delicious and so, so soft. He reached out a hand to caress her arm and was obsessed with her skin. Unable to help it, he leaned over her back and smelled her natural perfume. She smelled like him too, as she had used his body wash.

Wasn't that very sexy?

His crotch hardened a little more, approving of everything he was seeing, smelling and feeling, and his lips began to spread kisses over Lisa's silky skin, hand against the mattress to hold his body hovering her. He wanted her awake now to make love to her, desperately wanting to savour any corner of her skin and bury himself between her warmth walls.

Lisa woke up purring with pleasure and stretched a little. A sleepy smile grew on her lips and Jungkook also smiled against her skin, his breath leaving a warm path up her neck.

Jungkook was uncovering her and revealing more of her body as he caressed her with his hand, from her waist, down the deep and sexy cleft on her back, to her defined leg against the mattress. He aroused her with simple strokes, he was delicate and loving with her body like she was such a treasure, a princess to spoil and in moments like this, she didn't mind.

He kissed her over the soft fabric, leaving wet marks, and when he touched the middle of her back, she sighed in pleasure. He then squeezed her thigh, really close to the edge of her ass, and the closeness of his fingers to her bare cunt electrified her entire body with anticipation.

"Good morning" she murmured with a raspy voice.

"Good morning" he replied and climbed up to kiss her shoulder, as his hand settled on her waist and caused her chills. He was burning and she could feel him through the silk. She wanted him against her skin now.

What she could also feel was his dick leaning between her

buttocks, barely covered by his tight black boxers.

"Are we happy today?" She teased, shaking her butt cheekily a bit and felt wetness spread between her legs in appreciation.

"We're always happy, doll"

He made her laugh against her pillow but not because of that she didn't feel his hand caress her waist and go down to her hips, while his lips seemed to be really invested in her back. She was hot and he was ready to admire and worship every curve in her body, squeezing here and there, causing twists and currents of lust.

"What time is it?" She sighed, stifling a small moan at his hand lifting her dress slowly to stroke her ass, long fingers spreading on it to cover it all.

"Early?" he answered absentmindedly and sucked on her neck as his big hand kneaded her ass. "No panties?"

"It's unhealthy during the night"

"Oh," he nodded and chuckled only. "Women's anatomy seems to be on my side then," he shared his joke, making her smile.

Her mouth fell open then as he made his way forward, toward her stomach, and his fingers stretched a little, brushing her mound. A small lustful ache hit her belly.

She was growing impatient.

Jungkook caught her reaction and, smiling against her neck, he lowered his fingers between her legs.

"Should I take this as a 'Yes, Jungkook, you can fuck me'?" he asked, sliding his fingers between the wet folds and leaving wet kisses on the most sensitive places on her neck.

"Yes, Jungkook, you can fuck me," She said it in the same monotonous tone that he used. Jungkook laughed again and shifted a little behind her.

Patience, Lisa waited and was rewarded with his thick cock between her thighs and into her folds, stroking her deliciously.

Jungkook groaned, as pleased as she was, and after moistening himself in her juices, he sank slowly and deeply into her cunt.

She squeezed the pillow, moaning softly. She felt very full but at the same time she loved it. Jungkook gasped on the nape of her neck and kissed her there, smiling when she ran her hair to give him more space. Once she adjusted to his size, he began to thrust into her gently, not even getting out completely, just brushing the right places sweetly.

Lisa moaned softly, one hand gripping the pillow under her head and the other running up to Jungkook's hair.

He hugged her with a muscular, tattooed arm, his veins popping out like roots, and he pressed one of her boobs over the silk, finding a hard, sensitive nipple. Lisa arched, her hips moving a little to take

his thrusts and create a small but more pleasant slap of skins.

"You have such a pretty mole in here," he said in a somewhat strained voice and sucked a spot on the back of her neck. Lisa supposed that there was the mole and damn, was the mark of a sensitive place very obvious? Because she moaned in genuine pleasure at that kiss. "You have other here," he added, massaging her tit. She knew that mole, it was at the beginning of her left breast. "And other one in your ass but that's a secret" he added this time with amusement, laughing against the crook of her neck, tongue traveling along her collarbone.

"What part of my ass?" She asked, genuinely curious.

Jungkook patted her buttock in response, eliciting a strangled laugh that turned into a purr as he rolled his hips and reached under her dress, stroking her stomach.

"For the matter," she gasped with a smile on her lips, feeling her body being moved because of his hips pushing up and deep. "You have a big one, next to your dick. It's also pretty"

Jungkook chuckled and lowered his hand between her legs, stroking and making circles. "Lick it the next time then"

"You just want me to suck your dick"

"Don't act like you don't love it"

And with that he leaned her back, making her lift her leg off the mattress, to expose her damp cunt to the cool breeze that blew in through the bedroom window that overlooked the ocean. Lisa whimpered at the sensations and was pampered by his fingers circling her clit and his fat dick getting deeper. He almost got out and went in all the way to the bottom several times and her eyes rolled back, moans and gasps leaving her lips without control.

"Play with your nipples for me, doll," he whispered in her ear and nibbled on her earlobe.

Lisa obeyed and pulled and squeezed her swollen nipples, hypersensitive by the piercings decorating them.

Slowly, the sleepy morning love making escalated and turned into a desperate search for the high as his hips hit faster and harder, fingers going up and down and in circles on her aroused button. Jungkook was pushing her more and more closer to the edge and he was close as well, his gasps and moans were damn blessings in her ears.

Lisa moaned, pushing her head back on his shoulder, and he kissed her cheek and lips carelessly, grunting against her lips.

She could feel his hard body behind her, the lines of muscle clench against her back and god she wanted to see him fucking her right now, his ass flexing every time he thrust inside her and the muscles in her back contracting. Lisa knew that he sure was a gift to

her eyes and she wished for a mirror to have and somehow imagining it like that pushed her a little closer to her orgasm.

The knot in her belly tightened more and more as Jungkook's fingers accelerated the circles on her clit and then squeezed and caressed the full length of her cunt, his fingertips brushing his own cock slipping in and out soaking wet of her.

She moaned his name a little louder in a choked, squeaky voice.

"Fuck, I know, doll, I know, come for me baby," he growled.

In seconds, she came shaking with pleasure, filled with lust and overwhelming sensations that shook her like she was a rag doll. Her cunt pulsed around Jungkook's cock and her stomach contracted with each stroke of orgasm, making her see the damn stars.

He stretched her orgasm and made her tremble more with his fingers, eliciting a few screams that finally made him cum on her, moaning with each shock and twitch. He filled her to the top and held her tight against himself, seeking to normalize his heavy breathing as he caressed her waist and her stomach lovingly.

Lisa relaxed into the shelter of his arms. She took his hand, entwining their fingers, and brought it close to her face to kiss it. She then she felt him nuzzle her shoulder with his nose like a cuddly cat. She smiled and enjoyed the silence after a long and pleasant good morning.

Ah, she would love to wake up like this every morning.

"I love this," he murmured and she knew what he was talking about because he had reached down to grasp her nightgown, which had tangled around her waist.

"I start to think yellow is your favorite color," she commented, since he loved to see her in yellow as much as she loved to dress yellow clothes. And she did in fact buy this nightgown thinking about him and how much he was going to love it.

Jungkook chuckled like she was so naive. "You are my favorite color, doll"

△□△□△□

The one about the final surprise...

"This is so beautiful," Lisa murmured ecstatically, her eyes sparkling and a huge smile on her lips. In front of her, the sunset was beautiful at the Haedong Yonggung Temple, a Buddhist temple from 1376.

She and Jungkook had taken a bus to Gijang-gun and walked together on the rocks and beautiful bridges, admiring the ancient beauty that surrounded them and respecting the symbolic value that each wall and monument expressed. There they both found out they were Buddhists.

The last two days had been great, without going to the beach anymore, they both toured different tourist areas of Haeundae, passing by a fish market, and then they went to Busan Sea Life Aquarium, surrounding themselves in blue as they passed through the tunnels lined with water and colorful fishes. The neon lights in the jellyfish area enchanted Lisa immediately and she took thousands of photos, and although the colors were beautiful, she preferred to keep a dark black and white filter that highlighted the brightness of the animals.

And finally they were on the last day of their stay in Busan, tanned and very happy with their cheeks receiving the fresh sea breeze that attracted the sea and listening to the waves crash against the rocks on the coast.

"Are you happy?" Jungkook caught her off guard with the sudden question.

She blinked, frowning, and nodded obviously. "Of course I am"

He licked his lower lip with a strange, excited, expectant look, as if he was about to tell her something. Lisa's belly filled with butterflies. "Do you think you could be happier?"

"Why? Are you going to make it a challenge?"

He chuckled. "Trust me, I already did," and the way he said that it was so attractive and endearing. Lisa tilted her head, confused and feeling like something was going to come.

Jungkook took the phone out of his pocket and looked for something that he didn't let her see, being extra and using his hand as a shield. Lisa waited almost vibrating with emotion, exerting real strength not to jump like an impatient bunny in front of him.

Jungkook finally, after an eternal wait of 30 seconds, finally showed her the screen of his phone where was a video of... Nana Komatsu?

What?

"Hi Lisa!"

Wait, she was Lisa.

"I'm so happy to finally talk with you! I'm a big fan and it's been so hard to hold myself back from following you," she pouted, shaking her fists as if she hurt not to follow her. What the hell? *"But Jungkook told me to wait until you could see this video,"* Lisa glanced at him quickly still unable to believe that she was talking to her and about Jungkook. NANA WAS TALKING TO HER. *"But the time has come, I guess. Surprise bitch! I'd love to work with you in my next trip to South Korea, I can't wait to introduce you to my friends and do a few shots. I hope you say yes and give me some place in your busy agenda. All the love, queen!"* and the video ended, leaving Lisa with her mouth almost on the ground.

Lisa covered her mouth slowly, blinking many times, and finally squealed, alerting everyone around them. Jungkook giggled and took her in her arms as she jumped on him and wrapped him in a big hug.

"You can't be real!! This can't be real!!" she broke away from him and jumped up, shaking her fists and closing her eyes in happiness. "Jungkook! You're crazyyyyyy!" she walked away and came back, taking short steps as she continued to shake her little fists. "AAAH!! Okay, okay, you win, man. You made me happier. WHAT THE HELL JUNGKOOK?! What I am supposed to give you for your birthday now? A video from Justin Bieber?"

"That'd be cool," he shrugged and she slapped his arm softly.

"Shut up, hottie," she giggled and hugged him again, swaying happily from side to side. "I love you so much, thank you," she murmured intimately this time and hanging by his neck, she kissed him again in front of the sunset. "Thank you for this trip, really" she added with a super cute tone.

"Really?"

"Really, Jungkook. *Thank you*"

welllllllll, that was a long ride, right? if you're still here and not sleeping, wow, maybe I didn't do that bad lol.

this was one of the hardest chapters to write in my whole career and i don't even know why. I just hope you all enjoyed it 🐼

if you like it, comment and vote 🐼 sorry for being so dry but I just woke up hehe

special thank to my baby nejlal who helped a lot to edit and reassured my stupid insecure ass tons of times, love you grilfriend 🍷

and go stream lilidance, the movie. give miss manoban what she deserves and don't forget to support her in ywy, share naver posts and say pretty things about her 🍷

OH OH OH!!! WAIT!!!

ANNOUNCEMENT

i think there are just 3 chapters left for this story to end.

Extra: Mushroom Chocolate

this is completely unnecessary but i think i promised to do it for something so im doing so :)

take it as something since people have been asking me a reaction of jk to lilifilms in sure thing since lisa started the channel practically lol sorry for abandoning st but thank you for the rereads it's almost at 1 million and it's damn crazy.

anyways, hope you like this bc i watched the video like 25 times for this and all i can say that if that *❖you always can be more gay than you already are if lalisa manoban is involved❖*.

"Mmmm, kinky," Jungkook muttered as he entered Lisa's apartment and she covered his eyes with her hands from behind. The smell of something sweet filled his nostrils and Lisa's giggle reached his ears.

"Shut up," she told him. "I need you to keep your eyes closed," she added.

"Why?"

"Just do it," she insisted and he was left with nothing but to obey, surprised when she actually put a silky piece of cloth over his eyes.

"Should I be scared?"

Lisa smiled against his neck, her hot breath causing tons of goosebumps. "Is this scary for you?"

Jungkook made a sound like sounded like Chicken Little stuttering and cleared his throat in embarrassment. Lisa laughed again and suddenly pushed him against the door, making him gasp.

"Wha-"

"Just helping you to take off your boots, hottie," she explained as if she hadn't just turned on all six burners in his kitchen. Should he analyze why this turned him on a little too much?

No, he shouldn't.

The slow, loving movement she made with her hands were strangely erotic. She tugged at the laces and parted the leather sides with sublime delicacy. And when she pulled the shoe off of him, his foot felt strangely free but a very hot current shot up his leg directly into his crotch.

Her long fingers took off his socks and squeezed here and there, pressing places on his feet that were sensitive and seemingly erogenous for him as his pants were beginning to tighten for

something too simple, something he didn't know that would turn him on.

Maybe it was because it was Lisa.

He swallowed a little hard because she was on her knees with her head too close to dangerous areas, and he really didn't want to ruin it by getting hard if at the end the final surprise of the night was a dinner.

His birthday had never been a big thing for him, he usually went out to eat or drink with his friends, but this one was special. That Sunday, Lisa woke him up with a special gift and no, it wasn't sexual at all, it was a hearty breakfast with his favorite food. She pampered him like he was his huge baby. And then they went to have lunch at his mother's where he blew out the candles one more year, blessing one of the best birthdays of his life just because he was stupidly in love with the girl in front of him who had watched him happily, as excited as if it were her own birthday.

He received gifts from his family and friends, all special and beautiful, and Lisa's was lovely above them all. It was a framed photo of him, her favorite photo of him as she had promised him so much, in black and white but the jacket kept the yellow color, it had been taken on her first date. A letter accompanied it.

Let me be your favorite color when everything seems to be black so I can wrap you warmly and keep you safe.

I'll be there for you forever and ever, every time you need me.

I love you, hottie.

Lisa

Jimin and Taehyung organized a small celebration at their apartment that ended up being much bigger and crazier than expected. Jungkook's friends brought other friends and suddenly music and alcohol were in every corner of the penthouse clouding everyone's senses. He and Lisa danced very closely with their bodies touching in ways that were not innocent at all. But they just held each other's arms and, not so late at night, she whispered to him that one last surprise awaited them at home.

What could it be? Jungkook still didn't know.

Lisa led him to the couch and helped him sit up, placing one of her hands on his thigh. His muscle tensed in surprise and because of the heat that her fingers gave at being wrapped around him, Jungkook thought it was something innocent but Lisa proved that none of this was innocent.

She leaned in close to him and her breath tickled his ear again. "Wait here for me, okay?"

Jungkook felt in danger but in no way was he going to run, the hormones in his body began to vibrate in each member of his body

and especially in that... member.

He barely managed to nod and then he felt something press against his lips.

"Open your mouth"

Jungkook did it slowly, the tips of her fingers brushed her lips softly, and Lisa put in a... chocolate?

He savored the sweetness that invaded his tongue but all movement in his mouth stopped when she chuckled. "Wait for me"

She was looking to kill him, he knew when she squeezed his leg with her nails and made his cock jump in his pants when it didn't even have too much room to do it.

It took Lisa about five minutes to get everything ready, though he felt it like an eternity as he listened to her walk around, her high heels tapping on the wooden floor back and forth. Why was she still with her shoes on anyways?

"You can take it off now," she finally told him and he sighed gratefully, close to shaking his hands together to the sky in gratitude.

Nothing, absolutely nothing would have prepared him for what he saw.

Heaven wished him good luck because with his eyes covered he wouldn't be close to a stroke.

Lisa was sitting in a chair right in front of him, the coffee table was gone, and her long crossed legs glowed in neon violet and blue, exposed by black shorts so short they brushed the edge of her butt and went up to her narrow waist. She was wearing a very thin white long-sleeved top. It outlined the sweet curve of her round pretty breasts and marked the hard metal tips on her nipples that he knew so well.

Higher up, her lips were still as red as he remembered them, tempting him to simply devour her.

But the finishing touch was provided by boots of what appeared to be glossy black leather hugging her defined long legs to above the knee.

Those boots were going to be the cause of his death, he just knew.

Neon lights were staining the living room purple, it was dim. With a dangerous smile on her lips, Lisa turned on the music from her phone and a strange but slightly aphrodisiac song accompanied them.

She slid out of the chair and slowly knelt in front of him, in the middle of the room. His heartbeat became erratic but he stopped breathing, affected even though she hadn't even started yet.

He didn't know what to expect from her and that fueled his lust

like throwing oil on a fire.

Lisa turned around and showed her back to him, her long black hair, which had just been a new addition as soon as they got back from Busan, fell in waves down her thin back, brushing against her waist which he wanted to grab and draw her into his body. And as if she could read his mind, her long hands ran up the curve of her pretty butt, outlining the luscious lines of her body.

She had ways in her body that he was never going to get tired of touching, but for now he could only watch and his hands clenched into fists on his legs.

She ran her hair to the side, revealing that nape that Jungkook was dying to bite into as he fucked her from behind, and then she slid to the side and, in perfect sync with the slow tone of the song, she stretched her leg up... As tall and straight as possible.

She was flexible... Very skilled...

Jungkook licked his lips and was intoxicated by the fluid and sensual movements that continued to occur in front of his longing eyes, increasingly darker. He was imagining millions of positions as she kept feeding his mind with ideas.

He wanted those legs stretched out around him, on his shoulders or so damn wide open...

The air caught in his throat again as she slowly rose to her feet, arching her back and exposing her butt but her hot, direct gaze stole his attention. Dark brown eyes full of lust watched him, making sure that all of his attention was on her and a cocky smirk formed on those lips of hers when she confirmed it.

Jungkook smirked, moving his tongue around his mouth.

Wasn't she very arrogant and confident? Wasn't she the hottest woman alive because of that?

His pants were tighter than ever and the bulge was not going to go away anytime soon as his girlfriend continued dancing for him, flowing with the music and creating new fantasies with that body that was already a fantasy come true.

Lisa tempted him and drove him crazy, finding new ways to expose parts of her body that they knew were his favorites, heating his blood to such an extent that the collar of his shirt was beginning to bother and sweat was rising on his back. He was simmering, about to start panting like a dog to get a piece of what was unfolding in front of his eyes.

The final point was when she slid to the ground slowly, butt high and back perfectly arched with her legs crossed and feet on perfect points. Her long black hair was a mess around her but he could still see those thick red lips and those eyes that dared him to do something.

He wanted to do so much.

Lisa rolled onto her back and arching her back she rose up, exposing her breasts even more that had bounced with each dance step, hard nipples and waiting for him. Actually, her entire body was waiting for him, he could clearly see that being watched aroused her. She was nibbling on her lips and her eyes never left him when they could, waiting for a sinful approval that he would have no problem giving her. He loved to see her sigh between perfect movements and to see the growth of her nipples, to see the swelling of her lips and how much her eyes were heavy with desire.

Not touching her was becoming impossible and yet he resisted, stroking the inside of his thigh with one hand, feeling her gaze in his movements as if she were touching him.

The dance ended then and, with cat steps, she approached him and stood very close to him, brushing his knees. The room was too tense and hot for words to fit, barely enough for their breaths.

Jungkook glanced up her body, his hands itching with desire. He licked his lips and bit his bottom lip as his gaze reached once more her breasts that moved slightly on her heavy breathing. And when he saw her face it was like dying and entering heaven.

She was exhausted and a bit sweaty, she reminded him of when he provoked that himself and he silently grabbed her thighs, loving their firmness and how they filled his hands.

Slowly he drew her into his body and Lisa straddled him, with such grace that it was as if she were floating. Her hands quickly flew to his neck and cradled it, the tips of her long nails bristling his skin with the slightest touch.

The strong aroma of chocolate flooded his senses and he understood why she had given him the chocolate before, it was a taste of things to come... The main dish was her body. And he well knew that like a chocolate, she could induce him into a euphoric and at the same time pleasant state.

He couldn't take his eyes off her and as they shared a look full of heat, he brought his hands up to her ass, burning her skin with his touch, and pulled her even closer, until she was completely on him and her hot core found his hard bulge.

He gasped silently and her lips parted a little, releasing a small sigh.

"You're so good," he finally found his voice and it sounded husky, drunk with lust.

Lisa smiled a little and her hands fell to his chest like burning embers. "Just for you"

Oh, he loved hearing that. He was the only one seeing this, enjoying this, touching all of this and nothing rejoiced him more

than knowing it.

He took her chin and brought it to his mouth, so close to those lips of hers that he wanted so badly it was almost painful not to kiss them. Lisa held her breath and moaned a little when he pressed her lower lip, sliding it down. God, it was so soft and plump, so perfect for kissing and sucking.

"I'm so happy to have you," he confessed quietly and kissed her, holding her jaw firmly. Lisa moaned against his mouth and his tongue ventured inside her, licking, playing with her, erasing thoughts from her.

The kiss was never soft, the intensity just rose and rose until every corner was bitten and licked, gasps in the small seconds that they came apart. Her hands ran up his chest to his shoulders, reaching up to the nape of his neck to keep him close to her even though Jungkook was never going to get away from her.

He stroked her waist, her back, his fingers slipped under her shirt and up to reveal her breasts. She moaned into his mouth and pressed close to his hands, loving his caresses and squeezes. Jungkook massaged those beautiful tits and the tips until she began to grind against him, moving her hips as deftly as she had on the floor while she danced.

God, she was a goddess.

And he wanted to adore her and fuck her so much that it was starting to hurt.

They were both starting to burn together as if they were in fucking hell and they would probably end there after everything they had done, because the sweetness of their relationship would not pay them a ticket to heaven. But who cared about going to heaven when heaven was on earth, with this woman rubbing her hot cunt against his erection as she devoured his mouth with ravenous hunger.

Jungkook got up with her in her arms and Lisa wrapped her legs around his waist, pressing her body closer to him as she arched, but she was not carried very far from the couch. Jungkook put her on the ground, under the neon lights, and he almost growled yes when he saw her body standing out on the white carpet, arched and ready for him with that long black hair of a pagan goddess around her.

"Please be my fucking gift," he almost begged her, kneeling between her legs, reveling in a sight only a lucky bastard like him could ever see.

Lisa laughed and spread her arms, laying them on the carpet. "I'm all yours, baby"

Oh, she for sure was.

Jungkook tossed his shirt away, revealing hard, outlined muscles

rising and falling with his barely controlled breathing. The wolf in his right pec seemed to come alive on his skin and all the rest of ink on him was close to glowing under the neon lights. Lisa ate him with her eyes, filling him with pride.

He took her waist to turn her over and put her on her knees, Lisa gasped in surprise and gave a giggle that turned into a moan when he nibbled on her ass covered by the tight fabric of her short shorts.

"Fuck, this is too short," he scolded her, spanking that little space between her buttock and her thigh that moistened Lisa's pussy even more than she was, soaking the cotton of her shorts.

She moaned and smiled again when she felt him struggle to slide the side zipper of her shorts and push them down. Hearing his surprised gasp was glory to her ears, she knew this would happen.

"No panties either?" he asked with a smile and appreciated those cute, wet lips between her legs, which were still wrapped in shiny black boots.

Lisa hummed a yes and got another small spank that made her lean forward a little bit as she gasped.

"You're so gorgeous," he complimented her and surprised her by burying his face between her legs.

Lisa pressed her face against the fluffy carpet with a loud moan. His tongue ran through her and lapped in different parts of her pussy like tasting all he could of her. Her thighs trembled when he found her clit and tapped it with his tongue, teasing something that was dying from friction.

"Jungkook..." she moaned and pressed the mat, pushing her hips back to get him closer to her if possible.

"Fuck," he slid his tongue up her asscheek and bit it softly, sending chills to her pulsing cunt. "I really do need you to sit on my face"

Uh...

What?

Lisa froze and tilted her head to look at him, her long hair flying around her like a curtain.

Was he serious?

And yes, he was being serious.

Jungkook eagerly awaited her response, kneeling behind her.

"I... I never did that before," She confessed still somewhat dazed and only provoked a proud and more excited smile from him. Lisa blinked still confused. "How would you breathe? What if I crush you?"

No way she was going to kill him on his birthday.

And how the hell was she going to explain this to his mother?

Jungkook chuckled and leaned over her, resting his hand on her

waist. He stole a short, deep kiss from her, tangling his hand in her hair to clear her face. Lisa's skin prickled all over her body and her clit pulsed from the touches of his tongue in her mouth.

"Doll, I don't care," he murmured against her lips as he slowly pulled away from her.

Oh...

He didn't care...

And why did he have to smile like that? Why was he so hot with all those tattoos and ripped muscles? Why was he so damn charming with that desire to please her in such a way?

Jeon Jungkook had no rights to be that perfect, and yet he was.

He was blatantly perfect...

And he was so damn hot.

She bit her lower lip feeling a little insecure but decided to nod, trusting him.

Saying yes was the best decision Lisa made in her life.

It was weird to get into position as she had never done it before and never been so exposed before, but when Jungkook nibbled the sensitive insides of her thighs and slid his tongue into the wet prize that craved for his mouth, all concern faded from her mind.

She never expected this could feel better but it did, Jungkook made her eyes roll back in pleasure, burying his face into her pussy as if he hadn't eaten in years.

Lisa arched up moaning, tangling her hands in her hair. Her exposed breasts bounced every time she arched with each lick and suck Jungkook gave on her clit and her nipples burned for attention.

Lisa caressed herself, all too aware of how sensitive and receptive her entire body had just become, even touching her stomach sent pleasure to her cunt. She felt her fingers were like soft feathers tickling dangerous buttons and squeezing her nipples was a catalyst to death. Jungkook reveled in the ecstatic woman on top of him and felt his cock drip impatiently but giving her pleasure was turning him on a thousand times more than simply fucking her.

The view was simply amazing.

Her small and swollen clit was so sensitive that her thighs trembled when he sucked it, they could barely hold her and Jungkook begged them to give up, hugging her thighs contracted in pleasure with his thick arms.

Finally Lisa lost control of her body and fell over his gaping mouth, barely resisting how close she was to coming.

Her entire body burned with heat and her heart was pounding in her ears, blinding all of her senses except the growing orgasm and pleasure on her cunt. She could only think about that and about

having her entire body electrified with pleasure.

Without thinking, she began to ride his face impatiently, throwing her head back until her long hair brushed Jungkook's chest. It was very good, his flat tongue crushed her clit and his lips refused to let it escape. Even his thin lips were ravaging her with lashes of the most sinful and filthy pleasure.

She wanted everything, she wanted to fade and she could even die this way. She wouldn't mind.

She was desperate.

She shivered and literally screamed, pulling Jungkook's black locks between her fingers as he made her come hard and roughly, devouring her with sinful licks that refused to stop. He didn't even care that she rode his face, lost in her pussy, in her, in her pleasure. He enjoyed it much more until Lisa stopped shaking.

Gently he finished sucking and she fell to his side, mind blank and body languid.

Her chest rose and fell erratically and her heart was still racing, full of adrenaline and endorphins.

She couldn't even speak.

But Jungkook was not done.

He undressed completely after cleaning his mouth with his shirt, Lisa barely noticed it because he had closed her eyes to concentrate on taking a deep breath and calming her body. It was, however, useless because when he slid over her body slowly, her heart started to race for him as usual.

He proudly appreciated the marks between her legs and all the red spots on her body that even under the violet light were visible on her skin, the product of a very strong orgasm. His large, callused hands grasped the only bare part of her legs, her thighs, and squeezed gently, lifting them to get them around his waist.

Lisa bit her lower lip and looked up at him with wide eyes, still bright and awake.

"Are you okay doll?" he asked sweetly, cradling her breast with his other hand as he placed soft kisses on her cheek and jaw.

Lisa nodded with a languid smile. "Yeah, that was so good"

"Can you keep going?" he dragged his teeth up her neck and felt her body get aroused again, unconsciously arching under him like offering everything to him.

Her leg brushed his erection unintentionally but it let her know how hard he was, ready to fuck her. Jungkook could barely stifle a groan.

"Yes, do whatever you want"

Jungkook smiled and knelt up, taking her thigh in one hand. Lisa frowned somewhat confused as she saw him lift her leg against his

chest until it passed his shoulder. The black boot hung right next to his face. She was open to an L now and she understood everything when he slid inside her, so deep that he took her breath away.

"Jungkook," she gasped in surprise.

Jungkook bit his lower lip and looked down, wishing badly to have a camera and take a picture of this because it was so damn majestic. And moving made him even crazier.

Lisa arched under him, taking his slow but deep thrusts. Her head fell back marking the precious arch of her neck, highlighting that mole on her skin as a target to nibble on. And she did that sexy thing again, entangling her fingers in her hair. Shit, she was too beautiful.

He kissed her covered leg and enjoyed the slowness and warming her little by little. He enjoyed feeling her body gently around like a glove fitting perfectly and he enjoyed watching her burn slowly, receiving the slightest touch on her eager clit.

Making love to Lisa was beautiful, it was a masterpiece made by both of them that combined all kinds of colors in the most messy and passionate way possible. If kisses were like super novas, sex was like painting with their bodies and getting dirty without caring about anything.

(a/n: fuck why do I have this ideas just now)

He stroked her legs and her clit and then her stomach and navel. Lisa squirmed releasing little noises, getting impatient little by little as the pleasure grew as he began to feel his balls tug, demanding that he go faster.

"Jungkook, faster please," she asked in a strangled voice and shot him a pained look, pleading him as if it was necessary.

Jungkook began to push faster and moaned biting his lip, his head fell back a little and through his narrowed eyes he saw Lisa who was watching him spellbound.

Lisa reached up to his tight abdomen and brushed her nails over him, stealing a growl from him.

He was so hard in that position, all of his muscles were flexing, from his thick tattooed thigh to his strong pecs. She wanted to touch everything and lick the tracks of sweat on his skin. She salivated from biting the muscle lines on his neck and his sharp jaw and so she got up a little to grab Jungkook by the nape and pull him down, nipping at his lips.

Jungkook gasped and kissed her roughly, leaning a muscular tatted arm next to her. Lisa clawed at his back and the back of his neck, moaning into his mouth but refusing to part from it.

Her nails ran down his chest leaving marks of the tremendous pleasure that was growing like a snowball on her belly. Jungkook

brushed her clit directly in that position every time he sank to the bottom and when he started to go harder and harder, he started hitting her clit causing thousands of revolutions throughout her body.

Lisa shuddered and flinched, letting out high-pitched moans through her recently released mouth, Jungkook held her hair in his fist to force her to arch her neck, everything in her burned like a volcano, and he began to kiss and suck her neck, murmuring thousands of flattery and dirty words.

"Fuck, I'll die to have you riding my cock like you dance," he added and seemed to be more to himself as he brushed his teeth down her neck. Lisa moaned.

"Please, Jungkook..." she murmured, so eager she could already imagine herself jumping on his cock.

"Are you going to show me all that talent you have, love? Hmm?"

She nodded feeling her ears, neck and practically her entire back burning from the whirlwind of extreme pleasure that spun with more and more violence in her belly.

He then took her ass and lowered her legs to his waist but keeping them open and now up, sinking even deeper. Lisa cried out feeling even stronger the friction on her clit and his thick dick stroking inside her right where she needed it, reaching so deep that he could well be hitting the end of her.

"Jungkook! Please!"

Jungkook moaned loudly and began to gasp in despair, licking and sucking on her neck and her shoulders, announcing the arrival of his orgasm and those hot as hell noises were enough for Lisa to explode into thousands of stars, shaking so hard that he had to hold her. She scratched the back of his neck and tugged at his hair as her muscles contracted from the orgasm and the squeeze of her cunt pushed Jungkook to finally come in her, moaning and whimpering. Their mouths gasped inches from each other as together they flinched and trembled, holding on to the other because if they somehow fell, they would fall together.

He moaned against her chest with his sweaty hair tickling her skin and he didn't move until his cock stopped trembling inside her. Lisa then found herself very hot, sweaty, and agitated.

A satisfied smile formed on her lips as her mind was finally able to coordinate more than two thoughts besides *Jungkook* and *fat cock*.

That had been impressive.

It wasn't anything particularly kinky but everything always felt kinky to Jungkook.

How could it not be when he was so hot?

No one could fuck her better than him, because no man would want to pleasure her as much as he wanted.

Finally, comfortable despite a huge body on her crushing her a little, Lisa was able to notice that another damn disco song had started playing in the background.

Stayin Alive.

What the hell with disco songs following her wherever she was going?

She laughed and the trembling in her chest alerted Jungkook who raised his head and looked at her through sweaty locks. She pointed at her ear and he frowned until his ears caught what was happening.

Both snorted at the same time.

"Well happy birthday, you're staying pretty alive, uh?" She teased and moved her hips a little.

Jungkook wrinkled his face in sensitivity and pushed a little, Lisa gasped in surprise, widening her eyes.

"Wait, still?"

"You said it," he shrugged and got closer to her, nuzzling her nose with his. "Something of me is always staying alive when you're around"

Lisa noticed and she chuckled at his corny joke, loving to see all that beautiful face so close to her, so hers. "For real, happy birthday"

"Thank you," he thanked her sweetly and kissed her nose which made her scrunch it. "That was amazing, doll. You are amazing and I couldn't be happier," he confessed. "I promise to wear high boots and make a dance for yours," He added, squeezing her leg.

Lisa laughed just imagining the idea. "And don't forget the booty shorts"

"Oh no, how to deny you the view my ass would be"

"I love the way you think," she complimented him and squeezed one of his actually really hard asscheeks. "You should really share some ass routine"

"What about riding me to get better ass?" he reminded her mockingly.

Lisa pretended to take it seriously, making a determined expression as she nodded. "Right, right. Well, lie down gym machine, I gotta work out "

And so he did.

And, oh, how grateful he was that he did... She really could dance on him as she did in the floor.

God bless high shiny black boots and Lalisa Manoban.

(a/n: amen🙏🏻)

noticed while writing that never tried a riding face scene and i thought: *why not? what's stopping you lena? go ahead! get his face dirty!*

so here we are

now i want to write a scene about having sex with paint and i don't have idea where to put it 🙄👀👀

should it be with neon paint? in black canvas? should they do that tiktok trend where they paint their bodies and lean in black canvas to mark ass?

lmfao I cracked up bc I imagined lil balls in the painting...

was it good? i hope so. my libido has been STRUGGLING but i kinda felt it good just right now when editing? idk idk you tell me.

anyways if it bad, well, moral of the story: don't go to college, be a stripper bc otherwise you'd be stressed and unable to write good smut 🙄

if you like it, comment and vote👍 next update is coming faster than you think.

prepare that umbrella bc weather girl cake is back here with rainy forecast



Chapter 39

i haven't written one chapter in one sitting since so long that now i feel like a superhero and nope im not joking.

but im indeed lying bc i wrote the first part like a week ago BUT HEY I FINISHED IT IN ONE SITTING. no one cares tho lol sorry im just happy because i really enjoyed writing this.

anyways

HI MY TUKKIHoes!!!

not you all really calling me mommy in last update 🐼🐼
worst part is that i actually loved it

how have you been? i've been doing finals and feeling borderline depressed but i'm feeling better now. wish me luck for this next finals and i wish you the best in your school year
i hope you had a really good week and we're already in lisa's month!

damn 2021 flying away right in front of my eyes, the audacity.

hope you like this chapter and hope it is better than the last. **love youuuu**

TRIGGER WARNING: weather girl cake here to warn you to prepare yourself if you're sensitive👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️👁️

The honeymoon stage of their relationship was greatly extended during September. First, Jungkook surprised her when they came back from Busan with tons of tools for her future darkroom, she almost fainted out of excitement and I'm not kidding, she felt so lightheaded she became dizzy. After Jungkook's birthday, they both painted the room that belonged to Chaeyoung to make it Lisa's darkroom and had a lot of fun, filled with white paint, staining the floor and their clothes and *somehow* ending up in shower sex after they finished. Jungkook insisted that she had a stain on the inside of her thigh that he had to clean and that required him on his knees.

Suuuuure, the stain was her clit.

There were no complaints anyways.

A few days later Nana traveled to Korea with her boyfriend and they all had dinner together. Lisa felt like it was all a surreal dream but it was definitely real, the food was real, the beautiful woman in front of her eyes was real and they even had matching hairs! Nana was adorable and it didn't take long for Jungkook's Hyung to tease

Jungkook and tell some embarrassing stories that made his ears red. But it was adorable to see him puff out his chest with pride when he introduced Lisa as his girlfriend as soon as they met and then it didn't take long for him to mention how much Lisa longed to work on fashion magazines.

That would never leave Lisa's memories. It was really heartwarming that someone loved her so much, not just for her body, but for her entire soul as well. Finally someone listened to her dreams and sought to support her in every way possible.

That wasn't easy to get but she found it.

(a/n: tutorial pls and I don't accept be lalisa manoban as a step



The weeks flew by after that, Lisa did different photoshoots with Nana for her Instagram account, which gave her a LOT of followers, and she almost died of shock when she got to meet the insides of the workplace of Vogue Korea and was introduced to Important photographers.

Lisa was a blushing mess with racing heartbeats, giggling like a highschooler and holding back so hard from shaking her fists and squeal.

Finally, Lisa was introduced to Kim Hee June, the renowned photographer of the idols, specially of YGE's artists, who at that time was working for a session with one of the IT girls of the country. He, seeing her good relationship with Nana, who was babbling excitedly about how good Lisa was, offered her to submit a resume to work with him and be his photography assistant for the winter season.

(a/n: and when ht lisa takes his place as she should bc he's a bitch that doesn't deserve anything🐱)

That night, Lisa went out to Dragon's to party with her new friends and, of course, her boyfriend, and danced and enjoyed herself and got drunk until Jungkook had to carry her on his back on the way home. At the end of the night, she thanked the love of her life for making this possible and trusting her by introducing her to Nana. She gave him a huge drunken kiss, to end up sleeping in his arms where she belonged.

Really, her life couldn't be better right now. For the first time in a long time, she felt totally rewarded for all the effort she had put into working on her dream and at the same time she enjoyed the beauties of having a boyfriend.

It was nice to go visit Jungkook when he was working and sit and watch him tattoo. It triggered her less and less to see the needles but blood was still a problem. You know, too red... And red is a danger sign in her language.

But despite the trauma, it was fun to mark territory when girls wanted a tattoo just below their breasts or on their hips, causing them to strip naked, some were decent, some were too flirty, and Lisa loved to sit in Jungkook's chair with legs crossed and fiddling with his hair or having affectionate talks with him. She was so subtle that no one could accuse her of being aggressively possessive. She was still a lady.

But damn, how the hell had he been single when she met him? Two out of five girls he tattooed flirted with him.

Did he have no eyes? Even she herself would have given that girl with feline eyes and long ash blonde hair a chance, she was short but she looked like the kind of girl that would kick your ass. It was hot.

But Jungkook did his job like someone who seals boxes in a box factory, without leaving aside his natural sweetness and good manners of course. Lisa sometimes wanted to just climb onto his lap and kiss him, overwhelmed by how lucky she felt.

Sometimes she did it and makeout sessions in Jungkook's tattoo studio were always hot, she felt like a bad girl and just the dumb roleplay in her head was fun enough to turn kisses spicier.

Sometimes they didn't even have to talk, it was comfortable to be together in silence with their cell phones or computers or while working. And it was great that they were both interested in art because they could ask each other's opinion and get constructive criticism that was very helpful.

It was also fun to talk, the more confidence they gained, the more they argued about movies and series, declaring which movies were really shit and which were not. They felt quite smart for loving *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and pretended not to enjoy *After* because of the good jokes they made while watching it.

The confidence also brought comfort, like Lisa denying Jungkook going out for runs if he stayed in her place because he would wake her up early, or like them playin boxing while they waiting for food or just when he was bored and wanted to poke, pick and tickle her. Lisa wasn't complaining, Jungkook was a lot of fun in general and had taken a new liking to her ass, you know, the usual, always touching it, squeezing it, casually spanking her.

Lisa hoped that the myth of squeezing the breasts would also serve in the butt, she wouldn't complain if all that served to make it grow a little more.

The riding sessions were working more than she with her joke expected though.

Jungkook was becoming a special sweet part in her life, giving her a sense of home and well-being that Lisa had never felt before,

still surrounded by her lifelong friends. Perhaps because he was stable and with him it was all about giving and sharing without expecting anything in return, without lies or manipulations.

Although, hiding the truth was lying?

It felt dirtier and dirtier to lie to her mother when she called, making up silly excuses that weren't so made up anymore because she was actually working on something important this time but she refused to share the depth of the opportunity that Nana had given her for fear that her mother will devalue her and the fire in Lisa will go down a bit.

However, the intention of keeping her mother away from her and never mentioning Jungkook was becoming a habit that left a bitter taste in her mouth.

But, it was to protect him.

Jungkook wasn't insecure in general, he trusted his talents and tried so hard to do his best that he really took pride in the results his hands created. HOWEVER, the opinion of the people who mattered was worth a lot to him and could affect him a lot. When Jungkook did things for Lisa there were millions of doubts that she loved to dispel with kisses and sweet words, seeking to strengthen his security in baby steps because he was actually the best thing that happened to her. Therefore, she didn't want all of that to fall apart at the exact moment that he met her parents and they both criticized every "*inopportune*" aspect of him, from his tattoos to his work of which he—and she too— was proud.

But the pantomime that Lisa had created was not going to stand up for long.

The day came and went like any other day.

That day started off normal but busy.

Due to their busy schedules, putting together the darkroom had taken a backseat until they finally found time and it happened just that day. The two of them ate lunch together and then went to work, ordering the new furniture they got on sale, Lisa bought it with what was left over from her savings for the new school year tuition.

"Do you like it here?" Jungkook asked and made Lisa, who was busy untangling long cables, look up.

He had just centered specifically in the center of the room the large metal surgical table that they found at a tattoo shop. However, she could only look at him shirtless, only in sweatpants and slippers, with hair as long as it was when she met him, messy and black, and the familiar ink from his tattoos decorating places on his skin that she already knew perfectly.

Who would say that now he would be her boyfriend? Who would

say that he would be such a good boyfriend?

Lisa nodded with a smile too loving for the question. "We should put the silver trays now, right?" she asked instead, swallowing the love odes that wanted to come out of her heart like desperate bitches.

Jungkook nodded and went to the corner of the room where the closed boxes full of small objects were, she obviously appreciated that cute little hard ass of his and the lines that were marked in the muscles of his legs despite the width of the sweatpants. Seeing that she had just finished with the cables, she set them down and hopped over a box to get to his side.

"Are they gonna be all over the table?" he asked her curiously looking at her with those big bunny eyes so bright that if she tried hard enough she could find herself in them.

Lisa nodded. "Yup, since we're gonna hang the cords from the door to the window," she pointed to the bathroom door and the bedroom window, both of which had a point at the top made with a missing screw that marked the center of the room. "The fresh pictures are going to be up there and the drops can fall in a safe place and not on the floor," she explained and took the trays from his hands to place them on the table.

"We should already make the holes in the wall, don't you think?" he opined, leaning his weight on one foot and fiddling with the corner of the table so that a tray was perfectly aligned.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, quickly forgetting about the rest of the trays. "The other night I tried but I couldn't reach it safely," she pouted and went to the corner of the room where she had left the power drill.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, taking the drill in his hand and analyzing it as if it were the first time he had seen one. Obviously, like any other person, he pressed the button and it activated making a loud noise that startled him a bit, his body gave a little jump.

Lisa laughed. "The landlord lent it to me," she explained and found it amusing the way Jungkook analyzed the tool, bringing the device too close to his eyes and he had the audacity to call her blind. "Haven't you seen one before?"

"I'm an artist," he replied bluntly as if it were a necessary explanation.

It probably was.

"So, you can't make the hole in the wall for me," she reasoned.

Jungkook scratched behind her ear. "I mean... I could try...," although he doubted it himself, by no means did he want to break the drill and he had no idea how it was used.

Lisa took the drill from him without a problem. "Nah, I can do it, but I need you to hold the chair and be around in case I fall"

"What do you mean by falling?" he asked her with an obvious hint of concern and uncertainty.

"I'm afraid of getting scared and falling back," she admitted with a suppressed giggle because she really did find it funny even though it hadn't been so much the other night when she was alone without a Jungkook to hold her.

Jungkook helped her put up a chair he brought from the kitchen and gently put his arms in a cage position around her protectively, which made her smile from above despite the nervousness she was beginning to feel because she also had no idea how to drill a hole in the wall. She had seen it before and with Jungkook they watched a YouTube video with clear specifications but it was something new, exciting and scary.

"Okay, I'll do it," she warned him.

"Don't close your eyes," he told her as if he could actually see her closing her eyes.

"Right, sorry," she cleared her throat but grimaced with nerves.

"Are you sure you don't want me to do it first?" he then offered.

"No, I want to try," she said stubbornly and then pressed the button with the sharp point of the drill against the wall. "Oh my Gooooooooooooodd..." she screeched, feeling the dust from the wall splatter her face and thank goodness she had put on her glasses or she would have lost an eye.

Somewhat scared, she instinctively pulled away from the wall and saw that she had barely made a mark.

"Is it done?"

Lisa shook her head and wiped her cheek with the back of her hand. "I have to put pressure"

"Yes, are you sure you can?"

She turned and shot him a slightly offended look. "Why couldn't I?"

The black-haired man pressed his thing lips together in that expression that she had begun to recognize, it was when he avoided laughing at her, and raised his hands in peace.

She narrowed her eyes and challenged him to comment but Jungkook ran a finger across his lips as if closing a zipper. "Perfect, that's what I like"

"You didn't say that the other night," she couldn't hold back a snort after that and Jungkook lightly patted her ass. "Go on, doll, you can do it"

Lisa nodded gathering her spirits and using one hand against the wall to support her body, she pointed the drill straight to the

surface while pressing the button, at least she was confident that the worst that could happen was to break the entire wall but no one was going to die... She thought so...

"Keep it straight!"

"I'm trying," she pressed a bit more and was thrilled to see that she was indeed putting a good hole in it. "Oh my God! Jungkook! It's so pretty! My first hole!!!!"

"I'm sure you already had two before"

"Don't make me laugh when I'm making history!" but the laugh had already escaped her lips, luckily she was able to keep her hands still and firm.

The noise was shrill and echoed in their ears as Lisa finished and pushed the drill away. The hole was clogged with dust and she naively blew on it causing all the small particles of cement and white paint to end up on her face. She coughed and shook her head but she could see the perfect hole to apply a hook and she felt very satisfied, shaking her fists.

"Woah, it looks good," Jungkook appreciated from below with his hands on his waist and Lisa turned around excitedly, too fast so he moved his hands as if she were going to fall.

"I know right?! It's amazing!!!!" She shook her fists and did a sexy-fun little dance on the chair that made Jungkook's smile widen, fully toothy.

"Get down, doll, you're gonna fall," he spanked her ass gently, taking one of her thighs in his hand loosely.

"Like, in your arms?"

Jungkook raised a cheeky brow. "Where else?"

Ah, he was so charming when he wanted to.

Jungkook simply stretched his arms in response and held her like a princess when she dramatically dropped from the chair. She hugged his neck and moved her dangling feet a little.

"Oh, my dear knight!" she sighed foolishly.

"Always at your service, my lady," he said so gallantly that he actually turned out to be so sexy with the wavy hair framing his manly but fine face.

There was something extremely special when he had long hair, it marked his sharp jawline much more, his gaze was more intense and it was easy to grip him when he got lost between her legs. Besides, it was so soft.

"Gosh, you're so hot," she sighed, leaning closer to kiss him.

But the almost kiss was interrupted by the electronic noise of the door, the code had just been activated.

Jungkook turned his head quickly, alerted by the sound, and Lisa felt her heart stop as her eyes widened in what must be true fear.

Perhaps it was a sixth sense that was only activated when the ferocious beast hovered nearby because that could be the only explanation why Lisa knew exactly that the person entering her apartment was her mother.

Also, who else knew her door code? Jungkook was right there!

Damn, the dragon Jungkook was seeking to save her from had just returned to the castle and was going to set *him* on fire in seconds because Lisa wasn't the princess in danger here.

"Fuck!" she gasped at Jungkook's confused eyes and practically jumped out of his arms, causing him to almost fall from holding her.

"Lalisa! Dear! Are you home?"

Damn!

In automatic mode and with precision, Lisa moved the chair and pushed Jungkook into the bathroom. "Be quiet!" she whispered and closed the door on his very confused face.

Shit!

Shit!

Shit!

What the hell was she going to do?

How was she going to get Jungkook out of there? How was he going to get Preeda out of there?

Could she pretend not to be home?

No, surely the doorman already told her mother that she was home.

And she really had no more ideas, she was in pure panic wanting to jump out the window and die.

Couldn't that woman call before she showed up at her house? Or even notify that she was coming to visit?

Why did she even have a phone if she wasn't going to use it??!

What kind of polite classy woman was she? Polite women reported their presence and never wanted to disturb!

But of course that didn't apply to her mother with her.

Shit.

How could she make her go fast?

Her eyes then saw the dust on the ground and without thinking twice, she took a handful and threw it on her head, on the verge of self-provoking an allergy attack. Yep, that's it. *Great minds have great ideas* and now hers was white, dirty and full anti-Preeda mode. With this she would scare her mother off in two seconds because nothing displeased Preeda more than dust and dirt.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, leaving the room with open arms and a huge smile on her lips.

"Oh, you're ther-" the words died in her mother's mouth, seeing

how she looked. A rather judgmental look slid through Lisa's dusty—tied up in a ponytail— hair down the old white T-shirt tied around her waist and the oversized gray sweatpants stained with white paint. "What are you doing Lalisa Manoban?"

"Working," she shrugged. "Didn't I tell you I'm now a handy woman? It's very empowering "

Her mother sighed disapprovingly, judging her pants perhaps too much. "Why can't you empower yourself by taking a man's role in a big corporation instead of... whatever this is," she pointed her head to toe with a long beige fingernail.

"It's a waste of money to pay for people to paint a wall for you," Lisa explained, dismissing the issue as she should. "And what is this, mother? Not even a hi?" she pouted with clear intentions and approached her mother who widened her eyes as if she had leprosy, terrified. "It's been months, mommy! Let's hug!!!!!"

"Don't you dare Lalisa!" her mother put up a hand as a shield.

Lisa stretched her lower lip even more. "But Mommy..."

"Lalisa, stop playing," her mother warned with her index finger held up.

"What is this? You come all the way from Thailand to see me and you don't want to hug me? " she feigned offense but showing the biggest puppy eyes possible, putting her hands on her waist.

Preeda looked at her like she was crazy and with good reason, Lisa never hugged her mother but Lisa had to make sacrifices. "I know you're just messing with me Lalisa and I'd appreciate you to stop the show"

Ooof.

"What show? I just want to hug you! " and she didn't even allow her to refuse this time, she wrapped her arms full of dust around her and pressed her against her body with traces of sweat. The girl who was also a very bad daughter loved the way her mother froze like a surly cat. "Aww, I missed you so much mom"

Preeda literally moaned in pain and Lisa was using real strength not to burst out laughing.

"Me too, dear," her mother gave up and patted her shoulder gently. "But get a shower, oh Lord," she sighed in disgust but even managed to prevent Lisa from putting her heads together and making sure all of her dust fell on her. "Lisa!"

"Okay, okay," she pulled away from her and stared proudly at her work. The black with white polka dots Celine wrap dress her mother was wearing now had obvious dust particles as well as spots made by Lisa's hands and there was dust on her mother's hair as well. Perfect! "Wow, look, now your hair matches your outfit!"

Her mother glared at her, patting her hair. "You're unbelievable,"

she sighed and brushed her clothes out with a scrunched nose, holding the expensive fabric of her dress between long fingernails.

"It ain't that deep mom," Lisa shook her hand and patted her dress, leaving another stain that turned her mother's gaze psychopathic. "Oops!"

"Aish, Lisa!" Preeda complained. "All that act to get my dress dirty, amazing. You never change, right? "

"Nope, too late for that"

"When will it be the day in which you open that door being decent? "

"Maybe if you warned me instead of coming to my house out of nowhere, I'll be cleaner now," Lisa shrugged with an innocent smile not at all going with her passive aggressive tone.

"You would make up another dumb excuse to keep me away," Preeda said, tilting her head and facing her. Of course she hadn't believed her excuses, her mother was not stupid.

"There must be a reason for that," Lisa objected. "I think you get the clue"

Her mother's arrogant gaze fell apart at her annoyed response as if her words had really hurt her and Lisa couldn't really care less, she didn't want her mother around, she didn't want her mother in her apartment and less with Jungkook nearby, and she didn't like at all that she never respected her space.

All of this irritated her more than usual because she had Jungkook hiding in the bathroom. Why the hell did she have to come and ruin everything? For once in her life, couldn't she stay out of her life and leave her alone?

"So, you were painting a wall?" her mother asked with dignity, ending the tense silence that formed between them.

Lisa crossed her arms. "Yes, I am actually busy so no, it's not a make up excuse," she herself realized that she was too bold to say that as if she had not lied before.

Her mother didn't buy any of it, clearly. "Don't act like I'm accusing you out of nowhere, Lalisa. You've been lying about being busy and we both know it. Maybe now you are but you weren't all those times I told you to come home," Preeda accused her seriously. "Wedding photoshoot that never got into your page? Please. And that beach photoshoot that required you going to Busan? Just like that? Who takes a photographer to Busan? Just admit you went there for vacation instead of coming home or receiving us for a few days here!"

"And if I did, what?" Lisa asked in exasperation. "I'm a grown ass woman-"

"Language"

"I am a grown fucking ass woman," Lisa insisted raising her chin, making her mother squint, her thin jaw clenched and cocky nose up. "I can swear and I can stay wherever I want during MY vacations without you tracking me down as if they were some prisoner"

"We are your parents, Lalisa! You are all by yourself in this country! Even Bambam came back home. Why couldn't you just get back home for a few days?"

She could easily have said that she wasn't as lonely as she seemed, but she wasn't going to take that risk.

"Because I don't want to! I just want to be alone as I've been my whole life, what is it so hard for you to understand?"

Refusing to accept it and as she always did her whole life, Preeda sighed, ignoring her words, and changed the subject: "Me and your father will come tomorrow for you to have lunch all together, be ready at 11"

"Of course," Lisa scoffed in disbelief, rolling her eyes.

"I'm serious Pranpriya," Preeda stared into her eyes. "Don't make me turn into the villain of the story and take things from you"

Couldn't she be even worse?

Lisa gasped feeling so outraged. She was being unfair and manipulative, playing with her dreams like when she was young and it was so damn frustrating because after all, she didn't have anywhere else to go if her parents decided to take her place from her and that allowance to cover the bills. She wasn't in the right economic state to pay herself a place and the bills and also college, not even if she got that photography assistant job. And her mother knew it, she knew it too well.

Lisa felt like being seventeen all over again.

Powerless, frustrated and controlled.

"Fine," she spat with eyes full of fire, feeling a knot in her stomach that burned because she was full of rage.

Her mother nodded and with that she simply left the apartment, her back as straight as a stick and her high, thin black heels marking her determined steps.

The door closed and Lisa sighed deeply, seeking to calm the latent fury that began to throb in her body and also grateful that her mother didn't stay to eat or walk through her apartment like a real estate agent, pointing out everything that was dirty or out of place. Good thing she didn't, she was going to find Jungkook's t-shirts in her room, his earrings on the bathroom counter along with a toothbrush for him and some of his own skincare and maybe also his underwear somewhere. Lisa could explain everything and make up great stories for everything, but not for his underwear. She really

wouldn't find any excuse to explain the presence of Calvin Klein boxers in the washing machine.

That confrontation left a bad taste in her mouth but at least her cards were laid out on the table and without exposing Jungkook.

Jungkook.

Shit!

She had to explain this to Jungkook.

Lisa went to the bathroom with a bad feeling, it was her own fault pressing her throat and making her hold her breath, and when opening the bathroom door the dark pierced gaze her boyfriend sent left her paralyzed.

She was in trouble.

She smiled nervously, shaking her bangs a bit to remove the dust, which fell on the bridge of her nose. "Hey, she's gone so-

"I can go home now," he ended up standing up from where he was sitting, the edge of the tub, and he stepped past her at the door coldly.

"What? Why?" she followed him into the living room.

Jungkook took his shirt from the couch. "So you do not have to keep hiding me like a little secret," he told her softly but his words were lethal and his tone was contained in his clenched jaw.

And she got it, she really got it! It looked bad and she had handled the situation very badly by hiding him but what was she supposed to do? She panicked and her instincts simply said: hide him and push the witch away.

"I wasn't hiding you, I-"

"No, we were playing hide-and-seek and you never got to tell me, right?"

Lisa blinked. "You get so sarcastic when you are mad"

Jungkook rolled his eyes at her and pulled on his shirt, not finding her observation amusing at all.

"Listen," he started before she could find the right words to explain herself without sounding offensive. "I won't go through this shit again, Lisa"

Wait.

What shit was he going to go through again?

"What?"

"I won't play the secret boyfriend again just because your parents won't like a guy like me," he told her clearly, marking boundaries with a frown and a slightly arched brow. He was angry.

"I know, I know," she sighed and reached out to take his hand, noticing that he was taut like a guitar string. "But I had to because-"

"You're embarrassed, I know," he finished for her, sighing in distaste but with bitter resignation as he pulled away from her,

almost jerking his hand away from her grasp.

Lisa tilted her head back, blinking.

What?

Embarrassed? Of him?

She?

What the hell?

"I'm not embarrassed of you," she objected, frowning. But then it hit her, the meaning of his words, what he was implying and what was surely going through his mind. Lisa scoffed, crossing her arms. "Are you serious, Jungkook? Are you really thinking this is a Tzuyu's situation?"

"Why are you bringing her up?" he asked her like she was crazy.

"Because you are relating this situation to her and I know it," she accused him, getting angry because she was sick of paying for someone else's sins when she never did anything and this was really offensive. How could he even believe that she was embarrassed?

Jungkook frowned and tossed his hair back, chuckling bitterly as he thought about it. Lisa's heavy breathing filled the silence meanwhile.

"Listen, I came clean about you, I introduced you to my family, to my friends," he pointed with his fingers. "And all you did when meeting people of your class was saying '*oh he's my good friend Jungkook*' or push me to the fucking bathroom, hiding me. So, yes, maybe I am thinking this is a '*Tzuyu's situation*' and sorry if it crossed my mind that you're embarrassed of me like my ex used to be," he admitted sarcastically, dragging the words to sound even more ironic.

"People of my class?" she asked, getting hit quickly by a wave of offense. She wasn't like people in her class, a lot of people in her class weren't like that anyway and since when was he so damn classist? And that wasn't even the problem! "And not everything is about someone being embarrassed of you! Not everyone thinks you're a loser like you think about yourself, Jungkook! Specially me!" she spat in his face, truly furious.

Couldn't he see how great he was? All the good that was in him? And even if he didn't see it, wasn't she the damn person in the relationship bringing out every little good thing about him, praising him like an idiot? And he was suddenly doing these rudeness?

"This is not about me thinking I am a loser, it's about *you* pushing me to the bathroom in the exact moment your mother shows up and *LYING* about our trip," he raised his voice for the first time since they started dating because he was so angry like her, clearly outraged as he should be. "I wouldn't be surprised if you lied about us too"

Lisa gritted her teeth, swallowing hard because she couldn't even deny that and she would have liked to, so the situation was less against her.

Jungkook laughed not at all amused. "Of course! She doesn't know we're dating, right? Right, Lisa?" he inquired approaching her with slow steps, smiling but he was not sincere.

"Fine! They don't! But it's not because I'm embarrassed of you Jungkook!"

"Then show it!" he demanded.

Lisa laughed in disbelief and aggressively pointed herself. "You think *I* don't show it? So all those times of me being proud of you, literally talking good about you, showing you off on my social media accounts and all those times when we were walking around the streets together, kissing out there, acting like a normal couple, are just, I don't know, a freaking dream for you? That didn't happen?"

Jungkook looked around like he was looking for cameras because he couldn't believe that she mixed things up. "Yes, but we're not talking about that! We're talking about what just happened!"

"What just happened doesn't define our whole relationship and doesn't say I'm fucking embarrassed of you!" she closed his mouth leaving him clenching his jaw again. "See?" she emphasized it by nodding decisively and crossed her arms again. "You are really expecting me to be like her, right?" she finally asked him even though she knew the answer but she wanted to hear it from his mouth for once.

"Like who? What the hell are you talking about?"

So, he was that clueless? He was going to act clueless now?

"Like Tzuyu!" she spat at him and he rolled his eyes again, sighing exasperated. "You are so ready to think the worst of me, all the time, and I'm tired of it," she confessed, recalling in her mind all those times when he assumed she was just another rich girl expecting things from him. Rich girl, like on the damn Busan trip. "Like in Busan"

"The trip you told your mother it was work? Are you working while being with me?" he went there directly, no stuttering, no doubts, fuming.

"That wasn't my point!" she raised her voice to silence him. "All that bullshit you said about giving me the best, was it because you think that me, LISA, want that or because the stupid of your ex would want that?"

He scrunched up his face in disbelief. "What the fuck, Lisa? It was all about you!"

"Then when the fuck I made you think I'd like something fancy

and classy? When?!"

"Are you even aware of the place you live in?" he spread his arms to point to the penthouse that was probably the size of his family house in the suburbs of Seoul. "What about your family? And the way you dress?"

"What does all that have to do with this?" her voice grew high-pitched without understanding anything.

"It screams expensive! So, is it that crazy that I think you would prefer something fancy and classy?!"

Lisa still didn't understand what the hell it had to do with it, it wasn't like she was acting like a freaking Kardashians. She worked hard, she struggled, she studied, she was just as ordinary a person as he was.

And she knew all too well that this was coming from his misconception that Tzuyu herself had created in his mind. God, Lisa was getting more and more enraged as the pieces fell into the right places in the puzzle. "You know I am not like her but sometimes it feels like you're disappointed that I'm not out there, being embarrassed of you, fucking another guy," she murmured resentfully.

This time it was the turn for Jungkook to scoff in disbelief. "You're taking this completely out of context, Lisa. I never expected that from you!" he told her exalted. "You're not like her! **You** know it! **I**," he patted his chest. "-know it!"

"Ah, so then why the first thing you assume is that I'm embarrassed of you?" she approached like a lurking viper but this time he didn't shrink from her, looking at her with dark eyes because he didn't appreciate the tone or the situation they were in, prowling like angry snakes trying to protect their own—in this case, their hearts. "If I'm that crazy and taking this out of context, why would you think I'm embarrassed of you? Who was embarrassed of you the last time? Who was a fucking rich girl embarrassed of you?" she demanded with a frown and got no response, of course. He could act as clueless as he wanted but the truth would always come out and that truth was a huge shit that was hurting her. "See? You say I'm not like her but you see her in me. It's like you're really expecting me to disappoint you and be like her, like you don't take into consideration all we did or all I am because you still see her in me, you really think I am Lisa, the rich girl *'I'm dating that will be embarrassed of me sooner or later and will break my heart'*," she made a huskier voice, overreacting with irony at how furious she was because she really couldn't believe that Jungkook saw her like this despite everything. "You thought I was embarrassed of you when I labeled us as best friends in front of

your mom and, as you just said, you thought I was embarrassed of you in front of *"people of my class"*. You really think I am embarrassed of you like she was and even have the damn audacity to say it at my face!" she accused him again.

"Isn't that what you're doing right now, anyways?" he finally snapped with that question. "What do you expect me to think when you lie about our relationship to your mom? What THE FUCK do you expect me to think when you lie about our relationship to your friends?"

"Jaehyun is not even my friend!"

"Oh, right, he's more than that, he's your Jae baby boo or whatever," he rolled his eyes.

"It's just Jae Baby I'm not that corny!" she defended herself. "And are you really being jealous of a stupid joke right now?" she asked him sharpening her voice like he was crazy, because he probably was. "Gosh! Fuck you!" she exploded and took his sweatshirt to slam it against his chest. "You're not listening at all! You don't want to listen to me!"

"Listen to what?!" he clapped back at her, barely moving from her pushes and taking her wrists softly —despide the anger— to make her stop. "All you're doing is bringing Tzuyu to the conversation to avoid the real question!"

Lisa pursed her lips and backed away from him a few steps. "You really don't trust me, right?"

Jungkook took a deep breath staring at her with cold eyes. "I do," he admitted despite everything but Lisa shook her head.

"No, you don't," she stated with a real jab in the heart that was close to bringing frustrated tears to her eyes. "You doubt all I do like right now, thinking I'm *"avoiding"* the conversation and that I will have some lame excuse to cover up my supposed *"embarrassment"*. And I should be the one having trust issues! You were the one texting his ex and even letting her kiss you"

Jungkook snorted in sardonic amusement because she was doing it again, and he pinched the bridge of his nose. "I can't believe you're bringing that up," he said in exasperation.

"I am bringing it up because not even after that happened I said *'Oh! Maybe he's not over his ex'*," she acted as if she were stupid, pressing all the right buttons to also make him angrier, after all, that topic had been left in the past at the time she decided to forgive him. "I didn't see it as cheating because I know how **you** are," she pointed out seriously this time, poking his chest. "I know that you love me, I can read you, Jungkook. But now I notice that you *don't* trust me, not even when I am an open book for you. You refuse to believe that what you read is what it is," she finished,

stretching out her arms and emphasizing her body. "I am not the shallow bitch you desperately want me to be, I am not embarrassed of you as you so much want me to be"

"Oh my God!" he sighed, frustrated. "I really don't"

"And I don't plan to keep wasting time," she interrupted, ending the sarcasm and ironies. "I spent the last 8 years of my life apologizing to protect someone's insecurities and I don't want to spend more years of my life tiptoeing around you to protect your stupid feelings just because you can't fully see that I am different," she told him in disgust, too furious to think but enough to protect herself because deeply, it felt like he had buried a knife and only now was Lisa beginning to realize it because he pulled the knife out and the pain expanded. The wound was now open and exposed. "I didn't cause all those fucking trust issues you have and I won't be the one dealing with them Jungkook. I'm tired of it, of them and of you," she added, remembering her friends' words. Ultimately, it was the truth and she didn't deserve this. But the final words came out without her even feeling them or realizing what she was doing.

Those same words hit him like a kick to the stomach.

"So, tiptoe around me to not hurt my *stupid* feelings...," he murmured and smiled without reaching his eyes, poking his cheek with his tongue. "As if it was weird to feel offended when being pushed to a closet like a secret, as if it was weird to be angry when your girlfriend lies...," he added with resigned irony, feeling as hurt as she was but for reasons of his own. "Fine. I free you from my *stupid* feelings and *stupid* insecurities and trust issues if they bother you that much," he finally said, spreading his arms.

Lisa, lost in her fury and pride, simply nodded, shrugging. "Fine, go think I am the rich shallow bitch your mind loves to picture so much"

"Oh, as if the last minutes were in my imagination," he countered seriously, once again rubbing it on her face for locking him in the bathroom and lying about him.

But he didn't let her explain and just coldly accused her and if he wanted to do that, fine.

"Well, it seems like the last 2 months were in my imagination because I seem to be the only one remembering we were having a relationship, crystal clear, out in the streets, under the light of the sun, not sneaking around at night and pretending that's fucking love like stupid idiots," she told him, because if he didn't let her explain herself, she was going to point out all the times she showed to be in love to the bone with him.

But Jungkook just left, too hurt to stay because *that...* what she said really hit.

(a/n: i really do need opinions about this fight. it was really fun to write not gonna lie but now while editing i was like damn ☹ i feel like a child in the middle of her parents' divorce. like, did you feel that too? like reeeeeeeallly uncomfortable? or is it just me? also, who's right in your opinion? jungkook or lisa? or both?)

Hearing sad songs by IU was weird recently, because it hadn't happened so long. Jimin and Taehyung knew Jungkook was a big fan of sad songs but since he was with Lisa he only hummed love songs, which sounded like funeral ballads if they were honest but he couldn't just not be emo. Somehow that black side with a lot of eyeliner had to come out of him. It was in his heart.

The two friends shared uncertain looks, and Jennie, who was with them, didn't even notice. Everyone had just arrived at the apartment and all the lights were off, only the sad melody and the sweet voice of one of the most beautiful idols in the nation could be heard.

"Do you think they're cuddling or something?" Taehyung asked, taking his shoes off much easier —probably he was stepping on them already— than Jimin who was wearing boots.

"Wouldn't that be weird?"

"He is always weird," the youngest shrugged and walked into the living room, taking his cheerful little dog in his arms who was barking and trying to lick his face. Taehyung laughed and said nice things to him as he walked towards Jungkook's room.

Jennie cocked her head as she pulled off her platform white sneakers. "What about sad songs?" she questioned Jimin.

"Jungkook listens to really depressing sad songs when something goes bad in his life," he explained in a flat tone but when he finished saying it something clicked on his head and he raised his head quickly, meeting Taehyung's gaze who was suddenly concerned.

"Ah fuck, they fought again, right? There's no way someone would cuddle while listening to sad songs, they usually are fucking like rabbits when the door is closed," Taehyung reasoned, having war memories of that time they fought for Tzuyu and Jungkook locked himself in for a few hours and then whimpered about his poor dick abandonment status which Lisa was toying with from the distance. That lunch was really weird.

"Tzuyu can't be involved this time, she's been going to therapy and seems to want to heal for once," Jennie commented, leaving her sneakers on that shelf that was just for her and taking her own fluffy brown slippers.

"What could be now?" Jimin muttered more to himself than to the

others and threw his jacket on the couch while Taehyung leaned towards Jungkook's door, noticing that the light was off in there as well.

"I can't think of anything, they're so damn compatible it's boring," Taehyung opined.

Jennie chuckled, going into the kitchen to get some water. "They really are"

Jimin looked at both of them, wrinkling his face in distaste that they both couldn't really take it for fun to be so toxic... But they definitely could and did. Jimin was there when they argued for an hour about what food to order, Taehyung called her a picky bitch and Jennie replied that he was a jerk but the sexual tension throbbed in that discussion like it was foreplay.

Jimin sometimes desperately wanted his friends single again.

Leaving the toxic tanks aside for another day, Jimin knocked on Jungkook's door and pressed his ear against the wood. Taehyung followed him and when they found no response, he knocked again and harder.

"Is he there?"

"Shhhhhh," both friends blatantly silenced her.

Something was heard, like the bed moving and things being moved, then footsteps approached and in that way Taehyung and Jimin managed to straighten up and pretend they weren't spying.

Jungkook opened the door and yep, something was definitely wrong.

No, he didn't stink of smoke this time, he didn't have tears streaming down his cheeks or swollen eyes, he didn't look particularly devastated but those eyes... His dark eyes, almost black, were downcast and empty but shone like sad stars in tune with the music of background that was at a much higher volume than expected.

"Ah, she broke up with you this time, right?" Jimin decided to joke because seeing him so sad was really disturbing.

"I think so"

Jimin and Taehyung froze, damn, even Jennie stopped moving. "Wait, what?"

Jungkook sighed heavily and his lips formed a small pout, his eyes showing more emotion than ever before. He shuffled back to his bed and slumped in the middle like a bag of potatoes, putting an arm over his eyes. "I'm such a piece of trash," he muttered and it wasn't even a joke this time.

Jimin pursed his lips, blinking. "Yeah, I'll go for the alcohol"

Taehyung turned on the light and sat down next to him, leaving Yeontan on the ground. "What happened?"

"Yes, what happened?" Jennie rushed into the room in short steps and jumped up, landing on Jungkook's other side, sitting on her bent knees.

Jungkook sighed heavily again. "We had an argument..."

The couple looked at each other at that answer, without emotions in their eyes...

"Just that?" Jennie asked slightly disappointed.

"Helloooooo," the husky voice of Jisoo made an appearance on the scene as she entered the house softly, tilting her head up like a highly polite girl scout. "Is Jungkook here? I have something to deliver "

"Why does she know the code?" Taehyung raised an eyebrow.

"We come to have breakfast som-"

"She leaves me bills when I'm sleeping," Jungkook interrupted Jennie flatly, still lost in his misery.

"Ah right! Because of that!" the girl nodded with an innocent response to not at all amused look of her boyfriend.

"So you are the one eating my strawberry cinnamon rolls!"

"I'm the one who introduced them to you!"

"But I paid for them and I like to eat them in the morning but suddenly I can't because you've been invading my house when no one is here!"

"Jimin was here"

"Yah!" Jimin yelled from the kitchen, he could hear them as they always raised their voices when they fought. "Stop involving Jimin in couple fights if you won't involve Jimin in couple makeup sex!"

Jennie wrinkled her nose and so did Jisoo, who had just kicked off her shoes. When finished, she followed the voices into Jungkook's room and noticed the aforementioned lying devastatingly as if the world was going to end. "Who peed on his food?"

Jungkook sighed heavily again and rolled over to Taehyung's side, resting his head on his thigh like a little boy who felt very bad sheltering on his mother's lap. The older boy was soon rubbing his hair a little.

"He said Lisa and him had an argument," Jennie replied and Jisoo chuckled incredulously, taking a seat in Jungkook's gamer chair and putting her turtle rabbit socks-wrapped feet onto the bed.

"Just that?"

"She said she is tired of me," Jungkook mumbled plaintively, which didn't surprise himself at all because while thinking about the matter he had come to the conclusion that perhaps he was tiring.

He was too angry in the moment to notice but with a clear mind,

he could notice that, at least, the Busan part and the way he was thinking during the trip were really wrong from him. He was actually misjudging her there and he couldn't deny it.

Gosh, they even argued because of that and he still didn't learn anything from that.

"She really said that she's tired?" Jisoo couldn't really believe it, she was there all the time when they both were stuck to the other like siamese twins.

"Okay, you better explain," Jimin came back from the kitchen with an open pack of beers which he offered to everyone.

"I do not want to drin-" Jungkook's soft voice was interrupted by Jimin directly putting the can in his hand. "Maybe I should?" he tilted his head, sliding back on the bed to prop himself up on the pillows. He had run out of cigarettes and something to numb his emotions didn't look too bad... Although he doubted his emotions would get numb soon.

He felt very bad.

"Spill" Jimin demanded and grabbed his own can of beer, sitting down on the clean wooden floor after turning the volume down on the depressing music.

We got it IU, you're sad, we all are too, deal with it.

"We were working on her darkroom," Jungkook began by slurring his words and wrinkling his face from the gas stinging on his tongue after taking a long drink of beer, which was not smart or correct at all and yes, this author is judging.

"That's why you look like a homeless man?" Jennie pointed to his baggy gray sweatpants and his oversized long sleeved white shirt.

"He always looks like that," Jisoo pointed out without any emotion in her voice.

Jungkook ignored them, as he should. "Everything was fine until her mother arrived and she..." A bitter smile played on his lips. "She pushed me to the bathroom and hid me there"

And it was horrible to say it out loud because it was making it real again. It was horrible to find himself locked in there all of a sudden and feel that feeling of being trash back. He was attacked again by that horrible voice in his mind mocking him, telling him that it wasn't enough and it never would be, telling him how many more times life had to prove it for him to finally understand.

Wasn't it enough when Tzuyu dismissed his feeling and rejected him all the time? Wasn't it enough after all the shit he went through when he had a crush on Lisa and she was running away from him? Wasn't it enough when he found out she went to a date with Jaewon?

Could he really be angry at her?

No, because the problem was always him. Him for giving wrong signals and him for being... himself, practically.

"Why did she do that?" Jimin asked without understanding.

"She's embarrassed of me," Jungkook admitted it despite the fact that his chest ached like a punch just took his breath away. "And I guess I understand it," he added and took another drink. "I heard her and her mother talking, she treats Lisa like shit. I get she doesn't want another reason for them to be like that with her but..." it still hurt to be that reason.

He loved Lisa to death but he didn't want to be a reason of embarrassment, he didn't want to be a secret and yet, he didn't want to lose her. Once again, he was finding himself being kind of okay with being a secret if that meant having the girl he loved by his side and it was so damn stupid.

But Lisa worth it, because at least she loved him back. And she didn't live close to her parents so would it be that hard to be a secret just once a month?

"Her mother hers seemed pretty decent when I met her," Taehyung opined with a thoughtful little pout.

Jennie snorted. "Sure," the remaining three who didn't have a weight on their hearts looked at her curiously. She took a drink and said, "That's all mothers in society. They are just nice with people they think are good and are barely polite with people they dislike, then they talk so much shit "

"Your mother doesn't look like that, she's adorable!" her boyfriend exclaimed, leaving his thick lips parted in disbelief. Jennie's mother cooked such delicious meals for him! And when they all dined together, she was so interested in everything he had to say.

"Yeah, she is indeed, but you should hear the shit she talks about Jung-" Jisoo and Jimin glared at her. "Hae-in, the actor! We met him once in a restaurant and my mom hates his dramas so much but she was really polite "

"I can see why you're in Journalism, the lies flow like water," Jimin opined and she stuck her tongue out at him.

Jungkook sighed again, bringing the attention back to him.

Jisoo snorted with the edge of the can at her lips, moving herself side to side on the chair. "Can we talk about you thinking she's embarrassed of you? Where the hell that comes from?"

"Oh! True!" Taehyung pointed at her and looked at Jungkook questioningly. "When was she ever embarrassed of you?"

Jungkook shrugged, sliding his head back on the gray back of the bed. It was difficult to explain because even though he couldn't point to other times besides those in which she denied —between lines— having a relationship with him, his mind was so sure that

she was actually embarrassed. He couldn't imagine any other reason besides that. Why else would she do it?

He thought that perhaps not telling her parents about him was to prevent them from taking away her dream. But would they do that?

"Don't make me turn into the villain of the story and take things from you," her mother had told her.

But then why did she also deny their relationship in front of that Jae whatever his name is but it's not baby boo and calling him that should be forbidden to say.

God, he was a loser and he had finally tired her.

She told him that she was tired of him, of his insecurities, of his problems...

Inevitably his eyes filled with dangerous tears, which he was avoiding hard to release.

God.

"Why would someone be embarrassed of you?" Jimin asked, drawing his attention. "Wait, are you really about to-"

"No," Jungkook swallowed hard and shook his head, pursing his lips.

"Oh, you are," Jimin giggled a little.

Jungkook scrunched up his face and leaned forward, hiding his face in his hands and crossing his legs. "I'm not, leave me alone"

Taehyung patted his back gently, stroking down lovingly. "It's okay, bro, cry if you want to," he validated his actions. "But for real, why would she be embarrassed of you? I know you make tons of self-deprecating jokes and, honestly, they're not as funny as you think they are," he added seriously.

"You're not helping much," Jisoo laughed.

"I mean, I've been forcing myself to laugh since years ago"

"Jungkook doesn't have to know!" Jennie scolded him, slapping his hand.

"Jungkook is here," Jungkook said with a small smile on his lips because they helped a little bit with that.

"But, man, for real," Jimin said, resting his arm on his raised knee. "You're hardworking, you're decent, you made a name of yourself online and in real life. You're so fucking talented and you have tons of people admiring you for all your works. Why would anyone be embarrassed of you? You're big shit "

"And Lisa knows that," Jisoo added, Jungkook resting his chin on his hand looked at her with raised eyebrows in interest. The oldest one pushed her long black hair back, straightening in the chair which she accomplished by sliding forward and pressing her thighs against her chest, and she looked at him seriously. "I know I was

judgy when she was sending mixed signals before you both started dating but now that I got to know her better, sorry dude, but she deserves better than you saying she's embarrassed. I didn't ask first—about where the embarrassment thingy comes from—to make you see you're "big shit", I asked because Lisa is your biggest fan nowadays and you are accusing her of that?" she frowned, terribly offended on Lisa's name. "Jungkook, she brags about dating you as if she were dating the fucking Gong Yoo!" she practically screamed in his face in exasperation. "It 's borderline embarrassing how much she 's obsessed with you"

Well that was...

Difficult to process.

But it wasn't a lie.

He was there when Lisa was claiming him during tattoo sessions or when going out. He was there all those times when she appreciated his art in every way and he was even there when she talked to Kai on the phone for about an hour about a plot twist that Jungkook had just done in the manhwa. He was there watching the stories she posted of him and the tweets she wrote about him, little more jumping like a child with excitement because she filled his belly with butterflies while being so appreciated.

Shit, he was even sitting right there with her when she settled on his chest and said, *"...my group of friends from Thailand are asking about you, we got in contact again tonight and I just noticed I never talked about them with you"*. And then she told him that she had talked about him, because he was her boyfriend.

Lisa had actually talked about him with her friends from Thailand and was as open about their relationship as she was on social media.

And yet he couldn't believe it. His mind was dirty and mean, his mind couldn't accept that without believing it was a lie or maybe a simple fantasy and he really was in a coma after being run over the night he met her and maybe saw her face before fainting... Like in that bad erotic movie, I think it's polish.

It was unfair and he couldn't control it, it was even worse after hearing her words because he could understand her point once Jisoo spat in his face everything Lisa did and he remembered her clear actions. It hurt to find himself being so unfair and at the same time still feeling outraged because, despite her being so sweet, she hid him and lied about them.

And he had just tired her and he was terrified that she would stop loving him because of it, because it would be his own fault.

"Open your eyes, damn. She even made me read the volume 35 of your webtoon once as if she were sharing Shakespeare verses, SHE

BOUGHT THE BOOK WHEN IT'S FREE IN WEBTOON JUNGKOOK!"

"Lemme take that, you're already yelling," Jimin tried to snatch the can from her but Jisoo slipped away in the chair, daring him to try again with a dangerous glare.

"She's right, though," Taehyung nodded, watching Jungkook relax back on the backrest. "She loves you a lot. I was there when she talked about wanting to buy a vintage house in the future "

Jungkook frowned. "What does it have to do with anything?"

Jennie slapped his thigh, it was actually painful and he groaned. "No one talk about houses and the future with their partner unless they want them to be part of it!"

"Yeah, we already planned the floor plan for our future home outside of the city," Taehyung nodded and Jennie agreed. Jungkook in the middle looked at both of them alternating, kind of surprised for some reason.

Jisoo and Jimin instantly made disgusted faces, very happy with their single lives and terrified at the idea of planning that only at twenty-five.

(a/n: sorry that's me projecting)

Gosh, why was he like this?

Jungkook sighed deeply once more and rubbed his face, also fed up with himself because Lisa also talked about the future on their vacation, she talked about many more years together and even having damn children. She didn't leave it just in her mind like him, she told him directly at his face...

But it was talking about hypothetical situations, they were not promises. And like she said, she was already tired of him.

God, he was tired of himself too. Now more than ever.

Even in his mind it was tiring to over think everything like he was doing right now. The rational side of him wanted to slap him for being like that but that voice was not as strong as the voices of his insecurities begging him not to trust or be deluded because the fall would hurt more if she ended up leaving him.

"Honestly," Jisoo spoke again. "What else do you want her to do to prove her love for her? Donate you a kidney? Die?! Jesuschrist, Jungkook, go to therapy!"

"Fuck, no, of course she doesn't have to prove herself," he finally replied, messing up his hair. He knew she loved him, at least for now. But what about the future? What if her parents got in the middle? What if she grew more tired of him? "I just-" he didn't know, he really didn't know.

What the hell did he want?

"We all should go to therapy," Jisoo added, gesturing at everyone with her beer.

"Why would I go to therapy? I'm perfectly fine," Jimin stubbornly defended himself.

"You can't connect romantically with anyone even when you've fucked half of South Korea"

"Why is that even a problem?"

"Exactly," she cut him off with that simple word and he looked at her like she was crazy.

"You are the one that should go to therapy, I don't see you with a boyfriend. And why do you even have a word on my supposed psychological issues, you're a medicine ma-"

"You both should go, end of the discussion," Taehyung stated in pure honesty and looked at Jungkook. "I think you're projecting the shit you went through with Tzuyu on her"

"That's what she said," he admitted and he could see it clearly now with a colder mind. It wouldn't be weird if he was really traumatized and it wasn't just a joke that he liked to play with. But what the hell did you expect from him? He is a Gen Z kid! That's what we do!

But, legitimately, Jungkook didn't think of Tzuyu when he saw Lisa. Perhaps he was unaware of it. But he could point out every little different particle in Lisa, he knew that she was a whole different person from Tzuyu, and yet something in him resisted just stopping caring and overthink her actions and his own in regards to her. Also not to screw it up. Just like he had learned to do when he was in that rare relationship with his ex.

So, yes, okay, fine, he was doing it.

Old habits die hard.

"I know she was shit, man," Taehyung continued. "But you have to move on for once and completely, you have nothing tying you to her anymore, no more guilty thoughts, no more feelings. You're now with Lisa and it's Lisa, a whole different girl"

"If she wants to have your children, Jungkook, she loves you. That's it. Deal with it," Jisoo pointed out and everyone looked at her because that had come out of nowhere. She licked her lips before explaining. "You all have any idea about how horrible the process of giving birth is? I'm sure no woman want to go through that unless she really loves you "

Jennie grimaced in disgust and nodded. "Yeah, it's ugly," she confirmed. "We've been watching birth videos for one of Unnie's essays and that's... something," she added through her teeth, clearly uncomfortable with the idea of ever going through that.

"And you love me enough to have five, right, love?" Taehyung leaned over Jungkook to lean his face closer to her, a cute boxy smile on his lips.

"Five?! Are you crazy? I barely want one!"

"But-" he pouted.

Jennie pushed him away with a finger on his forehead. "Darling," she smiled sweetly. "I like being size 0 and I'd love to stay this way"

"But if you have them young, your body will recover as if it was before"

"He's lying," Jisoo quickly objected.

"I'm not! I'm a medicine major, I'm already doing my practices!"

"I know, Taehyung, we're classmates. Stop lying to Jennie to get five kids. It's easy for you because you won't be the one with his genitals being torn apart by a big head and with big risk of shitting yourself in front of everyone and don't make me start about losing teet- "

"I'm not lying!" Taehyung interrupted her before she traumatized Jennie for life and everyone in that room. Even Jungkook frowned, pursing his lips, not very happy with the image she had just created in his head.

What the hell? Tear? Lisa could tear herself?

And shitting what?

Jennie sighed heavily this time. "You and I are having a talk about the ONLY child we will have," she told her boyfriend keeping the sweet little smile.

Taehyung opened his mouth but Jimin cut him off. "Okay, this was about Jungkook," he reminded everyone and looked at his friend who still seemed devastated, lost in his thoughts that, knowing him well, were about blaming himself, feeling like a failure and calling himself not very pretty things.

Actually, Jungkook was still mulling over the birth topic, now not so sure that he would never want to have a baby simply because he was a 180cm tall buff man and Lisa was... small.

Why the hell did he think about it anyway? Were they even still together after that? Was it just an obstacle to the relationship or the end of the relationship?

Cold sweat ran down his back then and his worried gaze traveled to a blank spot in front of him...

...

...

Fuck!

How was he going to face Lisa after this? What if she didn't want to see him? What if this plus the drama with her parents made her break up with him? What if...

"Okay, I think you should get another one," Jimin pointed to the almost empty can in his hand. "And we can watch a movie"

"Oh, that sounds good!"

"You're not invited, and why are you," he looked Jisoo up and down. "-still here? Didn't you come to deliver something and leave?"

Jisoo kicked her arm in response, Jimin laughed at her as he obviously wanted to tease her. On the bed, hugging a pillow, Jennie pouted.

"Oppa! Jimin is treating me bad!"

"Sorry," Taehyung sighed, stroking Jungkook's inside thigh in a perhaps too bold way. "Jungkookie is feeling bad so it's time for bros night"

Jisoo snorted, standing up and patting her loose jeans. "If you all are just gonna make a threesome just say it, jeez"

"Hey gorgeous," her best friend's voice greeted her from the other end of the line and Lisa pursed her lips, finally realizing that she missed her friends more than she thought now that she was all alone in that huge city.

When she came to Korea to study with Chaeyoung, she strayed a lot from her friends in Thailand, even more than she already was because she spent all the time with whom she had once been her best friend forever and always. But the good thing about the bond she had created with Minnie, Sorn, Palisa, and Bambam is that despite not talking often or for a long time, it still felt right. The trust remained as well as that freedom to express any feelings because they still cared for each other, which was why Bambam was still checking on her weekly and Minnie had started calling her regularly since Chaeyoung left and Bambam returned to Thailand. And just with that thought Lisa felt a little better.

However, her voice did not reflect it so much: "Heeey..."

Minnie laughed. "Are you tired or something? It's just 8 o'clock, Lisa"

Lisa pressed her lips together and shook her head as if she could see her. She buried her fingers into her own hair now long, pressing her scalp, with a long sigh and didn't even get to say something because Minnie talked first: "Oh, what's wrong?"

She pouted. "Jungkook and I fought and I said horrible things," she said in a small, high-pitched voice, like that of a girl being scolded.

"Woaaaah," Minnie sounded impressed and it wasn't weird, she had been hearing about how cute, passionate and funny their relationship was almost daily so a fight that had Lisa this affected was something new. "Elaborate a little more please, I feel like I missed some episodes of this season because just yesterday you were talking about his *talented* hands"

Lisa took a deep breath and explained to her friend what had

happened, from her situation with Preeda and all those times she lied and why, to the argument she had with Jungkook. And sharing it with her made her feel even worse because she had really been a bitch with him when her first intention was protecting him, instead she literally attacked him by throwing his insecurities in his face...

But she was really tired of feeling that he was prejudging her based on that stupid Gonorrhea. He made him wonder if she ever had a chance being her own person or Jungkook has always been comparing her, feeling relieved when she acted differently and hating when she didn't. And all this she told Minnie, who listened patiently, making some exclamations here and there.

"Wish I could reassure you that he does not compare you to her but I don't know him," her best friend, at that time with her reddish hair according to her Instagram photos, said objectively.

"I don't think he does it on purpose," Lisa admitted to herself but that didn't change how much it bothered her.

"But I do think that calling his feelings stupid was too much"

"I know," Lisa whimpered, burying her face between her raised knees. She was sitting on the balcony of her apartment in that little set of eames red plastic chairs that she once bought at IKEA and she never used since she rarely actually went out for air on the balcony. Leo was with her, very relaxed and stretched out like a lion on the red plastic table. "I know they're not stupid and he's not that bad, actually I never felt like tiptoeing around him I don't even know why I said that," she regretted sadly.

She was so angry at him she didn't stop to think how hurtful she was being.

"It makes sense considering all you also went through with Chaeyoung," Minnie reasoned from the other line, Lisa felt her move from one place to another but she didn't ask, focusing more on what she had just said. "You were really tiptoeing around her and now you feel like it can happen again with Jungkook"

"But it was one time thing... or twice," Lisa said reasonably. "Gosh, what did I say that?" she growled, ruffling her hair and tousled it completely, even her bangs were scattered to the sides of her face, clearing her forehead. "I was just so annoyed at him and, okay, really, is it that unfair? I mean maybe not tiptoeing around his feelings but tiptoeing around his insecurities," she then thought deeply, pressed one of her temples.

"That makes more sense"

"Yeah," Lisa nodded. "But why is he so insecure about our relationship? Why is he so insecure about my love?" she wondered and it caused a small pain in her chest accompanied by a new wave of discomfort throughout her body. Lisa felt suddenly insecure. "Am

I not loving him enough?"

"Oh, baby, that's impossible," Minnie tried to comfort her with a very sweet tone but Lisa shook her head, the little hamster on her head, a very evil one with red eyes, was running like crazy in this new section inaugurated called: Overthinking. "But it's kind of suspicious that you lied about being with him. If I were him, I'd feel like shit too, Lisa. You just don't want the person you love pretending you don't exist in front of their parents and you treating him like he feeling bad about it was stupid was actually very shitty"

Lisa sighed because she was right, she would never have liked Jungkook to hide their relationship from his family despite the fact that in the presentation of the mural she seemed fine about it. On a grand scale, sooner or later she would have started to wonder if he took her seriously or he was like her previous boyfriends.

"I did handle the situation like shit"

"Yes, you did. And it's worse since you mentioned he went through that with his ex of him, like, it's not that crazy that he thinks it's similar "

Just like she had just thought about him and his exs.

Lisa rubbed her eyes in frustration, letting out an exasperated growl. "I know but I'm different than her and he knows it! She never supported any of his dreams or his career," she pointed out in defense of her crossing an arm over her body. "I'm always there for him and I thought..." her voice trailed off sadly. "I thought that was proof enough that I'm different and if I ever had to explain this he wouldn't think it'd be for something like that"

(a/n: "If i ever had to explain this" ???? SO YOU WEREN'T GOING TO FACE THIS SITUATION UNLESS IT WAS FORCED????!)

He should know that she would never be embarrassed or ashamed of him but he had not been slow to doubt her and it trampled on her heart like it was the floor of a Tap ballroom.

"I do love him so fucking bad, Minnie," she confessed frankly, a lump in her throat and her gaze lost in the bright lights of the other buildings in Gangnam. "Never before I loved someone like that. It's real love, I just know and I can't even explain it but I feel it. He's like... Like when it's cold winter and you wrap yourself in your comfiest sweater and lie in a warm bed with the AC super high and there like 3 thick blankets and you think that night will be, like, the best because you're warm and protected..." she smiled a little, biting the inside of her cheek to contain the strong emotions that describing it caused her. "And with Jungkook every day feels like that"

"Okaaaay, that's a little too much for a 2 months relationship but who am I to judge?" Minnie said simply, stealing a little giggle from

Lisa because she could imagine her with that usual disinterested look and lazy smile on her pink lips. "His mindset sounds fucked up, though. Like no matter you could have done, he'd feel like that," she added, she was still thinking about the situation of course. "Like, he's honestly scared of you breaking his heart of him"

"Or just foreseeing that I will be a bitch like that... I can't even think in a family friendly nickname now, she's a whore. And it offends me so much, because I love him so bad and it's like he thinks I'm lying," she exploded, feeling sore frustrated. "I'm really questioning myself if I'm doing something wrong," she added with her voice trailing off a little in dismay, she rested her elbow on the table and her head on her fist, sighing once more. "Am I not being as clear as I think? Because maybe I think I'm the biggest lover but I'm more like *meh*"

"Lisa, I heard you talk about him as if he were a young Johnny Depp messing with your clit and you sound like in the seventh heaven. I'm sure you're like that with him too"

If she was like that with him and it was so obvious to her friend that was meters away then... So why was it so difficult for him who was with her all the time?

Frustrated tears gathered in Lisa's big eyes and her voice broke into a high-pitched little sob as she murmured, "Then why he does not believe I love him?"

What else did she have to do? Wasn't it enough just to tell him every day? Wasn't it enough just to be there for him always? Supporting all of his achievements? What the hell was expressing love then?

What did Lisa have to do for him to finally stop doubting her actions, doubting her, and doubting their relationship?

She accepted that she had made a mistake but was it even so great that he doubted her like that?

"Baby don't cry," Minnie asked sweetly, possibly wanting to be by her side.

"It's just that-" Lisa sniffed at her and wiped away the shameless tears soaking her round cheeks. "It feels like sooner or later we're not going to work because I will fuck up or something and he will not forgive me because that stupid whore made mistakes enough to include the whole nation. She fucked his trust so bad that now there's nothing left for me," she confessed with a cracking voice because it hurt not to have the trust of the person you loved more than anything in the world. It hurt too much not to be good enough to win their trust.

"Oh baby," Minnie made a tender, concerned voice. "I'd love to be there for you and kick his ass"

Lisa squeezed her eyes shut while grimacing because a sudden sob attacked her. "The worst part is that I don't even want that, I want him here with me, telling me I'm just overthinking and acting on it and hugging me," she whimpered dramatically, covering her eyes to try to stop the tears that they kept coming out. She felt so stupid for behaving and feel this way but couldn't help it. Despite the pain and everything, she loved Jungkook very much. "At the end of the day I understand what's going on and I can be considerate but sometimes it's just so damn much to deal with because he's, like, attacking me for sins I didn't commit. And the worst part keeps being that I still want him, I want him to do better and heal and be with me because he's a good person and the best boy and he loves me"

"Oh, his dick must be really big," Minnie sighed on the other end of the line and somehow it was funny for Lisa, who released a little laugh between tears.

"Shut up, whore," she complained because she interrupted her sad moment.

Her friend gave a funny giggle that made her smile a little more and she silently waited for her to calm down. And despite the distance, Lisa felt accompanied by her, as if she were by her side, putting an arm around her shoulders and pulling her to her chest to melt her into a comforting hug.

It was warm and Lisa was grateful again for making such good friends despite bad decisions.

"I hope he forgives me for calling him stupid," she added after sniffing her nose, her voice hoarse.

Gently, Leo chose that moment to lean over her face and rub his fluffy head against her nose and cheek, like saying *"hey, it's okay, slave. Don't cry. I won't steal your cheese when you're not looking anymore and I promise not to glare at that male slave who makes you do strange noises sometimes"*.

Of course he was lying. Male slave didn't deserve his good side.

"But I really think he should work on those trust issues," Minnie commented. "As Sorn said, you really don't have to carry the weight of those insecurities as if you did something to cause them"

Lisa nodded very reluctantly, nibbling the inside of her cheek. "I know"

"AND even though I'm always on the *'break up with him, you're hot bitch, get a new dick in two seconds'* sid ...," she made her smile a little again with that. "This time I do think you should try to make up with him, explain the situation because I do think he loves you and I'd be a waste to fuck up a relationship that genuinely sounds healthy and good. And overall, it makes you happy"

Well, that eased the guilt in her heart a bit. She at least wasn't crazy loving a guy that outsiders, like her extremely judgmental and feminist friend, would consider toxic.

At least for Minnie, her relationship wasn't toxic. They were just... struggling.

"And introduce him to your parents"

Lisa's eyes snapped open wide. "Wait, what?"

"Bitch, pleeeeeeease," Minnie practically growled. "That's the main cause of this problem and you handled the situation like shit, just do it right this time and face your parents. Warn your parents about what's about to happen and warn him about what your parents are like and then buy popcorn and enjoy the show"

Lisa falsely cried, kicking like a child as she ruffled her hair over her head. That sounded like a terrible idea and not as fun as Minnie wanted to make it look. Her parents were going to tear Jungkook apart and, did even Jungkook want to deal with it after literally dealing with her saying shit to his face?

Although it was justified shit anyway.

At this point, Lisa was able to accept that they both had reasons to be wrong.

But Lisa couldn't find reasons not to reconcile, ask for forgiveness and hug him again because damn, she hated this situation and at the same time it terrified her because what was she going to do if he was offended with her like that time when he blocked her? What was she going to do if he rejected her?

Would Jungkook break up with her for this?

Wait, the last conversation they had...

Was that just the end of an argument or a breakup?

What the hell?

Lisa huffed and leaned her face against the cold red plastic table. Minnie was still on the line of course. "I really hope I marry this man because dating is being so hard to understand"

"Ooof, shut up. Learn to handle dating before marrying and regretting it for the rest of your life. It also ruins your children's life, do you know? "

"Are we talking now about your daddy issues and parents divorce?"

"Yep. Don't do that to your children Lisa, know that fucker better and he better be as good as you make him look because if I meet him and he's a waste of time, I swear I'll whoop your ass for making me support this relationship "

Lisa chuckled in response with sarcastic humor. "He's fucking amazing when he's not comparing me to his ex, you know?"

"And what are you gonna do now?"

Lisa sighed deeply and stayed quiet for long seconds, thinking about possibilities but she was so exhausted after fighting her mom and arguing with Jungkook while also being worried about the current state of her relationship and what could happen next... "I don't know, what should I do?"

"Talk to your parents and go to sleep, your mind will be clearer tomorrow and when you talk with Jungkook, it will be easier. Don't worry about break ups, Lili, I'm sure he doesn't want that either," Minnie assured her with such love and care on her lips that brought a lazy smile to Lisa's mouth.

"You're so hot"

"Stop flirting with me if we're not gonna scissor at the end of the story, Lalisa"

Lisa snorted in response.

Bambam

NOT THE STREETS

TELLING ME THERE

ARE TROUBLES

IN PARADISE

AND NOT YOU

troubles in paradise????

are you 80???

and the heck you did to

Minnie for her to tell you

she's just a snitch

CONFESS KUNPIMOOK

boo□□

just heard her

talking on the phone

with you next to the pool

we were in countryclub

you're such a hag

getting in everyone's business

KAREN

MY HAG ASS GOT YOU

THE DICK YOU'RE RIDING PRANPRIYA

do you want a medal?

YES?(_ + \$ + #8

but seriously

what happened

ugh...

okay so-

Preeda Manoban had lunch with her daughter countless times since she left the nest to come to this country too... a lot of bad things for her liking. But for the first time, Lalisa Manoban sat at the table in front of her and kept as quiet as a punished child and obviously that silent punished child had never been her, not even in that way Lalisa kept quiet and did everything to drive her more angry.

So this was weird and like the smart woman that Preeda was, a bad feeling about all of this settled on her body as a new tenant without her permission.

(a/n: ma'am maybe it's just farts)

Lisa was up to something or hiding something.

At that table next to Preeda's favorite window that overlooked that beautiful garden that had been designed to her taste in the Manoban hotel in Gangnam, only the sound of silver cutlery was heard and there was no chatter since usually Lisa was the one in charge of saying scandalous things to upset her parents.

Honestly, the woman missed her daughter's sense of humor, lack of manner and that witty tongue that she had. Honestly, she was also concerned because the day before Lisa had been perfectly fine and in her usual humor.

What had happened to Lisa in the last 24 hours?

Preeda didn't like this at all, in fact she was driving her crazy and worst of all, this time it didn't even seem to be her daughter's intention. Did she feel bad? Was she lonely? Was she sick?

"Are you feeling well, Lalisa?" Preeda finally asked her and got her to lift her gaze up dish but she did it like a caught dog doing something wrong.

Mother narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

"Oh, yes, yes," Lisa nodded several times and delicately wiped her mouth with a napkin which further annoyed Preeda because this girl was not acting like her daughter at all! Since when did she not wipe her mouth with the back of her hand to tease her? Since when did Lisa even dress decently to come to lunch?

It was frankly crazy to see her there wearing elegant jeans with a simple white T-shirt and a colorful cardigan between purple and pink due to the freshness that the storm, which began to fall during the night and lasted until the morning, brought. Lisa usually wore sweatpants to eat with her because she knew it upset her!

"Fine!" Preeda finally slammed her fork and knife onto the white tablecloth, startling father and daughter. "Spill it! What's wrong with you?" she demanded after getting tired of scrutinizing Lisa with her eyes.

And the face that Lisa made wasn't good at all.

The girl cleared her throat and seemed to be trying to regain the strength to say whatever she was going to say. Preeda felt chills creep up her spine like a thousand spiders. Even her husband felt the tension and worried.

Silence spread like a tense sheet over them and Lisa finally took a deep breath: "Mom, dad..."

"Oh, please, don't tell us you're pregnant," Preeda asked almost painfully. She couldn't handle that, not now.

(a/n: why that would be about you???)

Lisa was very young and she was single! She couldn't handle something like that by herself. She had a whole future ahead of her. She had not even finished her studies. She had not become anything in life or do something big and worth to remember. She had a lot to live for and she couldn't ruin it with a... Oh, face of disgust, face of disgust... a...

"What? No! Of course not!" Lisa interrupted her dramatic mental tirade by shaking her head effusively. Preeda was so relieved that she exhaled loud and clear, earning a surprised look from her husband. However, Lisa still hadn't said whatever she had to say, so after swallowing hard she said it: "I... I may be dating, I think?"

(a/n: I DIDN'T JUST WRITE A CHAPTER WITH 5 PARTS OF YOU DATING FOR YOU TO SAY "i ThInK?")

Both parents blinked in disbelief, not understanding exactly why she had created so much expectation if it was just that.

"Oh... Is that? I thought it was something worse," Preeda sighed after a few seconds. At least she wasn't pregnant.

"Yeah, I-"

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"Because...", Lisa pouted and fidgeted with that silver ring in her forefinger Preeda didn't see before. "I may be dating tattooed gang boy with doubtful hygiene," her mother gasped and the fork fell from her father's fingers. Lisa pursed her lips and had to add: "And he may be some kind of hippie artist too."

"Oh my God, Lalisa!" her mother's scream echoed throughout the restaurant.

Lisa sighed and had to add: "Mother, It's Jungkook. The ruffian from the Van Gogh exhibition"

And okay, yes, Lisa accepted her mother being overdramatic but she didn't have to get the whole staff looking for a doctor to check her blood pressure because she almost vanished.

Jungkook thought she was embarrassed of him? Oh no, honey, she was actually embarrassed of the woman in front of her pretending to have a panic attack, blowing a paper bag and acting like she found out she had cancer, of course, with the eyes of the

rest of guests on her.

preeda wakes up and chooses ❖drama❖ just like jk so i think they'd get along very well lol

so that was intense fam. honestly nothing dares my brain like writing fights and the sides of each one because sometimes i can't fully put myself in their minds as i'd like to and it gets so confusing. like, **did it have sense for jk to feel that way? did it make sense for lisa to feel that way? did their fight make sense? pls don't ignore** hoes, momma here is struggling.

what do you think it's gonna happen now? i think you already got an idea but LET'S PRETEND, OKAY?! so, **will they make up or lisa will have to notify parents that she actually had a boyfriend but not anymore and her mother's act was worthless?**

if you like it, comment and vote👍

i can't promise that next chapter will be here real fast bc im studying but hope i get hit by inspiration again and i can update weekly like this time.

Chapter 40 • Pt. 1

dont trust cakes, all they do is lie 🐼🐼🐼

im getting used to make pt 1 and pt 2 bc apparently i can't just write something simple. so im posting part 1 and part 2 will be up on friday!!

i hope so

HELLOOOO MY LOVELY TUKKIHoes

mama is back here

after days, months, years and centuries

it's been a crazy time and im still feeling like shit but hey, im back to twt and kinda active and thinking about posting my first social media au 🐼🐼 so hope I can do so for you all

meanwhile, enjoy this chapter that it took me a lot to write and actually like it bc I really wanted it to be good and actually not get my ass bitten by you all lol

pls leave comments :(

(a/n: just when I made the banner I noticed that WHAT THE DUCK CHAPTER 40 ALREADY?!\$!)\$(#)

(a/npt2: lol duck quack quack 🐼)

"Are you done?"

Sitting on the King size bed with gorgeous white silk sheets, Preeda looked at her like Lisa was the worst daughter in the world, but, well, that wasn't usually different than her usual way of looking at her.

Lisa, without even caring, crossed her arms from her spot by the bedroom's French window. "I'm being serious, are you done?"

"What type of question is that, Praprinya?" her mother barked at her, making a gesture of thanks to the maid who had just brought her a fresh lemonade to calm the indigestion that her only daughter had just caused her.

"I'm talking about this whole melodrama and you know it," Lisa told her bluntly. The nerves that had kept the pit of her stomach clenched into a fist were no longer found, she was now tremendously annoyed. It wasn't the first time that her mother did this and this time it wasn't even that bad! "You say I embarrass you? Have you seen the amount of people concerned for the *loca* about to faint in the middle of the restaurant? It's ridiculous! I told I was dating not that I decided to become a Neo-Nazi"

Preeda glared at her. "You're dating the worst person you could find, Lalisa! What do you expect me to do? Congratulate you?" and she laughed incredulously, slapping the mattress. "Fine! Well done, honey!" she clapped exaggeratedly which irritated Lisa even more.

"You're being so despicable right now," she muttered under her breath.

Of course, her mother continued, but this time with an angry and reproachful tone: "Didn't you hear ANYTHING of what I told you about that horrible man? The things he did to that poor Kim girl? He ruined her life! And what do you do? You go and decide it is a good idea to date him, of course, Lalisa. You're always full of good ideas," she waved her hands up to the ceiling in sarcasm.

Lisa exhaled heavily. "That's a lie," she managed to say it calmly but her tone was dangerous. As was already known, nothing irritated her more than people saying bad things about *HER* Jungkook. "She lied about that to cover up the real guilty guy"

"And who told you that? Your boyfriend?" Lisa hated the condescending tone she used, like she was dumb. However, she nodded, confirming. "Of course he did! A man would never admit doing something so terrible!"

Lisa rolled her eyes and clicked her tongue. "Do you think I'm that stupid and I have zero criteria to judge people?" she asked and it wasn't even a rhetorical question, she really was asking her because the way she was talking to her was insulting. But her mother didn't answer, her eyes weren't lying anyway, she really doubted her judgment. "I was in the same room with him and *"the poor Kim girl"* and trust me, the insane one is not him"

"And how are you so sure about that? He may have been manipulating you"

Lisa scoffed. "Are you being serious right now?"

Preeda only arched an eyebrow in response, not at all regretful of her words.

Lisa let out a frustrated grunt, rubbing her forehead under her bangs. She couldn't believe this and she didn't even want to look at her mother. She was tired of this shit always happening. Yes, Lisa was smart for her parents, she academically had demonstrated it during her childhood, but apparently she would never be smart enough to decide what was best for herself or to know how to differentiate the good from the bad. So all of her damn decisions, which weren't what her parents wanted, were always questioned and undervalued and it apparently was ALWAYS GOING TO BE THAT WAY.

Damn, she was already 22 years old not 16!

"So, if he was that bad, why did she try to get back with him

when he was with me?" she asked knowing there was no reasonable answer.

"Oh, honey, we know that poor girl has been manipulated enough, she's weak of mind"

Was she serious?

Did she just call Tzuyu dumb?

She wasn't wrong, but implying Jungkook could do something so evil was angering her to unbelievable levels.

"The only manipulated person to help her was Jungkook, mother!"

"That's what he makes it seem like"

...

Oh my God...

Why was she trusting someone like Tzuyu —who she didn't know — and she couldn't believe Jungkook was innocent?

"Why is her word superior to his?" she asked frustrated.

"Because she is a nice lady, and he-"

"He is a *ruffian*," Lisa finished her sentence by rolling her eyes, mocking that stupid word. "You're so classist! Are you going to act like there were no cases of *"nice ladies"* blatantly lying and accusing innocent people? Let me remind you that a *"nice lady"* was the one who spread the rumor about me sleeping with dad's friends"

Of course, since that refuted all her logic with EVIDENCE, her mother decided to grit her teeth and take the hand mirror she had on the nightstand to check her makeup, which was of course still perfect.

Lisa sighed in exasperation. "Is it that hard?" she asked at last, putting her hands on her waist, now simply covered in a thin white strap shirt, her cardigan lying forgotten on a small white armchair in the corner of the room.

"What?" her mother asked without understanding.

"Is it that hard to just trust me?" Lisa added. "I'm serious. Is it that hard? Because I know I haven't been the best daughter and I made a lot of mistakes, I was reckless as a teenager, my decisions were questionable and I wasn't the daughter you expected," she listed with her fingers and leaned forward to continue: "you leave it clear every. single. time," she remarked each word wearily, through clenched teeth and at least that last part affected her mother, her gaze quickly softening in sudden realization because apparently she didn't regard her comments as clear statements that she hated to have Lisa as daughter.

"But I've done so well since I'm here," she continued, lighting her voice on a sigh, gaining a new kind of courage because all that melodrama had given her the realization that she was sick of things

they were like that. "I have really good grades in general, I study hard when I have to, I work, for God's sake!" she pointed out exactly because how many friends did her mother have whose daughters all they did all day was file their nails and go shopping? Why couldn't she be proud that at least Lisa did something for her life and for getting what she wanted?

Wasn't it admirable to have a hard-working child? Jungkook's mother was throwing him flowers all the time and even Chaeyoung's parents were so proud of her art.

"I do gigs and I have a stable job, I have something big coming up soon and you still think I have no common sense because I'm not doing what YOU want and since it is like that, you shit on it and treat me like I'm stupid!"

Her mother opened her mouth, stammering in surprise. "I don't-"

Lisa didn't let her keep going, anyway she was going to say some shit that they both knew it wasn't true. "This is why I never tell you about what's going on in my life, this is why I don't feel comfortable sharing my success with you, this is why I hate spending time with you and I do everything possible to keep you away," she finally confessed and she could see the pain cross her gaze as if she had just stabbed her with a knife but what difference did it make, at this point Lisa was numb. "All the times I went back to Thailand, it was to see grandma, my friends, my cousins, everyone but you and dad"

Her mother cocked her head to the side, crossing her thin arms full of gold bracelets over her chest, to prevent Lisa from noticing how much those words affected her but Lisa saw it clearly and somehow it was relieving to see that at least her mother did care. Her jaw was clenched tightly.

"You make me feel like real shit sometimes," Lisa blurted out and was surprised by the sudden lump in her throat and the threat of tears in her eyes because she thought she was used to it by now but saying it out loud, admitting her feelings, was much more hard than just making jokes about being a disappointment. "I hide things from you all the time because I don't want to hear that the only person that is biologically supposed to support me shits on it as if it was trash," then she earned a look from her mother, her eyes red and watery. Lisa clenched her jaw to hold back the tears from the helplessness and frustration that ran through her veins, fed up with this and everything and regretting not having faced this situation much earlier. "It's because of you that I hid the only man I ever loved and I hurt his feelings, I made him feel the same way you make me feel and I was so damn arrogant to realize what I was doing, just like you!"

And she hated herself for being like that, she hated acting the

way she despised the most.

It wasn't that funny when she was facing once again the truth that the opportunity to come to South Korea to study was given just because her parents wanted to hide their inopportune daughter who happened to be all over Siam Center in bikini ads.

They were embarrassed of her so much they pushed her away and at the moment, Lisa was happy because she got what she wanted but it was so hurtful at the end of the day.

And now her mother was silent, of course she was.

She didn't know what to say, probably because it was the first time the truth about their relationship was slapping her in the face to force her to realize how bad it was.

But Lisa had to do it, for herself and perhaps both of them.

"And it doesn't have to be like that!" Lisa then exclaimed, sniffing, because despite everything, the situation was horrible and it hurt her almost as much as her mother was being hurt right now and she really didn't want it to continue like this. "It wouldn't hurt you to show a little bit of support or at least be decent and accept that yes, it's not the daughter you wanted, but it's the only daughter you have, mother"

Preeda finally muttered through clenched teeth to control a possible cry: "I'm just trying to protect you."

"I can protect myself!" Lisa pointed out annoyed, less wanting to cry because that woman had a special power to make her angry. What the hell did that have to do with everything that she had just tell her? What did she want to protect her from? From a life outside the pretty world of flowers and money? Lisa already lived in such a world!

And why the hell was she wasting her time? Apparently her mother wasn't going to understand her, she wasn't going to lower her high wall of arrogance and maybe she was never going to accept that she was a photographer or dated Jungkook. Was it even a surprise?

And why go on living like this?

Lisa realized that it was not worth it and if she had achieved so much herself, she could achieve more by leaving behind all the benefits that tied her to this life because at least now she had a someone supporting her...

Or she hoped so.

"Listen," she decided to end this because it was just useless. "You can choose"

Her mother arched a curious brow, discreetly picking up a handkerchief to wipe away a stubborn tear that had slipped down her cheek.

"You can choose if you accept just this part of me, my relationship, or you simply stop all communication with me"

Preeda's eyes, brown and big like her daughter's, widened in disbelief of what she had just heard. Her face conveyed a clear question that she failed to vocalize, stuttering nonsensical sounds.

"Yes, I'm being serious and notice how serious I am because I'm risking all I have, which is sadly under your power," Lisa clarified, reaching for her cardigan and backpack. "I don't want to keep a relationship with you if it's going to be all about manipulation, lies, hiding things and blackmailing. It's your choice then to make it better and remember that if I can love you in spite of how different we are, in spite of how bad we've been to each other, I like to think you love me enough to make the right decision," she added and looked at her for a few seconds with her eyes shining with honesty.

Preeda said nothing, her gaze lowered and her fingers clenching her cloth handkerchief in clear signs of conflict, so Lisa nodded and walked to the door. "Now I'll go to work and you have tonight or tomorrow or whenever to call me and let me know your decision"

And then she left her alone in that huge hotel suite, somehow feeling lighter even though she had just risked everything.

Preeda was a little startled when she heard the door close and she looked at a blank spot in front of her, her heart aching in her chest and causing a small pain that caused a general discomfort in the rest of her body.

Was she really such a bad mother? Had she hurt Lisa as much as she had just told her? God knew that was never her intention.

She could accept being somewhat strict and controlling, she could accept being somewhat arrogant, but she had never sought to hurt her daughter in that way.

Sometimes she just wanted to spend time with her and make her part of her world and when she started to be friends with Chaeyoung it was a relief because Lisa would willingly go do girl things with her mother. But since she moved out home it was always a fight but she never thought that it was pushing her further away from her and that brought tears her eyes that this time she allowed to run down her cheeks. She didn't want to lose her daughter.

Yes, she resorted to some tricks to get her to spend time together and she had to chase her but sometimes it just seemed to be just Lisa's game to tease her, since she was a child she was like that, so this was all new and it made her feel miserable.

She disapproved of her career choice because she was terrified of what her future might be and was it so bad to judge her wardrobe decisions or the messy way she lived? Lisa was a lady despite

everything and... sometimes Preeda just wanted her to fit into her world so that she would be accepted without problems, so that people would not speak awful things about her or treat her badly as they had done many times and she knew that they had hurt her.

Was she so bad for wanting that?

The door being opened startled her once more, causing her to turn quickly to see who it was and she found her husband, who had decided to stay out of the situation despite his obvious disapproval because clearly a boy like... *that* would never be good for Lisa.

"Oh dear," he walked over and sat next to her, taking her slender hands in his huge ones. "Is our brat making you cry again? It's been years since the last time"

Preeda smiled a little wistfully, her mind filling with little memories of Lisa at different stages of her life driving her crazy and making her tear a little here and there. Her daughter always kept the discussions with some sarcastic humor and confident attitude, saying between the lines that she would do what she wanted no matter what, so Preeda never realized that she was hurting her. Lisa's skin seemed to be so tough...

"What happened?" her husband asked her.

Preeda sighed and looked at their hands. "I think we will have to accept that man"

Ananda looked at her like she was crazy. "What?"

She nodded, confirming that she said what she just said even if she didn't even agree but Lisa's words had penetrated deep.

She scared her.

"She said he's an artist," Ananda stressed seriously, concerned. "What are they going to live for? And what if he gets her pregnant? How is he going to pay that and give her a home? No one will hire him if he has tattoos! Tattoos, Preeda!" he exclaimed in horror. "And if he leaves? I know his type, they love to play but not to stay," of course, he was worried about the future and it was like he could go through her mind. Yes, they both had their arguments and disagreements, but in general the harmony of their ideas was almost perfect after so many years together.

"I know," Preeda nodded in anguish. "And you know what I told you about him, he's horrible and I don't want Lisa to be hurt," she sincerely expressed, she didn't want her daughter heartbroken, abandoned and miserable.

But Lisa had said that all she knew about that ruffian were lies. Were they really lies?

Contrary to what Lisa thought, Preeda didn't consider her stupid at all. She knew that no one was more clever and cunning than her daughter, but men could be awful and manipulative in very smooth

ways, ready to ruin even the smartest girl. And that ruffian looked evil that night when she met him, even though he got along very well with her mother but her mother adored bad boys, that's why she had a long list of sad love stories and failed relationships.

"Honey, I think she's got in your mind, we know our daughter is good at that, but we have to focus," Ananda spoke sweetly, squeezing her hands lovingly. "We can't let her ruin her life like this"

But Preeda shook her head quickly because Lisa's words echoed in her head.

"We can't interfere, I don't want to"

"But-"

This time, she squeezed his hand and stared at him through her long wet lashes. "She told me she will cut contact with us"

"For a hippie tattooed artist with doubtful hygiene?!"

(a/n: some kudos for him for remembering the whole phrase, my father barely remembers what major im in)

"I don't want to keep losing our daughter, Ananda," Preeda said seriously, putting firmness and determination in her words. "We already lost her when she came here, I don't want her to leave completely," she added and touched her husband's heart. Despite the fact that Lisa could be a headache at home and had caused a great problem when she was younger, she was the only daughter of both, a the bright light at home that illuminated them and gave them joy despite everything. The light they had let go and now regretted.

Ananda thought about it and finished by nodding slowly but his face still showed concern and a hint of displeasure for accepting this.

Preeda smiled a little and made him look at her. "We can be positive too. Lisa is young, she may think that she is the love of her life but young love hardly ever lasts and our daughter changes interests fast. Maybe she's making all this fuss now but that boy will be gone in a few months"

And so she expected.

(a/n: lol keep waiting)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VKnX-Qj1-mo>

(a/n: putting the song of the chapter here lol also love miss grande once again, she's now part of hybe and arikook is coming hoes I can feel it)

(a/n: just noticed you can't hear while reading so it's also up there in the media sorry besties)

The rain was falling as hard as a curtain of water that made it

almost impossible to see ahead. The noise was strident and the streets were beginning to flood.

At the bus stop, Lisa sighed and thought that the day really couldn't be worse.

When she got up she got a message from Lucas asking her to cover his shift at the ice cream parlor and since he had covered her many times, she couldn't refuse. It was Sunday after all, what else was she going to do? Cry over Jungkook in her sofa while eating ice cream and watching a kdrama?

(a/n: gosh she's a real jungkook stan)

HAHA, not this sunday, friends.

Sadly, there was no text or call from Jungkook which made her stomach shrink in seconds but since she had to have lunch with her parents and face reality, there was little room to sulk around, but afraid of finding herself blocked or receiving a bad message, she left your phone in your apartment.

It was stupid.

Very stupid.

Who the hell left their phone at home these days?

Just her, being a coward. And now she couldn't call her boss and let her know that she would be opening the ice cream shop a little late because she was stuck at the bus stop without an umbrella.

Why the hell she didn't bring an umbrella with her? It rained all night!

Damn, it was going to be three at the afternoon shortly and she had to open the shop.

Honestly, sometimes the Seoul weather was a pain in the ass with these sudden rains. Just the day before it had been sunny and hot and now it seemed like the world was falling.

And Lisa was running out of options. It's not like she actually had any option to begin with.

What was left honestly? Swim? Take the canoe out of her backpack?

Obviously she would have to get wet and run as fast as possible to the ice cream parlor without getting soaked to the bone, if that was possible.

Getting wet wasn't funny. Not when she had plans or wasn't under Jungkook.

So gathering courage, aspiring as Captain America before saving the world, she hugged her little black leather backpack to her chest and, putting a hand on her bangs, she took a deep breath and, letting out a squeak, she began to run.

The long walkway was flooded, with every step she took, Lisa splashed and wet the sleeve of her jeans and her white sneakers

filled with water, wetting her socks. Worst of all, the water was ice cold! And the rain was so strong, it seemed to be literally hitting her.

Shit, shit, shit...

Insults filled her mind. She loved the rain, she loved being indoors comfortably sitting on her couch, wrapped in a blanket while watching a movie and eating something hot, it was also appropriate when she wanted to think or refresh her mind, but right now the damn summer storm could go to hell.

She had to damn work!

And just when she thought her day couldn't be worse, when she got to the ice cream shop she realized that she didn't have the entry key with her, which she needed since Lucas broke the electronic lock the week before.

"Shiiiiittt!!!" she practically screamed although it was impossible to hear her in the rain.

Why did these things happen to her? She felt like a dinosaur had just peed on her!

This was karma for calling Jungkook stupid, right?

Definitely.

No one was a biggest fan of Jungkook that the universe. I mean, look at the only perfect man of our generation...

Jungkook!

Jungkook's parlor was close.

It's not like she could think too much with the raindrops practically slapping her so she ran off to where her boyfriend surely was.

He was there, right?

Lisa was going to drown in this rain if he wasn't there.

She ran as fast as she could to Jungkook's place and upon arrival she was grateful that the glass door opened when she pushed it violently. She nearly collapsed onto the ground from the force she used and sighed, barely using her feet to steady her very wet body.

"Oh thank God!" she gasped and ran a hand through her wet hair, pulling back the bangs that now weighed heavily on her forehead.

She was so wet that she was dripping on the wooded floor and she was also starting to get cold, but her cheeks and legs were hot from the exercise. She frowned upon seeing the puddle that she had just created and raised her head to apologize but she found that Jisoo wasn't there and...

Jungkook came out of his studio. "We are not work-" his voice trailed off when he saw her, he blinked repeatedly in uncertainty as he couldn't believe she was there and his lips parted.

The atmosphere became tense.

Lisa then remembered how things were between them and how they ended the last time they spoke.

A ball of fear and nervousness formed and began to weigh on her stomach as her breath hitched and her heart began to pound. She felt very insecure and afraid to say something that would screw up the situation even more, but seeing Jungkook again made her want to jump into his arms and hug him tightly, asking for his forgiveness.

God, she had missed him so much and in that moment his broad, muscular chest wrapped in a loose black t-shirt that only fitted there tempted her to bury her face there and pretend nothing had happened.

But it had indeed happened and she couldn't move because she couldn't deal with him rejecting her so she rubbed her wet arms, swallowing hard. And finally she said: "It's raining"

Wow...

Intelligent

It wasn't even noticeable, really. Rain? Where?

She? Wet? Oof, new type on sunlight in the latest world update.

She was really using all of her brain cells today.

Jungkook shifted his gaze to the entrance windows and nodded, pinching his full of earrings earlobe. "Yes, I've noticed"

Lisa nodded and looked around, shit, she couldn't even look at him! And he was just as uncomfortable as she was!

Why was he uncomfortable?

Was he going to say something bad to her? Was he going to break up with her?

Shit, was he going to break up with her?!

And as she began to panic, so did Jungkook, staring at the ground without actually looking at it. Overthinking all Lisa's actions right now, scared of her breaking up with him, being forced to do it now because she was running away from the rain and...

"Ahhhhh-" he groaned shaking his head to push away the horrible thoughts causing his heart to spasm and he cleared his throat when she looked at him in surprise. Of course, he was acting weird. "I thin-think you-you-you should change clothes," he stammered and narrowed his eyes. What the hell? What clothes was she going to wear? "No, I mean, you will get sick, yes, I'll go get a towel, just-" he growled to himself because he couldn't stop saying stupid things and he shook his hair, heading back to his studio.

"Wait!" her voice stopped him.

He turned around so fast the long curly strands of his hair got a little bit in his eyes. so he pushed it back.

She bit her lower lip, unsure and looking at her fidgeting hands.

"Can I use your phone? I forgot mine home and I have to notify my boss I won't open the shop"

He nodded and handed her his phone, which already had her fingerprint on it, and he escaped like the devil was after him.

Lisa was left alone and did what she had to do while still feeling that she was on a tightrope. Her mind was racing like crazy.

This was very awkward and she was upset that it was because since when was it awkward to be with Jungkook?

(a/n: actually like 70% of the fanfic)

Damn, this was her fault.

Why had she lied to her mother and to him to begin with?

If she had been honest now they would be happy, jumping hand in hand down the street, dancing in the rain, being romantic like in some movie.

She looked out and shivered.

Well, the idea of dancing in the rain didn't seem very good at the time, they'd probably both get pneumonia.

But if they ended up in the same hospital room... forced to talk and live together and solve their relationship problems without finishing... Uh... That sounded good...

"Meow! Meow! Meoww! "

Kitty?

Was that a kitty?

*(a/n: *me looking down* SHUT UP BITCH YOU'RE EXPOSING US)*

Lisa's crazy cat lady senses were alerted and she straightened up like a dog sniffing a bone at a distance.

"Ssshhhh," she heard Jungkook struggle with something and the kitten's shrill meows got louder, then Jungkook whimpered. "Ouch! Hey!"

Lisa pulled her cardigan off without thinking too much because the wool was starting to tickle her, she put it down on the couch, and walked towards Jungkook's studio.

She found him struggling with a small white furball with brown paws, which had its claws firmly stuck in his shirt and was meowing in his face, the grey towel lying forgotten on the tattoo chair.

A small smile grew on her lips when she saw him try to silence the kitten which made it meow louder. The little animal wanted something from Jungkook and it wasn't going to stop until it got it.

Aw, like her own kitty.

Jungkook then noticed her and sent her a look full of pain, asking for help.

She chuckled and walked over to him. "Hey, cutie," she hummed and took the paws to unhook them from Jungkook's shirt. The

kitten screeched as it was pulled onto Lisa's chest. She smiled fondly and stroked its head and the fluffy sides of its jaw. "Are you hungry, love?"

"He just ate!" Jungkook exclaimed totally puzzled and somewhat tired, Lisa could understand him. Kittens were intense. "He was sleeping just after getting his milk but he woke up when I entered!"

God, Jungkook was close to the brink of going insane, what the hell had the kitten done to him? And that really made Lisa chuckle, it was so noticeable that he wasn't a cat person.

"So, you're just being dramatic, uh?" She told the kitten that was a little calmer from her caresses and began to purr, nuzzling his head against her hand. "I'll give you some cuddles and you'll feel better, right baby? Right?" her heart was filled with tenderness when the little animal looked at her with his very clear blue eyes and seemed to be hypnotized by her. "You're so cuuuuute," she squealed and squeezed him a little against her chest, which annoyed the kitten and put his sharp little paws on her cheek to get away from her.

She giggled and walked out to sit on the entrance couch and put the kitten in front of her, then put her hand in a spider shape and moved it quickly to get his attention. He loved the idea and he started trying to catch her and nibble on her hands.

Oh, she missed when Leo was this little and mischievous.

Actually, to be honest, Leo as a kitten was a wild beast that had left permanent marks on her arms and this puny little guy didn't even reach his paws but he was so cute.

And she didn't even notice the look full of love that came from Jungkook, who was enjoying this like never before, seeing her smile and laugh with amusement and happiness. So she was okay and herself after all and the kitty did make her happy.

But her shoulders were exposed and when he noticed them he remembered that she was wet, the long strands of black hair dripping and wetting the waist of her jeans were parted on her back. He got worried that she would get sick if she stayed like this so he went to get the towel and put it on her shoulders, then he take a seat at the coffee table in front of her to fix the towel good enough around her.

Lisa raised her brown gaze at his caring gesture and a wave of discomfort hit him once more, remembering how things were, so his hand froze and he left them fall to his knees, squeezing them.

She too felt that tight, horrible sensation surround them and she looked away at the kitten.

Silence fell on them for a few seconds that seemed eternal, making the situation much more awkward.

He didn't know what to say.

She neither.

But Lisa cleared her throat then: "Hmm, where did you get the cat?" she asked without looking at him.

Jungkook rubbed the back of his neck smiling tightly and had a hard time saying it but god, was he really going to be such a coward? After dealing with that fluffball fighting his boot laces every two seconds, biting his fingers till getting blood and screaming for food just twenty minutes after eating for her? Because if it was all for her, he didn't want to lose her for being stupid and if he had to raise 25 kittens for her he would.

Whatever she did, he still considered her the love of her life.

"It's a gift... for you," he admitted in a soft voice.

Lisa's head snapped up to look at him with wide eyes and open lips. "Really?" her face softened, her eyebrows drooping a little and accentuating that precious look she had, bright and puppy-like.

Jungkook nodded. "I'm really sorry, Lisa," he finally said after nibbling on his lower lip and it felt liberating, especially since she didn't seem upset, she didn't seem about to break up with him and he thanked goddamn heaven for that. He was going to get crazy if she decided to get away from him.

She was a secure part of his fantasies of the future and his heart was going to be left in pieces.

Lisa pouted. "I'm sorry too, Jungkook," she murmured and he felt as if a 20kg heavy weight had just been lifted from his shoulders.

God, thank you, thank you very much.

He promised himself never to be stupid again even though he knew well it would be difficult BUT HE WAS GOING TO TRY.

"But are you going to gift me a kitty every single time we fight? Because if that's the case, I'll get so much more argumentative," she added, lightening the situation and making him smile completely suddenly, giggling a little.

(a/n: lol not me pulling my theories in here)

With a lighter heart, he lifted his hand and caressed her soft cheek, which was cold, and adored the way she looked at him with dreamy eyes, happy with his touch as well as he was happy to touch her. He had touched and kissed her yesterday but the fight and all the hellish hours he spent overthinking made time feel eternal and now it was as if he hadn't been with her in years.

"Sorry for being an asshole," he apologized again, sighing and focusing his gaze on his thumb running over her smooth, clear skin, barely brushing that attractive mole under her eye. "I really pushed you too much without any reason and I misjudged you without even wanting it, and I'm really sorry for it. You didn't deserve that"

He had things much clearer after talking to his friends and thinking all night about her and what they said. The situation escalated to the point that neither of them listened to the other and it only carried words and nonsensical accusations that yes, they hurt, but they were no longer important when she was in front of him looking at him with those eyes full of love, making his heart burn with every beat.

Lisa deserved better than what he gave to her, so much better and he was going to give it to her, he was going to give her all.

But Lisa shook her head quickly and took her hand in his, caressing it. "No no no. I am sorry! You had reasons to be suspicious, I should have told you before what things were like and explained it to you. I'm sorry for also dismissing your feelings, Jungkook. You're not stupid and neither are your feelings, I was the asshole," her little voice honestly filled his soul with sugar and the caresses on his hand were slowly destroying him.

"But they were stupid," he accepted with resignation, Lisa was not ashamed of him, Lisa was his biggest fan as Jisoo had said and he had really been unfair and stupid, whining about nonsense instead of allowing her to explain the situation to him. "I was-"

"No! Of course they weren't! Jungkook, your feelings are valid," she cut him off, denying him the chance to shit on himself like he always did and God, he felt so stupid now because she was always doing this, trying to help him love himself the way she loved him. "I understand you because I would have felt like shit if you hid our relationship to your family," she admitted. "I actually never explained the situation to you because I didn't want to hurt you but I did anyways and I'm so so sorry"

He shook his head, he didn't want to hear any more apologies. "It's okay, doll. I wasn't the best either, I shouldn't have thought the worst of you"

Lisa nodded, clearly relieved that he forgave her. She then looked up to him with long dark lashes framing her beautiful eyes and they shone: "Can I hug you then? I'm so cold," she asked softly.

God, she didn't have to ask.

Jungkook took a seat next to her, completely forgetting about the kitten that had jumped down and wandering around the entrance, and opened his arms to her. "Come here"

Lisa wasted no time in hugging him around his waist, burying her face in his warm chest and surrounding herself in his arms and affection. "I'm so happy, Jungkook. I don't like to be in bad terms with you," she murmured in a strangled voice, rubbing her cheek on his shirt for warmth, loving the smell of his perfume.

Jungkook smiled and squeezed her a little more, grateful that

they were okay, but then he noticed that she was really very wet, her arms were cold and she was wetting him with the drops that were still running down her hair and body. His gaze then caught her wet jeans and white darkened sneakers.

"God, Doll, you're gonna get sick," he mentioned and pulled away from her a bit but keeping his hand on her back, Lisa pulled back resting her hands on his leg and nodded, looking at herself.

"I didn't expect the rain," she laughed a little and he had a sudden flashback of that night after she fought with Chaeyoung, when she came to his apartment all wet but smiled at him in that way that made the situation ridiculous dramatic because she was fine. "But the cardigan kept my top a little bit safe"

"Wait a second, okay?" he stood up showing his finger and went to his studio.

Alone again, Lisa smiled and giggled happily, glad that everything was okay back and really wishing all the next fights were this easy to solve because she refused to repeat another hellish night of thinking.

She didn't like overthinking, not at all.

The kitten scared her by jumping on her calf, failing to grab her shoelaces and Lisa screamed a little, laughing at him.

"What are you trying to do?" she took him and pulled him onto her lap, laying him between her legs.

The little animal looked at her and nibbled on her hand that was trying to caress his round belly.

God, he was so cute.

Leo was going to hate him, totally. But Lisa was going to take this baby home anyway and oh! She had to think of a name!

What name could she give him?

"You're going to be my new friend, little one," she spoke sweetly to him, bopping his nose which made him bite her finger playfully. She giggled. "I need more company at home, do you know what? Leo isn't enough sometimes"

It broke Jungkook's heart to hear that when he came back, the reality struck him that Lisa had been completely alone the night before, all her friends were far away and it didn't seem that she had called Seungyeon because that way she would have sent him many insults by texts, both got along very well certainly.

God, in the meantime he had watched 4 movies in a row with his Hyungs while he was getting drunk...

He had his friends and Lisa didn't and wasn't said when she was arguing with her mother that she stayed in Seoul just for him?

"I found this," he spoke as she was still wet and at risk of getting sick. "Jimin Hyung sometimes changes here so he left some

sweatpants and here you have my sweatshirt," he offered and god the idea of dry clothes could cause Lisa an orgasm.

"Thank you!" Lisa handed the kitten gently into his arms although they both resisted the contact and went to the private bathroom that he and Jimin shared to change.

Jungkook's perfume with a light hint of smoke surrounded her as she slid the sweatshirt down her body and it reached her mid-thighs. Jimin's sweatpants were only a little too big which she appreciated because she knew that if he wore a pair of Jungkook they would fall off. And her body was much warmer now, but her hair was still damp and would possibly puff up like a lion's mane in minutes so she combed it as best she could with her fingers after drying it with a towel and tied it up into a messy bun.

And she was finally ready.

Ready to talk to Jungkook about what had happened and explain the things that she had done and why, because she had just faced her mother and if she agreed to the right choice, Lisa would definitely have to introduce him.

But she refused to put them both in another stupid trouble for not being honest so she nodded to herself in the mirror to confirm that she really would do what she had to do and she went out looking for him.

Jungkook was still in the hall, he had sat sideways on the long sofa and was moving his feet so that the kitten would jump around him playing with the laces of his boots.

It was a good way to distract him.

"We have to talk," she told him, approaching with a smile and perhaps he was as calm as she felt because Jungkook simply nodded and opened his arms for her to hug him again.

Lisa laughed and leaned between his legs, being immediately surrounded by his tattooed arms, protected by his body. It was warm and welcoming, her special place to believe that everything would be alright despite adversity. She wasn't lying when she said that Jungkook felt like home.

When they were comfortable and warm enough, she spoke: "Sooooo ... I didn't tell my mom about our relationship because she would want to meet you and she would be terrible to you."

"Yeah?"

"Jungkook, they have been shitting about my career and my choices since forever and I learned to deal with it," she added and although she didn't sound distressed, Jungkook remembered her face from that time she told him the story of how and why she ended up in South Korea studying. He remembered how much it had affected her and how much it actually upset her even though

she tried to hide it and he hated being in that position of being one more reason for her parents to despise her decisions.

He was still blaming himself for not considering that in more depth when he was locked in the bathroom.

He was there by himself doing nothing, his phone was out of the room, he could have at least THINK.

"And I didn't want to expose you to that situation and make you the target because you're not used as I do," she continued and tilted her head to look at him, he caressed her shoulder affectionately and held his breath, being aware of the closeness of her and her words. "We are so perfect without them and I thought I could drag the situation for a long time but it exploded in my face and yours and I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to give you the idea I was embarrassed or something. I just didn't want them to make you think you're not good enough"

She was so sweet, so perfect.

And he was an idiot.

So was she really looking to protect him?

And he couldn't even deny that he would have actually been affected by being the target of insults from her parents, he knew deep down that it would have discouraged him a lot. He already considered himself not good enough even though he sometimes wanted to think otherwise and if someone told him, even if it wasn't Lisa, it would destroy him.

Probably Lisa knew him too well and he had to learn to accept how she really was, to accept that she was actually a beautiful person who loved him despite his flaws.

And that was a lot because he was carrying a lot of flaws lately.

She wasn't the problem, her parents were.

"It's okay," he leaned down to kiss her forehead affectionately. She closed her eyes and her long lashes shadowed her cheeks. "It's okay, doll, I understand"

"But!" she looked at him. "I talked with them this morning, I told them about us," pure euphoria ran through him at hearing that. She did it? For real? And this was so special because he really didn't expect her to do so and now he didn't want to if it was going to create her a bigger problem. He came to the conclusion he was all about not minding it if she decided to keep it secret, so Lisa surprised him. "I decided I didn't want the situation to keep going like this so I confronted my mom and told her that she could choose between being supportive or cutting all ties with me"

Wait?

Did she really do that?

That extreme?

What?

For him?

And her look was honest, even she was proud herself.

But what about all she was going to lose if that ended up wrong? He didn't want her life ruined.

"But you don't have to do this for me, you know, right?" he said and confused her.

"But-"

"Lisa, I'm serious," he interrupted her. "I don't want you to suffer consequences from this. You don't have to put your mother in that situation that might end up bad for you for me"

Lisa shook her head, rejecting his words. "But I want to and I know it's the right thing to do, it's one step to make things right for once," and she was convinced about it and if she was, all he could do was trust her and support her.

Lisa knew better.

"I'm so proud of you doll," because it required big balls to tell that to the person who was paying your bills.

It also required a lot of love to, love for him...

He couldn't even explain what he was feeling, it was so beautiful it had no name, but he hoped he could make her feel it too someday because his love for her was as big as she was showing hers for him now.

He felt so lucky to have her, so fucking lucky and he also felt like an idiot because not him crying over bullshit last night when Lisa was here giving it all for him in front of his own eyes.

She giggled then. "Yeah, I'm really kind of worried she will cut all ties because that means leaving me on the streets," she admitted after all.

He smiled. "I don't think she will cut everything, Lisa," her mother wouldn't be all over Lisa if she didn't want Lisa in her life, at least that was clear to Jungkook. But could that woman really change and be supportive for Lisa? Because he would really love that Lisa had a good relationship with her mother, she deserved to be appreciated and especially after working so hard, at least that way she would be happier.

"You think so?" she asked softly, like she was afraid of expressing a real concern about it... Like she didn't really want to be so weak and show that she actually cared about her mother.

"Yes, I think so," he nodded, trusting his guts on this because well not like the other option was good and Lisa didn't need to hear that. "She's your mom after all"

She lowered her eyes, smirking without much humor. "But she still can kick me out the house when I do wrong," she said under

her breath, showing real pain for it even when she wasn't all tears about it.

Jungkook sighed, she had a point because it already happened but he hoped for the best.

"If she does, you can come live with me," he offered instead, stroking her cheek.

"I don't think your Hyungs will be happy with that"

"I don't care, doll. I would never leave you deal with a problem like that by yourself," he assured her because yes, Lisa could take care of her by herself, she was strong and cunning, but he loved taking care of her and would never stop supporting her and her happiness.

Besides, it would be a way of encouraging her while she got her own place. He could already predict that nothing would make her happier than to achieve something so great on her own and he did trust she was capable of doing so.

She smiled and snuggled back, taking his hand to entwine their fingers close to her heart. Only then did Jungkook notice that she still had his ring on her forefinger and he smiled a little silently, hoping that she would not take it off soon or ever. He liked that she carried something of him everywhere.

"I'm sorry I don't have normal parents like any other girl who would just accept you," she murmured even though it wasn't her fault. "I hate that they're like that"

"But you aren't and that's the most important part"

"I really don't want you to feel bad as when you were with Tzuyu"

His unconscious actions had really dug deep, hadn't they?

"Lisa, listen, I'm sorry for comparing the situation but trust me, you never made me feel bad like her"

"I did yesterday," she reminded him.

"No, doll, that was just me having a mean mindset. You're nothing like her and I promise to be better and stop making you feel like you're in some kind of competition," he promised, looking into her eyes seriously, he wanted her to be sure about it and he would do anything to change. He was also sick of having another person on his mind, ruining everything.

He was giving her too much power over him when she wasn't even there anymore.

"It is not exactly like that, but thank you," she simply smiled and rested her hands on his chest to rise and kiss my nose. He grinned like a fool.

"I'm sorry," he insisted that she take it seriously. "I'm fucked up and you and me can see it, but you help me a lot to feel better about myself," he confessed. "I know no one would love me and

appreciate me like you do, besides myself if I ever get to see what you see in me"

"Jungkook...", she murmured softly, melting.

"Thank you for loving me the way you do, doll," he drew her by the cheek and kissed her lips gently, but Lisa intensified the touch of their lips and hugged him around the neck.

There was the supernova once again, the stars colliding and creating games of bright lights that could turn the worst of things into something beautiful and only she had that power. She really was the warm color splashing into all the black that he displayed.

He didn't want to lose that color never, literally never. *A future without her was without color, monochromatic and cold* as it was his past before her.

He held her waist firmly and moved his head in sync with hers, keeping her as close as ever, feeling her small body against him and loving the reality of having her here with him.

It took them a few slower kisses and then pecks to finally separate their lips but they did and smiled to each other with such intimacy it was like a warm blanket.

She then hugged him and placed affectionate kisses on his neck that tickled and caused giggles. "I love you too, Kook," she murmured as if it were a secret only for him as her love was really only for him.

"But my parents will want to meet you if they make the right choice and I want to know, are you okay with it? Are you ready?" she questioned then, full of doubts of course and although Jungkook felt a slight hit of anxiety, he took a deep breath and nodded because it was for her, all for her.

"I am if you're by my side"

"Of course I will," she crooned tenderly. "But there's something I have to tell you," she added, getting serious.

He frowned since she looked now awkward. "What is it?"

"My mom may have some misconception about you," she murmured with some fear, clasping her fingers and looking at her short clean nails.

"Misconception? Why? How? Was it during that exhibition?" because he didn't remember spending time enough with her to make some ideas... or did he?

"Well, it's actually Tzuyu's fault, it's because the things she said about you, you know," Lisa shrugged and the collar of her hoodie moved a bit, revealing the mole on her neck that deserved a hickey on it again.

Jungkook, focus.

"What things?"

Lisa stared at him and cocked her head to the side, arching an eyebrow slowly.

Jungkook blinked cluelessly.

"...You don't know?"

"Know what?"

"No, wait! You didn't ask her?!" she quickly straightened up and scared the kitten, who jumped off the couch and ran into Jungkook's studio.

"Ask her what?" Jungkook still didn't know what she was talking about and why was Lisa so upset?

"What she said about you to her family!" she exclaimed sharpening her voice, almost offended that he hadn't asked Jungkook and just with that he remembered that she actually told him to ask even though he didn't think it would be that serious, it actually didn't even stay in his mind. "That's the reason why they hate you so much! Wasn't that the reason you told her to go fuck herself?"

What?

What the fuck?

"There's a reason beside my tattoos and whole self?"

Lisa scoffed and laughed without humor and then covered her mouth. "Oh my God... Jungkook, sweetie...", she said, feeling pity for him.

Why?

What was going on?

What didn't he know?

"What is it? What did she say? "

Lisa took a deep breath and released it, clearly uncomfortable: "She told her family you were the one she was having a complicated relationship with, the one that two timing with his girlfriend, playing her, and the one that got her pregnant and then left her. I guess her words were confirmed because you were there during her miscarriage and not Mingyu. So in short, she said you were Mingyu"

...

Wha-What?

Did she...

For real?

What?!

After all he did for her she fucking did that?!

And Lisa knew?

"What?! And you just tell me?!"

"Oh no, no, no, don't make me responsible!" Lisa quickly defended herself. "I told you to ask her what she said about you!"

Yeah, she did, but why didn't she tell him herself?

"Yeah, I tried but she told me I didn't want to know," he explained, reminiscing about that horrible afternoon.

"And you didn't insist?!"

"It wasn't the right moment! I was angry at her for kissing me!"

"Jungkook, how do you just don't insist?! Where's your curious cat side? I wouldn't be able to sleep if I knew someone is saying things about me and I don't know what things!"

"I didn't think it was that horrible!"

"It was! And that's why you always have to listen to me, again! I told you she was bad and horrible and you were playing the best friend!"

"I wouldn't have done that if you told me!"

"It wasn't my place to say it and I thought you were going to figure out!"

"Well I didn't," he said obviously because... How would something like that go through his head? Tzuyu had been mean in many ways and he wanted to believe that she was innocent several times but this was a new level and obviously he would never have imagined it.

Who the hell did that?

And to him?

Especially him?

Of all the people she could betray, she betrayed him. Him, the stupid that he had always been for her, like the damn dog that disgusted him to remember. And on top of that she had the audacity to act as if they were friends and everything was fine.

After shoving the damn dagger in his back FOR MINGYU! ONE MORE TIME FOR MINGYU!

"So the reason her parents hate me is that they think I did that?" he managed to mutter with such disappointment that he felt like she was drowning.

He felt so stupid.

"Yes," Lisa sighed.

"It's not about my tattoos?"

She shrugged, flattening his shirt like it was the most interesting thing in the world. "I mean, knowing mothers, they may dislike you because of that but they for sure won't despise you because of the tattoos specifically"

"This is crazy, this can't be real," he sighed and rubbed his forehead, his elbow resting on his raised knee which in turn protected Lisa from the edge of the sofa.

"I'm sorry, you're right, I should have told you," she admitted, stroking his neck, her thumb brushing the mole at the side of his neck.

"Yeah, you should," he agreed because if Lisa told him he would have been less stupid, he wouldn't have given Tzuyu another chance.

But he couldn't blame her, it really wasn't her responsibility to tell him and at the end of the day, she warned him about Tzuyu, trusting him to figure out what was wrong with her himself, which he failed to do as we all can remember.

It was amazing that just when he thought that the "Tzuyu's situation" couldn't be more fucked up, Tzuyu was ready to surprise him.

And then it hit him the root of all this conversation. "So she also ruined my chances with your mother? How does your mother know to begin with?"

"My mom knows everything, she's a walking wikipedia in high society," Lisa explained and that reminded him of his own mother, at being the owner of a fairly popular neighborhood restaurant, she knew quite a bit about everyone. "But I told her it's not true and that Tzuyu was lying"

"And she didn't believe you," he said with certainty because obviously Lisa's mother wouldn't believe him but Tzuyu, a nice and rich girl from the same social background as her.

"Well... no," Lisa admitted much to her regret.

"Fuck," he sighed, tilting his head back.

"Yeah, it's bad," she admitted. "But I know it's not true and I don't care what they think because time always takes charge of proving the truth, they will know who you really are sooner or later and they may love you because you're so special, Jungkook," obviously she tried to cheer him up and she succeeded.

He smiled at her because she was truly the sweetest person on earth, he would beat himself up if he ever thought she could think otherwise again, and cradling her cheek, he kissed her again in gratitude. He enjoyed the loving, wet contact between them that lasted for perhaps a few minutes, between soft, slow clicks.

He could worry about the problems that surrounded them later because now they were both alone under the storm in the same place where they met again after so long of liking each other at a distance and it was perhaps magical. It was just him and Lisa once again and he liked to think that whatever happened, they had for each other because she made him feel like that.

Safe.

But it didn't last long because a thunder so strong that it shook the earth a little frightened them and cut off the power.

At least they weren't in the dark since it was still daylight but the cloudy day barely gave any illumination.

"Fuck, do you think it was in all the center?" he asked, looking out even though it was difficult.

"I guess-" and Lisa's voice was cut off by the loud meows of the new kitten, he was close and very scared. "Fuck, we have to find him," she told Jungkook worriedly and quickly took his phone to light up around her as she called the kitty.

Jungkook wasted no time in helping her although he couldn't do much without light and less when Lisa was already crouching next to the sofa and next to that pot with a large plant that adorned that corner of the entrance.

"Here you are," Lisa hummed slowly as she found her new baby cornered between the pot and the wall, he was shivering and all his fur was bristling with terror as he meowed for mom. "It's okay baby, I'm coming," she assured him and knowing the noise might scare him, she slowly moved the heavy pot to get more space to grab him. Jungkook helped her by gently moving the sofa so that Lisa was able to grab the kitten and cradle it against her chest, lighting up the wall behind without noticing by crossing her arm around the kitty with the phone in hand.

And then she saw it.

One moment...

Was that girl there... her?

It was her!

The mural, as she already knew, was an aesthetic collage of drawings that somehow were connected by following the same line in some way and unfolding like roots from the big J in the middle of everything, everything was black, but fair in that corner that she had just discovered, a silhouette was formed with a dark yellow color that was shaded by lighter colors of the same warm tone. That girl was obviously her, her side profile, looking up as if she were the one who was looking at the rest of the drawings and gradually began to illuminate them.

Lisa remembered then that time, the first time she was here.

She was following the traces of paint and began to point out every drawing in her mind like "Oh, that's a daisy" and "And this is a whale". She wondered what was the meaning...

Her eyes caught a glimpse of yellow in a corner, she got closer, narrowing her eyes...

"Lisa!"

Lisa turned in surprise, her hair flew around her due to the speed and her eyes widened in surprise. Jungkook looked at her in alarm, as if something had happened. Chaeyoung and Jisoo also looked at him, not understanding anything.

"Sorry," Jungkook scratched the back of his neck and gave everyone a

shy look. "Hmm, you, uh... you forgot this"

Lisa looked down at her hands and there was the... box of tissues?

Lisa snorted and turned to look at Jungkook. "A gift for Chaeyoung? More like something to cover your ass, sir "

Jungkook, who had looked worried but not as in panic as when she found out about Killa, remembered in seconds the situation she was referring to and laughed, tilting his head down and playing with his ear.

Lisa loved that he no longer felt ashamed for liking her, because she honestly loved this, she loved being in so many parts that were so important to him and she felt so fucking loved that she didn't know what the hell to do with herself and that powerful feeling in her chest.

No one was going to adore her like this and she couldn't believe it was even possible.

"Do you like it?" he asked, after a silence with his eyes on her as she looked back at the mural, even getting closer to touch the paint strokes.

Lisa laughed because it was such a silly question. "Jungkook, since when do you actually like me?" she asked instead, not as puzzled as she should be but curious.

Killa existed way before they started to talk and this was already here when she came the first time.

Since when Jungkook knew her exactly?

He ran his tongue around the inside of his cheek and the twinkle in his eyes turned mischievous, amused. "Aren't you hungry?" And so he changed the subject.

And the curious cat in Lisa was dead because she let it out and nodded, playing along because she was really hungry and the kitten in her arms was probably too.

And looking back at the mural, she decided that she wanted a tattoo... designed by Jungkook and to Lisa.

He marked her in his life, and she wanted his mark in her skin.

(a/n: that sounded weird but better in my mind)

(a/npt2): I might make a poll on ig about what tattoo lisa should get so you all remember to follow me on Instagram it's tukkilisa 🍷👉👌)

(a/n: had to find fake lucas bc lisa doesn't love her second child wbk)

Preeda

Lisa

Good night, daughter.

I'd love to have you and your boyfriend
eating with us at lunch.

May I wait for you at 12 PM?

sure

we will be there

Kook-chan💖

my mom texted

she wants us at lunch

tomorrow

first of all

hello loml

we're in the same place jungkook

what a pleasure to see your message

second of all

everything will be alright

you think so?

no👎

but

hehe😁

i can suck your dick if that

calms you down 🤏👉👉👉

oh

what is this im feeling?

a panic attack?

unzips pants

55555

is this sexting

🤔

omg

is it

idk

i never did it

how do you do it?

should i just say

YEAAAH

KOOK-CHAN👉👉

FILL ME UP WITH YOUR JUICE👉👉👉👉

GIMME YOUR BABIES👉

nnghhhhh~::~

this is why we

can't have nice things lalisa

do you want your

dick sucked or not

NNGGGNNNN~::~🤔🤔

LISA-CH-CHAAN👉👉

YOU'RE SO WARM🤔👉👉

I CAN FEEL YOUR UTERUS👁️👁️👉👁️

hope you all liked their make up scene bc it took me a lot to write👉👁️👉👁️ I don't know if they touched all the necessary topics but I hope it satisfied you all and it didn't feel forced. remember you can tell me what you think bc I'm always open to discuss and do better.

if you like it, comment and vote👍👍 hope i can bring second part on friday, I didn't publish it all together bc I don't want to slap you all with a lot of words this time hehe

Chapter 40 • Pt. 2

i should have said FRIDAY IN MY COUNTRY lmfaao sorry for people waiting maybe it's already saturday in your zone

!!!!!!HI AGAIN MY TUKKIHoes!!!!!!

okay okay I'm here I'm here sorry for the delay even tho it's not a delay because it's FRIDAY 4PM IN MY HOUSE 🤔🤔 and I did really have to check lol bc I don't know what day I live in and I thought I updated on a Wednesday not a Thursday and why the heck im talking so much

sorry I'm nervous

hope you like it 🍷 also **take a shot every single time they hold hands** ☐

PLS IVE NOT HAD HUMAN CONTACT IN SO LONG AND ITS SHOWING

ALSO, sorry sorry I'll shut up in a minute, I'll reply last chapter comments later bc I didn't want to delay this update more. btw THANK YOU for following on social media, pls dm me who you are on twt.

(a/n: jk in that interview DAMN puurr daddy is that seat taken?)

(a/n: I can't believe he tricked me into liking that look tho bc being honest tukkihoes, I don't like his long hair. sorry sorry 🤔☐ I'll go pray a padre nuestro and regret all my sins)

After so long together, dating or not, anyone would think that Lisa would have already passed the stage of being impressed by seeing Jungkook but this time, the words died in her mouth and she slid her gaze down his body slowly out of breath.

Wow...

"What? Is there something wrong?" he asked concerned about her silence and the way she was looking at him although if he paid attention, he would notice that she was ogling him shamelessly.

(a/n: ogling is my new favorite word, ill dismantle the patriarchy with it)

To begin with, he had combed his hair back, only one side though and he let some of his hair fall over the other side of his face, accentuating his eyebrows and eyes. And it fit him so well, Lisa didn't know he could really do that and she was even more eager than usual to dig her fingers into his hair and claim his mouth as she caressed his sharp jaw with her other hand.

He wore a black shirt with the first two buttons open almost dangerously, revealing his sharp, gold collarbones, tucked into dress pants that fit so well that they seemed specially tailored to him and they were making Lisa simply appreciate him for long seconds because it was insane the way those long legs in straight dress pants were driving her crazy. Just by seeing him arrive and walk, she felt like pushing him to a hotel room and forget about her parents.

Gosh, he was so handsome.

Sure, Jungkook couldn't read her dirty thoughts and he looked himself from chest to toe, looking for the flaw, a fluff, SOMETHING WRONG. Although surely he was wrong, all of him, yes, totally, everything was wrong and would go wrong and Jungkook would die at that moment because of a damn heart attack because he couldn't be more nervous and he felt the heartbeats so strong that he could well have an orchestra of boom-boom ka-boom boom-boom's and then some *waka-waka he-he* in his ears.

"Sir... you're doing things to me that should be illegal," she replied after a few seconds, running her tongue over her teeth in a mischievous smile.

...

...

...

Jungkook pouted cutely. "Lisa, I'm about to die, stop sexually harassing me," he whimpered and dropped his face into the crook of her neck.

(a/n: omg i love that tiktok so much)

She laughed and reached up to stroke his hair, which was relaxing but he was quick to grab her wrist and keep her from ruining his hairstyle which basically hurt him to do because a man just wants some pets sometimes. He was dying for cuddles but he was afraid that the light touch would unleash a fatal disaster on his head.

Because yes, everything could be fatal that day, absolutely EVERYTHING.

"But you look so good, baby, you don't need to be so nervous," she crooned, placing her hands on his biceps.

Oh.

All right.

Something was right.

Maybe not everything was bad.

Who said that everything would be wrong? Haha, shut up, not Jungkook.

Jungkook sighed in relief and raised his head just to look at her. "You look beautiful," he complimented her instead and Lisa looked

down at herself, wearing straight, high waist white jeans and a short clear beige silk corset with a T-shirt underneath. There was also a strong shade of pink on her lips highlighting her mouth on her pale face and contrasting with her long, perfectly straightened black hair.

She had never before been so pretty to have lunch with her parents.

She was dazzling that noon, she shone like an angel and brought a full, toothy smile to his lips knowing that this angel was his and THEY WERE SO MUCH ADVANCED IN THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

GOD, HE WAS GOING TO MEET HER PARENTS!

Holy hell.

"I guess we're gonna be the hottest couple in the room today," she shrugged to ease his little mental tirade and interlocked their hands together, delightfully brushing all the soft spots his fingers might have. "Are you ready?" she then asked seriously because although he looked extremely handsome, she could tell from leagues away how nervous he was.

Jungkook hesitated to answer for a few seconds and looked inside the restaurant as if he was about to go to war because he really felt that way.

Was this going to be a good lunch? Probably not.

Was he ready? Clearly not.

Did he have to do it? Yes, absolutely, you know that yes.

Did he want to do it? No, absolutely not, you know that no.

But he was a grown man, hardworking, decent, big shit as his friends said. Why was he nervous? He had no reason to be nervous, haha, who's nervous? Not Jungkook, haha, nope. Jungkook and nervous in the same sentence? Nop, noppity, noppity, nope. Haha, shut up, NOT JUNGKOOK I SAID.

Lisa moved closer to him until she was surrounded herself in his perfume and with a finger she moved his jaw so that he looked at her, the light touch of her finger traveled all over his body and distracted him from his nervous state in the seconds that he realized how close she was. And how damn beautiful she was

Was she ever aware of how mesmerizing her huge brown orbs were?

Probably it was that eyeliner in her eyes that was so perfected that it made him look like a mediocre tattoo artist.

"We still can cancel and go eat somewhere else"

Excuse me?

Cancel?

"What am I? A coward?" yes, you are.

He shook his head and raised his eyebrows with a false arrogance

that he begged to help him. *You know, fake it till you make it.* "No way, doll, we're going there!"

Lisa chuckled and kissed his cheek softly, cupping his other cheek in the warm shelter of her hand. "You're so cute but I don't want to force you to go through this"

But it was going to be even worse in front of her parents if they ran away so no. Also, that sweet treatment she was giving him was certainly reassuring and calming, confirming that at least he was not alone.

AND HE WASN'T!

THE WORLD COULD END AND HE WOULD HAVE LISA BY HIS SIDE.

Hehe, that was so sweet to think. Not him giggling mentally at this like a teenager.

He smiled slightly and shook his head. "It's okay, it's just lunch"

"Yes, it's just lunch," she nodded although she sounded nervous because she was too, worried that her parents wouldn't know how to behave and would make lunch hell.

Jungkook swallowed hard, why was she nervous now? What did she think? What happened? They were going to fail right?

Oh no no no

Jungkook, no.

Jungkook don't.

Jungkook shut up.

Intrusive thoughts off, please.

It's just lunch.

Just lunch!

"Just lunch," he repeated, not as sure as the first time.

Lisa sighed, averting a very worried look: "Lunch..."

SHIT.

Yeah...

Why pretending?

This was bad, really bad.

He was going to die.

Bring him a blood pressure, his coca-cola dropped.

"Excuse me, Miss Manoban?" the restaurant receptionist called out to her with a soft and polite voice, her hands clasped in front of her chest covered by a green vest and the M sign embroidered on the right side of her chest; a commercial smile was on her pink lips. "Are you eating here today? Shall I look for a table for you and your company?"

Right.

They came to eat.

Of course.

With Lisa's parents.

Completely.

Absolutely.

Whateverly.

They had been standing there at the entrance perhaps for a long time.

"No, sorry," Lisa smiled and cocked her head. "I actually have an appointment with my parents, do you know if they're already inside?"

(a/n: is appointment the real word? bc i feel like it's date but it sounds wrong but appointment sounds like seeing your doctor)

"Ah yes! They just arrived, they are at their favorite table. May I walk you there? "

THEY WERE HERE?

ALREADY?

THEY WON'T LET HIM PREPARE?

AND HOW WOULD JUNGKOOK KNOW HOW TO SIT?

I mean, he had been sitting by himself since he was six months old, but THIS WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION.

Lisa gently shook her head at the receptionist saying no and squeezed Jungkook's hand, asking him with her eyes if she was okay.

No.

He was NOT okay.

He didn't expect them to come so fast.

(a/n: me when i have sex)

But he nodded and he didn't know what face he made because she reassured him: "Everything's gonna be alright"

Together they walked into the huge hotel restaurant with high ceilings and golden decorations, he was admired by the elegance of the place, it was like a palace with large and thick round and carved columns. But he especially liked that even though it was a closed place, the huge windows, the white walls and the huge chandeliers with faux diamonds reflecting the light gave the feeling of being in a true fairytale palace. Or a temple.

This was way better than Jimin had described and he felt so small because he wouldn't sit down to eat with people with enough money to pay for lunch here, no, he would sit down to eat with the owners of the whole damn hotel .

Wasn't it easier to have lunch with the president? At least in that situation, he wasn't sleeping with his daughter.

(a/n: sleeping is a euphemism)

"Yes, everything's gonna be alright," he breathed out, forcing himself to look straight because if he kept looking around he would

start to feel as small as a pin.

"Just be calm," she muttered under her breath, looking for her parents since at that time and in the summer the restaurant was full and the waiters passed around them quickly.

"Okay"

"And everything's gonna be alright"

"It will be"

"Don't overthink"

AH OKAY SO NOW HE WAS GOING TO SWITCH DOWN THE OVERTHINKING APP IN HIS BRAIN.

No.

Jungkook, be polite.

"I'll try"

"Please, everything's gonna be alright"

Was his impression or was she sounding increasingly insecure?

And just as she found her parents they saw her and Jungkook. Her mother's eyebrow arched, scrutinizing them both with a look not at all subtle, with one arm crossed over her body and the other up, her delicately curved hand on her chin, and Ananda didn't seem affected but Lisa knew her father and he might have a stoic face but the change in his eyes was familiar to her.

However, Lisa smiled. "They're there," she whispered to Jungkook through her teeth and glanced at him, obviously he had noticed the intense gazes on him that immediately bothered him and he wanted to stand in front of a mirror and correct any flaws he could find. THERE SHOULD BE SOME LINT ON HIS BLACK CLOTHES! HE WAS SURE! Or a hair! A hair of Leo or the kitten. SOMETHING SHOULD BE THERE. "Don't let them in your head"

THEY WERE ALREADY THERE AND JUST WITH ONE LOOK.

"Okay," he nodded.

"And we're gonna behave and everything's gonna be alright"

"You already said that"

"But everything's gonna be-"

"Lisa?"

"Yes?" she stopped suddenly and turned to see him quickly with her heart in her throat because it was racing like crazy as they approached those two evil people ready to criticize everything about her and Jungkook.

"You're making me more nervous," he admitted to stop her because he was squeezing his nerves with hers.

"Sorry," she pouted ruefully. "I'm nervous too, sorry"

...

Well... At least he was not the only nervous mess in the room and he felt a little calm go through him when he noticed that Lisa was

trying for him, she wanted to do things right for both of them and find a middle level that would solve this problem. He had to calm down and help her.

That made him smile a little bit and he moved her hair behind her ear, brushing her cheek. "Everything's gonna be alright," he repeated, tilting his head from side to side with a slightly funny expression that made her giggle.

That sweet sound calmed his erratic heartbeat quite a bit because for a few seconds at least he finally felt like everything would be okay.

"Okay, we're ready," she nodded with a determined expression. They weren't.

"We are," he agreed, it was too late to run away anyway.

And both, hands clasped and palms together, approached the table with their best smiles, getting polite smiles as a reply.

"*Hellooo, good morning everyone*," Lisa hummed naturally with her charm unfolding its best because she knew she was going to need it. "Mom, Dad, this is Jeon Jungkook. Jungkook, my parents, Ananda and Preeda Manoban," she was quick to introduce them.

Jungkook leaned 90 degrees down with his hands clasped politely and he just received slight bows in response. Both older adults were clear wealthy people with years of high status and privilege and it wasn't noticeable because of their expensive clothes, but because they exuded an intimidating and powerful aura that naturally made you feel small... Especially when that was their clear intention.

Jungkook was not stupid, these people disapproved of him without knowing him at all and it was all because of his physical appearance.

But it was not the first time and if he could survive the horrible looks filled with hatred from Tzuyu's parents who believed that he had disgraced their daughter, he could probably survive this prejudice.

Not like he had another option.

Maybe if they knew him they would like him.

Maybe...

Everyone said that he was actually a very good boy AND IF THEY HAD LIED TO HIM HE WAS GOING TO DELIVER SLAPS LIKE AMAZON PRIME BECAUSE THE GOOD RELATIONSHIP WITH THE PARENTS OF HIS GIRLFRIEND HANG BY A THREAD AND ONLY HIS SUPPOSED CHARM COULD SAVE HIM.

"It's a pleasure," Preeda said... with all her lungs, forming a smile on her lips.

Lisa suddenly wanted to laugh wryly and barely managed to stifle her snort, thankfully Jungkook moved the chair for her in that

moment and distracted her.

Her boyfriend sat next to her, upright with his hands together on his lap and fingers playing with his own rings, and looked at his in-laws with disguised attention.

Lisa's mother had the same eyes as Lisa but a little smaller and less accentuated, probably because of the makeup, the same happened with her lips but they both shared the same petite bodies and delicate movements. And even though they were alike, they were totally different in style and attitude and probably wouldn't seem related if you didn't see them together. Lisa's father, on the other hand, was huge. He was sitting but you could tell that he was a tall man, he had broad shoulders wrapped in a thin black dress jacket and huge hands with thick but pristine and clean fingers like those of a person who had never done any manual work. That probably explained Lisa being relatively tall for what was common.

And although he tried to hide his curiosity, Lisa's parents did not hide anything, they looked at him directly and without inhibitions, he strongly resisted shifting on his chair and grab a spoon to check his appearance.

His hair was still where he left it last time, right?

He smelled good, right?

He brushed his teeth 3 times, it was impossible for him to have anything there and at least of that he was sure.

BUT THAT LEFT PRE-MOLAR TOOTH...

Lisa, at his side, refused to let the silence stay awkwardly as they looked at Jungkook as if he was a different human breed.

"So, it's a beautiful day, right? It finally stopped raining," she said casually and murmured a thank you to the diligent waiter who had just handed her a menu, as he did to Jungkook too.

"Thank you," Preeda smiled a little at the waiter and looked at her daughter. "It's too cloudy and cold, isn't it summer in here?" she complained as if simply going to a Louis Vuitton store and buying a coat was something she didn't do on a regular basis. "In Thailand we usually have sunny days. Have you been in Thailand, Jungkook?" she turned her gaze to Jungkook once more.

"Uh?" He glanced at her over the menu, which was full of foods he'd never tried, and registering her question, he shook his head at her.

"No, sorry"

"Well, you should some day," she replied with a not sincere smile, but the important thing was what she had just said.

Lisa looked at her in terror.

Did she really say that? Like hinting that Lisa should take him to Thailand?

Was this her mother?!

What did they do to her?

Did they change her?

A free lobotomy came with that red Carolina Herrera dress that she was wearing?

"If my daughter is living here and staying more than necessary, even during summer, away from her friends and family," and there she was, indirectly attacking. It was all too good to be true, right? Lisa rolled her eyes. "You should go to Thailand and know her culture too, shouldn't you?"

She was being poisonous with a tone as sweet as candy.

But Jungkook thought that she was right. Lisa was indeed away from her family and friends during this summer because of him.

And she also expressed being lonely, even Bambam texted him to do something.

There was her decision, yes, but Jungkook felt guilty.

Besides, could he ever get to know Thailand? He hoped that yes, he would love to walk the streets with her hand in hand, showing him all the beautiful places of her country. He would love to see the house she grew up in and also visit that cabin in Phuket that she had mentioned before.

Lisa saw her father smile a little at her mother's subtle attacks but she ignored him in favor of peace and she looked at Jungkook, squeezing his hand under the table to gain his attention. "What you should do is order Pad Ka Pow," she suggested sweetly, pointing to the menu.

"Your favorite," he mentioned, remembering it and she smiled.

"Yep"

"So, Pad Ka Pow for you, sir?" the waiter asked, attentive to the conversation, and Jungkook nodded since it was something he knew and he liked. Plus, she saved him from asking for anything else he didn't know about.

It was a very bad time to be a picky eater.

"And for me," Lisa added and let Jungkook hand the menus to the boy, who put them under his arm, then she recognized him. "Oh wait! You're the guy from the other day! "

The boy smiled nervously and nodded although it was clear that he didn't want to.

Jungkook arched a brow and looked at the basic-looking guy standing at his side. The guy from the other day? What day? What happened?

"Aw, sorry I can't show you my abs, I'm in a relationship now," she teased and loved how red the boy's cheeks turned as he cleared his throat.

Wait, showing him what?

Abs?

Jungkook blinked... Was this an ex or-

"Didn't I tell you to stop bothering the staff?" Preeda scolded her but gently and through a smile that screamed *"stop doing that"*, it was something new for Jungkook as his mother could yell at him or kick him under the table.

Lisa tilted her head. Yes, her mother told her that, but this way Lisa was going to keep the attention away from Jungkook. "Did you? Oh... I don't remember," she said sweetly and cluelessly, tangling a strand of black hair in her finger.

"So, now it's black," Preeda pointed out, her gaze sliding down her long, shiny hair, and Lisa nodded.

"Yes, it was Jungkook's idea"

...It wasn't?????

It was his apparently amazing dyeing skills but he for sure didn't get the idea.

Jungkook frowned, shooting her an incredulous look but Lisa had her eyes on her mother and a smile too calm not to look psycho.

What the hell was going on?

Why did they both exude so much aggression in lowercase?

"He loves black hair, just like you, mom. Isn't it cute to share preferences? "

Preeda frowned not at all happy with that idea which offended Jungkook just a little bit and she leaned back in her chair, rejecting the said idea. "So when I say you should go back to black you say no, but when he-" and that *he* was really contemptuous. "-says it, you just do it?"

"Mother, he's dating me and you married dad, I think it's clear whose taste is more trust-worthy"

Okay, that one was funny.

Jungkook didn't think it was very bad taste to marry a handsome, wealthy guy like Lisa's father, but the comment and the expression on his mother's face was a humorous act worth paying for.

Ananda ignored them and leaned across the table, clasping his hands in front of his mouth, three gold rings shone under the restaurant light and Jungkook gulped before his deep, dark gaze but found it interesting how wearing gold jewelry seemed to be something that everyone in Lisa's family enjoyed. "So, what do you do for a living? Do you study?" he asked even though his face clearly said he expected a negative answer.

Because of course a boy like him, full of tattoos, wouldn't study.

What did all these people think he was doing? Snorting dubious substances, smoking, and living in his mother's basement?

Tattoos are expensive! Anyone with a lot of tattoos probably works to pay for them.

Besides, his mother didn't have a basement and she would never have let him use it if she had.

"Yes, I study," he nodded.

"Lisa said you're an artist "

"A hippie artist with doubtful hygiene," Preeda added.

What?

He could take hippie, BUT DOUBTFUL HYGIENE?!

Lisa looked at him apologetically. "I was actually making a joke, a reference from something they said before," she explained and then glared at her parents. "I think it was obvious"

"Like you working in the corner of a street?" her mother asked sweetly.

Lisa smiled, just like her. "Yes, mother. That's exactly where Jungkook and I met "

Jungkook looked at them both without understanding what was happening and unable to believe that Lisa had just said that. Was this some kind of game between the two of them? A family joke? Or did she really want them to believe that because she was angry? Because she was definitely upset about the hippie artist thing.

God, this was so different from his family. Yuqi and he just insulted each other without smiles or passive-aggressive tones at all.

"I hope that part is a joke," Preeda said seriously.

"Of course it is," Lisa rolled her eyes, taking a deep breath that she let out strongly. "Going back to the point, Jungkook has showers more times than myself, he works every day, including Saturdays, and yes, he is an artist"

It was important to clarify that he took showers apparently.

"I study Arts in SNU and I have a tattoo parlor," he added a little nervous to see their reactions because he could already expect them considering how they took Lisa's career.

Lisa's father looked away, clearly considering the best ways to choke Lisa for dating someone like him, next to him, mother chuckled with a glass of water against her pale pink painted lips.

He couldn't even feel offended at this point. He really had no expectations, he was used to society disapproving his work and paying attention to the stigma that his profession brought with it but damn it, it wasn't that bad.

He did tattoos, he didn't sell drugs.

To begin with, if he sold drugs he would be a millionaire and he would be taking Lisa on vacation to Paris but look at him here, like a good boy, penniless and living with a cockroach on his vacation.

Not anymore, *fly high Rochie*.

"So, you live on your own?" Ananda then asked, his hand resting on his temple and clearly judging him.

Jungkook didn't understand what that question was coming to but he nodded. "Yes?"

"Is that a question?"

"What?"

"Yes or no?"

"Yes?" he blinked confused but that gaze on him was about to twitch because he was fucking up. "I mean, uhum, yes! I live on my own," he nodded more confidently even though he wondered what the hell was doing and why this man was so obsessed with his current living situation.

"In a shared apartment with two friends since he started college," Lisa added proudly, diverting attention from him tHANK GOD. "One of them is Kim Taehyung, let me add"

Preeda gasped. "From the Kim Group? The owners of the hospitals?"

"Yes, the same Taehyung that organized the Van Gogh convention," Lisa replied with a tired tone. "I told you that before. But he's dating Kim Jennie, the sister of that girl weak of mind, you know"

Jungkook blinked... Weak of mind? Tzuyu?

He held back a laugh and Preeda narrowed her eyes.

"Isn't it weird they're friends of Jungkook after all he allegedly did?" Lisa asked with irony disguised as innocence, putting a finger on her lips thoughtfully.

Preeda just sighed, already tired of her, which brought humor to Lisa and she continued: "Jungkook works really hard, he's a well known student in the Art Department, he got a recognition during the mural, I'm just so shocked Chaeyoung's mother didn't mention that, mother," she said again with that weird innocence. This was beginning to amuse Jungkook so much, perhaps because he only could laugh to not cry, but because in spite of everything she was supporting him. "Didn't you know Chaeyoung worked with his help?"

"No, darling, her mother didn't mention that"

Lisa took a sip from her glass of her. "Of course," she nodded and clicked her tongue. "But, going back to Jungkook. He also helps his family"

That got the attention of her father. "You do?"

Jungkook scratched the side of his neck shyly. "Yeah. My mom has a restaurant- "

"-That he helped her to buy"

He nodded, smiling suddenly because she was really selling him

the best she could and she was adorable. "And, we help each other. She brings me food sometimes and I help her with some bills and stuff"

"And you pay all that with that tattoo shop you have?" Ananda asked in disbelief.

"How much do you think a tattoo costs, father?"

"Yes, I do pay it with that," Jungkook nodded, too decent for the rude question actually.

"It sounds like it is a profitable business," Preeda commented clearly disgusted at having to accept it. "But that requires you to have all those tattoos?" she pointed to his hand subtly, wrinkling her nose.

Could he admit that he liked his tattoos? What the hell would he answer to that?

Was there a correct answer?

"I don't know," Lisa spoke. "Being a rich wife requires you to be like that?"

Preeda pressed her lips together in a smile. "What about you, darling? You mentioned working on something big you weren't sharing "

Lisa seemed surprised by the question, suddenly falling silent and not at all pleased with having to answer, but she pulled herself together by clearing her throat.

"I don't admit petty comments, okay?" she said before sharing, and Jungkook was weirded out by it because how bad it was usually for her to have to do that before talking about something so special that was making her so happy. "I've got some contacts that helped me this last month so I may get a job as a photography assistant soon," she said not at all as excited as she always talked about it with anyone, she actually seemed resigned to receiving a bad response.

And silence fell on the table as her parents were looking at her quietly, Jungkook alternated his gaze between them waiting for a reaction or something, because he was used to his mother jumping on the table to congratulate him on whatever he did. Even when he decided to do the tattoos a job, she was not entirely happy about it but she feigned enthusiasm and supported him.

"That's..." Preeda said. "That's good, honey. Is it for an important photographer? "

That was all she was going to say?

Lisa shrugged, not at all affected as Jungkook was and he hated so much that she was used to it. So would her job only matter if she achieved a high position and high renown? Damn, only there he did realize that it was so much easier to hear her talk about it and take

offense at being hidden than it was to actually witness all of this.

He didn't imagine it could be this bad, or so obvious.

Lisa was their damn daughter.

"He's not the best, but he may be a step to go higher," Lisa replied simply. "If I get the job I will be surrounded by important people so I can make more contacts"

"That's really smart, Pranpriya," her father nodded. Was that a compliment? And just because of that? Not because of the pictures she took? Did they ever see it? "I hope it repays all the years you've spent studying"

Lisa made a wry expression. "So it won't be a waste of time, right?"

They didn't say anything, the silence agreed with her as a reply and it hit Jungkook directly in the stomach, it was unfair and he didn't like the resigned face that his girlfriend was putting on.

"It will never be a waste of time, doll, you're doing what you love," he smiled at her, taking her hand under the table. Lisa gave him a small smile that transformed her entire face beautifully.

"Doll?" Preeda asked.

Ah right, they were there.

Haha...

Fuck...

"He thinks I am pretty like a doll," Lisa said happily and showed her face in a flower pose.

The face of disgust in her father was almost hilarious and he looked away like in *The Office*, like saying, *"wow, the hippie tatted artist he calls her doll"*.

Preeda then decided to ignore that reply, refusing to accept that yes, the pet name fit her daughter. "Honey, I'm actually happy for you. If you say it is big, it must be," she finally said something nice, perhaps for the first time noticing that her attitude was not correct and it was exactly why her daughter had said all those things to her before. She then showed Lisa a real smile that made Jungkook realize that all the ones he had gotten since he arrived were as fake as the Koreanity of Oli London.

Wow, flattering.

In-laws loved him so bad, wow.

Did he really want them to love him, though? With that attitude?

He was really wondering.

Lisa looked at her mother really surprised by her and with a glint of illusion in her eyes that revealed how much she really cared about her approval, but she said nothing and pursed her lips, smiling.

The food came then and it was a good excuse for everyone to be

quiet. It was delicious but even that couldn't cover how awkward this lunch was, probably because his father in law was stabbing his fish with his eyes on him, he was probably murdering him in his fantasy which didn't go along at all with Jungkook's fantasy about having a happy meal.

And it's not like Jungkook had any idea what to talk about, because he didn't know how to deal with casual conversations, and knowing himself it was better to keep quiet.

"What will you do when you graduate, Jungkook?" Lisa's father surprised him with a mouth full of food.

Fuck

C'mon man, right now?

Had he expected him to fill his mouth to ask or something?

He didn't even chew, he directly swallowed everything he had in his mouth and his throat hurt, so he drank water and the pain went down to his chest.

Why were these things happening to him?

"Ehem," he cleared his throat. "Hmm, I will keep-" God, no, Jungkook you can't say you want to keep being a tattoo artist because it's a good job. Nope. Don't say that. "Actually, I might find a job as a professor"

That wasn't the best answer either, the man grimaced in distaste. "Professor? Arts professor? "

Lisa arched an eyebrow, lowering the fork with food that she was about to put in her mouth. "What were you expecting from someone studying arts? Being a Politics Professor? "

"That'd make a better salary"

"Why does it matter, not like he is going to pay your bills"

"He might end up paying yours"

"I won't because she has a job and many opportunities," Jungkook necessarily interfered, hating every word implying that Lisa would need him to survive in the future.

He was actually more likely to need her, emotionally.

Her father ignored him. "But you're living in a place where I pay the bills"

"If you want me to leave, just say it"

"Where will you go? His *"shared"* house?"

"Well, maybe-?"

"For sure-" they both spoke at the same time.

"Ehem, excuse me!!!" Preeda raised her voice at the table with a grin, squeezing her husband's hand and glaring at Lisa. "Why don't we lower our tones? There's a guest with us"

"Soon to be part of the family," Lisa said, without being able to control her tone.

Ananda narrowed his eyes, thinking in ways of strangling her again.

"Lisa, please, honey," Preeda scolded her and slid a not-so-good look at Jungkook. "Forgive my husband, he's just concerned"

"Concerned about what?" Lisa spoke the question that formed in Jungkook's mind too and it shocked her mother.

She cleared her throat putting a delicate hand on her chest and formed another smile. "About your future"

"How's that related to Jungkook's career choice?" Lisa asked once more in a dangerous tone, staring at her mother with fierce eyes that were slowly catching fire. She cocked her head and formed a humorless smile. "Of course because you don't trust me having a career that can pay me a life, right? "

"I didn't say that"

"You are thinking so"

"No, I'm not. Didn't I invite you here to have a peaceful lunch as clear proof of me making peace with you?"

"You both are doing nothing to make peace!" Lisa exclaimed irritated, slamming her fork against the table. "Is it that hard to be welcoming? You all weren't interrogating Jaehyun as if you were the police when you met him!"

"Because I didn't have to! I know him"

"No, you know his family not him, if you knew him you would know"

"Know what?"

"For God's sake, mother! He is gay! And he is into Jungkook too!"

Jungkook almost spat the rice he had in his mouth with his eyes so wide they could have dropped and rolled down the table. "What?" he asked in a strangled voice.

Jaehyun was gay? AND INTO HIM?

What the fuck?

"You're lying!" her mother accused her. "It's unbelievable that you're making up these things to push this... man up"

"No, I'm not lying, and don't you dare to spread it around your circle!"

"Excuse me?"

"I know you, mother, and no, it's not your business, it's not a joke or something to gossip about so you better leave Jaehyun alone and leave also Jungkook alone"

"I didn't do anything to him!"

"Ah so you think this is nothing? Gosh, be normal, you both seem to be really questioning him to know if he's a good husband to support me while being insulting to his job and career. It's offensive, I have a job!" she declared again because even if they

tried anyway they continued to judge and distrust her decisions. Apparently, they weren't going to stop until they saw her living under a bridge to say *"I told you so"* or until they saw her being tremendously successful to congratulate her and be bitter for not being right about her. "I'm so tired of this, seriously, so we will eat and leave because I swear this is the last time we will ever talk," she added and popped a large portion of rice into her mouth.

Her mother, tired of acting in this stupid melodrama, sighed heavily. "No matter what we do you won't be happy, right?"

Lisa inhaled furiously because she couldn't believe that now she was trying to guilt-trip her but that action was a bad idea, three grains of rice went the wrong way and from there everything went to hell.

Jungkook could only describe the following events as a series of unfortunate events because a basically crazy scene unfolded before his eyes. Lisa hit her own chest without being able to breathe while her neck and cheeks flushed from the effort, he looked at her without knowing what to do, like, should he hold her from the back and squeeze her like a rubber duck making her squeak or...

Making her squeak wasn't good when she wasn't under him...

Her mother then stood up and called for help really dramatically as if she was part of the Titanic cast. He also stood up to hold her or something but Lisa refused and stood up but just crashed a waiter who was coming with a golden tray with a plate of food and the tray hit her chest so hard that it made her mother, father, Jungkook and seven other people gasp.

Good move though, because she spat out the three dangerous and almost fatal grains of rice.

At least the food ended up on the waiter and not on her. If you wanted to see some good side.

Lisa fell back to the chair and groaned in pain with one hand on the center of her chest, which drove her mother crazy with concern who demanded an ambulance even though Lisa told her to leave her alone with a very hoarse and sore voice but there was no way the woman was going to do it and Jungkook didn't know what to do exactly besides seeing everything. He was also worried and wanted to tell Lisa that maybe she should go to the hospital but he was afraid of being bitten, because telling her that would mean agreeing with her mom and he really didn't want to get bitten.

He had no problem with it happening in another situation but right now it would be very bad because it would be directly in the throat and to tear out an artery.

Lisa and Preeda argued a lot throughout the walk to the presidential suite and even there, while Lisa was laying down, even

though one seemed in the middle of a panic attack and the other could barely breathe. Those two could survive a war if they were capable of this amount of arguments in that state.

And it was annoying Jungkook to death.

"I'm telling you I'm fine!"

"You're not! And this is all your fault! If you weren't making a scandal all the time- "

"Damn, stop!" Jungkook was already so tired that he didn't measure either the tone or the volume of his voice, he just wanted the woman to leave Lisa alone for once and stop blaming her for this. And it annoyed him that her father had decided to simply sit down and have a glass of whiskey instead of stopping them. "This ain't helping at all, she can't even breathe! Can't you see?"

Preeda looked at him extremely offended with her lips parted as she gasped, placing a hand on her chest. "Excuse me? Who are you to have even a word on this?"

Lisa's motherfucking boyfriend and apparently the only sane person in the room.

In favor of peace, Jungkook ignored the woman and handed the pretty, full glass of chocomilk, which just arrived after he ordered it to room service, to his girlfriend, who looked at him in complete bewilderment.

"Wh-"

"Shh, just drink it, it will get your throat better," he explained softly and Lisa opened her mouth in a small O, understanding, then obeyed and listened to him, taking his concern seriously and agreeing to go to the hospital because her chest really ached.

That stubborn pout that she made was too tender for his heart to handle, by the way, Jungkook wanted to kiss her but understood that it was not the best decision at that moment. Preeda was glaring at him and if looks could do something he wouldn't be dead, he would be going through a private and exclusive Jungkookcaust just for him, and just then, after years of starving and slavery, he would be dead.

And that's how the four ended up in the nearest luxurious hospital emergency room. Actually, only the two of them because Jungkook and Lisa's father were kicked out because she had to undress and Lisa snorted at that because they weren't kicking out the man that got her pussy on his face just for that, but she agreed because she couldn't tell that to her mom.

The two men went their separate ways to wait, which would take a little longer because Preeda demanded that her daughter get an X-ray in case she injured her rib cage severely. Lisa couldn't believe what this woman implied too because it was a painful hit but she

wasn't hit by a truck either.

"You're literally crazy"

"Uh? I am the crazy woman here? What will you do if you have some kind of serious wound in your bones? Ask your artist boyfriend to fill it with paint?"

Lisa rolled her eyes, refusing to get into another stupid argument and accepted the X-ray, only for this woman to let her go in peace with Jungkook.

Her mother entered the room with her and took a seat next to her while the doctor explained the procedure, which required that she remove her bra. Cleverly, she took it off under her hospital gown and handed it to her mother, then she stood where indicated, in front of a white screen, and the doctor arranged a circle of light on her chest, then went to the side and operate the machine.

Then it started ringing.

Lisa frowned in alarm and concern, and so did her mother, her expressions becoming almost identical. "What's wrong?"

The doctor took a few minutes to respond and turned back to them, head tilted to one side and an awkward smile on his mouth. "Excuse, miss," he walked over to Lisa and shot her mother a stealthy look. "Hmmm, there's a-"

"Why are you whispering? What's going on?" Preeda stepped up on her red high heels as well, crossing her arms over her chest.

The man swallowed quite uncomfortably and exchanged glances with both of them. "Hmm, I think it's private"

"I'm her mother"

"I'm 22"

"I am still your mother, darling"

"Is there any chance to call security and get her out here?" Lisa put a hand over her mouth whispering to the doctor.

"You're not being funny, Pranpriya," Preeda hummed sarcastically.

Lisa sighed and waved her hand, motioning for the doctor to speak. "Go on, the lady wants to know too"

The man cleared his throat and with his cheeks flushing, he refused to look at them, using the excuse of wiping his glasses clean, then he muttered: "Is there a chance you have piercings in your breasts?"

Both women's eyes widened, one terrified and the other totally caught.

Oh...

OH NONONONO

RIGHT!

When she was asked to remove all jewelry, she completely forgot

her nipple piercings, she almost always forgot about them until Jungkook was sucking them.

GOD, SHE WAS A STUPID!

She glanced at her mother and yes, the woman couldn't believe what she had just heard and so she showed it: "Excuse me," she chuckled dangerously and her gaze burned through the poor man. "Can you repeat that?"

She looked psychopathic and Lisa didn't know whether to laugh or run away.

"Uhm, nipple piercings, can you take them off," the doctor kindly asked Lisa, moving a little closer to her to get away from the snake about to attack.

Preeda sent her the worst look in the world and Lisa only managed to smile nervously, but since they were in a decent place with a doctor in between, the older woman nodded and left the room, however, the stomping of her heels didn't hide at all the latent fury.

"I'm so sorry," the guy was really nice, he probably already figured out that her mother didn't know anything and he did really try to help her to hide it.

"Don't worry, it's okay"

Well now, how could she explain to a doctor that she was afraid to remove her nipple piercings because she had read a tweet once that said...

"You!" Jungkook got startled in his place, next to the bed that belonged to Lisa in the emergency room, and looked blankly at the small woman who approached with her heels doing TAP TAP TAP loudly in the room, drawing the attention of everybody.

He pointed to himself, somewhat scared because damn, the little woman was really intimidating, but he was also clueless because what the hell he did this time besides breathing. "Me?"

"Yes, you-" she poked his chest with her fingernail and wrinkled her nose, stopping speaking at sensing his scent. "You smoke too?" she sniffed him like a dog and stepped back.

"Yes, sometimes," he nodded and rubbed where she had poked him, that nail was sharp.

So, he smoking was a problem now? He really needed one after all that drama, Lisa's father too, Jungkook himself saw him aspiring a thick cigar like his life depended on it and he kind of understood him if he was dealing with *that* since Lisa was born.

It wasn't a problem for Lisa's father to smoke but it was bad if he did it? And why was Preeda being so over the place? Jungkook had a mint gum in his mouth, fresh and ready to kiss her daughter.

Preeda gave a little grunt and stomped like a five-year-old girl and looked at him with pure hatred which this time didn't intimidate him because he already disliked this lady, especially with all that hateful treatment towards Lisa when she couldn't even breathe!

He was kind and he had felt nervous to be liked by these people before but now that had already been thrown out of the window, now he didn't care.

He didn't want their respect, their approval or their acceptance, he only cared about Lisa and he wanted to get out of there with her as soon as possible.

He wanted his girlfriend away from them and he really regretted putting her in this horrible position with her parents.

"You really can't be worse, right?" she sighed heavily. "What else, kid? You do drugs? "

A lady walking past them shot them a surprised look and Jungkook sighed as well, looking away. "No, I don't do drugs, I never did," he replied calmly even though he was irritated.

"It's the least you can do, actually," she blurted out sarcastically, keeping an angry scowl. "I actually couldn't care less what your job is, honestly," she admitted which was surprising. "But don't you dare to drag my daughter to..." She looked him up and down with contempt, especially his tattooed hands. "To *this*," she pointed with her hand.

What was "*this*" exactly?

"Because she can hide those thingies in her breasts and feel a rebel or whatever, but the moment she gets a tattoo I will haunt you forever, Jungkook," she literally threatened him, leaning toward him so close that she felt his furious breath on his face.

Was she tiptoeing right now?

So, drag her to this? *This* was himself and his tattoos and she didn't want Lisa involved since apparently she was some kind of 16 years old teenager without her own mind. That was all her parents had in mind when thinking about Lisa and he could understand now why Lisa was so passive-aggressive and defensive with them, because this was so damn tiring.

And he could also understand better the way Lisa handled all that pre-dating situation with him and Chaeyoung before. It was in her blood in some way but gladly, she was less judgmental and maybe it was because she herself was judged her whole life.

"Do you ever know she's afraid of needles?" he decided to ask and it puzzled her for a few seconds.

Preeda quickly pulled herself together though and put her hands on her waist, looking at him exactly the way Lisa did when angry.

"That didn't stop her from getting piercings in such a private place"

Good point but: "It didn't but it was an one-time thing when she was having fun with friends, I didn't even know her yet when that happened," he clarified. "And she did so because she's an adult with her own mind and choices, she wasn't influenced by someone, she wasn't *dragged* to something," he explained calmly, trying to make this lady understand that Lisa was not a poor and stupid manipulated woman as she believed. She might get mad and hate him but he wasn't going to get down on her level because she knew he wasn't going to gain anything from it. "If you can't drag her to do things without manipulation in the game, why do you think I can do it?"

Why did her mother think he would? Why did she think he would drag Lisa to do things she didn't want to do?

Oh sure, because she did it herself all the time and it was normal to believe that everyone did it.

"She would let you do it," Preeda said and he considered that yes, maybe, Lisa allowed Chaeyoung to be a bitch for years because she loved her, and for a moment he saw a mother's concern in Preeda, but this mother was also a problem.

"But I won't," he was withering. "I'm not a bad guy, ma'am, I'm not what people might have said about me and you should know that Lisa would never date a man like that," and he was fed up with being prejudiced, implying that he was something he definitely wasn't and further stain that reputation that he had and didn't deserve.

Preeda kept staring at him and he didn't know if she was considering his words but she had to, at least for Lisa.

"She told me about the talk she had with you," he said and her eyes widened in surprise. "She told me she made you choose between accepting the situation or cutting ties with her"

Preeda looked away, sighing. "Yes, apparently you have my daughter that attached that she's pulling those stunts"

"We both know is not just about me," he cut the shit out of her and he knew now for sure that she said what she said only to make him feel guilty when she turned to look at him, glaring and caught in her lies or, actually, omission of information.

God, she really could be despicable and he felt slightly better knowing that he wasn't as weak as he thought and he wouldn't fall easily into her stupid games.

This was Lisa's influence, definitely.

"I know a career as a freelancer can be concerning, my mom is worried about me too," he commented casually, as it was true. "But Lisa deserves more credit than this. Lisa is working hard and she's

succeeding, so she deserves respect for that regardless of your opinion, "and he may have been crossing limits by saying that but this woman had to change her attitude. "Accepting me is not just about me, it's about her too because she chose to date me and she deserves respect and trust from your part for making a decision like that"

"And what if that's the wrong decision? What am I supposed to do? Let you ruin her?"

"Ma'am I have no intentions of ruining her but that's something just time will prove, meanwhile it wouldn't be bad to support her, her choices, her career and her relationship. Or do you really want to cut ties with her?"

The face she made showed that she didn't want it at all, a wave of vulnerability transformed her severe face into one of concern and she lowered her gaze, used to not letting people see her that way.

But as if she denied any feeling, she pulled herself together and raising her chin she said: "She needs me after all"

No, she didn't and Jungkook knew Lisa was close to notice it.

But he was not going to allow this woman with such a high ego to remain on her pedestal. So she wasn't going to get it in the good, easy way? Well, then it would have to be the hard way because if she wanted him to be the bad guy, he would be.

Lisa deserved something much better than all this meaningless drama where she wasn't considered the great woman that she was and he knew.

The fury that her arrogant response caused him turned his tongue venomous. "I think it's sad Lisa is so sure you would cut every connection with her from hers because of this," he commented casually in response, shoving his hands into his dress pants pockets. "But maybe is for the best"

Preeda opened her mouth and looked at him as if she was wondering how he had the audacity to say that to the mother of his girlfriend.

But Jungkook wasn't going to take any more of this shit with a woman so stubborn and obtuse that all she was doing was giving Lisa headaches and playing with her self-confidence like it was some kind of toy.

He poked the inside of his cheek with his tongue and raised a brow. "Do you want proof that I won't ruin her? This is one, ma'am, I don't like my girlfriend being unhappy and you make her unhappy, you drive her crazy," he didn't even stutter at saying that and smirked. "I could get rid of Chaeyoung, I think I can do it again..."

(a/n: my pussy said MEOW MEOW MEOW)

DAAAMNNNNN...

Where did that come from?

Jungkook even looked to the side making a surprised face as if he had a camera focused on him because damn that was brave.

If he had been alone he would have checked inside his pants to see if his balls grew a little more.

AND IT WAS FULL OF BULLSHIT! Lisa got rid of Chaeyoung herself!

But, haha, her mom didn't know that and her absolutely terrified face was showing it.

So he continued with a smirk and leaned down to her height: "Do you really want to make her choose between you and me, ma'am?"

"Hello," Lisa hummed as she returned. "Woah, are you insulting him again? It's tense," she commented mockingly, her mood was much better than before and it was probably due to the painkillers she took.

Jungkook and Preeda stared at each other for a few seconds, he slightly amused with all the terrain he just practically conquered and she outraged and incredulous, but the frustration in her heavy breathing was evident and made Jungkook want to smile at knowing himself victorious.

"What the doctor told you?" Preeda then asked Lisa, at least without lying because she had obviously insulted him.

"The result will be ready in an hour but as the traumatologist said, he thinks I'm okay," Lisa replied with annoyance, because clearly all the drama of the X-ray was unnecessary and everyone knew it.

Jungkook smiled, grateful that she was okay. "So you can go home?"

"We should wait for the result so we don't go and come back," she replied with much more warmth and sat down on the bed, Jungkook wasted no time offering her water and making her laugh because he was treating her so cute.

Preeda looked at them both with something that looked like hatred and then she looked away so as not to deal with that absurd love theater. She would rather die than accept that maybe that punk wasn't as bad as she thought because he was actually treating Lisa really good, but that bastard was the same one that just threatened her and she was afraid because her daughter was looking at him with eyes so full of love, in a way that she had never looked at anyone.

As her daughter, stubborn and attached to her own ideas, Preeda hated to conclude that she would have to say what she was going to say because all this was also her daughter's fault, who knew how to

drive her crazy with all these bad decisions that sooner or later would ruin her life and yet she wanted to be there for her. She was a mother after all, a bad one, but a mother caring about her daughter.

Preeda refused to lose her and there was no way he was going to leave her alone in this world with that evil... *ruffian*.

God, this would be so much easier if she didn't have those things on her nipples or dated a guy with scribbles in his hands.

"Lisa?" the called one looked at her tilting her head to the side, as she always did since she was a little girl. "I'm sorry for my behavior today, I know I made a promise and I didn't keep it. I hope you can forgive me and we can leave this in the past"

Lisa's mouth fell open in amazement and she possibly thought that in front of her was an alien who had just replaced her mother on earth.

Just then her father came back. "You're back," he commented noticing Lisa and didn't even bother to look at Jungkook, who had sat next to her on the bed at her request even though it was strictly forbidden. "Are you okay?"

Lisa nodded but didn't take her eyes off her mother. "Are you being serious?"

Although she didn't want to, Preeda nodded without looking at her and held her husband's hand in search of strength. "It was a pleasure to meet you Jungkook," she smirked at him and hated the amused gleam in that stupid *ruffian*'s eyes. "We would love to have in our home in Thailand someday"

Ananda looked at her as if she were crazy but she squeezed his arm, shooting him a warning glare that made it clear that he should keep his mouth shut.

"We will wait for you both in the car, okay?"

They both nodded but Lisa was still totally confused on the bed.

"Did you really hear that?" she whispered to Jungkook with terror in her voice.

But her mother's heels clicked when she returned. "One more thing"

"What?"

"Don't tell me you were with Kunpimook when you got...", she hated to say it so she pointed her chest with her finger. "those"

Inevitably, a smile grew on Lisa's mouth and her mother saw it although she managed to cover her mouth and hold back her giggles.

"That kid!!! He will hear me!" she grumbled stomping out and Lisa grimaced, already knowing Bambam was going to kill her when he saw her.

"What was that?" Ananda asked her in the back seat of the expensive white Mercedes.

Preeda who was furiously looking for Bambam's number on her phone grunted. "He's worse than we thought!"

And she hated that little voice in her mind telling her that maybe it wasn't so much because she was asking him exactly what Lisa had asked of her and she herself hadn't been able to do, and neither could her husband. Preeda refused to accept that this punk had any common sense.

"What did he tell you?"

It was better not to tell him, actually, why were they even talking? She was also angry with her husband and it was time to tell him: "This is all your fault! What was that interrogation about his future?! He won't be even part of Lisa's future!" she questioned him exploiting because if she couldn't do it with Lisa or Jungkook, only her husband was left.

"I thought we were going to make him think he will!" he argued back, somewhat lost to the sudden attack.

"But you treated him as if he sold drugs, Ananda!"

"Well, he looks like he does and you think that too!"

"But Lisa doesn't! And it's because of you that I was forced to apologize and tell him that...", "she gagged then like a child and scrunched her nose like a spoiled brat, she was just so angry at everyone, especially at Jungkook. "Oh, Lord, darling we better be right because if she brings him home for Christmas I will stab someone, probably him"

That brought a small smile to her husband's lips. "That seems like you will solve the problem then"

"Don't laugh! This is serious! She is in love! "

And that was so dangerous because what could she do to change it? Lisa was **trapped**... BY THAT RUFFIAN.

THE NERRRRRRRVE.

"That was... something," Lisa commented, as they walked hand in hand to a nearby park in that area of Gangnam. They had no work since they decided to take the day off, so walking had been an idea of the moment that they both decided to take after receiving the results and confirming that Lisa was really fine, but she would probably get a bruise on her chest from the blow.

Both were not aware that they attracted the attention of people by going down the street as if they were an idol couple due to the attractiveness of both; tall, thin and well dressed.

They were matching in a total contrast way, she in white and he

in black, which made it aesthetically pleasing. Like a dark and white angel dating and walking around mortals in a Sunday afternoon.

"At least it's done," he was positive about that, he was very proud of what he had accomplished with Lisa's mother and perhaps she would never know but he hoped there would be good results from all of this.

Comfortable with each other's company in silence, they reached the park and found a good place to sit, under a cool tree where the breeze caressed them and protected them from the heavy sun.

She sat close to him and rested her head on his shoulder, their hands together on his thigh. She was not really thinking about anything, she felt liberated after going through all that ridiculous pantomime with her parents although it had worked because at the end of the day, there was a surprise since Preeda accepted Jungkook???

Preeda did that???

How? Why?

Did she really want to overthink that? No.

It was a small step towards peace so she was quietly celebrating in her head, but Jungkook surprised her a bit with his words: "I'm so sorry for thinking it wasn't that bad"

"Uh?"

What was he talking about?

She pulled away a little bit with a confused frown on her face and he puffed his cheeks, releasing the air slowly in a pout. "I thought it was going to be just against me but it turned out being against you too and it was so bad. So, I'm so sorry for dismissing your words about them being bad"

Lisa formed a small O with her lips and barely muttered the small sound, taken aback by that because it didn't cross her mind and she didn't feel like he was dismissing the situation. When he ever did that? But she could agree that they were bad. "Well, you know now and I'm sorry for them," she said.

He shook his head, pressing his lips and marking the dimple he had at the side of his mouth. "No, you have nothing to take from that. They're bad by themselves and I don't like the way they treat you," he expressed sincerely and it moved parts inside her because she was seeing some real anger on his gaze, he was feeling outraged in her name... and her breath hitched, mouth getting dry. "You deserve better than that, for real. No matter what they say or think, you're doing really good, you know that, right?"

She nodded, grinning slowly, sitting to her side to face him better. "I am"

He smirked and brought her closer by putting a finger under her chin to peck her lips. "That's my doll," he praised her, dazzling her with this attitude. She liked this, she liked to make him proud and he was slowly making her drip her panties actually. "But you will tell me if they make you feel bad again, right?"

Wait, what?

What was that?

She snorted. "They don't make me feel bad anymore, Jungkook, I'm used to it"

He frowned, placing his arm on the back of the bench, around her. "No, you're not doll, I can see it," he told her, grazing her cheek with his fingers and why was he making her sad now? "And even if you were used, you shouldn't be. It's like when you told me you were used to guys bothering you in the streets"

"You will never let that die, right?"

"No, because I want you to be used to the best, baby," he replied, running his hand down her chin to grip it softly and brush the lower part of her bottom lip.

She felt her breath taken away in seconds.

That was hot.

That was hot as hell.

"Jungkook..."

But it's like he wasn't noticing his effect on her. "I do hope your parents change but if they don't, I will be there for you to defend you," he added this time more lightly and showed her a bicep to make her laugh.

"What would you do to defend me?" she giggled. "Throw a bomb at them?"

Jungkook licked his lower lip in a smile. "Well, I can stay around you for the rest of our lives, that would be a good punishment, don't you think?"

Lisa bit her lower lip and leaned closer to him until she felt his breath on her mouth. "You're so sexy"

He chuckled and cupped her jaw to kiss her. It was sweet, light, a little bit hot too, it lacked some spice but they were in a public place with children around and it was okay anyway, because it was him and her.

"I think you should go to Thailand, though," he said when they pulled apart.

She blinked in disbelief, her lashes almost brushing his face because of how close they were, and she shot him a puzzled look.

Was he kicking her out of his country after making out or something?

Where was that coming from?

Jungkook read the bewilderment on her face and moved his hands quickly. "I mean! What your mom said about staying away from your family and friends- "

Lisa rolled her eyes. "Didn't I tell you to not let them get in your head?"

"No, wait, it's not about that. It's about the way you were talking about your friends some time ago and how you're every day on the phone with them, don't you really miss them?" he asked her with his round eyes shining with innocence and his adorable front teeth peeking from his open lips.

She dropped her shoulders and nodded, agreeing with him. "Yes but-"

"Why don't you go before the semester starts again?" he offered, he didn't like her staying here with him instead of visiting her friends. He had his friends here and was used to it, but Lisa didn't. He didn't want her to be alone or feel lonely.

He hated this image in his head of her going through a sad and lonely night with just that fat fluffball next to her that didn't even count as company.

(a/n: WATCH THAT MOUTH)

However, he didn't want her to be with her parents if they were not going to change their attitude soon and he was confident that it wouldn't happen overnight, but they were a necessary evil if she really wanted to visit friends. And maybe, who knows, the waters would calm down a bit if he was away from her and let Preeda have her for a while, ONLY IF SHE TREATED HER RIGHT.

Jungkook was going to haunt her instead if she kept the attitude.

Although from the face she had shown him in the hospital, he felt a certain feeling of confidence in himself and in what he did. If she was going to believe that he could manipulate Lisa because she wasn't going to accept that her daughter wasn't a fool just because she was dating a guy like him by her own decision, he could take advantage of that and imply that he would do bad things with the supposed power he had over Lisa.

He loved this new confidence, it was so good.

"For these next two weeks," he added, holding her hand in the air, admiring the way their fingers interlocked together and stroking her hand with his thumb.

Lisa was troubled, it was clear, she didn't expect this and maybe she didn't think about it. "But I wanted to stay here this summer to spend time with you," she explained through a pout and her voice became high-pitched.

He cupped her round cheek. "And we just did, doll," he reassured her. "But I'd love you to go there and spend some good time with

them now"

"Are you already tired of me, Jungkook? Is this some way to get rid of me now that you know my parents?"

He chuckled. "You know that's bullshit, not even the meanest mother would push me away from you"

If Preeda couldn't, no one could.

He got the confirmation just today and he was so ready to brag about it. Ah, honestly, he couldn't wait to tell his hyungs.

"Shut up, that's so sweet," she whined, leaning her forehead on his shoulder.

He stroked her neck and pushed her long hair back, then slid his fingers between the soft strands to fix it perfectly on her back. And then Lisa raised her head, pouting. "I actually would love to do that, I miss my grandma"

"See?"

"Will you miss me?" she cocked her head with her thick lips pursed and her brow furrowed tenderly.

God, she really knew how to cause a butterfly apocalypse and pretty much an entire zoo in his stomach.

"I already do"

She giggled and gave him a short kiss. "Yeah you're not breaking up with me, cheesy Kook-chan"

"I might break up with you if you that again"

"Don't come for me, weebo, I'm just learning your culture"

He poked her side and made her squirm and squeal, moving away in a fake cry. She sent him a dirty look and in some way that was a reason for them to start playing catch around the park like two kids.

"Will you miss me?" she asked lovingly, hanging from his neck with his arms around her waist and their noses brushing.

"Everyday," he assured her, in that private part of the Incheon airport that he didn't know about, in front of a private jet with the last name of his girlfriend painted in gold that he never expected to see.

"I will call you every day, and you promise to keep my seat clean, okay?"

He frowned. "What seat?"

Lisa giggled innocently. "Your face, Kook"

That was unexpected but for sure made him burst out laughing against her lips when she kissed him.

"Sorry to interrupt but your parents are waiting," Taehyung spoke, his hands buried in his beige dress pants, matching his dark brown jacket and the tucked white tee.

Jungkook had taken him to speak wonders about him to Lisa's

parents because he knew that his rich best friend's word was worth much more than anyone else's and he would make a good impression this time because he couldn't be that bad if he was a friend from someone as good as Taehyung. The good thing was that he kept them busy while they got on the jet so that he and Lisa could say goodbye.

Lisa then hugged him tightly, fully clinging to his body and swaying slightly to the sides. He held her firmly and admitted to himself that it would only be a few weeks but he would go crazy missing her.

"I love you," she murmured against his neck, right over that visible mole he didn't know she adored.

He placed a kiss on her head and smelled one last time the comforting fragrance of her hair that he would miss near his nose in the morning. "I love you too, doll," he moved away from her a little so that he could see her beautiful eyes when he said that and then he brought her hand to his lips to kiss her knuckle, close to where his ring still was shining under the afternoon sun.

She finally, even though it was difficult for both, moved away from him after giving him one last kiss full of feelings.

"I put myself in your lockscreen, look at it when you miss me"

She was so genuine when saying random things like this, Jungkook giggled. "Am I in your lockscreen?"

"Uhum," she nodded proudly. "And if you don't have your phone close, look at your webtoon... or at your mural," she added casually even though she was obviously dragging him.

He laughed. "You won't let it die, right?"

"Not my fault you put me everywhere, fan," she raised her hands in peace.

He took her wrist and pulled her closer again to kiss those lips one last time. "I'll send you memes and nudes every day," he whispered.

She gasped surprised but that started a fire in her lower belly and then she bit her lower lip in a smile, showing her opinion to that. He spanked her ass softly and pushed her to the plane then. "Go, doll, I'll miss you"

"Love you," she squealed, gave Taehyung a fast hug and headed toward the plane, adjusting the strap of her bag on her shoulder. Just when being up the stairs she turned around and waved her hand one last time, Jungkook and Taehyung did the same with wide smiles.

Jungkook felt a little pain in his chest when he saw her leave but he knew it was for the best and he wished Lisa had excellent weeks with her friends... and with her parents as well.

If her mother couldn't find a way to marry her off to a Thai millionaire and she fell in love with him.

Haha...

WHY WAS HE THINKING THAT? DAAAAAMMMNNNN.

WHY WAS HE SO GOOD AT TRIGGERING HIS OWN ANXIETY?

(a/n: sir pls that's a talent just us have)

"I never expected a jet," the younger commented to clear her mind.

"I never expected them to be so nice"

Jungkook sent him an incredulous look but he understood because they would obviously be nice to him and Taehyung understood because he nodded, realizing the situation.

"I did a good job, by the way. I told them about your income, they were surprised but pleased "

Jungkook blinked, suddenly alarmed. "That includes the money I get from the webtoon?"

"Yes"

"But you didn't tell them about the webtoon"

Taehyung grimaced like he just called him stupid. "Of course not"

Jungkook sighed from the deep of his lungs. "Oh, amazing, now they will think I sell drugs in my parlor because there's no way I'd make that much money by tattooing people"

"Well, not like they know, it feels like they'd prefer death before getting a tattoo," Taehyung laughed it off... saying that... to the guy with tattoos even on his toes... who was also hated by his in-laws for said tattoos...

Jungkook smiled with pain. "...You're really cheering me up today, Hyung"

was i the only one with her pussy throbbing when he stood up for her or im just horny asf? PLEASE TELL ME I NEED TO KNOW. TJIS IS BECOMING A PROBLEM.

okay, but now, being honest, **did you like it? was something you expected to happen? do you think there's some foreshadowing? hehe**

btw lemme share that at the start i wasn't going to make lisa's parents like that, just annoying but no so awful but while i was writing it just happened and well i let my characters be. i just find funny that once again things ended up being completely different from what i planned. same happened with chaeyoung's character. idk if its good or bad but well, it happens.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

sad to announce this besties but last chapter is next.

idk when will it come since I'm still thinking what to do exactly but

I hope I can give a good end to this story💖

EXTRA: Social Media Edition • Pt. 2

(sorry republishing bc some memes in lk conv got deleted for some reason)

BUENAS TARDES MI TUKKIPUTAS!!!

lmfao it sounds so aggressive in spanish

lets go again:

HELLO MY TUKKIHOOE-CHANS

here the social media extra some of you asked, i hope you like it and if you dont pls lie to me i DONT KNOW HOW TO BE FUNNY WHEN IM SUPPOSED TO IM REALITY MATERIAL JUST RIGHT FUNNY REACTIONS IN THE MOMENT

no cap im anxious as usual

love of my life

have you seen

my black tshirt?

from thailand????

don't remind me you're away doll :(

do you know wheres my shirt

so that's why you're

shirtless on your stories?

maybe?

maybe?

well maybe im shirtless

on my stories bc I miss my girl

she's far away you see

so this is a way to call her attention?

maybe?

did it work?

well

I mean

yes

really yes

shut up

i will

JSJSJS5666

btw

i can't find the black one

the t-shirt

which one? you have tons

i can't even describe it 🤔

it's just black

it was comfy

oh the comfy one?

yes!

mmm□□□

I think I've seen it

where?

is in your place?

give me a sec

im thinking

k

15 minutes later

lisa?

are you there?

my shiiirtt

yes! sorry!

I remembered where it is!

fr??

where?

I've been looking everywhere

the washing machine

your washing machine

the bathroom

ah baby give up

it's here

[sends a nude with his shirt]

oh

nvm

yes

"oh nvm"

fuck lisa

you should do that

doll I'd go to Thailand right now

and fuck you senseless all night long

you have no idea how hard I am right now

all night long you say?

during the day too if you want to

keep the shirt on so I can use to push you closer when I hit from
behind
or take it off and I can pull your hair and kiss your neck
baby idc I just want you screaming my name and drooling for me
can you call me☐
and whisper that to my ear while i touch myself and pretend it's
you?☐
please?☐
yes doll
i can't wait to have you here
and have your lips around my dick
while I have my fingers deep in you
jungkook pls :(
call me right now
im naked and dripping wet hottie

Bambam

HI BESTIE💙💙💙

this is suspicious
what did I did now
BACK☐ BACK I SAY☐
fine fine

i guess im gonna save this
flight ticket for me then
COME BACK LOVE OF MY LIFE
COME BACK I SAY
you got.my attention
stop flirting with me
you won't like it
when I kiss you

JK

i guess you wanna get punched
by lisa bestie

its thai bitch

Pali

isnt that the ugly guy
you used to like lisa?

Sorn

he aint that ugly anymore uh?

Pali

read somewhere skinny boys
have it big

Sorn

and he's also tall sis

i trust this one

Minnie

stop making my phone buzz

FOR MEN

HELP

PREEDA IS PLANNING SOMETHING

Sorn

dont worry bestie

we got you

bambam is working on it

not bambam 🐼🐼🐼

important information you gotta keep for next chapter, which might be the finale:

1. nochufans are connecting the dots
2. bambam has a ticket
3. lisa is a horny bitch
4. jk is too
5. mmm spicy skinny boy

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

i dont really know what i am doing honestly so im taking my time to think what to do in next chapters to make it entertaining and good. wish me luck and also expect that chapter to come in like 6 months bc well you know me

FINALE • Part 1

HI MY BABY PRECIOUS LOVEY DOVEY DUBBY BIBBY CUTIE
TUKKIHoes!!!

mama is back, mama still hot, mama still wanting to die, but
mama aLso EXCITED.

I CANT BELIEVE WE'RE FINALLY HEEEEERRREEEEEEEE

YES IM SCREAMING

I WONT STOP SCREAMING

GOSH

TOOK ME TWO YEARS BUT FINALLYYYY

sorry, it's my first finished fanfic like ever in my life and bruh i've
been writing since im 11. I'VE BEEN WRITING FOR 10 YEARS AND
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I FINISH SOMETHING IM SO EXCITED

okay so haha, plan is this: **i will post every part for day** so you
don't feel slapped by words and i hope you enjoy it, but honestly
enjoy it, i've worked on this so hard so i really really rrrreally hope
you all like it.

can you pls pls pls leave comments I do really miss you all ☐

*(a/n: my stupid ass had to go redo the banners bc I thought it was 42
instead of 41 🤦 not me making drama about it as if it was a big
banner. gRapHiC dEsIgN iS mY pAsSiOn)*

There are moments in life that you're so happy that the corners of
your lips can't help but raise. Moments when you feel like your
heart is tightening but in a good way. it's warm and cute, like you
can't bear with what you're experiencing so your heart tightens in
your chest happily to then start racing like crazy. Like breathing out
happiness.

Moments like this one, when Jungkook looked down after being
asked: "You talk a lot about this girl Lisa, tell me more about her"

It was more than just *"this girl"* Lisa.

She was the love of his life, future wife, mother of his future
children, one Leo, one Luca and dogs... If he got lucky because he
knew he would do everything for Lisa, living with cats included, but
that didn't mean he will like it.

His heart felt like it was about to explode just thinking of her.
Being without her all these days, instead of calming his feelings, it
had only made him think more and more about her and everything
she caused him. It was also the fault of the man sitting across from

him, who had made him open his heart too fast for the four sessions they had been talking together.

He'd been insecure and had a hard time opening up, but after reminding himself that in the end of the day this man was just a stranger with warm eyes, a soothing deep voice and a really trustworthy face, the words just spilled out of him. Maybe because he hadn't had a long conversation like the ones he had with Lisa in two weeks.

Even though they were texting every day.

Ah, fuck, the texts were so cute.

Such simple messages could electrify every molecule in his body and make him sensitive to any touch or stimulus; inevitably he ended up squeezing his hands into fists and giving one or another happy little jump, singing some silly love song. Like a silly adolescent in love. All thanks to the amazing girl he was dating.

He felt silly and lightheaded, as if this was all a dream.

And so he expressed it to Jung Hoseok, his new and pretty good therapist.

(a/n: im being way too kind at giving him a good therapist in the first try AND ITS HOSEOK GODDAMMIT)

He remained seated, looking at him with a thin smile on his face that was as clear and warm as the sun itself and Jungkook lowered his gaze, sliding one of his rings up his finger back and forth.

"Sometimes it feels like it's a dream, even though it's not. Even when the things we went through are crazy, like that time when we ended up in a police station," and he ended up bothered, turned on, when Lisa was just offended because his name was being insulted. Not even hers, his.

Hoseok laughed when he told him the whole situation. "That's such a woman, Jungook. She seems very strong and impulsive"

She was.

Lalisa Manoban was amazing and he must have known it already from the first moment she reached out to him and made him feel special, without trying.

This girl he just knew was a special case and the cutest drunk ever, also a view in that red Christmas dress. She was special.

Maybe that was why he went to the other side of the city just to be sure she got home safely and that was just a euphemism because he actually carried her on his back.

He helped her to get in the queen size bed with grey sheets and Disney plushies all around. The room was so different from the rest of the house that he thought that if it was hers, it matched her well, she looked like the type of girl that enjoys Disney movies.

She showed him a sleepy smile, with her eyes half-closed, once he

settled her in the right side of the bed. He got sure she was in a position she could throw up if she needed to without having to do a great effort.

"Guys like you deserve all the love in the world, Hottie," she mumbled happily and then she fell completely asleep, with a small smile on her pretty lips.

Guys like him would never deserve her, actually. No one deserved her, she was too much for everyone in this world.

"So, it was the first time you felt validated"

Jungkook shrugged. "I guess, I'm not sure actually. But it felt good"

"Of course, she told you that you deserve love for you, the person, for the things you did for her. It's a beginning for you to digest that thought and accept it, embracing all the other reasons you mentioned that also make you worthy of love, Jungkook"

And Lisa was in charge of reminding him of that every time they were together. But that was the first time.

"Maybe it was a beginning," he admitted.

Beginnings are rare, particularly because you don't know what a beginning is until a long time later, when you notice that suddenly there is a change in your life and nothing will ever be the same again, when a person enters your life and you know that everything left and taken by them will make things so different that you yourself will grow and change.

Sometimes beginnings are bad, but the beginning of that stage of his life with Lisa was as good as it was unexpected.

That night was a beginning and he didn't know it even when he saw her again, not even when he was friendzoned, which sounded more like a long, slow, painful nightmare than a beginning.

Who would think that being friendzoned is also a beginning? But as some smart person said: *being friends is a starting point to dating*.

Ah, if it were that easy, you know, like "*hey! Let's be friends!*" and "*yes*" and then a few weeks later: "*let's date!*" and the other saying "*yes! I love you*"

HAHAHAHAHAHA

As if those things happened... Pfffft.

For him and Lisa it wasn't easy, it was messy and twisted, it was complicated even when they just had to kiss each other and make this book ten times shorter. But complicated things are funny, complicated things are frustrating but helpful and without those complicated things he wouldn't be this happy right now.

Lisa wouldn't be this happy without those complications.

How would she know she had the enemy living under the same roof otherwise?

And how would he know he was as special as she made him feel?

Also, how would he know then that she hates cockroaches and she can kill them angrily? Or that she loves the beach and the stars? Or that her pussy size was regular?

Before Lisa, Jungkook was used to hiding himself, to feeling ashamed, to being pushed aside and mistreated for silly things. Before Lisa, Jungkook was okay with being just black, sad and plain black.

And then, she came.

She came to his life with chocomilks and smiles.

He still remembered that first time they met directly at the university, it was early in the morning and he was barely awake but at just finding her at the door, all his senses were alerted and he could only stare spellbound at that blonde haired angel with specs that smiled at him and chattered all the way to her classroom, talking about lights and that she liked sunrises, staying up all night to see them on New Years. That morning she accidentally left her chocomilk and Jungkook finished it in his class, grinning like a fool at the slight mark of her pink lipstick on the straw.

Was that some kind of indirect kiss?

He giggled at the idea and rested his head on his crossed arms, looking at that box and promising to buy her one later.

He circled a fountain like fifteen times, muttering to himself that it wasn't that hard and that he had to calm his heart, he even put a hand on his chest to try to hold that muscle but that damn idiot refused to stop beating because that idiot already knew that Lisa was the love of his life and Jungkook would have to deal with it whether he wanted to or not.

His first plan was to avoid her, it was for the best because he didn't have a chance and he created some kind of misunderstanding with Chaeyoung, and maybe he would avoid her, but first he had to give her back her chocomilk.

Excuses, excuses...

He finally made up his mind and on the way they met.

All his nervousness paid off when he saw her smile, it was like an extension of the sun shining right on his face and he wondered if this was what the sunflowers felt between them when they faced each other. His heart skipped a beat and he was frozen there, clenching his fists.

And it happened again and again and again, usually with a chocomilk in between. Lisa was like a beautiful butterfly fluttering around him, making him smile.

He especially remembered that morning when he was distraught, wondering if he had a chance with her after all since in Jennie's opinion Lisa was totally into him.

Jennie was fucking right, also right about calling him a dumbass.
"Hey"

Jungkook got startled and looked wide-eyed at the girl in front of his eyes. For real, or he was spacing out too much or she levitated instead of walking just to scare the shit out of him.

Lisa was there with her hands clasped behind her and, as always, a smile on her lips. Today she wore her hair loose, straight and soft, and specs, jeans and a red hoodie, this time it was her size, she was as beautiful as always.

Jungkook really wondered why she kept greeting him. She made him so nervous that he just raised his hand in greeting, he didn't even dare to speak because he would surely stutter.

"I have one left when I bought for my friends and I think you like them so-" she placed a box of chocomilk in the table. "Here you go, I hope you enjoy it," she finished and he didn't know what to say.

Why was she still so nice and smiling at him in a way that made him stupid for the next few hours and probably days? Why did she approach him even when it wasn't necessary? Why did she do these things? Didn't she understand that she was driving him crazy? Why was she so rude? He just wanted a little bit of respect.

Faced with his silence, Lisa swayed on her feet. "Hmmm, I read that chocolate is good to study, hehe, so good luck with that," she nodded with a closed smile and went to the table where her friends were waiting for her, his gaze followed her and maybe glanced at her ass for a few seconds.

How an act so childish that it could well be done by a six-year-old child could be destroying his heart so much?

She was too adorable and it drove him crazy with desperation to have her one day. He wanted her so much it hurt not to have her.

Inevitably he remembered that after months and weeks of using chocomilk as an excuse and drinking all the small boxes she bought for him, treasuring the gesture because at that time it was all he was getting from Lisa, his true opinion of the chocomilk was discovered by Lisa and he closed his eyes, a spasm of cringe squeezing his body.

"I'll go for more chocomilk, you two want more?"

"Take one banana milk for Jungkook, that's his favorite," Chaeyoung said with a small shrug of shoulders, proud of something but he didn't know what. "He's not a big fan of chocomilk," she added.

Jungkook looked at her like she just exposed him naked to the world.
BECAUSE SHE JUST DID.

"I like chocomilk"

"You don't? You told Yugyeom you were tired of it"

"I didn't"

"You did?"

"I was high"

Chaeyoung burst out laughing, he was hilarious to her.

Yeah, laugh sis, you just ruined my game here.

Lisa opened her mouth in a small o, blinking.

HAHAHAHAHA.

This is awkward.

"I-I like chocomilk, I swear," he tried to assure, because he liked it!

Lisa pressed her lips, eyes shining with amusement, she was trying hard to not laugh.

Oh no.

Not again.

He was being embarrassing.

Damn.

"You could have told me," she told him and giggled softly. "One banana milk for you, then?"

He pouted.

Damn.

He was just... caught in a lie.

He couldn't keep lying anymore.

"Yes, please" he muttered.

Lisa laughed loudly and left.

Lisa really laughed at him a lot and he couldn't blame her, he was embarrassing.

At the end of the day, she helped him take things more lightly and now he was smiling like a fool because it was thanks to that that he felt less ashamed.

Lisa drove him crazy, more regularly when she was his English tutor and the only thing he could do was look at her lips and want to kiss them.

It was a miracle he actually learned English. Maybe that was the only reason he did, because she was his teacher.

Nothing could ruin his Thursdays after spending a couple of hours with Lisa in the library, learning about verbs.

It was not the only time they saw each other, however, she woke up to all the butterflies inhabiting his body in all kinds of places.

Like that time when they met at the supermarket and Soomin was there, it took him two days to erase the adorable colored drawings that she made on his skin but it was worth every second because during those short hours he was with Lisa, playing house and dreaming about being like this with her in the future if he ever got the chance and balls to be with her.

Or that time when she showed up in the mural reunion and it was like fate was putting her once again in his way. He remembered too

when he hit her with his head accidentally.

God, why was he like this?

He believed that he would have her once, when she kissed him for the first time, after driving him crazy with jealousy, flirting and drinking with other boys.

"Go home, Lisa," he told her softly, he didn't want her to leave but she had to.

She nodded. "I'll go home ... Fifth floor, right?" She sounded honestly insecure.

God.

"Yes, fifth floor, third door on the left"

"Right," she nodded and turned around, staggering toward the door.

Jungkook put his hands in his pockets, needing to keep an eye on her. But then she turned with one finger up.

"Have you forgotten something?"

"Yup, yup, yuppie," she nodded with determination?

What did she forget?

Jungkook waited for an answer as he watched her return the few steps she had just advanced but he definitely didn't expect her soft hands on his neck, her small body against his and the sudden soft touch of her lips on his.

There was no exact way to define what he felt. It was like fireworks altering every particle of his body, every cell vibrated in every corner. A strong sensation of immediate happiness and warmth ran through his body and time stopped, his senses clouding and allowing him to only feel her smell and taste and... Lisa.

She was so sweet.

So perfect.

She tasted like strawberries and alcohol, she smelled sweet and her thick lips moved over his gently... once... twice... three times...

Every soft touch felt like a new explosion of butterflies.

He barely closed his eyes, lost in a new heaven, when she pulled away.

Jungkook didn't want to open his eyes.

He must be dreaming.

But her hot breath hit his lips and the heat of her palms on his skin assured him that this was real.

She had just kissed him.

And it had been so... like part of the sweetest dream.

He opened his eyes slowly and met her beautiful face inches apart, her lips glowed even more and he wanted to kiss her again, tasting more of her, and never let her go.

Lisa chuckled, so sweet to his ears. "You already have my lip gloss on your lips, Jungkook, I think we're officially friends"

Jungkook laughed.

Friends.

Fucking friends.

She was so ready to friendzone him that first English class they had together...

"So, we have been meeting very regularly, right?" he blinked and nodded, agreeing because that was triggering but true. "Isn't it weird? Hehe, it's like fate"

Fate?

Fate with him? And her? Him and her?

Did she mean...

"Fate?"

"Yes, like suddenly they want us to be together"

Together? Him and her?

Oh my God.

Was she confessing? Now? So fast? Did she really like him????

His heart raced like crazy.

"You know, I feel like we could get along pretty well and fate must agree because we keep meeting everywhere," she laughed, her big brown eyes shining cheerfully.

She was killing him. He was about to blush furiously.

How could she say things like that so easily?

"We are destined to be such good friends, Jungkook"

They were never friends but they for sure were fools for thinking they were.

Fucking Dumbfucks.

Friends don't kiss, friends don't look at each other like they want to kiss and friends NEVER have wet dreams about the other.

Ah, he still owed some real apologies to Mrs. Bed and Mrs. Sheets, especially after all the making babies practice Lisa and him had there once they started dating.

Ah, what a blessing it was to start dating her but he had to admit it was a little bit funnier when they weren't, and he was actually being bitterly ironic.

It was frustrating and heartbreaking, because she was a sunflower floating around him with the wind that he could never reach, a precious butterfly teasing him and playing with his heart.

Ah, it was especially messed up after kissing her a second time, when she broke his heart. But kissing her was worth it. Kissing her was like coming back to life.

"You look so beautiful tonight, how do you look better and better every time?" he said for the first time, gathering a lot of strength and swallowing his insecurities.

He got her speechless and blushing, eyes wide.

"I-"

He almost regretted it but he couldn't, not when she was looking at him like this, like his words hit a new side of her and she was awakened, she could finally see him and what he wanted. It was her, he wanted her.

So he walked closer to make it clearer and he wasn't breathing, looking at those big brown eyes of hers that were his biggest weakness, his biggest desire too.

She tilted her head back to look at his face, dazed, completely frozen. He didn't notice till that moment how small she was, even when she wasn't short at all, less with those high heels she was wearing, but right now she was.

"You... You look very handsome tonight too," she stuttered as a reply.

He smirked and looked away, a dimple marking on his cheek.

She was nervous... Nervous for him...

He just had to say something like that and he had her, how much of an idiot he actually was? It was almost hilarious and Jungkook was close to laughing at himself.

"Since when you're like this?" she whispered, sounding breathless.

"Like what?" he asked, even closer... there were just millimeters between their bodies, he could just lean closer so easily...

"I don't know but," she found her voice, raising a hand to his chest to push him playfully but she didn't do it. Her palm burned against his black shirt, if she moved a little bit to the side she'd feel his heart about to burn. "You should stop, I-I... I might fall in love with you"

That was exactly what he wanted.

He actually wanted everything from her, not her just falling in love.

Jungkook bit his lower lip and glanced at her with a special spark in his dark brown eyes. He was so close. "I don't want to stop, not anymore," and with each word he was closer and closer.

Their noses brushed together and the way her eyes widened like she was still in shock was tremendously adorable. She gasped silently, not knowing what to do or what to think, but she was... all she was doing was looking at him, trying to process his words.

And for the first time, he didn't think anymore because he knew that if he did, he was going to lose her again.

There were no more place for more nerves and insecurities, he couldn't let them control him, not this time.

His hand, the one that had the butterfly that she liked so much tattooed, went up to her cheek and drew her closer so their mouths could meet, finally, for real.

Lisa moaned in surprise, putting both hands on his chest.

Her lips were soft and sweet, they tasted like champagne and like his dreams coming true.

He stole every bit of her breath and caused fireworks to explode around them, altering every particle of her being. It was beautiful.

And it was short.

He parted, breathing heavily. He wanted to be sure this was alright and that she wanted this.

He needed to know if he was just delusional or this was happening for real.

Lisa looked him in the eyes, noticing that not even himself could believe what he just did. His gaze was on her lips, then it ran slowly up her face, registering every corner, every detail, in his memory and then he looked at her eyes.

Lisa gasped once more, he stroked her cheek with his thumb and whimpered, "I like you so fucking much, Lisa"

And he kissed her again, like a hungry man. Her fists closed on his shirt as he wrapped his free arm around her waist.

This time, she kissed him back. Every thought, every guilt, and every inhibition was erased from her mind as she let herself be carried away by the overwhelming sensation of his lips. Her heart was racing, and she could feel his under her fist, as altered by this kiss as she was.

Each touch of his lips was magic, it revolutionized every cell in her body, from her head to the tips of her feet. The stars collided, creating a brightly colored supernova inside her body. Everything lit up and the colors turned yellow, as if the sun had been born into a dark galaxy.

It was warm, strong, mind blowing.

Jungkook kissed her and she kissed him, their lips coming together over and over again as if they had known each other forever, as if they were meant to be. Hungry and desperate, completely crazy to feel that sensation of touching the stars once more... and again... a little more ...

His tongue caressed her and goosebumps showed in her skin, thanks to the chills running through her blood.

She couldn't get close enough, even if she was glued to his body and she could feel every inch, from his thighs to his chest, that wasn't enough.

It was finally happening and it was crazy, unbelievable. But it was real.

He was here and she was here and they were kissing, enjoying the other's lips and feeling emotions mix and explode.

But being a human was a shit, their lungs ached for air and both were forced to separate to breathe.

It was weird, like getting out of a spaceship after years orbiting the earth. She didn't remember what time it was, what year it was or where they were.

Lisa, Lisa, Lisa...

He could die right now in her arms because this was it, this was the

peak of his life and no other moment could be better than this one.

Lisa with her plump pink lips and that mole under her eye, Lisa with the cutest nose and the most expressive eyes he's ever seen. Lisa in his arms...

"Fuck," she sighed against his lips and he knew it was because she just knew she was in love with him.

(a/n: i consider that scene the best thing i've ever written in my whole career, the way it makes me feel things every single time... how the hell i did that and how can i do it again)

Even in the saddest moments between them, he couldn't stop loving her, he couldn't stop thinking she was the girl... the love of his life... the girl of the bells.

The bells stopped sounding around him when he finally got her, it was because Lisa gave her keychain to Soomin but maybe it was just fate knowing that it got its job done and now it was the turn for another guy to fall for another girl and bells sounded around him every single time she was around.

That thought made him giggle.

He hoped that older Soomin didn't flash her boobs at the poor bastard when confessing to him.

What a confession that one was but it was what he needed and she needed. Their lives changed at that precise moment and were never the same again, even in the face of adversity.

Adversities like his ex.

He no longer felt guilty when calling her a fucking bitch, because she was. And he was a fool for allowing her to use him like that, for reacting too late and letting her even try to ruin his relationship.

She only got him and Lisa to have the most fantastic sex in the world, damn, he still felt things in his belly when he walked into Dragon's and saw the door to the staff restroom. He still felt things in his crotch when he remembered having a damn leash around his neck.

And it was awkward, he having a degrading kink was supposed to be just a joke but he didn't think it was a joke anymore.

Kinks left aside, he was grateful that Lisa trusted him so much and could forgive and understand him, even when he was an idiot who still kept his ex on his mind... Although not anymore, not after taking the last stabbing in the back.

He then proudly remembered how he ended things officially just a few days ago.

"Jungkook?" Tzuyu replied with a tone between incredulous and excited. Clearly she wasn't expecting a call from him just as he didn't think she would ever call her again.

In reality, nobody expected or wanted it, what the fuck was wrong

with him?

(a/n: before you all come for me this has a reason to be here pls wait for it... and give me your theories lol i know you all love to think i'll be tragic and make lk break up. i dont even know why)

"Yes, it's me, who else?" she had him saved on her phone anyway.

His tense, lifeless tone was a sign that this was not a warm, concerned call like the ones he usually made. "What did you call me?" she asked, nervousness showing in her voice.

Jungkook swallowed hard, his eyes fixed on the ceiling of his purple-lit room. It was late and he had spent the entire afternoon thinking after knowing that he couldn't go on if he didn't face this. "Just to let you know that I know what you said about me"

"Oh"

Oh?

Just "oh"?

That's all she was going to say after ruining it all for him with her stupid stories?

"I'm sorry," she murmured in a small voice that previously warmed and softened his heart, now it only caused distaste in his chest.

"I'm sorry"????????? Just that???????????

Why not-?

No, what exactly did he want from this? What did he expect?

Was it really surprising from her?

No, it wasn't fucking surprising. And that just angered him more.

"It's dirty," he said, tense.

"I know and I'm so sorry Jungkook, I was young and stupid," she was quick to apologize but she was truly sorry and still, it was of no use. She had already done it, without caring about anything, especially without caring about him who had always been there for her.

"I was young and stupid too, you know?" his jaw was so clenched, he even got up to somehow release the angry energy that had just accumulated in his body, racing his heart. "And it never crossed my mind to hurt you like that. I was open to be a secret just to protect you and your reputation but you couldn't do the same and I can't keep turning a blind eye to it," because he was in love with a girl that he thought was good at least, a girl he believed would respect him enough not to play these dirty tricks and ruin him, as well as herself. "I wouldn't care if that was just in the past but it fucked up the way the parents of Lisa see me, they know your disgusting version and they hate me because of that. I already had everything against me but you didn't have to add more, Tzuyu"

"It did that?" she sounded really surprised and he wished she sounded mocking, that way he would feel less angry that she was so dumb and naive. "How? I didn't expect it to be that big, Jungkook. I'm really sorry "

"Being sorry doesn't help, it's done," he sighed and heard the slight sound of her sniffing her nose, of course, her eyes filled with tears very easily when he or Mingyu scolded her.

She was crying but maybe she deserved to cry for her mistakes and feel them, understand that she had screwed up.

"But I forgive you," he added, after sighing heavily.

That was the point of everything at the end of the day.

"You do?" her voice became almost happy about it, but Jungkook smiled bitterly.

"Yes, because I want you out of my life for once so yes, I forgive you"

Tzuyu burst into tears then but she didn't beg him, she didn't ask for forgiveness again, she just accepted it and it was better that way because when he ended that call, he felt that the chapter was finally closed once she knew he wouldn't take any of her shit in the future. And she was going to be locked in there.

And so, as if Jungkook spoke so much every day of his life, he had just told Hoseok everything. Every thought that had crossed his mind, from the love in his chest to the fury of her last encounter with Tzuyu. And worst of all, the man hadn't said a word in all this time, he had just written down a few things and laughed charmingly when appropriate, clearly enjoying his story.

In the previous sessions, it was mostly about him and his past, his childhood and his family, but it was the first time all he talked about was Lisa and their story instead of mentioning her here and there.

Finally, Hoseok put down his notebook on his crossed legs and crossed his arms, showing him that smile that could make everyone talk. Jungkook was maybe falling for it a little bit but it wasn't all his fault, this Hyung was so warm and easy-going, he felt like he could tell him his whole life and also cuddle with him for some reason.

He looked like he smelled good.

"Well Jungkook, all I can say is that I'm very proud of you"

"Why?"

"First, for doing your homework and getting that closure," he pointed out, stretching out his index finger and then unfolding his middle finger, casually he had a smiley face gold ring there. "And second for meeting Lisa"

"Well, I'm kinda proud for that too"

Hoseok laughed. "Of course you are, Jungkook-ah! Aish, she's done such a good thing to you, she indeed is very good for you," he said appreciatively, perhaps because after all that Jungkook had told him, he came to like her too. And he couldn't blame him. "She sounds like a wonderful girl, I'm a little bit jealous," he joked. "But

remember that you're wonderful and good for her too"

He was about to deny but stopped when he noticed that the corner of Hoseok's lips raised arrogantly. He chuckled and looked down at his hands, shaking his head slowly. "I still have to work on that, right?"

"Rome wasn't built in a day," he conceded, palming his thighs. "This will sound dumb, very cringy movie style, but I recommend you to think once a day all the things you're good at and all the things you do good. All your good features. You know, call yourself hot, handsome, a little bit here and there, then look at your art and think 'Aigooooo, I'm such a good artist'"

Jungkook laughed inevitably. "What if I can't find the reasons?"

"You will," he assured him without many worries like it was easy-peasy. "You told me you're a famous artist and a famous tattoo artist, you told me you're a good boyfriend-"

"I said that?"

"I can see that," he corrected himself. "You sound like a good friend too, a good son and a good brother. You're a whole good person, Jungkook," he added softly and with a reassuring smile. "If people told you that, they must be right. I think they are. So think about it more, praise yourself the way everyone else does, or remember that everyone praises you. That probably means something"

Maybe it did.

Wow...

He was genuinely feeling better now, and he was already feeling good when he entered this room an hour before.

This Hyung was just so cool!

"Oh! Time's up!" he exclaimed in surprise when he glanced at the golden Audemars Piaget watch on his wrist.

Jungkook nodded and stood up. "Thank you," he bowed like every time a session ended.

"You already know what your homework is," he reminded him. "Let's talk about it next week, okay?"

"Oh no, wait," he raised his finger shyly. "I'll travel to Thailand this afternoon, I don't know when I will be back"

"Oh, that's why you got a haircut? Are you going to see Lisa?"

He nodded, ruffling the short bangs on his forehead.

"Ah, good luck with her mom!" he shook his fist, pursing his lips. "Remember what I told you about her"

"Respect her boundaries, don't test her, don't let her see you're afraid and remember that you're good enough to date her daughter," Jungkook listed as the excellent student he was.

Hoseok smiled happily and showed him a finger heart. "Fighting!"

"So cool," Jungkook muttered when leaving.
Now he was sad they couldn't be friends.

Jungkook was at Lisa's apartment, finalizing details on Lisa's darkroom. He wanted everything to be ready and perfect when she got home, ready to work after her vacation.

The good thing is that everything was basically finished. Everything was in its place if the multiple YouTube videos that he had watched didn't lie to him, however he kept checking corners because he refused to accept any error. He was so focused that the ringing of the apartment's internal phone startled him.

"Yes?" he answered softly, wondering what was happening because that never sounded and it was actually the first time it had done it.

"Sir, mail just arrived for Miss Manoban," the doorman informed him, the very one who threatened to make him expire if he didn't come down in 30 minutes that first night when he brought Lisa home.

That man was still looking at him suspiciously like one day he was going to murder Lisa or something but he let him pass because Lisa ordered him to.

"Okay, I'll go get it," Jungkook nodded and quickly headed for the door, after checking the darkroom one more time and deciding that it was ready and Lisa was going to love it.

In the hallway, however, he almost collided with a woman as tall as him. She was blonde and she looked foreign, she seemed to have just returned from the gym given her clothes and the huge bag she was carrying.

"Sorry!" he apologized, somewhat concerned, since she almost fell to the ground to dodge him and not hit him.

"It's okay!" she smiled at him, raising her hands and adjusting her clothes but she narrowed her eyes when she realized where he was coming from. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lisa's boyfriend"

"Oh yeah she mentioned she was dating a few weeks ago...", she nodded thoughtfully but her eyes widened as she looked at him more closely and she smiled widely, opening her mouth. "No way! It's you! I can't believe it's the same tattooed guy! I really never connected the dots"

"Uh?"

"You don't remember me?" she asked excitedly. "This city is so small after all," she laughed in disbelief, placing a hand on her forehead while pointing at him with the other.

What the hell was this woman talking about? And wow, her

Korean was so good. It was surreal to see a foreigner, probably from Europe, be so fluent.

"We met in the supermarket once, my Soomin was scolding you because of your tattoos!" That clicked in Jungkook's mind, instantly he remembered that day.

It was true!

The girl who accused him of scribbling his hands with a Sharpie was Soomin and this was the woman who dragged the girl away, apologizing. This was Soomin's mother!

God, how had he forgotten her? She was so tall and really beautiful, like a Victoria's Secret model.

(a/n: bc she is)

"I really can't believe you're the same guy that Lisa is dating! Soomin loves you so much! She talks about you for hours every time you meet. I thought she was mistaking boys because maybe Lisa was dating another tattooed boy but it's just you! Oh my God, my baby loves you so much!"

He smirked shyly at that, his ears might be burning right now.

"I knew Lisa was into you the very first time she talked about you," she laughed.

What? His invisible happy bunny ears perked up with interest.

"She talks about me?"

"Not as much as Soomin," she said sardonically and made him laugh a little as he rubbed his neck and his feet looked like the most interesting thing in the world. "Lisa is such a good girl," the woman said affectionately, speaking of her in that way that he had noticed was common among all the people who knew Lisa. "Take good care of her, she's the best"

"I know," he nodded, his heart pounding. He was just nice dating someone like that.

"I'm Karla, hope to see you around," she said goodbye that way, walking towards her house. "Jungkook, right?"

Jungkook nodded, somewhat surprised that she knew his name but she sure knew because Soomin was talking about him. Damn, it was just great that the little girl loved him so much, because he adored her too.

Maybe Lisa's parents hated him but his friends considered him acceptable and that was enough.

"So, are you the mail?" Jungkook asked, looking at Bambam who was just back from Thailand with a shiny pink ribbon on his head. "I don't remember Lisa ordering a you"

Bambam scoffed, taking off the bow. "As if she could afford me"

(a/n: go listen to bambam's solo songs pls HE IS SO DAMN GOOD

AND RIBBON IS SO FUN! SONG OF THE SUMMER RIGHT THERE.
also daddy rawr rawr he looks so hot and handsome)

Jungkook smiled and came over to greet him with a quick hug, very manly, a few strong pats here and there. "How was the trip?"

"Long enough for me to reconsider my life choices and regret some of them, especially this one," Bambam said with flat humor, walking alongside him toward the building's reception. "But you know, sometimes you just have to be the Lord and Savior of a pair of dumbfucks"

Jungkook chuckled quietly and greeted the doorman who quickly rushed over to pass him a box that surely contained an item of clothing that Lisa had bought online and a sealed but fancy-looking letter, the envelope was black and big. He murmured a polite thank you and the man bowed slightly in response before going back to the door.

"Savior because of what?" he asked absentmindedly, analyzing, flipping the envelope and not giving too much importance to Bambam because if the Thai guy wanted a God complex, who was he to deny it from him, he practically owed him his whole relationship.

"Because I think her mom is about to do something and-What is that?" Bambam frowned, reading Lalisa Manoban in silver on the envelope as Jungkook looked up, also frowning.

"What is her mom about to do?"

Bambam took the envelope. "Who's Kim Jun Hee?"

Jungkook's head snapped back, eyes widening as he snatched the letter. "Oh shit!" he patted Bambam's chest excitedly. "This is the guy that offered her a job if she sent her resume! The photographer! Bro this is from Vogue!" he added, noticing the familiar font under Lisa's name in black.

"Fuck! She got it! " Bambam screamed because why else would he send her a fancy letter if it was otherwise? He was shocked but so happy and Jungkook was too.

"She got it, man!" Jungkook screamed too and they hugged each other happily, jumping in circles and everything like two kids in kindergarten after getting the best toys.

Lisa deserved this so much and both boys knew she was going to be on cloud nine when getting this news, it was her first completely serious and professional gig and it had chances to become something regular, pushing her higher in her career.

All the pieces were falling together in the right places finally.

Jungkook had to tell her this, he had to give her the letter and he was dying to see her precious little face light up with happiness, letting out one of her high-pitched squeaks as she shook her fists

and the bridge of her nose wrinkled sweetly.

Everything was so right.

Except for one thing, the reason why Bambam was here...

He didn't want to cause trouble, he promised himself not to put Lisa in a difficult situation. But he missed her so much... and Bambam was here to take him, it must be an emergency.

"What did you say my beautiful lovely mother-soon-to-be-in-law is planning to do?"

Bambam narrowed his eyes. "The fuck was that? Soon-to-be-in-law? Are you two marrying soon and I'm not the one planning the reception or-"

"What? A boy can't dream?"

That aroused a smile on the Thai's thick lips, he approved this and he couldn't actually believe this was the same guy that not so long ago brought him the wrong flowers and looked like a lost puppy.

This confident fucker was hot.

"Keep going with that, bro. Mention it to her! And be sure I'm there with my phone filming everything," he said, putting an arm around his shoulders to lead him back to Lisa's apartment, which was actually his. Bambam was the owner of this building too.

Jungkook, Bambam and Jimin —yes, Jimin because Jungkook needed moral support. Taehyung wasn't there because he started his early internship at a hospital along with Jisoo— arrived in Bangkok in the afternoon. It was hot and the streets were full, especially those in the center where they were, after a fairly comfortable trip in a private jet.

It was the first time for Jungkook and Jimin and they both decided that they were going to torment Taehyung until he took them both in his wherever he went but away so they spent a lot of time there.

The streets were full of young people in general, going shopping or walking, taking advantage of the last days of the summer season before the start of classes. When Bambam told them they were passing by Siam Center, Jungkook wondered which of all the screens around the big center was that iconic Billboard that drove the mother of his girlfriend crazy.

Now he smiled slightly satisfied that that had happened, Lisa was happy in Seoul away from her and there they had met.

He'd love to know this city someday, by the hand of Lisa. He wanted to hear her stories and her visions, visit her favorite places, eat in her favorite restaurants...

Sadly Bambam told him it was for two days, Lisa was actually

coming back tomorrow and she didn't tell him because she wanted to surprise him. So now Bambam was going to get his ass beaten for ruining the surprise if Jungkook's presence didn't let that slip.

"I feel so much like a Kdrama girl right now," Jungkook muttered, stepping out of the dressing room of a huge Louis Vuitton store. He was wearing the fifth suit that he tried on after two hours of searching for the right one.

This was the last step before going to the party, it was already dusk and the 3 of them had just gone to get their hair ready by Bambam's favorite stylist. Jungkook was sure there was something between them but maybe it was normal to touch the ass of the girl who fixed your hair in that area.

Jimin and Bambam were drinking champagne, equally sitting cross-legged and their graceful hands holding their cell phones, judging Jungkook's suits and they were both actually REALLY tough.

"Too tight, I can see your balls from 3 miles away"

"Too loose, who are you? My grandpa?"

"Hey! Happy feet! Show some steps!"

"Take that shit off or I will do it myself"

"Are you about to go dance bachata in some quinceañera party or what? What are those ruffles?"

"You look like my uncle and not even the handsome one"

"The 70s should never have become a trend, John Travolta. Next one!"

Now, in this suit that Jungkook considered really perfect, he was comfortable. He loved the casual shirt especially, the written stripes were cool and his hair now short, parted, and swept-back with one single strand of hair hanging on his forehead, was actually really sexy, so he waited for their attention.

Gosh, couldn't these kids be without their phones for just two seconds?

Bambam took his eyes off the screen and looked him up and down. "Kdrama girl you say?" Jungkook nodded and Bambam clicked his tongue. "Not even the biggest makeover would make you look like Suzy"

Jungkook spun around with his hands on his pockets, making a pose. He felt very attractive actually and put him in a good mood, plus he couldn't wait to see Lisa and surprise her.

He, too, couldn't wait to ruin Preeda's plans.

And he was nervous as shit too, but for now, this was keeping him entertained.

"Aw, you're even cold and rude, refusing to call me a pretty boy, like a CEO from a Kdrama," he smirked at Bambam playfully.

Jimin giggled and Bambam pressed his lips closed, holding back a laugh. "You're spending too much time with Lisa"

Jungkook walked closer, poking his own cheek. "Oppa!!" he put the show with stupid aegyo, throwing a small tantrum. "Don't be jealous of my girlfriend"

"You're embarrassing me and this isn't supposed to work this way"

Jungkook winked at him. "Come here Oppa!" he took his hand and pulled him up.

"Yah!" Bambam slapped his arm. "Hyung! Control your child!" he told Jimin, keeping Jungkook's kissy face away with his hands. "Yah! You're gonna make Lisa beat my ass!"

Jimin was already rolling on his armchair. "Leave a hickey Jungkook! Like I taught you!"

"Mark me and I'll bite you dumbfuck! Take me to a date first!"

"Excuse me!" The three of them froze and directed their gazes towards the shop assistant standing there, with her hands together in front of her body and a commercial smile on her lips but this young lady wasn't happy.

Jungkook and Bambam cleared their throats at the same time and parted, fixing their suits.

"*Did you already find something you like?*" she asked politely in English, but the tone bordered on passive-aggressive.

Gosh, this was embarrassing. Jungkook didn't want to be judged by an employee in a store, his mom raised him better.

"*I'm sor-*"

Bambam fixed his blazer and a dangerous smile creased his lips, interrupting him. "*Well, we need a woman's opinion of this, of course,*" he walked up to her confidently, shoving one of his hands into his trouser pocket. The girl blinked, taken aback by this, and her eyes widened as he got closer until she finally had to look up. "*What do you think?*" he pointed at Jungkook with his arm. "*Would you take that man to meet your parents?*"

The effect he had on her was a bit mesmerizing, or maybe she was still a bit disturbed by having him so close to her because she had a hard time taking her gaze off him and sliding it over Jungkook.

"Get your back straight, please, pretty ladies deserve more!"

Jungkook obeyed, straightening his back like a good Asian child. Honestly, he was kind of nervous... or very nervous actually.

What Bambam said irked.

What was waiting for him at that party besides Lisa's judgemental parents that were already something working against him? What would people be like? Would they treat him well? Would Lisa's friends like him if they were there?

And most important of all: Did he look good enough to meet the parents of this unknown woman?

"Jungkook, stop trembling, you're making her doubt," Bambam said.

Jungkook pouted. "Yah!"

He was being unfair! Jungkook was the stranger in the rich party!

But Bambam was too busy flirting with the girl to care and Jungkook felt some kind of déjà vu. He and Jimin were the same.

"I think he looks good," the salesgirl cheered, perhaps touched by Jungkook's face.

Wait.

HOLD ON

Was she serious?

Jungkook's eyes got cutely wide, lips opening a little bit with curiosity and showing his front teeth.

She wasn't lying, right?

He had a girlfriend to impress with this.

"Good good or good meh?" Bambam inquired and Jimin also stopped next to them to join the analysis.

She looked at Jungkook again and he also doubted himself. He actually liked this suit, it was light for the summer and the cotton white shirt was very soft. The pants were perfect too, very comfortable and fit very well in his thick thighs. And the design was cool, with printed words working as vertical stripes.

The shop assistant, looking suddenly cute, cocked her head and finally nodded. *"It's good!"* she exclaimed and exchanged glances with both men next to her, getting surprised at the closeness of Jimin who simply smiled at her.

Her cheeks burned.

Jungkook was very happy anyway, he felt renewed energy running through his body. *"Thank you!"* he exclaimed in English, cheerfully.

"Nah, honestly, would you really take him to dinner with your parents?"

WHY WAS BAMBAM STILL INSISTING?

Jungkook glared at him.

SHE SAID HE LOOKED GOOD ALREADY!

The girl shrugged. *"I mean, maybe?"*

WHAT DID SHE MEAN WITH *"maybe?"*?????

MAYBE?

MAYBE YES OR MAYBE NOT?

What?

Jungkook was getting stressed now.

"Would you take me to dinner with your parents in this suit?"

Bambam raised his eyebrows and ran his tongue across his lower lip, narrowing the lapels of his suit.

WAS HE SERIOUS?

She giggled nervously. "So, *hmm*, will you pay with a credit card?"

"Honey, I always do," he winked at her and she, flustered, walked quickly away from them.

Where was she going?

Yah!

Jungkook had to hold himself back from screaming "*come back here, woman! What do you mean with "maybe"????*"

"The fuck was that?" Jimin asked, amused and incredulous. "All this for a discount?" he judged him, sitting down on the comfortable armchair once again.

Bambam arched a brow. "Discount?" he snorted. "Please"

"This is about me!" Jungkook stomped. "Am I good or not?"

Bambam rolled his eyes. "Yes, Suzy, you do, stop crying"

(a/n: not me writing it like it was a gossip girl post)

"Everything alright, Mrs. Manoban?" the stylist asked, noticing the furious expression of the lady through the mirror.

Preeda forced a smile. "Yes, dear, go on"

But her eyes were on fire and she practically crashed the iPad on the vanity, startling people around her.

What the hell was that dammed ruffian doing in her country? And who the hell exposed his relationship with her daughter?!!!

Everything was ruined now...

Or not?

next part coming tomorrow... or sooner... or later.

don't trust cakes, they always lie.

if you like it, comment and vote 🍷

FINALE • Part 2

sORRRYYYYYYY i took ALMOST a day to update. i had busy classes today and they ruined my mood so bad BUT **HERE I AM FAM.**

okay this time the lier didn't lie and she updated, **ten points for the item of soft sweet food made from a mixture of flour, fat, eggs, sugar, and other ingredients, baked and sometimes iced or decorated. aka. cake** 🍰

btw i forgot to tell you all yesterday, **THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE REPLIES TO ME PASSING MY FINALS.** you guys are the sweetest i love you :)

bitch im so insecure and it's been so long since i updated that i have no idea about the replies of first part bc i didn't dare to check 🤔 **someone pay me a hoseok**

ok so this one is longer and full of things and characters. it was funny the first 3 times i read it but not so much after the 8172th time so i hope you all laugh...

haha, laugh bitch 🤔✍️

don't forget to leave comments please 📄 remember my ass will read them when i get brave again

It was maybe the second or third time that Lisa was in this new house in Phuket. Her father had this huge villa built for her mother, the special occasion being their 30th wedding anniversary. As always, the man spared no expense and luxury was wherever she looked, but subtle in shades of beige and white as her mother loved so much.

The house had 4 stories on the edge of its own hill which led to a large and decorated palace-style garden with its own greenhouse. There were 8 rooms (4 with large balconies), 10 bathrooms, a huge pool, a great room just below the pool with its own fountain being feed by the pool, which was impressive, the terrace was also available with a nice fake green lawn, a great place to sunbathe with her friends, and of course a spacious living room that could be easily turned into a party room because Preeda loved parties (just like her daughter) and her husband loved seeing her happy.

Standing on the third floor balcony that overlooked the pool, from where she could see the rest of the people at her mother's annual summer philanthropic party, Lisa watched her parents

together arm in arm chatting with another couple. She sipped from her champagne glass and thought that even though they were questionable parents, they were a strong couple.

Lisa might doubt that they loved her, but she had no doubt that they both loved each other, and perhaps that was the reason why in addition to being in love with Jungkook, she was in love with her relationship with Jungkook.

Since she was a child, she knew she wanted a relationship like that and maybe that was why her previous relationships never worked.

None of them loved Lisa like Jungkook.

None of them was loved by Lisa like Jungkook.

She could see in them that complicity, that liking for spending time together even when they were doing absolutely nothing, and that simple ability to chat about everything and nothing at the same time. Especially, she could see how peaceful it was.

Even when it was stormy around them, it was calm and safe between them.

Ah, she missed Jungkook so much.

Why didn't she bring him with her? Why was she so dumb and she left her cute pitbull puppy alone?

It wouldn't have been too difficult to hide him in the suitcase...

If the suitcase was as big as a lion, but hey, anything is possible if you work hard enough.

Damn! She had good ideas very late!

The short vacation at her house was fun and her parents were pretty well behaved, obviously always leaving Jungkook and her work out of the conversation, but she wanted her Jungkook with her.

What was he doing right now? He was 2 hours late. She looked at her new Bulgari watch, a gift from her grandmother, and noticed that it was 8 o'clock, so in Korea it was 10 and since it was Sunday, her boyfriend was probably in his room drawing.

A smile grew on her lips.

Killa now had long black hair, she looked beautiful... Just like herself.

A giggle bubbled up her throat and she nibbled on her index nail, grinning like a fool.

She was Killa, Killa was her ...

Jungkook adored her so much that he had her in every fucking corner of his life and she knew that would never repeat itself in her life, not like she was ever going to let Jungkook go.

Nope, that man would have to cross seas and deserts and yet he wouldn't be able to get rid of her.

He drew her, he couldn't undraw her now.
Lisa opened her phone and went to the chats.

Kook-Chan💖

i miss you :(
wyd hottie

"*What are you doing here, Ppeuppeu?*" her cousin approached her in her high pointy black heels and a short Dior dress with straps and buttons in the middle of her, a belt marking her small waist.

(a/n: all the text in cursive means that it is in thai)

"*Just having some fresh air,*" Lisa replied, locking her phone, and walked over to her in her fine, black Jimmy Choo stilettos.

"*You're missing Jungkook again, right?*"

Lisa sighed and pouted.

Why lie?

That man lived in her mind rent-free and she was grateful for that, hot men living rent-free in your mind are a blessing... especially when you're dating them.

(a/n: did this hoe just shade me???)

But how do you get them out of your head? Jungkook was perfect, he was hot and sweet at the same time. He was the cutest man ever and at the same time protective and sexy with such a great sense of humor and the softest treatment towards her and everyone, a powerful combination to make her heart burn burn burn.

Was he real?

Was she crazy?

Palisa chuckled, tucking a strand of hair behind Lisa's ear lovingly. "*You should have brought a dildo of his size, girl*"

That comment was just so Palisa, Lisa didn't even blink.

"*It doesn't compare to the real thing*"

"*You can just use your imagination*"

Lisa sulked: "*But why a dildo when I can just have him*"

"*Because he won't be forever at your side*"

Lisa gasped, outraged, and splashed some champagne at her. "*Watch what you say! Don't manifest that*"

Palisa pushed her shoulder and burst out laughing softly. "*Idiot! Don't try to ruin my makeup!*" she walked to the mirror of that comfort room, a kind of an office of Lisa's father, and checked herself up.

"*You look stunning, don't worry,*" Lisa leaned over her shoulder since she was taller and also checked herself out.

Her lips were still shiny and pretty in that peachy pink color she chose, probably because Jungkook wasn't close to ruin it.

"*Shut up, you make us all look ugly,*" Palisa rolled her eyes but

held her hand, leading her out the room to the party.

"You ain't wrong," Lisa murmured with a playful smile.

"I'll push down the stairs, don't test me, bitch," Palisa threatened, making her laugh. *"Gosh, you're way too cocky since you're riding that fat dick, Lisa. It's unfair"*

"Come with me to Korea then, we can find you something to ride," she offered, not joking as much as it seemed because it would be great to have her with her, but of course her cousin just laughed.

Palisa was building her own empire, as she liked to call her indie clothing brand, in Bangkok and there was no way she would leave it.

Both girls drew attention when they descended down the curved marble stairs but the heiress stole all the attention.

Lisa was wearing a blue sequin wrapped mini dress that seemed made for her. Ant waist snatched on point. Her legs at full display were the cherry on top of the look, long, defined and thick, shining with clear perfect skin.

The blue of her dress and the black of her hair contrasted with her creamy skin and her big eyes and thick lips gave the right definition to her doll-like beauty, so perfect it seemed unreal.

"I'm sure 9 of 10 men in this room just stopped breathing when seeing you," Palisa whispered in her ear, wrapping an arm around her waist. *"The only one left didn't because it's your father"*

"Nah, he gets surprised sometimes too"

Palisa laughed with her and Lisa sighed contentedly, recently she had begun to notice that it was easier to embrace her obvious beauty vocally. She hadn't noticed before, when she was still friends with Chaeyoung, that considering herself beautiful and yelling it from the rooftops of all buildings was something she didn't do because her *"friend"* would quickly make some comment that would make her feel guilty.

Lisa didn't want to make Chaeyoung feel ugly but why the hell her being beautiful had something to do with it and why had she let her take that away from her.

(a/n: real thing tho, don't make people feel guilty when they show their bodies or show themselves proud of their beauty because they have the beauty you want and don't have, it's shitty)

She at least hadn't taken Jungkook from her, but that only happened because Jungkook gave Lisa a lap dance and dry humped her on the floor till an *"I love you so fucking much, doll"* came out from his lips.

Was that even real? Because Lisa couldn't believe it now that she thought about it.

Her shy, well-collected boyfriend was a horny drunk...

A night, months ago, he was drunk and alone with her in Bambam's room. The part was crazy outside but they were locked there and the tension was so heavy, it was easy to forget about the music and just focus on the shirtless man in front of her.

She stepped back as he advanced like a predator, she couldn't believe that she was in this situation with the same boy who couldn't stop stuttering when they started talking. Then the back of her knees hit the bed and she fell on the mattress like a hopeless doll. Jungkook leaned forward and climbed on top of her, his thighs catching hers as he gently raised her face with his hands.

She couldn't breathe suddenly and her throat went dry.

Thirst...

She was thirsty...

"Fuck doll," he muttered and Lisa gasped.

Shit, she was going to get a nose bleed.

He was so close and despite the alcohol, he smelled so good. He was a fantasy and a nightmare, dazing her mind.

The music was still there, Tia Tamera by Doja Cat reached her ears only because he started to move, giving her a fuck fuckity fucking slow lap dance. And Lisa never expected that to be so damn hot, but he was a masterpiece of defined muscles, tattoos on his right pec and on his ribs, with the most beautiful face...

His hips rolled, abs tensing and flexing as his body danced on her, hands still cupping her cheeks softly. But then, he brought one of her hands to touch him, dragging it through all the hard muscles of his stomach and her fingers curled out of pure desire, to feel him more. The red tips of her long manicured nails scratched his skin softly. Lisa looked at his face and gasped, he was biting his bottom lip so hard, and when their heated gazes met...

Why was it so hot in here suddenly?

She waved her hand, feeling her cheeks start to burn.

Jungkook knew how to use his hips very well and why the hell hadn't she had him on top of her repeating that again? Did she have to get him drunk for it to happen?

She could do it ...

You can bet on it.

Palisa directed her to a corner in the great party room, which had the immense balcony doors open so people were around the pool chatting too.

"Hi gorgeous," Minnie greeted her, her long cherry-red hair standing out from the crowd and the red foxy eye makeup in her fine eyes matched it perfectly.

She had just arrived from the salon so Lisa wrapped her in a hug and squealed. "You look so hoooooot!"

"You too, precious, you're shining today," Minnie squealed back at her and they both giggled, together with each other's arm around her waists.

"If you greeted me like that, Lalisa," Sorn sighed. She didn't come to play to the party, wearing a blazer with a long tail to the feet back and really short shorts, highlighting her thick pretty legs. Her long straight blond hair completed the femme fatale look.

"I did, shut up," Lisa reached out to poke her cheek as her friend poured vodka from a flask (that of course she had on hand) into the champagne glass that Lisa leaned toward her.

She needed that, double.

She had to stay there for the next three hours and her feet were already starting to hurt a little. Surely Preeda would come to drag her to hell aka. a formal chat with her friends soon.

She needed to be a little drunk for that.

Lisa owed her friends a big one, only Palisa was obliged to come since her parents were invited and the next morning there would be a family time in the Manoban's yacht, but Minnie and Sorn were only in Phuket for this... and the previous 3 days they spent in the Beach. The tans on their skins exposed them.

"Do you think we can sneak out to the beach later?" Palisa asked, receiving her own glass from Sorn. She had just made her drink with Vodka and Sprite and Lisa had no idea where she got the mini bottle of Sprite but it sure was from a waiter.

She had stopped questioning Bambam and Sorn's doings a long time ago, they were both just so good at sneaking alcohol wherever they went and Lisa was only there to nod and drink, as she should.

Lisa rolled her eyes at Minnie's question. *"My mom got some guards at the entrance because she doesn't want us to make some drunk scandal during the party."*

"It feels like that woman is always 10 steps ahead of us," Sorn sighed.

"Maybe because she was present in all our scandals and raised Lisa getting in trouble," Minnie murmured.

"But we're adults now," Lisa sighed after taking a sip and feeling her tongue prick, this combination was strange. *"We wouldn't do something ridiculous, just sneak out to get drunk"*

"We wouldn't even throw up, we look amazing," Sorn pouted and whined: *"I really can't believe she put a baby gate for us, we're turning 25 next year"*

"We're barely 22, the fuck you're talking about?" Minnie looked at her terrified, like the rest, because 25 was like 2 steps closer to 30 and then you have children around.

Terrifying.

Sorn huffed, moving her hand. *"Same shit, we won't even remember*

turning 23 and 24 and then bam, 25"

"You will make me throw up," Lisa grimaced, rubbing her flat belly, the sequin making noise against her brand new long nails.

Growing up was scary.

Being an adult already was scary enough and it was obvious more these days, when she was around her childhood friends, noticing they all were already working and studying high degrees instead of doing 8th grade Math exams.

"Aw, is a *Jungkookito* growing in there?" Palisa bent down to her belly, poking it.

Lisa slapped her hand playfully. "*Shut up, my mom doesn't know*"

"*I don't know what now?*"

The four girls got startled and turned to look at Preeda, standing there elegantly in her white flowered Alexander McQueen dress with a deep yet smart cleavage showing off her sharp collarbones and the gold necklace resting in her chest. She had a thick black belt marking a waist neither pregnancy nor age managed to widen.

"Do you float around or what, mother?" Lisa gasped with a hand on her chest.

"What should I know?" Preeda insisted.

An innocent smile grew on Lisa's lips. "*Ah now that you ask and you're so interested...*" her voice trailed off and she put a protective hand on her belly. "*Mother-*"

Preeda raised her index finger and glared at her. "*Pranpriya don't you dare*"

"To carry a child in my belly, mom?"

"Pranpriya," her mother used a warning tone.

Lisa blinked. "*What? It's already here, don't use that tone, momma, your grandchild will kick me hard after because I let his granny be all rude to him*"

Preeda pressed her lips together and Lisa's friends barely managed to contain their laughter. "*Don't say that, you're not pregnant*"

"Don't worry little bunny," Lisa said to her belly. "*She will believe in you and me soon, when I get so round your daddy has to carry me to his drug parlor where we snort your baby powder*"

"Pranpriya!" her mother raised her voice and called the attention of a few people around her, which obviously made her compose herself but she kept her furious glare and Lisa just grinned smugly like the pretty little shit she was.

Things were calmer between her and her parents so she could play with this again. She could see that although they didn't fully accept what she had decided her mother and father had reached a silent agreement not to bother her anymore about that and just

spending the little time they had together in Thailand in a good way.

It was weird from them but it wasn't bad and it had made her stay that much calmer so she wasn't going to question it.

(a/n: thanks jungkook???)

Except when she wanted to tease her mother, like now.

"Say that again and you will stay here forever," Preeda warned through gritted teeth.

"Aren't you supposed to kick me out?"

"I found out recently that making you stay will be a better punishment than disowning you"

Well, that really played well. Twisted, but well played.

Lisa rolled her eyes and sighed, giving in. It wasn't funny when her mother wasn't falling on her games. *"Fine, sorry, what do you need?"*

"You"

"Eh?" Lisa made a confused face, pointing at herself. *"Already? It's early!"*

Couldn't she give her a few more minutes to get a little drunk?

"Your father is making good relations with an old friend," which meant that her father wanted to make business again with an old business partner. *"And he wants us to greet them, they especially want to see you since it's been years"*

Lisa cocked her head with a frown, trying to figure out who she was talking about because she couldn't remember at that moment someone who cared enough about her to want to say hello and remember her if years had passed.

"C'mon Lalisa," Preeda took her wrist and pulled her but Lisa didn't resist, she was really curious.

"Who are you talking about?" she asked her in a low voice.

Her mother smiled cheerfully at her.

Why was this woman smiling like this?

Lisa took a deep breath, anticipating. This woman was up to something and Lisa was beginning to worry.

"You will see"

She felt chills.

Preeda was scarier than any terror movie.

Her mother led her to the entrance to the balcony, facing the pool, where her father was talking to an older couple and a tall, thin guy but all she could see was his back.

Oh.

THIS WASN'T FUNNY.

Lisa froze, stunned, and allowed her mother to rivet her on their way.

Years pass and life changes people, of course it makes teenagers grow up, but in a millisecond Lisa recognized the back and neck of that guy and she didn't even know how she knew but it was him, it was him!

She had totally forgotten that he was still alive, and it's not like there were rumors that he died or something, she just stopped thinking about his existence after getting over him.

She glanced at her mother, stunned and bewildered. Was she seeing too-?

Ah, yes, she was seeing him and the smile on her lips was disturbing.

This definitely meant trouble, there was no way Preeda would be so stupidly smiling if she wasn't planning on making another cupid play like she tried on Jaehyun. And this guy wasn't gay from what she remembered.

Damn! What a loss for the ga-ga uh-la-la community.

It was too late to escape because her father saw them and pointed at them. The people with him followed his hand, noticing mother and daughter with their arms linked.

Then the guy turned around.

Lisa had a slight hope that she might be confusing two different people, but that hope died in milliseconds.

DAMN IT! IT WAS HIM!

Lisa widened her eyes in surprise even though she had already recognized him before and looked back, seeing her friends and the way her mouths fell open. They were probably looking up to that boy who was Lisa's boyfriend a long time ago and they had gotten tired of calling him ugly.

Lisa turned back and her eyes met his. A smile crept across his thin and somewhat childish face even though he was the same age as hers.

Well, her friends definitely couldn't call him ugly now, this man in front of her, towering over her, was... cute.

Yeah, totally cute.

"Pranpriya!" the older woman, who had told her that she could call her mother before when she was only 14 years old, which was weird, opened her arms and placed her hands on her shoulders, wearing a cheerful smile on her thin red painted lips. **"You have grown so much, darling,"** she told her in Chinese.

(a/n: gosh too many languages here. So words in bold mean that theyre speaking in Chinese)

She was still so sweet.

Lisa smiled sympathetically. **"Thank you, auntie! You look as beautiful as ever, not even one year older"**

Lisa didn't even remember that she could speak Chinese so well but she wasn't surprised. She prided herself on being naturally good at languages... even when she was confusing words and forgetting them all the time, but hey! She could speak five languages! How many can you speak, uh?

"Years have passed well on you, Pranpriya," the older man told her. **"Ananda, you must be getting people asking for her hand from her every day"**

Lisa hid her snort pulling the glass closer to her lips and took a sip.

Sure.

As if someone decent wanted to marry the slutty heir of the Manobans.

"I actually do get people asking for her hand," Ananda said and Lisa's eyes snapped at her father, shocked.

"You do?"

"I don't accept anything, though," the man continued and made everyone laugh although Lisa was still shocked. Was that true? **"She's focusing on her studies in South Korea, she's doing photography"**

...

And he said it...

Just like that?

...

Like it wasn't a big of a deal?

Wasn't it for him?

Was he okay? Was his heart okay? Was he about to die soon and this was his redemption?

Was Lisa about to inherit an empire and money enough to get diamond nipple piercings?

"That's good, you always had a good eye for pictures, Priya," the woman told her and affectionately stroked her arm, making her take her incredulous eyes off her father. **"All our pictures of that summer here in Phuket are wonderful thanks to you and you were just a young girl, I'd love to see your recent pictures"**

Oh...

Lisa really felt her cheeks burn but from happiness and excitement. She couldn't believe what had just happened and yes, it was something small but it meant a lot to her. At least her father didn't seem embarrassed, she thought he usually evaded that question when he talked to his friends but now that Lisa thought about it, that hadn't happened never in her face.

It felt strangely good, it was sudden and weird but she wasn't going to question it.

(a/n: yeah no one wanna analyze their daddy issues)

You don't check the teeth of a given horse, her grandma used to say.

"Our Kun here still has that picture you took of him in his wallet," the woman added.

Ah...

He did?

Why would he keep a picture of himself? Didn't he have a girlfriend?

Oh, did Jungkook have a picture of her in his wallet?

"Don't embarrass our kid like that," the man scolded her playfully.

Lisa crossed glances for the first time with the boy she had been ignoring without noticing, actually pretending that she didn't notice it, and he smiled slightly at her, rubbing the back of his neck.

He was still the same as when he was just a teen, shy with an easy smile and very very cute. That made Lisa smile with nostalgia, picturing the boy she met.

"Yeah, it's a good picture," he said casually.

"Well, obviously," Lisa couldn't help but joke and she made everyone laugh, real or not.

Her phone was vibrating like crazy in her hand and Lisa knew it was her friends but it would be rude to check now. She was also dying of curiosity to know what they were saying and she really wanted to make fun of them for bullying her so much and saying that her taste in men was bad.

HA bitches! Who's the ugly now, uh?!

"Ah, it's so good to be all here together," Preeda said, keeping a cheerful smile. **"Remember when our kids were young and in love?"**

Oh no...

Don't.

Please, woman...

"Yes! Preeda they were so cute, remember?" Kun's mother perked up.

(a/n: i genuinely don't know if his name is cai or xukun, anyways i'm sorry if there's a fan)

No.

I mean, yes, they were... As much as they could be at 14 when everyone is kinda ugly.

(a/n: lol no that's just me justifying being ugly when i was 14)

"These women were already planning the wedding, kids," Kun's father told them both.

Uh?

They both pretended to laugh at that, at least Lisa did.

What wedding? They never planned a wedding! They barely kissed each other and Lisa let him get to second base... Although she didn't have much second base at the time.

"We can plan another right?" Preeda offered jokingly, ALLEGEDLY.

Ah no no no no

She just didn't!

SHE JUST DIDN'T!!!

Her mother didn't notice the withering look that Lisa shot her despite keeping the smile on her lips.

Was she crazy? Was she going to say that just like that?

Anxiety was starting to rise from her stomach to her throat, squeezing hard as Lisa got nervous because she was really starting to get scared and it was a real wave of worry that hit her in the chest when she exchanged glances with Kun and noticed that this boy wasn't over Lalisa Manoban at all.

She stopped breathing.

Was that even possible?

Of course it was! She was unforgettable and she could feel cocky about it but not right now, absolutely not right now.

Impolite or not, Lisa opened the group chat with her friends and cried to them. This couldn't be real, for the first time she was genuinely scared of Preeda really setting her up in an arranged marriage and REALLY marrying her to someone.

Her parents loved Kun and Kun's parents were here.

WHEN WAS THE CEREMONY? TOMORROW?

And did they just say Bambam was about to save her?

Bambam?

What the fuck?!!!!

Yeah, Bambam was good at doing his bibbidi-bobbidi-boo to get her and Jungkook together but Bambam in Thailand and at a rich people party was always a mess and where the hell was he to begin with?

His parents were there but not him and that could just mean trouble, if he was hiding he was for sure about to put out some weird way to fuck this up that would end up getting everyone in trouble.

Daaamn!!

"Pranpriya," her mother called out, grabbing her forearm to distract her from her phone and with her gaze letting her know that she didn't approve of this behavior at all.

Lisa forced a relaxed smile, she wasn't going to give her the satisfaction that she had her right where she wanted it. "Yes, *mother?*"

"Why don't you take Kun around the party and make him feel welcomed?"

Was she a fucking host or what?

Lisa muttered a why, glaring, but Preeda tilted her head innocently, just like Lisa used to do. **"Kun doesn't speak Thai, dear, and your Chinese is perfect. Be his translator"**

She couldn't be real, saying this in front of everyone and leaving no chance for her to say no without looking like an asshole.

And Lisa narrowed her eyes.

That was the exact same reason why she and Kun started to talk. Her mother asked young 14 years old Lisa to be his translator since he was a really little lost puppy between people and Lisa, as the gracious kind soul she was, thank you very much, accepted and it didn't take them long to like each other. WAIT.

HOLD A SECOND

WAS THAT ALL A PLAN OF PREEDA? DID HER MOTHER SET HER UP AND LISA DIDN'T NOTICE?

Lisa caught that shine in her mother's eyes and... fuck... that woman really fooled her...

She got angry, really angry. Why was her mother doing this? She wasn't going to change, right? Never! This woman was insufferable! She had no respect for anything and anyone, not even her daughter and even though Lisa expected her to do this, it still surprised her and disappointed her.

She was so fucking sick of this.

But well...

Did she want this? Fine.

Perfect.

WONDERFULL.

In times of emergency, you fight.

"Kuniku! Let's go walk around!" Lisa jumped up with exaggerated excitement and clung to Kun, taking his arm. He stumbled a little bit at her strength and was obviously taken aback by that. **"I'll protect him as if he was my own child, Auntie,"** she assured his mother, making an army salute. **"Don't worry about it"**

The woman only laughed because Lisa was oh so hilarious.

Lisa and Kun bowed respectfully to the older ones and she wasted no time in directing him inside but slowly, casually. **"So,"** she grinned at him exaggeratedly. **"What do you think about this marriage thing, Kunnie? Because I think it's perrrrrfect"**

Kun frowned. **"We just met again and you already want to marry?"** he asked, slightly amused.

Haha...

He wasn't to laugh soon.

"Of course I want to marry, Kuniku!"

"Let's get married then!"

She got him.

"Just if you don't mind having children soon"

"Well, I for sure wouldn't mind making them," he smirked, shooting her a sudden hot look.

"Ah, don't worry, that's already done"

Kun blinked, stopping on his tracks. **"Excuse me, what?"**

Lisa smiled like she didn't say anything. **"I remember you like kids so you would love to have a lot soon, right? That's what we're talking about"**

He stuttered, obviously lost and a little bit shocked. This conversation was leading to places totally different from what he expected.

Yup.

She got him.

Lisa was grinning devilishly in her insides.

"You're working already or just studying? Because babies need a lot of attention and if we get married I want you there," she rambled cheerfully.

"I am... doing business in China but-Lisa why are you talking as if we were already expecting?" he asked confused but she could see that he was still amused because this was ridiculously funny. Kun knew her after all.

"Because we are already!"

...

...

...

If it was possible that this guy got paler, it happened.

"You... What? Like..., " he blinked several times, trying to process this information. And his eyes went down to her belly.

"You... What? You're not kidding?!"

Lisa tilted her head, with that the lights are on but there's no one inside expression she could do very well. **"Excuse me?"**

"You're pregnant for real?"

"Yes!"

"Shouldn't we like have sex before that... What the hell?"

Lisa patted his arm ridiculously calm. **"Don't worry my love, the real father doesn't have strong genes so you can give my little bunny your name"**

"Your little bunny...?"

Bzzz...

She nodded like it was nothing, feeling her phone vibrating like crazy in her hand once more. **"So, the wedding, would you like it**

to be here or in China?"

Bzzz...

Kun just stared at her blankly for long seconds and Lisa kept her unbothered expression, pretty smile and pretty round cheeks shining under the warm lights of the salon.

"You're fucking with me, right, Priya?"

Bzzzz...

Lisa blinked slowly. **"Do you think I would joke about something like that, Kun?"** she put a protective hand on her belly, the one that held her phone, and her gaze turned sad, honestly sad and bleak. **"I'm just too happy you're here to marry me and be the daddy of my precious little bunny"**

Bzzzz...

She deserved a bloody Oscar for this performance, and a Golden Globe and a Seoul International Drama Award. She literally saw in his eyes that he believed her and...

Damn!

Why was her phone vibrating so much? What the hell were they talking about?

She ignored the sudden loud murmur around her, believing that someone had surely overheard her conversation and was already spreading the information. **"Sorry, give me a second,"** she sighed and checked her phone.

its thai bitch

Pali

LALISA

LALISAAAAAA

Sorn

THIS IS SERIOUS LALISAAAA

Pali

IM SEEING ANGELS LALISA

IM SEEING KOREAN MEN

THESE DONT LOOK RACIST

Sorn

FUCKING FUCK LALISA

TURN AROUND

What the hell were they talking about?

"Bambam got new friends?" Kun asked her, she looked at him confused and moved her gaze to what he was pointing to, at the entrance.

Lisa covered her mouth before she started to scream, even though she was too surprised to scream.

Was that... Jungkook?

Jungkook was here?

Their gazes met in the distance, he smiled a little and his whole aspect softened sweetly when he saw her, as if his heart melted completely and the brightness of his eyes increased.

Jungkook!

This was her Jungkook, her cute big buff pitbull puppy... and he was here! And holy shit! He looked handsome as hell!

Lisa was about to pee, no jokes, she got that excited.

She could not contain herself (from walking, not peeing) and moved quickly towards the entrance, ignoring everything around her although really everything became blurry and insignificant, her eyes could only focus on her boyfriend and she didn't stop until she hugged tightly to Jungkook and quickly felt his arms wrap around her.

He was so familiar and so sweet. Their bodies met once more as if years had passed and they merged.

This was Jungkook. Her Jungkook!

Gosh, it felt like ages since the last time she hugged him.

"I missed you so much, hottie," she murmured, burying her face into his neck and breathing in his perfume even though it wasn't the one he used to wear at all. However, she reveled in him and smiled knowing that he sniffed her hair as his hands caressed her waist.

"I missed you too, Lisa," he told her, pulling away to see her face and his gaze was like a caress, soft and tender, as if she were the cutest thing he ever saw.

Lisa couldn't resist it and pecked his lips randomly, causing a silly giggle in him.

"Where's my kiss kiss," Bambam leaned in next to Jungkook, hanging onto his shoulders.

Lisa giggled and didn't even bother, cupping his face with one hand and kissing his cheek, leaving sparkles in his skin. "Thank you so much!" she growled like someone who sees something very cute. "You little babyyyyyy"

"Stop squeezing my face, I feel your claws!" Bambam complained, Lisa shook him from side to side wrinkling her nose and finally released him, letting out a laugh.

She smiled at Jungkook once more and she couldn't right now imagine a part of her life where she was as happy as she was now.

"Hello," Jimin also came over and surprised Lisa.

"Oppa! You're here too!" she exclaimed but she didn't hug him, she really didn't want to get out of Jungkook's soft grip, his hands around her waist just felt so good.

"He's here for moral support," Jungkook told him.

"I'm his new assistance dog apparently"

Lisa giggled like kkk, covering her mouth. "You look quite more

handsome than a dog, Oppa"

"What about me?" Jungkook frowned, cute bunny round eyes shining with drama.

Lisa leaned back and smiled, Jungkook looked really hot and smart. His hair was short and neat, open in the forehead, swept back, and leaving at sight those strong defined brows of his. It was so sexy, he looked older, like a real daddy if she was honest and he for sure was going to be the daddy of her children someday if he kept being this hot. Or just her daddy if he asked for it...

"You're so handsome," she sighed, sliding her hands over his tight biceps. Those arms were so strong, the same ones that could wrap her at night when cuddling and give the sweetest hugs like this one, also the same ones that once lifted her against a wall while he fucked her like there was no tomorrow.

The fabric of the suit was so soft that she might as well rub her face against it but it would be better to just rub her face against Jungkook's skin, maybe against his leg and then slide her tongue up to better places...

"And you look gorgeous, I love blue on you," he complimented her and knowing her, he took her hand for her to spin around, showing off her dress. Lisa did it delightedly and flipped her hair back flirtatiously, to then wink at him and let him pull her back to his embrace and really close to his strong, warm body.

Ah, home, he was really her home.

It was just naturally the way she placed her hands on his chest and leaned on him, one of her legs was literally about to pop up like in a Disney movie.

She was just so so so happy!

"Is this your work, Kunpimook?"

Holy fuck!

It was like all the cute music playing in her mind was shut down suddenly!

"Are you really floating around?" Lisa asked scared, as startled as the other three boys.

"Hi, Auntie," Bambam smiled sympathetically like the good kid that he was, Preeda knew him too well to believe that stunt and shot him a disapproving look, not at all pleased with this circus.

Well, Bambam was there, it was always a circus with him.

Lisa liked this circus a lot, anyway.

"Hello Mrs. Manoban," Jungkook spoke and earned an unpleasant look but the smile was there so he smiled too, amused. "This is my friend Park Jimin"

Preeda's eyes scrutinized Jimin from head to toe and apparently he looked acceptable enough for her to grant him a much kinder

smile and nod. It was probably because Jimin had the posture and class of a prince, especially in his black suit, jacket shining with horizontal silk stripes. Also, his tattoos weren't showing and he left the lip piercing at home.

"Hope you have a good stay at Phuket," she said to... Jimin.

Just Jimin.

Jungkook who? We just know Jimin here.

He just bowed politely. And then her eyes were back on Jungkook and Bambam like daggers on fire.

Psssss, she was burning them.

"So? Is this your work?" she insisted with an arched brow.

"Not at all, Auntie. He jumped on my jet out of nowhere and threatened me with a gun to bring him here"

"It's true, I did that," Jungkook nodded with confidence.

"Auntie, he has such a big collection of guns"

"Of course, just to protect my Lisa"

Lisa chuckled. "You're so sexy," she whispered at him, loud enough so her mother would hear.

Preeda ended up sighing, not finding this funny at all because it wasn't.

Who gave him the right to tease her like that? Lisa could, she was her daughter. Bambam could too, he was just a teaser and she appreciated him. But Jungkook? Who was this ruffian?

"Isn't it a little bit disrespectful to leave Kun alone and... do this?" she pointed to both of them, the way Jungkook was holding her, almost brushing her bottom.

In her whole anti-Jungkook dramatic perspective, of course.

Jungkook's arms were actually very politely around Lisa's waist. Very family friendly for me, for you and whoever that was present when he fucked her for one day and a half just 3 hours after they confessed to each other.

Jimin still had trauma because of it.

"But Jungkook just arrived," Lisa excused herself and smiled smugly. *"He doesn't speak Thai either"*

"Bambam is here with him"

"Why isn't Bambam with Kun then?"

"Kun is back?" Bambam asked surprised but both women ignored him.

"Bambam doesn't speak Chinese, you do"

"You speak Chinese too"

"Hello?! Kun?" Bambam insisted and was ignored again.

"I am the host"

"So? Isn't that more a reason to carry him around like a baby and introduce him to people?"

"No, I'm working here not chatting around, you can do that"

"Pay me?"

"So you think you're staying here for free?"

"It's my house!"

"No, it's my house"

"I'm your only heir, it will be mine when you die"

"Well, see me," she turned around gracefully. "I'm very much alive so go do your job and pay me your stay"

"Are you kidding me?"

"Do I look like I am kidding?"

Lisa pressed her lips closed, she knew that she wasn't going to kick her out in any way but Jungkook was also here and she didn't want to... Shit!

"Fine," she nodded, resigning herself bitterly, and she hated the satisfied smile that grew on her mother's lips. But Lisa wasn't stupid.

"Bring him here, I'll walk around with two boys then"

Her mother didn't like that at all.

"You won't walk around with this ..." Preeda pressed her lips helplessly, looking indignantly at Jungkook although she couldn't lie and deny that he did look elegant and perfect, with such a strong bearing that he had obviously called everyone's attention.

Preeda didn't hear *"who is that despicable ruffian with Lisa?"*, No, people said *"who is that handsome man with Lisa?"*.

The ruffian was indeed handsome, and he looked ten times better with his hair cut.

"This beautiful human being who happens to be my boyfriend," Lisa finished her sentence with a happy smile, placing a hand on Jungkook's chest, who obviously didn't understand any words between them.

Bambam did it and loved it, it was like watching a tennis game.

Preeda took a deep breath but finally nodded. *"Don't cause trouble"*

"Excuse me???? I???? Causing trouble???? When????"

Her exaggerated high-pitched and sarcastic tone plus her dramatic expressions almost stole a smile from her mother but she left them before they could see her, Bambam definitely let out a laugh that he calmed down by clearing his throat.

"What did she say?" Jimin asked very curiously, the exchange between the two had been long and tense, like two snakes fighting.

"Nothing," Lisa dismissed with her hand.

"Are you both always like this?"

Jungkook nodded. "Yup, they are, Hyung. And you didn't hear them in Korean "

"Hope you're lucky enough and you never do because that means I won't have to meet her in Seoul," Lisa said aggressively but

maintaining a passive smile that left Jimin blinking in confusion and somewhat disturbed. "Bambam, introduce Oppa to the girls, they're next to the sweets table. I'll go do my job"

"Who am I? Your dog?" Bambam complained.

"Job?" Jungkook asked, very lost.

"You'll see," she promised with her eyes shining and took his hand, intertwining their fingers, to lead him to where Kun was still standing.

On the way, she saw her friends and winked at them. The girls were excited and waved their hands like crazy when Jungkook saw them, making him disoriented and shy, smiling back at them. The exaggerated bitches let out stupid squeaks like he was a very famous idol and he blushed.

"Hey!" She greeted Kun again who forced an awkward smile. **"Remember about my baby bunny?"** he just nodded and Lisa moved Jungkook forward a bit with one arm around his waist so he was next to her. **"This is daddy bunny"**

Kun's mouth fell open and he laughed in bewilderment: **"The plot thickens! Didn't you say he dumped you?"**

Lisa shook her head, pressing her lips. **"Nope, I never said that"**

"I think you did"

"Nope, I don't know what you're talking about, Kuniku," she smiled innocently.

"Priya, you-"

"Kun, this is my boyfriend Jungkook," and she turned to Jungkook who looked adorable and surprised to hear her speak Chinese. "Jungkook, this is Kun, my job. My mom told me to help him around because he doesn't speak Thai"

"Oh," he muttered and politely bowed, which made Kun do as well. "Hi"

"Hi"

"I never expected you to speak Chinese so well," Jungkook commented.

"How do you know I speak it well? It could be here saying a lot of mistakes," she joked, grabbing glasses of champagne from the waiter who was passing to give him and Kun, also getting one for herself.

"You speak Korean perfectly," Jungkook pointed and she smiled, unconsciously leaning toward him, their shoulders brushing.

"Don't flirt with me in public"

He chuckled quietly. "Does it make you nervous?"

"Of course, hottie," she fluttered her lashes flirtily.

Kun cleared his throat, bursting the bubble. Ah, right, he was still there.

"Sorry"

He pointed his glass at both of them. **"So what was all that marriage thing? You have daddy bunny here"**

"Kun, please, I was just playing around," she rolled her eyes and giggled, like she wasn't gaslighting him.

"Sure you were," Kun murmured and clicked his tongue. **"You love to play around, right?"**

"Not my fault I'm really good at it," Lisa smiled smugly.

Jungkook didn't miss the way this tall boy was literally appreciating her gestures.

Kun wasn't at all subtle and Lisa noticed it, her smile fading from her lips because the years passed and they both grew up, they both matured, but that sweet and enraptured way that Kun looked at her like when they were teenagers never changed. There it was.

Hahaha...

Awkward...

"I wasn't playing about my baby bunny, though, he's right here resting!" she added and pointed at her stomach. Jungkook followed her movements and raised an eyebrow, she smiled at him. **"I'm telling him I feel better now, my tummy was hurting so bad before you came,"** she pouted cutely.

Jungkook wasn't able to resist and encircled her waist with one of his arms, pulling her closer to him, while his other large hand rested on Lisa's stomach. **"Don't flirt with me in public,"** he leaned in to whisper in her ear.

She giggled, squirming a little bit because his breath was tickling her and her eyes met Kun.

She cleared her throat. **"He told me he can't believe I'm telling everyone we're expecting, it's kind of a secret"**

Kun's smile turned bitter and he looked away, obviously uncomfortable since well she really flirted with him. Lisa felt a little bad then, maybe she was playing with him a little too much.

It was definitely too much to carry on with the pregnancy lie.

"So, do you have a girlfriend, Kun?" she asked more lightly, changing topics.

He shook his head at her and finished his glass.

"Oh, I thought you had one, you are so handsome," she commented with kind appreciation.

The corners of his mouth lifted slightly at that and he tilted his head back. **"You are beautiful now, you were years back too"**

"Thank you," she replied appreciatively and looked at Jungkook, who was expecting for a translation. **"He's saying we make a pretty couple"**

"Ah, he's really nice," Jungkook smiled innocently at Kun.

"How long have you been dating?"

"Two months," she replied simply.

"And he already knocked you up?"

Lisa held back a snort with her shock. **"I... I mean... Yeah? You know what they say about Koreans..."**

"No. What do they say?"

Was he fucking with her now? The audacity.

Lisa pressed Jungkook's bicep. **"Strong swimmers, you know"**

Jungkook shot her a questioning look because she was... showing off his muscles?

"He's asking for the workout routine," Lisa smiled innocently.

"You both act like you've been together for years by the way," he appreciated then, giving her some peace.

"I know right ?!" Lisa got excited. **"It's so natural that it feels like fate. Actually, our story is really crazy with fate and all that,"** her voice softened and she nibbled on her lower lip to control how silly she was being.

For the first time, she acted genuine, her sincere love and happiness were making her shine like a star right now.

Kun simply looked at her without her noticing, his expression was bittersweet and he wasn't trying to hide it at all. He was looking at her as someone who wishes for something that he once had and he will **never** have again.

That never was in bold because he was now thinking she was pregnant, which made him look down at her stomach again.

Jungkook cleared his throat. "So ..." he ran his tongue down the inside of his cheek and watched Lisa turn to face him. He smirked. "Are you both friends, doll?"

She nodded confidently. "We met many many MANY years ago," and she looked at Kun. **"He's asking if we're hungry"**

There was no way she was going to give Kun a chance to mention that they had a past, she didn't want Jungkook worried about her interacting with her ex and less obliged by Preeda.

Kun nodded, putting a hand on his stomach. **"Actually, I feel like I am"**

"Ow, dinner will take some time more. We should go with my friends, my mom told me to make you feel welcomed but we're just standing here doing nothing," and she didn't even let him answer, she just turned and took Jungkook with her, knowing that Kun was going to follow them.

Kun was suspecting and still staring at her, Lisa wasn't stupid and Jungkook wasn't either. His question was obvious so she had to move to a safer place.

"Where are we going?" Jungkook asked her.

"With my friends"

She walked over to where her friends were, they had moved to the balcony next to the pool that had comfortable beige couches towards the impressive view of the rest of the island and the night lights of the downtown. Minnie's hair was great to locate everyone, the girl stood out like Ronald McDonalds at a Mimes convention.

She was a hot Ronald McDonalds though.

"Hi guys!" She greeted them and took the only sofa that was left unoccupied at the right, her feet thanked it as if they could sigh, she even heard little thanks from her little toes.

Jungkook sat next to her, comfortably stretching one arm around her.

"Take some drinks! We got the best beer of Thailand," Bambam told them, opening bottles for them, and Lisa repeated it to Kun in Chinese.

"Where did you get them from?" she asked with narrowed eyes while Jungkook leaned forward for her to take their bottles.

Kun arched an eyebrow as he saw her take the bottle her boyfriend had just offered and Lisa remembered.

RIGHT!

SHE WAS PREGNANT!

"**The rest does not know, I have to pretend,**" she whispered to him, placing a hand on her lips.

He frowned, suppressing a smile. "**Sure it's that, Priya,**" he said. He was clearly beginning to doubt and that amused Lisa once more.

She really old him Jungkook's swimmer were strong, right? What the hell?

Inevitably, she laughed and he clearly enjoyed her joy.

God, she was being so ridiculous. And he wasn't even a threat now, he didn't have any intentions to get in the middle and Jungkook's exes should learn from him, shouldn't they?

She didn't even notice Jungkook's furtive gaze on them but she turned away when his tattooed hand gripped her thigh and leaned her crossed legs over his. She snuggled against him without bothering and missed Jungkook's arrogant arched brow at Kun.

"I had to bring all the boxes from the service door, your father has a whole collection of just whiskey," Bambam was explaining in exasperation meanwhile. The cabinet full of just whiskey in that kind of office of her father was because he knew Lisa didn't like whiskey and everyone there had to deal with the consequences.

"You're all dealing alcohol to my house as if it were drugs," she snorted.

"Best of Thailand, you said?" Jungkook asked him.

"The best," Bambam winked an eye at him and Jungkook opened

his mouth a little bit to then drink and taste, eyes going wide over the edge of the glass.

Lisa watched him to see his reaction. "Do you like it?"

Jungkook licked his lips and thought about it, staring at a blank spot perhaps trying to make up his mind, but finally nodded. "Yeah, it's not bad"

"Don't drink it too fast," Sorn warned.

"Yeah, it hits hard," Lisa nodded.

"I'm saying it to you, Ppeuppeu"

Oh.

"Yah! Are you implying I'm a crazy drunk?"

Sorn wrinkled her nose. "Isn't that the truth"

Lisa stretched out her leg to kick her knee but she didn't reach her because Jungkook's were in the way and the blonde just laughed mockingly at her. At the very least, she ended up putting her legs comfortably on top of her boyfriend's.

"*Look at this one,*" Minnie pointed at Palisa, who had been suspiciously quiet since they arrived and Lisa was just noticing.

The girl had her eyes fixed on Jungkook who also just noticed it and raised his eyebrows a little with curiosity. Palisa just waved her hand slowly and he did it back, confused.

"*Stop staring, weirdo,*" Lisa scolded her.

"*Girl, he's so hot,*" she told her in Thai.

"*I told you all,*" Sorn agreed.

"*He's, by all means, impressive,*" Minnie commented casually.

A mischievous glint grew in Palisa's dark eyes. "*He's definitely big, I just know it!!! Look at the size of that nose!!!*" she practically growled, like it was painful, shaking her fist.

"*Yah, Palisa!*" Lisa scolded her again but this was funny, her cousin's horny ass was always funny.

"*It is!*" Bambam almost stood up. "*I saw it!*"

"*Share the damn pictures for once!*" Palisa demanded, slapping her thighs in frustration.

"*No, whore!*" Lisa scoffed and she pouted deeply, frowning like a child.

Bambam burst out laughing. "*You're worse than me, stupid*"

"*Shut up!*" she stuck her tongue out at him.

"Excuse me?" Jungkook spoke, touching Lisa's knee, seeking explanations.

Palisa straightened in her seat and put her hands on her lap. "Sorry, we forgot you don't speak Thai, we were saying it's a pleasure to meet you, Jungkook"

Lisa snorted.

Jungkook glanced at her. Why did she snort? What were they

really saying that was so funny? He was amused too because the aura of Lisa's friends was relaxing and playful, like real friends that also seemed to like him so he bowed as a reply, like saying thank you.

"Does he go down on you like this too?" Palisa asked Lisa.

"You're a menace to humanity," Minnie sighed but she was giggling too.

"Are you enjoying your drink too, Kun? Sorry we're not speaking in Chinese," Palisa said then, glancing at Kun who was sitting next to Lisa even though she seemed to have completely forgotten. He seemed somewhat uncomfortable actually and obviously, the girl didn't think it was right to leave him out. He simply nodded in response and showed how he took a long drink, she raised her bottle in a silent toast.

"Why can't you tell my mother you speak Chinese" Lisa complained in a whine.

"I just love to see the drama" Pali shrugged, enjoying like crazy the way Kun was dangerously close to Lisa and Jungkook could have that cute face but he wasn't dumb, the arm around Lisa was a clear mark of territory, especially because his hand was exactly in the middle of Lisa and Kun's shoulder, keeping them from even brushing.

And how to forget what happened just minutes ago, when he obviously claimed her with a big tattooed hand on her thigh.

Ugh, so hot, even for Minnie. Palisa didn't miss the way her friend glanced stunned at the action and stopped breathing.

"This is actually so funny," Bambam commented.

"What is funny?" Lisa asked cluelessly.

"How dumb you are"

She glared and also stuck her tongue out at him, Bambam did the same back.

"So, as we were saying, are you single?" Palisa asked Jimin, like picking up a conversation. Jimin, who was sitting on the couch across from Jungkook, Lisa, and Kun with Bambam, instantly smiled.

He arched an eyebrow and smirked, giving a special look to her legs. "For you, always single, sweetheart," he said and drank, like it was all planned because all eyes were on his defined throat and sharp jaw. The cords of his neck were defined and so tempting.

"Oh, he's good," Palisa gasped, pleasantly surprised.

"Can you please stop being so cheap for men?" Minnie asked her playfully.

"No, next question"

"He fucked half Seoul," Sorn shook her hand dismissing him.

"So that means he's experienced," Palisa, of course, had her own logic and that's why she turned to Jungkook. "Did you fuck half Seoul too?"

Jungkook looked at her, taken aback, and Jimin gasped at Sorn. "Did you just tell her I fucked half Seoul?"

"Sir, I'm not here to lie," Sorn raised her hands in peace.

"Don't worry, I prefer that pretty boy," Palisa winked at him and he left his mouth hanging open.

"Really?"

"Yes, georg, call me after this"

Minnie sighed loudly. *"This is painful, Lisa do something"*

Lisa laughed at that.

"So, Jungkook, I made a question"

And suddenly all eyes were on him, especially Lisa's.

"Did you fuck half Seoul too?"

Was she-

Oh, she was serious.

What kind of question was that?

And Jimin was enjoying this way too much, letting out a high-pitched and mocking laugh.

Obviously, Lisa was curious.

Very very vERY curious.

She had been down, up and next to him in multiple situations and doing multiple things not at all appropriate for the underage readers of this story, so she obviously would want to know how he knew so much.

But Jungkook knew something very well about Lisa and it was that she was possessive as hell, which was sexy he wasn't going to lie, so... What could he say to that?

If he said that he had *"met"* a girl here and there, Lisa would probably demand to know who and when, glaring at him, with her hands on her waist and that angry choreographer expression, like: *"One more time I DARE YOU JUNGKOOK"*.

But if he said that he actually learned a lot from watching hentai, which was true, it would sound very pathetic.

It wasn't a lie, but it was pathetic.

...

Sigh ...

Fuck.

There was no correct answer.

And he felt his body heat up nervously, making sweat run down his back.

The bell saved him anyway when his much-loved mother-in-law appeared in the open area, though she couldn't save him that much

since she was Preeda after all.

"Lisa, Kun, can you both please come with me? We would love to take a picture," she told them, although Jungkook didn't understand anything more than Lisa and Kun it must not be good because his girlfriend huffed annoyed, sinking into the sofa and the hollow that his arm formed around her.

Kun, on the other hand, stood up and put his beer bottle on the table. A little bit very willing and enthusiastic ...

What had Preeda offered him? Pussy flavored chocolates?

Lisa's pussy chocolate-flavored?!

Oh damn no.

This guy had something weird about him and Jungkook didn't like it. Something weird like getting too close to Lisa and looking at her too much. Jungkook knew that his girlfriend was beautiful, worthy of a museum piece, the earthly representation of a Greek goddess, a Disney princess and even worthy of the crown of Thailand but looking at her until she was uncomfortable was waking up pretty violent Jungkook sides.

He wouldn't hurt a fly, but he was free to want to.

"She wants me to go with her and dad and take a picture," Lisa murmured reluctantly, seeing the hand Kun offered her.

Obviously, she was between a rock and a hard place, and seeing the situation from the couch, something finally clicked on Jungkook. THIS WAS WHAT BAMBAM WAS REFERRED TO! This was what Preeda was up to!

Bambam told him that he suspected Preeda was going to do something, according to him his auntie was suspiciously cheerful while she was preparing the party and that usually meant that she planned something. Lisa and Preeda weren't very different actually and Bambam, having grown up around them both, knew them as well as he knew his own sisters and mother.

So Preeda wanted to set the pretty pale boy up with Lisa.

Well, Lisa was not pleased and Jungkook knew that she could get rid of everyone if she wanted it that way. Honestly, she would probably be back in 5 minutes. His part was already done by being here with her and making it clear to everyone at that party that they were together, especially to this Chinese guy and his stupid glances.

Furthermore, he refused to show Preeda that this affected him. Hoseok told him that these types of people feed on provocations and the more reactions they get, the more they will look for a way to annoy you while if you remain passive, they may feel ridiculous and dissatisfied.

"Go, it's okay," he told Lisa and she was surprised.

"But I don't want you to be alone"

Of course, she was thinking of him.

What a baby girl.

He caressed her cheek. "I'm well accompanied here," he pointed out to the group.

"No, you're not," Lisa laughed then and glared at Pali and Sorn who were apparently saying things she didn't like in Thai.

She got another sure nod from Jungkook and she finally took Kun's hand and let him help her to stand up. Jungkook's eyes didn't take much to land on her well-defined ass and hips, it was exactly in front of his face in his defense.

"Minnie, punch them in my name if they cross the line"

"They cross the line back and forth so much it starts to fade, Lisa. I can't beat them up in the middle of a party," Minnie sighed dramatically, annoyed that she couldn't actually punch them in front of this audience.

Lisa laughed and leaned over to Jungkook to give him a small kiss on his lips before leaving, taking her phone in hand.

Jungkook followed them with his eyes and obviously saw the smug smirk on Preeda's lips but he knew he was the one winning here by just being here.

After all, Lisa was all over him from the first moment and she couldn't care less about that guy that probably was rich... and appropriate... from a good family... And Lisa was laughing with him a lot actually... like close friends...

Don't go there, my friend.

"Who's him?" Jimin asked before Jungkook could, he was interested as much as him, leaning on his knees. Nothing got Jimin's attention more than some gossip.

"Oh, this is getting spicy," Palisa giggled by herself, with her drink close to her lips and putting her feet up the table, crossed ankles.

Minnie replied: "Lisa's ex."

NO WAIT WHAT?!

Okay, abort mission, Jungkook was going there now.

Both Korean boys turned their heads quickly towards the back of those involved even though they were already a bit far away and boy, Lisa in heels was a marvel.

Jungkook really couldn't see it happening, or could he?

Lisa seemed so into him, like, physically, and Kun was the complete opposite. He was full of tattoos and buff, Kun was slender and all goody-two-shoes, Jungkook was a little bit tanned, Kun was pale, Jungkook was relatively tall in his opinion, Kun was two steps closer to catwalk down the runway, Jungkook was Korean, Kun was Chinese ...

"Yeah, I can see it," Jimin nodded thoughtfully and Jungkook glared at him with betrayal flaming.

"Yah! Why?!" he demanded to know.

What did he and Slenderman have in common?

Jimin smirked, content to upset him because he enjoyed getting revenge for his usual teasing, and leaned back in his seat, crossing one leg over the other. "She likes cute faces, apparently"

"I am not cute," Jungkook complained... looking hella cute, but why did he have to always talk in pout? He was breaking hearts like it was funny.

"You are," Minnie declared without leaving a doubt, she looked really intimidating, not in the mean way, just someone who is confident.

"Yes, I see it," Sorn nodded. *"He's also hot as hell, I don't actually see shit,"* she admitted the rest in Thai to her friends.

"Shhhh, he's funny when he's altered," Bambam told her, putting a finger to his lips.

But what the hell did these people say to each other in Thai????!!! Jungkook wanted to know!

"Don't worry, they were 14 at that time, it was some kind of summer love," Palisa explained without giving it too much importance, she was the most nice of the three and had that *innocent* vibe.

Jungkook managed to breathe a little, calming down.

"She was devastated when he left," Sorn pointed out, hitting Jungkook in the stomach with just a couple of words.

His calm went to the trash...

"Not she crying like he was the love of her life or something, she was 14 and having a crush on Gong Yoo at the same time," Minnie said hysterically.

The rest laughed with her but he didn't, he felt a pressure in his chest that made his stomach twist a little. He didn't like hearing that at all and a current of insecurity shook his body. He nibbled on his lower lip.

"Ah, how to forget our first wasted night," Bambam commented.

"AT 14?!" Jimin asked, totally shocked, and it was serious if the usual drunk person in the group was upset.

"Listen, I didn't buy you a suit to be judged"

"It was a one-time thing, the next time she drank again was at 16," Sorn defended the situation.

Was that even better?

That wasn't even legal, in any country.

(a/n: who cares anyways)

Jungkook remained in his worry bubble, however, oblivious to

the conversation around him and the giddy giggles. He no longer felt like laughing or talking too much, nor did he feel like asking more about Lisa and Kun because it made him anxious. The answer he could get made him anxious, but he was dying of curiosity.

Was Lisa over him?

He wasn't over her definitely.

Who could be over Lisa, anyways?

And Preeda was pushing them together which was bad, Lisa wouldn't let her but what if...

NO.

JUNGKOOK NO.

He quickly shook his head and took a deep breath, pressing down on his chest to calm himself. He forced his body to relax on the couch and allowed himself to appreciate the softness of the pillow hugging his back. He inhaled and was aware of the humid smell that came from all the plants and trees around the villa. It smelled of summer since he couldn't describe too much of everything he felt in his nose, but there were some hints of the sea in the breeze.

On his tongue, he once again tasted the bitter and slightly spicy remnants of the beer and as he pressed his lips, he smiled because somehow Lisa always tasted like strawberries and she left that flavor lingering in his mouth even when she just gave him a short peck.

Well, this new method of calming his anxiety that he had just learned just a few days ago worked well, and only then did he manage to silence his intrusive thoughts for a few seconds and reason, swallowing the discomfort and mistrust that his stupid brain struggled to justify.

(a/n: as someone who suffers anxiety attacks almost daily, that method actually works so i recommend)

Lisa was with him, Lisa didn't act strange nor had she rejected him at some point, Lisa loved him and she had almost thrown him to the floor with her powerful hug as soon as she saw him. His girl loved him and that wasn't going to change anytime soon, she loved him as much as he loved her and he could live with it.

And he literally had to say all that to himself in order to disarm the huge lump in his throat.

"So, you're the quiet type?" Palisa spoke to him, putting a hand on his knee to get his attention.

He nodded slowly, scratching his ear and making the silver earrings in his ear jingle a little. "Yeah"

Palisa wrinkled her nose as if he were the cutest thing in the world. "Ah, Lisa must be doing all the talking then, good for you"

Well, she wasn't that wrong... He was talkative with Lisa but they

all didn't have to know, it'd make obvious he wasn't that comfortable yet.

He didn't know how to continue this talk but at least Palisa didn't seem affected, turning her attention back to the group talk. Jungkook was still somewhat surprised that the girls, despite some grammatical errors here and there and English words when they couldn't remember the proper ones in Korean, spoke fluent Korean, as if they had lived in Seoul. Maybe they had or maybe they were just as smart as his own girlfriend.

He quietly enjoyed his beer and listened to them talk. He learned that Palisa had a store on Instagram that was growing slowly and wanted to try to get Lisa to model for some things, plus she had just filled her with her brand clothes to promote her in Korea, she had done it with all her friends too; she was the cheerful big extrovert of the group.

Minnie was studying law even though she wasn't doing what she liked the most, she really looked absolutely horrified to have classes again, although for Jungkook she had the bearing at least; she was more chill and even though she looked a little bit intimidating as usual of someone with confidence, she was really nice and her voice was really silky.

Sorn would return to Korea with Lisa and Bambam in a few days, she was studying business; he couldn't figure her out yet but her expressions and reactions were dramatically funny.

They made a few questions here and there about him and were very open to listening, getting excited about some details and Sorn even got from him a free tattoo.

He was never part of a circle like this —Obviously Tzuyu never introduced him to her friends—, he was definitely never in a summer house like this, much less a party like this. Everything was straight out of Crazy Rich Asians, the Manoban really had their own reserved hill, the property was huge with its own lake and greenhouse and to start this place was 4 stories high and full of people who shone like they were dressed in gold.

But Lisa's friends were extremely chill about everything, like her. There were no conversations about my daddy being richer than yours nor I went shopping in Paris last week, not that he judged, it was normal for them, but obviously he would have felt out of place, he knew that they would expect him to contribute something. However, they only talked about college stuff and didn't even expect anything from him, they were fine with him being silent which calmed him down because he had been nervous as shit before entering, afraid that they wouldn't like him and that they would hate him.

He knew that friends had a lot of influence on a person's decision so he could accept that Lisa's parents hated him but not her friends.

They didn't seem very chill... Until the 3 girls' eyes went to him, wickedly like a cat about to misbehave, and suddenly he was a cornered rabbit, staring at them with wide eyes as he drank from his beer bottle.

"So, Jungkook," Minnie flipped her hair and leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand, elbow on her crossed leg.

She looked at him for long and uncomfortable seconds, he shifted on his seat, feeling like she was about to jump on him or something. Her gaze was relaxed but Jungkook was a good person reader and he knew something was coming.

But what?

Who he fucked with in Seoul? The name of some supposed lost child? What was his favorite movie?

The last one was always so tricky.

"How did you get rid of Chaeyoung that fast? Share the secret "

Oh...

It was that.

Just that.

THANK GOD.

Inevitably, Jungkook snorted. "Lisa did it"

"They fought for him like he was the last piece of meat on the earth," Jimin laughed and Bambam patted his arm, laughing in amusement too.

"He's not even kidding, they both literally fought. Lisa almost broke her nose or something "

"No way! She never said that!" Sorn jumped in her place shocked, mouth falling open.

"Ask Jungkook, he was there," Jimin pointed him.

The girls looked at him for answers and Jungkook shrugged, having some traumatic memories of being in the middle of two beasts. "Well, yeah, there was some blood when I got there"

Some blood was obviously an understatement.

Palisa gasped loudly. "Blood? Damn! She was drunk, right?"

Drunk Lisa had quite a reputation, right? Jungkook was genuinely wondering what other things besides getting her nipples pierced and fighting a racist bitch Lisa was doing because when she was with him, she was just dancing happily and talking about that bad ant that once bit her.

"Was she drunk, Jungkook?" Minnie insisted.

"Not a single drop of alcohol in that body," just lots of milk.

(a/n: why am i like this...)

"She must have gotten her angry as fuck, then," Minnie

commented but she was enjoying this, as if she was very proud of Lisa. "It was about time, she could be really horrible sometimes"

"She was really horrible about Jungkook with Lice," Bambam agreed and Jungkook looked at him puzzled. He knew that Chaeyoung had played dirty and said horrible things but the way Bambam spoke led him to think that worse things happened. "I'm just glad she's out"

"Well," Palisa said. "I don't know if it's because of Chaeyoung being off or you, Jungkook, but she looks renewed and happy, so thank you," and she smiled gratefully at him.

Jungkook felt a real sense of happiness hearing that, maybe he was doing a good job now and helping Lisa almost as much as she was helping him. It was important to him to know that he was giving her something in return for everything she gave him. And best of all, he could see Lisa bloom too. He fell in love with a girl who shone like a star but now she shone like she was the sun, hot and powerful.

Maybe he was the good boyfriend Lisa deserved. No one better than himself knew that he was trying hard to be it.

"Aw, you got him all red," Sorn teased him and that only made Jungkook blush more but from embarrassment.

Why did she have to point out he was red? That just got him redder!

"I think she's dating him because he's lovely and cute and it's not related to his dick," Palisa told Minnie in Thai.

"Wow, you discovering America tonight"

"Shut up! I have rights to doubt, all her other boyfriends were ugly as fuck and she said it was because they had it big"

"This one ain't ugly though," Sorn pointed at Jungkook.

Surprisingly Minnie and Palisa sighed together, the redhead shot Jungkook a head-to-toe look and murmured, *"Is he even real? Who the fuck is hot and cute and extremely in love with their partner, all at the same time? Where did Lisa find this dude?"* she complained, borderline offended and calling out life for being unfair.

"I exist too?" Bambam said.

"Not you, ugly, you're family," Minnie sneered.

"We can do some sweet home Thailand if you're into it"

"And he is also good at sex, Lisa finally admitted it to me yesterday," Palisa ignored him and sniffled dramatically, feeling real pain. *"She shared some details, apparently he always manages to rub her g-spot and he gives really good oral,"* she really struggled to say that, the pain of being single and not even having a fuckbuddy doing that was too much. *"He really goes down on her like that..."*

"I'm at my 12th reason why, Palisa, don't add more," Sorn warned,

raising a finger.

"What are they saying?" Jimin whispered to Bambam and Jungkook also sent him an instigating look, the 3 of them seemed on the verge of an over-acted cry, obviously upset.

But Bambam just shook his head with a mysterious smile on his thick lips, he knew better than to expose that trio of witches.

"Sorry," Palisa cleared her throat without removing her suffering face, placing a delicate hand on her lips that she then shook while whining: "We just got sad because we remembered a lost friend."

Uh?

The girls nodded with pouts on their lips, confirming that they were talking about it.

"Our friend good sex," Sorn sighed bitterly.

The laugh that Bambam let out was suspicious, Minnie then kicked his knee with her heel and made him roar in pain but even then he didn't stop laughing.

Jimin and Jungkook shared a look that said *"they're fucking with us"*. At least they both knew it but these people seemed too nice to believe they were saying something wrong.

That's what Jungkook wanted to believe, he didn't like the idea that they were actually whining because Lisa could have done better than him.

"So, you didn't reply, Jungkook," Minnie was over him again. "Did you fuck half Seoul or not?"

WHY WASN'T SHE LETTING IT GO?

Jungkook gulped.

"Ah, I knew my daughter was angry because of you," that husky voice with a strong Thai accent caught the attention of the entire group, but the large dark eyes of the short lady with her hands and fingers full of gold accessories were on Jungkook.

Lisa's grandma was here, all in red and as elegant as always.

Jungkook lacked feet to stand up faster than he did, he immediately bowed respectfully, clapping his hands.

"Sawadee kah," he greeted, bowing with his hands together, as he had learned from Bambam on the plane on the way here.

The lady was totally pleased to hear it and she approached Jungkook, taking his tattooed hands in hers. "It's such a pleasure to see you again, Jungkook," she was generous with her kindness. "Especially as the boyfriend of my granddaughter. You really listened to me that time, right?" she teased him, winking. "I told you she was beautiful and now I see you agree"

"She is, ma'am"

She wrinkled her nose like Lisa did and looked at the rest of the group with great appreciation, she was definitely delighted with

them. "Good to see you all here kids, my Lili needed some company," her gaze went over each one until she reached Jimin. "You're new here, are you a new friend of Lisa?"

Jimin also stood up and bowed respectfully, keeping his charming eye smile. "Park Jimin-ssi here, at your service," he said gallantly.

"For sure you are at my service," the older woman smiled playfully which surprised Jimin, his eyes going wide. "I know your type, pretty boy. Don't break too many hearts here in Thailand, women here are fierce "

"I just met a few here," Jimin pointed to the girls who had quickly sat down properly on the couch, showing grace from head to toe in high heels. "I couldn't agree more, ma'am. Women here are also beautiful "

"He's talking about me," Palisa told the other two proudly.

Lisa's grandmother laughed delightedly. *"Ah, if I were 20 years younger ...,"* she sighed at Thai, her gaze sliding over the rather lean and handsome body of this flirtatious Korean man.

"Grandma, we understand you," Palisa told her.

"I never cared, darling," she dismissed. "Why are you all here? Dinner is about to start and why are you," she pointed at Jungkook with her long, sharp red-painted fingernail, "here? Why is my Lili out there with that boy when she has her own handsome bad boy? "

...

Handsome bad boy?

He?

Jungkook was close to pointing at himself as if Lisa had another handsome tattooed bad guy fluttering around her.

Hehe...

Bad boy?

Was he that handsome?

Grandma for sure loved the aesthetic, she couldn't stop staring and it was the same way she did when she met him months before.

"I don't approve this, come with me," she declared and linked her arm with his quickly, pinning him to her side. "Kids, behave please, you know what I say," she told the rest.

"No Vodka before breakfast?" Palisa tilted her head.

"Probably, get drunk but don't be obvious," Bambam said.

"I know you have some of my blood in your veins, Kunpimook," Grandma complimented him before taking Jungkook back to the party.

She walked quite well for that alleged hip problem that she claimed to have.

It didn't take him long to finally notice that she was as sneaky as Lisa.

Actually, Preeda was too, but she was evil.

Jungkook tensed again when he felt gazes on him once more, these people were not at all subtle and perhaps it was because there was no need to hide that you were judging someone and less if that person didn't have enough power to do it back. However, he silently thanked Bambam for dressing him like this, he looked appropriate, as if he belonged to all of this.

Or he liked to think that and he refused to let them know he was doubting himself.

"Don't be nervous, Jungkook," Grandma told him, patting his hand gently. Could she feel it too? The stares, the judging. How the hell did Lisa survive this? "Keep your chin up as you're already doing and they will stay intimidated, it works like this with them," she advised without even looking at him, even bowing her head in greeting to some women she knew. "Ah, it's so good to be with a handsome man after so much time. My Lili is so lucky "

He couldn't contain his smile. "Thank you"

"Look! She's there!" she pointed with her chin and one corner of her mouth rose with the mischief a kid would show. "Let's annoy someone"

She was referring to the mother of Lisa, who was very content chattering with who Jungkook assumed was Kun's mother. Lisa was bored, her legs crossed at her ankles and one arm caressing the other. The tilt of her head as she was looking up at something boringly made her look majestic. She was such a beauty to admire and never touch, ethereal.

All of that vanished when she saw them approach and her collected appearance changed immediately, a big smile showed on her little face.

"Preeda, dear, have you introduced our Jungkook to your guests?" Grandma jumped into the conversation with all the rights that came with her age and she didn't care at all about the way her daughter's smile dropped.

"Oh, it's a pleasure," Kun's mother said with a broken Thai and bowed respectfully to the older woman. Her son also imitated her but in silence, intimidated by the lady which made Jungkook smile smugly.

He got Grandma's approval and Kun didn't, hehe.

"They have been feeding you well apparently," Grandma opined about Kun's height in Thai. "Sorry, I just speak Thai," she said then with a really broken English that got Lisa giggling and Preeda taking a deep breath.

Why was she giggling?

Was Grandma lying? Could she speak Chinese too?

"It's okay!" Kun's mother then said in English shaking her hands a little. "Who's your partner, ma'am?" she became interested, looking away from her to Jungkook.

Grandma smiled really proudly. "Boyfriend of Lisa, Jungkook"

The woman blinked in confusion and even more when Lisa walked over to Jungkook's side and embraced his free arm. **"I thought you were single"**

"What made you think that, auntie?" Lisa asked extremely cluelessly.

"But I thought—" she broke off and looked at Preeda accusingly, as if she had been lied to.

Preeda kept her bitter expression on, crossing her arms. **"Sorry if you misunderstood,"** she was forced to apologize politely which made her a thousand times more furious. She squeezed her champagne glass so hard that the rings on her fingers began to mark her skin white.

"They want to marry next month," Lisa's grandmother continued in English.

Jungkook understood this one, his head snapping at her with eyes so open they could fall and roll down.

Preeda's eyes went wide too. "Mot-"

"Yes, we're kinda rushed because I'm expecting"

Lisa couldn't help it! Her grandmother always urged her to do these things.

Jungkook looked at her as shocked as Preeda.

Expecting what?!

"She's kidding," Preeda giggled.

"It's taking her time to accept it, auntie. It was so rushed," Lisa excused her mother.

"You know how she is, always making jokes"

"You are invited to the reception of course," Lisa interrupted her.

RECEPTION?

WERE THEY PLANNING HIS OWN WEDDING BEHIND HIS BACK?!

"He seems surprised too," Kun pointed at Jungkook, maintaining a crooked grin.

What was so funny for this tall bitch?

And why was he so smug? Did he really believe this all was a lie? Did he think he wasn't good enough to marry Lisa and he was going to leave her for him to get a chance?

Jungkook cleared his throat. "Sorry, sorry," he managed to say in English, his Korean accent almost absent, and he smiled at Lisa, raising his hand to poke her nose. "I can't wait to marry my doll"

Jungkook thought Kun's smile would fall apart, but he just

laughed. "Because of the baby bunny, right?"

Oh, so he knew about Lisa apparently expecting?

Ah... wait, no... He glanced at Lisa. Was that what they were talking about before?

He knew it wasn't about his workout routine!

Jungkook wasted to laugh, of course, Lisa would do this and she smiled proudly at him, which made his heart jump in his chest.

A baby bunny?

That sounded so cute...

"Our baby bunny will be so happy, we can't wait to see him or her," Lisa sighed, all dreamy and lovey-dovey, bringing Jungkook's hand to her non-existent belly, which he instantly cupped to sell this show.

Baby bunny...

He was laughing so hard in his insides that it was getting hard to keep it.

Lisa was way too good at this. First, she got them married for a free stay in a motel and now this. Was she going to invent real children the next time and make a real kid pretend to be their *"little bunny"*?

"Oh..." Kun's mother whispered and shot her son a look. Maybe he believed this show or maybe he didn't, but he was certainly amused.

"Well, I'm happy for you, Pranpriya"

"Thank you, auntie. You will be invited to the baby shower"

"And Kun to the bachelor party," Grandma added.

"Why don't we all disperse? I have a toast to make," Preeda cut through this shoddy theater with a tight smile and took Kun's mother and Kun, who was already laughing, away, but not before turning around and shooting fire from her eyes, probably planning their deaths.

Grandmother and granddaughter burst out laughing once alone, both clinging to Jungkook lovingly which filled him with warmth and familiarity. They would get along so well with his mom and sister.

He hoped they could meet someday.

"I knew you were the one," Grandma told him. "I'm good at judging hands and yours just told me you were the one for my Lili," she explained, taking Jungkook's hand that looked huge on her thin, wrinkled fingers.

"That's not even close to what you said about his fingers, Grandma"

"Shhh, don't be rude to your elders, Pranpriya"

"She said I should imagine the things you could do with your fingers," she whispered at him and loved to see him all shocked.

Grandma was fast to slap her hand. "Brat!"

Her giggles turned more high pitched and she hid in his neck like a child, Grandma ended up smiling fondly at them just while Preeda's voice was heard through her microphone. She couldn't remember the last time she saw Lisa so happy and giddy, probably because she was never in love before, but now she was glowing with happiness and the way Jungkook was so mesmerized by her was just heartwarming. It could make you jealous.

Young pure love like this was precious.

"You all should sneak out and have some time alone, you know your mother can talk for years"

Lisa was delighted with the idea, gasping childishly and dramatically. "That's a good idea"

"Of course it is, I always have good ideas," Grandma nodded and patted Jungkook back to keep him going with Lisa. "Go, go, and don't play much I don't want any baby bunny"

He blushed terribly after that, his own Grandma was so serious and conservative she would never say this and he would never want her to do this, it was weird to hear elders talking about sex but Lisa's grandma was so casual about it that got him all flustered. His ears were burning and he felt kinda watched by everyone when Lisa took his hand and dragged him to the house.

"C'mon," Lisa whispered softly to him.

A strange sensation, like excitement and intrigue entwined in euphoric electrical currents, ran through his body and he felt giddy. It was like doing a mischief and Lisa saw it that way too, her giggles were nothing but evil.

This was exciting, even though they were both adults and perfectly capable of doing whatever they wanted.

He thought that she was heading towards the stairs but no, she continued towards the entrance and turned down a hall, which led them to the relatively large kitchen of the house that was full of people working, preparing the last details of the dinner that it would be served soon although Jungkook had no idea where.

Nobody paid attention to them when they passed and got between them, very focused on their work, and in seconds Lisa was out of there.

Lisa led him to a small balcony that had secondary stairs, probably the service entrance and where people probably went out to take out the trash but it didn't even look dirty or messy, the marble floors gleamed and the view of the beach was beautiful.

"Woah," he muttered in surprise, approaching the railing, from here he could feel the cool sea breeze.

Lisa's arms went around him from behind and her chin rested

comfortably on his shoulder. He relaxed and took a deep breath, happy and relaxed to be here with her and finally feel her touch. "I really missed you so much," she murmured and kissed his neck softly.

His knees trembled at her gentle touch. Literally.

Jungkook took her arms and turned around, clasping her hands behind his back to keep her hold on his, as he wrapped her body and looked into her eyes. Lisa sighed contently and smiled when he kissed her on the lips, soft and sweet.

"I brought something for you," he confessed, licking his lower lip and enjoying the strawberry flavor.

Curiosity washed over her from head to toe and she straightened. "What is it?"

Jungkook released her just to get something from inside his jacket, it was a black envelope and Lisa frowned, grateful for the light on the door behind her that allowed her to see her name beautifully written in cursive over... VOGUE?????!!

"What is this?" She cocked her head and opened the envelope without any patience, thank goodness it was not very glued, she didn't want to ruin her nails.

Her eyes flew over the words as she murmured them under her breath. When she understood what she was reading the shriek she let out was so loud that probably all the people in Phuket heard it.

SHE WAS HIRED!

AND SHE WASN'T JUST HIRED, IT WAS AN INVITATION FROM VOGUE OWN CREATIVE DIRECTOR TO PARTICIPATE IN THE WINTER SEASON! Using the guy Kim as a messenger.

This guy was extra as shit for sending her a letter, he could email her which was easier, but it didn't matter now because Lisa jumped into Jungkook's arms and he, damn hopeless romantic, picked her up and spun around like in the movies. Her long black hair flew as sweet giggles escaped her mouth and it had never felt more magical before.

Slowly, still hanging from his shoulders and with her feet off the ground, she kissed him. But it was impossible to kiss him when she couldn't stop smiling, so she laughed against his lips and he did too.

Everything was so perfect that it felt unreal, damn impossible.

Lisa had been fighting for something like this for years, a single serious and important job in the industry that could propel her to fulfill her dreams and it was finally happening. And it was so much bigger than she expected. Now it didn't matter if her parents didn't support her or were disappointed, she could now shut their mouths and even, if the pay was good, pay her own place!

God, she could live in the most horrendous shoebox in Seoul but

it would be thanks to her own salary, her money, her pride.

"I'm so proud of you, doll," and of course, Jungkook was right next to her.

This opportunity was thanks to Jungkook, he trusted her, he recommended her to Nana, he even let her take photos of the tattoos made in her parlor and he supported her always. He was everything she needed and wanted.

Lisa hugged him tight once more and reread the letter, wanting to confirm that it was true and not a dream. She had to turn her back on Jungkook for the light to illuminate the sheet well, facing the beach now, and she reread and reread until it was six times and yes, it was true, she had her first official job as a photographer.

OH MY GOD

Holy shit

She really couldn't believe it, at that moment she was literally shaking like a firework about to be thrown into the sky. The endorphins running through her brain were so strong that she would probably start screaming if she tried to say something.

Now, their positions were changed, Jungkook back hugged her and had his chin on her shoulder. She could feel his smile and his joy, he was as happy as she was and she valued that very much.

God, she was ecstatic. She felt awake, she felt agitated, she felt so damn alive.

She wanted to feel like this forever, she wanted this to last until she was old and scrawny and her tits were so saggy they hit the floor. Jungkook would be there to hold them for her while she took photos, she could trust that.

(a/n: don't google saggy tits on google images, just don't. In my defense i wanted to know i was using the right term lol BUT DON'T BE LIKE ME JUST TRUST URBAN DICTIONARY)

He snuggled into her and kissed her neck, just below her ear. "You deserve to be this happy, Lisa"

Lisa leaned her head to rest against his, sinking deeper into his embrace to feel even more protected and loved than she already was. Jungkook kissed her cheek and pulled her closer against his body if it was possible.

"Thank you so much," she sighed.

Jungkook nodded against her neck, his breath caressing her sensitive skin, and he kissed some more. "You smell amazing too," he commented, half playful, half appreciative.

Lisa tilted her head, giving him a little more room and he ran his nose down the length of her neck, his lips brushing sensitive spots. She took a deep breath and goosebumps spread all over her arms, causing her to bite her lower lip.

"Yeah?" she whispered temptingly.

"Uhum," he left another kiss, wetter, hotter.

His lips were so warm.

"I like that," she admitted and he rewarded her with one more. "I missed this"

"I missed you," he sighed into her neck and nuzzled her, Lisa smiled sweetly and a giggle bubbled up her throat.

"Am I the only one horny here because you're being so sweet right now, Jungkook"

Jungkook burst out laughing on her neck. "Well, yeah, I'm horny too," he confessed close to her ear, his breath sending dangerous chills through her entire body. Lisa was then aware of his hand on her stomach, his palm hot like an ember of fire piercing the fabric of her dress. She squeezed her thighs inadvertently. "Your legs shine from ten miles away, missed them around my face"

Fuck.

She stopped breathing, a stream of pure lust traveled down until it hit her clit and her cunt throbbed, remembering the time when she was sitting on his face... Remembering how good it felt to have his tongue there, how good it felt to have him inside her.

"Fuck," he gasped, perhaps thinking the same thing, and held her hips, pressing her ass against his hips.

If he knew the power one single whisper had on her...

Lisa opened her mouth, letting out a silent moan. "Oh yeah *'fuck'*," she managed to tease, shaking her ass a little. He was hard, not as hard as he could be, but that could be fixed. Lisa could fix it.

It would be so easy to put it in her mouth, on that dark balcony, to feel it grow until it would not let her breathe and her eyes would tear up...

The taste of him would run on her tongue and she would lift her eyes to see him moan, his pierced dark eyes on her.

She would just have to kneel down and-

"I don't know what you're thinking but it might get us in trouble"

Lisa laughed. "You're the one here with the hard dick against my ass"

She definitely didn't expect to hear him laugh so close to her ear, much less him capturing her earlobe between his teeth. His thin lips caressed her skin and wet her sensitive ear. "So you're telling me you're not wet right now?"

Her eyes rolled back, literally, and she leaned back on him completely. "Keep doing that please," she almost pleaded and he chuckled, but he obeyed. "Damn, you're not the same man that was stuttering in front of me all the time"

"You know what they say," he said and turned her around, Lisa

leaned her mouth up, offering it to him. Jungkook smiled smugly, his hand reaching up to cup her neck and once again his palm burned against her skin. Was his hand always this big? Her gaze bored on him, through her long lashes. He looked so sexy right now, his brows were something, arrogant and determined. "The quiet ones are the worst"

"Oh, I can confirm that now," she commented, witty. "Won't you kiss me more, hottie?" she asked then, pouting a little bit, literally begging for it.

He didn't reply, he leaned down and devoured her mouth. Lisa trembled in his arms as he licked her lips open and her eyes rolled back when he licked into her mouth, skillful lips attacking all of her senses.

She lifted her arms around his neck, burying her fingers in his hair, and she arched closer to him. Jungkook's hand around her neck controlled her movements so that she couldn't even think of running away, his other hand rested on her waist, open, but then he squeezed her closer and she moaned into his mouth, answering his kisses with a desire that was starting to consume her.

Lisa was hot, she could break a sweat at any moment and it wouldn't be so bad so she could get this annoying dress off and spread her legs for him. Right there, against the railing with her hair falling down and he thrusting inside her hard and fast.

Jungkook rewarded the hungry ache between her legs by putting his taut thigh between them, unconsciously pressing her against the railing and leaning her back. Lisa held his cheeks and ground against his hard thigh, letting Jungkook swallow her moans.

God, she missed having any part of him between her legs.

The cool sea breeze that rose up her back was shocking against her hot skin but she appreciated it, she felt that she would soon start to burn and Jungkook was just kissing her...

The world could end right now and she wouldn't care, right now she honestly wanted to undress this man and lick every inch of his skin, savor this familiar body and ride him while watching the tendons in his neck tighten, he arching under her as he lifted her with his hips and sought to bury himself deeper into her.

God.

Shit.

Jungkook lowered his hand to her ass and his fingers covered her asscheek to squeeze hard, Lisa gasped and then felt his hard bulge against her belly, she would only have to slide her hand between them, lower his zipper and take it ... Pump it, caress it, then suck it...

She might be drooling right now, it wouldn't be noticeable

though because Jungkook's mouth on hers was making her dizzy, sucking on her lips until they were swollen and licking her tongue until causing her an orgasm was possible just from that...

"Hey, lovebirds," Bambam's voice was terribly annoying at that moment.

(a/n: the way i got so bothered by that scene???? what the fuck writer tukkilisa?)

They both parted in surprise, mouths swollen and gasping for breaths.

Lisa was really dizzy and had a hard time focusing on Bambam, she felt very hot and Jungkook's body was practically a stove near her.

Jungkook rested his forehead on her temple, trying to control his breathing, while she turned her head to glare at Bambam. "I hope the house is on fire"

She was on fire right now, horny and angry. That sounded quite dangerous for him.

"You really are wanting that, uh?" Bambam scoffed, hands dug into his tight dress pants. "C'mon, horny hoes, dinner is ready, your mom is going crazy because she can't find you and public sex is illegal by the way, don't ask how I know it"

"You watch Law and Order?" Lisa acted silly on purpose, raising an eyebrow.

"Stop insulting me! I earned a reputation and I deserve to be recognized by it "

For someone who had been found with his pants around his ankles and his ass exposed, he had too much arrogance. But it was Bambam at the end of the day.

"We're not having sex," sadly, Lisa wanted to add as she felt her pussy on fire and it was hard to calm that beast when Jungkook was near her. He was still trying to recover and his strong arms around her waist were slowly killing her.

Bambam arched an eyebrow. "Well, congrats for not making babies in a public place?"

"Some of us have safe sex," Lisa replied and felt slightly sad when Jungkook finally released her and leaned against the railing, as if he really needed space.

The fresh breeze hit her in a wave.

Maybe she needed it too before she pounced on him and shoved him into the first dark corner they found, pulling his pants down.

"Where's the fun in that?"

"Uh?" It took her real effort to drag her eyes off Jungkook, especially when his gaze was still burning her slowly.

He looked so sexy against the railing, with his arms spread and...

fuck those eyebrows! They were a menace!

Bambam smirked. "Where's the fun in safe sex"

"Oh, yeah, pregnancy scares, oh so funny," she rolled her eyes, approaching him and stealing his glass of champagne. Thank goodness it was freezing.

"Wasn't that your main joke of the night? When is your baby bunny arriving? Next Easter?"

"Maybe," Lisa shrugged and Jungkook chuckled, both way too confident for a couple that does it raw every single time. "Let's go eat before the devil comes to eat us all"

"Kinky," Bambam scrunched his nose playfully and Lisa punched his arm.

"Shut up, that's my mom"

"She's hot and sassy, perfect for me," Bambam kept going to annoy her and then he winked at Jungkook. "See your future, Jungkook"

"Yah!" Lisa exclaimed, too offended. "Shut up before I push you down those stairs, asshole!"

"Yaaaah," Bambam complained. "You can't kill me, you owe me your life at this point after I was cool and got you this fucker as a boyfriend"

Lisa smiled then because Jungkook had just come over and hugged her from behind affectionately. "It's time to accept that I got Jungkook because I'm pretty, you just made... something"

Bambam gasped. "Something? Just *"something"*?"

Lisa nodded blatantly.

Bambam's breath hitched. "That's what you're gonna tell your children when you talk about the Lord and Savior uncle Bambam?"

"If you call yourself that, my children won't hear anything of you," Jungkook said this time.

"Bold of you to think your children will be her children," Bambam clapped back.

BUUURRRNNNNN.

"Yeah, look all offended, that's how I feel," Bambam pointed at him, looking wildly outraged as he crossed his arms. "I can't believe this is what I get after making THIS happen"

The couple looked at each other and rolled their eyes, he was being so dramatic and they would probably both carry the burden that Bambam once did something for them and he would never let them forget it.

"Gosh, stop crying, we're grateful and you know it," Lisa told him.

Bambam pouted. "A man needs praises sometimes"

"Don't act cute, Oppa," Jungkook fluttered his lashes from Lisa's shoulder and Bambam grimaced, taken aback once again.

"I swear to God, Lisa, control your dog, he's flirting with me"

Lisa pressed her lips closed and lifted a hand to cup Jungkook's chin. "Aws, baby is just being nice and inviting you to our bed, wouldn't that be nice?" she scrunched her nose, enjoying this new way to annoy him.

Bambam made the most disgusted face ever. "You raise them right and they turn out like this, I can't believe kids these days," he said dramatically, obviously joking, and walked away.

Jungkook and Lisa followed him of course. Dinner was ready.

The three of them returned to the hall, which was almost empty since most of the guests had been taken to the huge dining room next to it where hung a huge chandelier with small fake diamonds shining and reflecting beautiful lights. Lisa's mother was still in the room, however, accompanied by a couple that Lisa didn't recognize but Jungkook froze in his place and his grip on her hand tightened, drawing her attention.

"What?" Lisa muttered and incidentally Bambam also stopped.

Right at that moment, Preeda exclaimed, making the couple with her face them. "Ah, here they are!"

Lisa turned around and surprise hit her like a hurricane, the couple were Jennie and Tzuyu's parents.

What the hell were they doing here?

what do you think they're doing here fam? is everything about to get ruined? will they ruin the night for lisa and jk? will preeda show the public a whole powerpoint of jk's alleged sins?

i promise to update faster tomorrow 🤔

if you like it, comment and vote💖

FINALE • Part 3

same song in part 1 BBUT I CONFUSED SONGS ASLKSAKSA the song in the first part is now the right one. but its for the last part of the chap, after the smut, so you better play it bc its beautiful

okay so now im coming early!!! and i gotta go fast my ass gotta do assignments and submit them in less than an hour so excuse me please.

BY THE WAY I FINALLY READ YOUR COMMENTS AND YOU ALL ARE SO CUTE AND FUNNY AND AMAZING I WANNA CRYYYYYYYYYYYY

Jungkook was terrified, he was easy to read and Lisa glared at her mother for bringing these people just to upset him if she knew Jungkook would come. What was she looking for with this?

Why did he have to make everything so damn difficult? Was it a great sacrifice just to let Jungkook be?

Since they didn't approach, Preeda walked towards them, being followed by the older couple.

"Who are they?" Bambam asked in a whisper.

"Tzuyu's parents," Lisa replied through gritted teeth, tense like a guitar string.

"... Oh, motherfu-" he trailed off and formed a smile suddenly because Preeda was already too close to hear him. "Auntie! Hi! Who do you bring us now?" he said nicely, feeling Lisa burning like a damn volcano at his side. Her eyes actually could set her mother on fire at any minute and he didn't have an extinguisher close.

"This is my daughter, Lisa, I couldn't introduce you to her before," Preeda said with too much gallantry and Lisa just stared at her, not even acknowledging the presence of these people because these people would treat her boyfriend like shit and her mother knew that. "This is a very close friend, Kunpimook"

"A pleasure," Bambam bowed respectfully, standing in front of Lisa to steal the attention from her, she was being too obvious.

"And this is..." Preeda wrinkled her nose and Jungkook clenched his jaw, cursing inside him and despising this woman with all of his being. This was low and dirty, far more than he would have believed she was capable of.

"Jungkook!" Mrs. Kim exclaimed... with excitement?

The couple looked up from Preeda to them in surprise and found

that the woman was smiling, almost embarrassed.

Embarrassed?

"We know him already," she commented to Preeda as if they had never spat Jungkook in the face, metaphorically even though they had literally wished to do so when he was dating Tzuyu. "It's good to see you again, Jungkook"

Uh?

To see him? Jeon Jungkook?

What the-?

Okay, he needed to see some paper clarifying this woman wasn't crazy, because she was acting insane right now.

Was she okay?

Jungkook was honestly a bit scared. That woman had never smiled at him in this friendly way and it was dangerous, he knew she could be lethal like Jennie.

What was she up to?

What the hell was going on?

They were going to throw him a bucket full of pig's blood and ruin his crowning as prom queen now?

(a/n: lol sorry i was just watching carrie)

Even Bambam was lost and he was usually the most aware person of the events in this story.

"We gave him such a bad time before," Mrs. Kim commented with an embarrassed giggle and she refused to look at him, as if she couldn't lift her eyes from her hands.

"Yes?" Preeda asked. "Wasn't I dating your daughter before? I remember hearing something of that"

The audacity to act that clueless. Lisa genuinely wanted to strangle her like never before.

The lady was not poisonous however, she smiled and her husband did too. "That's true," he said. "He took really good care of our Tzuyu"

What?

He did?

I mean, he did, but how did they know?

Preeda's face was falling, but Jungkook's and Lisa's too.

"There was a misunderstanding before, Preeda, I'm sure you heard about it," Ms. Kim commented. "But our Tzuyu told us the truth a few days ago and now we're really sorry, Jungkook," she added, directing her warm gaze to him even though he could tell she was struggling and she felt very sorry. "He's a really good man, Preeda, you're so lucky to have him in your family now"

What the fuck was going on?

"Lucky?" Preeda murmured in a strangled voice, delicately toying

with the gold necklace on her chest.

"That's..." Lisa started and cleared her throat, unable to believe what that woman just said, starting with calling her mother lucky and then with that part about Tzuyu finally doing something right in all her useless life. "Excuse me, Tzuyu told you the truth?"

The woman nodded. "She told us she also talked with you, Jungkook"

"She did?" Lisa's head snapped back at him. He never mentioned that.

When did they talk? When did that happen? Where? How? Why did he never tell her anything about that?

Jungkook nodded slowly. "Uhm... Yeah... She-she did, I mean, we talked, yeah," he stuttered, still shocked.

So Tzuyu had confessed the truth to her parents? Was this some kind of white flag? Was she making peace between them?

Tzuyu? The same girl who had cowardly done everything to betray him and then tried to play with him?

This was so weird, he honestly wondered if the champagne and beer hit him harder than he expected.

Did Preeda actually push him down the stairs shouting THIS IS THAILAND like in 300 and now he was unconscious and delusional?

"Sorry, again, Jungkook," she repeated. "I'm glad you found love here, with such a beautiful girl"

Lisa blinked and put a hand to her chest, was she talking about her?

Damn, hold a second.

She knew she was pretty but this was... nice.

Now she was getting compliments too?

Wow, that was cute. Her heart softened as she recognized the sincere intentions of this woman, who wasn't a complete witch like her own mother.

"Thank you, I'm glad I found Jungkook," she admitted happily, leaning against Jungkook's arm and in that way he snapped out of his trance and suddenly smiled. You could tell he couldn't believe what was happening but this made him happy.

He was so precious when he was happy, Lisa thought.

"I can just wish you both just the best, you're really lucky here, Preeda," Mrs. Kim repeated to her mother, who shot Jungkook a surprised look, apparently unable to believe what she had just heard and she didn't like at all that the only reason she had against him had just collapsed in her face.

Jungkook's eyes sparkled with victory, pure and simple victory. He was relieved that finally his name was clear, at least in front of

Lisa's mother and soon her father as well. And curiously it was thanks to his ex.

Maybe he was indeed a good person and sooner or later, life proves it. Lisa was right.

"I think we should go get dinner, right? People must be waiting," Mr. Kim opined then and his wife laughed.

"Excuse him, he's hungry"

"Ah, me too, ma'am," Bambam patted his belly. "Let me guide you there," he offered and they both followed him, he didn't forget to send Lisa a mischievous smile.

Lisa scoffed then when the rest were out of sight and looked at her mother. "What the hell was that? Did you invite them?"

Preeda pressed her lips in a smile. "No, Dear, I have better things to do in my life than hunting your boyfriend"

Jungkook arched his brow, that wasn't what she said two weeks ago.

"So how did they end up here? The stork dropped them here?"

"They were passing by and your father is close to them, so he invited them," Preeda explained. "I'm as surprised as you"

"Cut the shit-"

"Vocabulary"

"-You were setting Jungkook up," Lisa accused her and at least her mother didn't deny it, she sighed.

"Your father invited them and it wasn't even about Jungkook. But I wanted to see something and I saw it," Preeda replied and her gaze slid icily over Jungkook with disdain. "Apparently, the rumors were fake"

"That's what I told you," Lisa said in exasperation.

"I don't lose anything by verifying. I don't want buttholes in my family," she shrugged slightly and turned, heading toward the dining room.

Of course, she wasn't going to apologize, never to Jungkook.

Preeda didn't want assholes in her family because that would be competition for her!

Lisa was about to follow her, furious, but Jungkook grabbed her wrist and shook his head. "It's okay, it ended up well," he said reasonably.

"Yeah, it did but," Lisa stood in front of Jungkook with arched brows, putting her hands on her waist. She was really struggling to control herself and not strangle her mother and he found it terribly cute, he was invaded by desires of snuggling her in the warmest hug.

That was before she shot him an accusing glare. "Didn't I tell that bitch to never get close to you or I was going to rip off every single

strand of hair from her head?"

Jungkook smirked, running his tongue through his cheek. "Didn't your mom just get her mouth shut?"

Lisa poked his chest. "Don't be sexy, you talked with Tzuyu and you never told me!"

He brought her close with his hand on her wrist and his free arm wrapped around her waist. "It doesn't matter, it was just to tell her to never talk to me again," he explained calmly with a lazy smile and Lisa was mesmerized by his sweetness.

Was he always this handsome and charming? Or was it the hair?

"Why not just ignore her?" She asked however, she did not like at all that he kept communicating with Tzuyu even if it was to finish things or to tell her that her grandmother died.

Wasn't it clear to the silly Gonorrhea that Jungkook didn't want her to talk to him anymore?

Of course it wasn't when he was still communicating!

"Because I wanted it clear for once so what happened before won't happen again. Make things clearer than the last time because she might think I kicked her out of my life just because I was angry and you know, anger goes away after a while and she knows me, she would think I will accept her back," he explained. "So I told her I didn't want her anywhere close in my life and I was serious, and apparently it got through her mind because she found the way to cut off everything left between us"

"Oh," She nodded thoughtfully, she still didn't like it but at least it worked. Tzuyu's parents defended Jungkook in front of Preeda and Lisa smirked, looking up to his eyes. "It's so sexy when you win against my mom, don't you want to make it a habit?" She purred, drawing even closer to him until her breasts brushed against his strong chest and their noses touched.

"Is it that hot?" he cocked his head quickly in a common habit and she hummed a yes, brushing his lips with hers.

"For God's sake! Dinner!" Preeda appeared next to them, annoyed. "And behave! You're in public!"

"Not for long, mother"

Dinner turned out much better than expected. People were separated at the different tables offered by the spacious dining room and that way Jungkook didn't have to deal with anyone who asked contemptuous or disrespectful questions, he only dealt with awkward questions and Lisa's friends talking about him in Thai.

At least he was sure they didn't say anything bad, no one knew better than he that Lisa would kick asses on his behalf if someone dared to insult him. The feelings were mutual.

The problem came after dinner, when everyone left and it was almost two in the morning.

"They're staying here?!" Preeda asked dramatically, already too tired to be decorous.

It's not like she cared about Jungkook's opinion, standing by the stairs with Lisa. It's not like he even spoke Thai, to begin with.

"Young master Kumpimook told me to accommodate them in one of the rooms"

Preeda was close to breathing out smoke from her nose so it was probably lucky that Bambam wasn't right there ready to be killed.

Bambam had taken the girls to a party with some of his friends, Jimin decided to stay because the trip had literally tired him because of his motion sickness and Jungkook and Lisa honestly wanted to make love for once.

(a/n: lmfaio "make love" HAHA not me being polite)

"Is Kumpimook the owner of my house now?!" she practically screamed and Nam, her lifelong housekeeper, who was already used to her but yet this was disrespectful and Preeda grimaced with regret. She closed her eyes and pressed her temples. *"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to explode like this, darling"*

"It's okay, ma'am," Nam nodded. *"But I don't really know why you want to send these nice gentlemen away,"* she said with all the shamelessness that came with age and the comfort of her job.

Lisa snorted.

Preeda arched a brow. *"Excuse me?"*

Obviously excited about this, Nam leaned in close to Preeda ready to tell her a secret: *"Ma'am, Lisa's boyfriend and his friend were so kind. They greeted me like I was the Queen and then they carried their own bags upstairs, they didn't even let me lift a finger, and Lisa's boyfriend bowed like 5 times in a row, he's adorable and very polite"*

Proud of her boyfriend, Lisa stroked Jungkook's cheek. He didn't understand anything but once again he sensed that the housekeeper was talking about him but it must be good things.

"So you're on his side because he has basic human manners?!!!"

"Mrs. Manoban, most of your guests don't have basic human manners, let me tell you"

Of course not, Lisa knew very well that few people in their circle recognized staff as more than trays holders and automatic cleaners.

Obviously, Preeda was embarrassed and with an angry glow told her housekeeper: *"The next time one of my guests gets disrespectful, tell me immediately, Nam."*

Lisa could grant that to her mother, if she herself respected the staff around her so much it was thanks to her mother, who had never let a waiter go without hearing a *"thank you"*.

"Yes, ma'am," Nam nodded.

"So, going back to the topic, they carried their own luggage upstairs"

"Yes"

"They were nice at you"

"A lot. It's adorable when handsome boys are so well-mannered. Lisa's Jungkook tried to speak Thai and everything"

"And that means you like... him," She pointed her finger at Jungkook, wrinkling her face in disdain.

Nam glanced at Jungkook once more and stretched her lips, nodding. "Yes, ma'am. I'm really happy for our Lisa, she's got herself a handsome gentleman"

That was so cute!

Nam was honestly very proud of Lisa, she showed it in her eyes and in that tender expression, she admired the closeness of the young couple.

"Is it too late for you to adopt me, Nam?" Lisa asked with a pout adorning her lips, walking up to her and holding her hands.

Preeda looked away, sighing heavily as her daughter rubbed against the housekeeper like a hungry cat. She was always like this.

Speaking of hungry cats, at that moment Leo decided to show up, recently freed from his owner's room by one of Manoban's employees.

Preeda picked up the huge cat and used it as comfort, she quickly earned an appreciative, loud purr against her chest. "Well, apparently there's nothing else we can do," She finally gave up even though she hated it, shooting Jungkook a hateful look. Leo did too, of course, what was that human male slave doing here?

After two weeks without him, Leo was hopeful this thing was going to be forever! No more male slave! But now he was here! And that ugly Luca was still there...

Leo was ready to scratch every single piece of clothes of that male slave if he dared to bring another cat to his house, he knew very well he was behind that... Luca boy.

"He doesn't speak Thai, he doesn't know what is going on," Lisa reminded her.

"What could be going on at this hour?" Grandma walked from the kitchen. "Why aren't we all sleeping already? I'm sure I was told the lights are out at 1AM and the bar is closed at 11," and the last thing was obviously a complaint towards her daughter.

"I don't see that stopping you," Preeda pointed to the glass of whiskey that she carried in her slender fingers.

"I'm old enough to do whatever I want," She sounded very like Lisa, Preeda was sure her daughter told her that not too long ago. Consequently, Grandma walked over to Jungkook, patting his arm.

"Is that old lady fighting you, son?"

"I'm not sure, Grandma," Jungkook confessed.

"She is," Lisa confirmed. "She wants to send Jungkook and Jimin Oppa to a hotel, Grandma. APPARENTLY our really precarious house is too small to handle them. You know, we all sleep in the same room, sharing the same bed because we can't afford more," she communicated with a lot of drama but with a touch of resignation, like someone who is used to misery. "Don't worry about it Grandma, I will let you sleep in the middle between me and Mom and Dad because you're old and you can't fall down from the only bed we have because you know we're too poor to have more. Try to sleep a lot because tomorrow we won't have enough to afford breakfast, our last can of tun- "

"Oh my God, just shut up," Preeda told her, rubbing her forehead wearily.

"Don't feel embarrassed about our situation mom! We're poor but very proud!"

Jimin came walking from the hall with a laugh that he couldn't help, in his hands, he was carrying Luca. In the weeks that passed, he had grown a lot and apparently, he loved Jimin. Which Jungkook looked at with much indignation.

He had bottle-fed that little furball and had never gotten a single purr, just scratches and screams on his face.

"Hide the cat, Oppa!" Lisa warned him. "We don't want the temptation to be close when we're so hungry," she pouted, placing a dramatic hand on her forehead. "Sometimes we go through so much hunger that even our pets seem appetizing, it's crazy! Because look at Leo! He's starving! You can see his ribs and everything!"

Jungkook covered his mouth to keep from laughing, he didn't want to be dismembered by Preeda who was near throwing something at her daughter.

"For God's sake, where did you find that Whiskey?" the woman asked her mother, fed up with her daughter's games.

Smiling, the grandmother nodded. *"Let's get some more in the kitchen"*

"Amazing," Preeda sighed and looked at her daughter, leaning against her boyfriend's chest, her arms around her waist. "Go to sleep you two. Jimin, goodnight. *Nam, have a good rest, my dear. Tomorrow we will have breakfast at 9, okay?"*

Everyone nodded as if she were a general but only Lisa had the audacity to greet her like an obedient soldier. When she finished with her antics, she took Jungkook's hand and pulled him up the stairs. Preeda narrowed her eyes, genuinely offended.

Did that brat think she was going to let them do what she knew

very well they wanted to do?

Preeda might be a snobby bitch with a stick up her ass but she wasn't unaware of her daughter's sexuality or the obvious sexual tension that had existed all night between those two. For God's sake, watching them eat together was painful. They didn't stop touching and looked at each other as if it were heat season in the jungle. She was afraid of getting distracted and then finding them in a compromising position on the table.

"Pranpriya!"

Lisa stopped and therefore Jungkook, already almost reaching the second floor with Luca in his arms, Jimin also stopped. The talk they had been having died too.

"Don't you dare to go to his room and he won't be in yours," She warned her with a demanding look, pointing at her with her index finger.

"What? Why?" Lisa sounded terribly childish when she complained. Wearing high heels and her elegant cocktail dress she stomped down the steps, keeping a frown on her forehead. "Why can't I go to his room?"

"Where do you think you are? A cheap motel?!" Preeda put her hands on her waist. "No, under my roof young lady"

"I'm old enough to do what I want!"

"Do it out of my roof"

"Well! Fine! I'll go to the beach then!" she responded and motioned for Jungkook to follow her onto the balcony, where the stairs by the pool led directly onto a path to the beach.

Preeda took her arm. "Don't be a child. Just go to sleep and then when you get back to Korea tomorrow, do whatever you want. You're awake since 9 AM, you need to rest"

"And whose fault is that?"

Preeda sighed. "Pranpriya ..."

"Just let them sleep together, Preeda," Grandma said lightly. "They're adults and we are modern"

"No, we are not. Go to your room and you too, sir"

Lisa opened her mouth to complain but surprisingly Jungkook spoke first. "It's okay, we have to respect the house," he reasoned and all the people present looked at him like he was crazy. "What?"

His mother raised an educated child and although she loved Lisa, she also wouldn't let them sleep in the same room without being married first.

He was dying to push Lisa face down on the mattress and bury his dick into her so deep that neither of them knew where the other began and ended, in his memories were clear her familiar moans and that beautiful frown on her face that she always did when she

was excited, but he could wait another day... And he hoped the day didn't take much to come.

He wasn't going to die for not having sex one night more.

"You say that because you're not the one hard and neglected!" said Mr. Dick in his pants, with its hands on its waist and frowning angrily.

Jungkook's words and his warm gaze worked though, Lisa sighed, rolled her eyes and nodded. "Fine. I'll go sleep in my room"

"Thank you," Preeda smiled and she didn't even realize she was thanking Jungkook until she turned around and saw the amused look in her mother's eyes.

She was so similar to Lisa, she even had that same beautiful mole under her eye and the wicked glow.

The large kitchen of the house was spotless despite having 15 cooks a few hours earlier working for six hours. The only light came from the warm long tubes that hung vertically over the central beige and pale pink marble countertop, and both women found no other reason to brighten the room further.

Grandmother wasted no time in serving half a glass of whiskey to her daughter, who had just taken a seat on one of the stools, her legs crossed, looking as graceful as a 60s fashion silhouette.

"Even the maid loves him and she hates everyone, just like you," the older woman scoffed and Preeda snorted, showing an exasperated smile. Her mother was right, however. Nam was her right hand and a close friend of hers because they thought alike most of the time.

She still couldn't believe that he had betrayed her in this way.

What kind of attracting women poison that ruffian throw? He wasn't even that handsome!

The lady looked at her and her eyes, as well as her tone, softened notably: *"He's a good boy, just let Lisa be for once"*

It sounded like a plea, but it was probably just advice.

Preeda refused to listen to her, however, getting distracted by Leo who had just climbed onto the counter and was pacing in front of her with his tail stretched out. *"I don't know anything about him"*

Grandma laughed. *"Then get to know him, maybe?"*

She didn't want to, she didn't want to give that ruffian a chance. She didn't want him to feel accepted into a circle he didn't belong to nor did she want him to drag her daughter further away from her, into his circle of tattoo artists and God knows what else.

If she approved of this relationship, she would approve of Lisa taking a very bad path and then she would feel very guilty for letting this happen.

The older woman sighed and leaned over the counter with one arm across her chest, pointing at her with one of the fingers that

held the wide glass of whiskey. *"Listen, daughter, he's part of Lisa's life now and I know how hard you want to be part of her life, so you have to learn to cohabit with that man,"* she repeated exactly what Lisa had already told her. *"If you make her choose it won't end well, if she chooses him you will lose her completely and if she chooses you, she will be angry at you for a very long time"*

Her words hit her right in the chest because they were the raw truth.

She felt pure fear of losing all contact with Lisa once more, it generated real fear that her only daughter would leave her out of her life. But then she recognized that her mother had shot the arrow right on target.

Lisa was going to hate her if she took Jungkook away from her, even if it was just something of the moment. Preeda was convinced they weren't going to last. Lisa had better options and that Kun boy was perfect, they were still good friends and that could escalate. But now, after the things she did, she feared that Lisa's usual antics and her playful hostility would turn into real hatred.

What if the next time instead of making her life impossible to get her way, Lisa just left?

Her heart tightened in her chest painfully because the idea of her daughter truly hating her was horrible.

She could accept that Lisa was angry with her and her angry ways, she could even find pleasure in her meaningless arguments, but she could never accept to earn her hatred.

It had been painful enough to hear her tell her that she didn't want to share any of her life with her. That is why since that happened she had remained open to any word that Lisa said about her career, although she had not shared much.

(a/n: and whose fault is that?)

"What if he stays for long?" She asked in a choked voice, after taking a long, thoughtful drink.

"Isn't it better? Or would you prefer your daughter suffering from heartbreak?"

Did she think she was a psychopath?

"Of course not, I-"

Grandma cut her off, sliding her fingers down the back of a purring Leo who had just leaned in beside her. *"I've seen the way he looks at Lisa, Preeda,"* she vocalized what Preeda had also noticed even though she had refused to accept that it was true. *"That man will suffer ten times more than Lisa if he loses her and that's exactly the same way your husband looked at you when you both started dating"*

Preeda feared so.

If she wasn't so upset, she would admit that Jungkook's eyes

shone with love when he looked at her daughter. That boy was whipped to the bone and didn't even seem to care, he was kind of mesmerized by Lisa.

He seemed to adore her.

And Lisa deserved that.

But it was not the same.

"But my husband-"

"It's rich," the older woman finished for her, rolling her eyes at her. *"You married him for that"*

Preeda put a hand on her chest, offended. *"Pardon?"*

Grandma laughed against the edge of her glass. *"Don't try to deny it and I don't blame you,"* she added, raising her eyebrows. *"He was stability for you and that's all you wanted,"* and her mother didn't blame her for real, she knew very well that her crazy life had affected her daughter a lot, making her controlling and demanding with Lisa. Preeda clearly didn't want Lisa to be like her grandmother in her youth, she knew it wasn't a good life even though it seemed fun, and she didn't want her daughter bumping into the wall multiple times, hurting herself, for her to understand.

The grandmother continued: *"Gladly you fell for him and you both are happy together now. Let Lisa have her own stability"*

What stability could give her someone who could never get a decent job because of the multiple tattoos on his skin?

Preeda laughed humorlessly. *"That man is everything but stable"*

"He's got 47 tattoos, Preeda, I think he knows about stable things and permanency"

"Or that's all he knows about it."

"Time will say," Grandma shrugged slightly. *"But trust Lisa, she's smart, make it easier for everyone and try to get to know him for real. He's kind, polite and handsome, our flower made a good choice there. Everyone says that and you keep seeing it even when you pretend to be blind. You don't find that every day, darling"*

Preeda was silent and allowed herself to think of Jungkook, of his behavior during the evening.

At first, she believed that he would come to ruin everything, maybe make a scene. But he just mingled with people and didn't attract attention with bad behavior. He was actually quite polite and correct. Much more than her own daughter if she was honest.

He could have gotten between Lisa and Kun, he could have coerced Lisa to stay with him on the couches, but he didn't. Jungkook respected the party even when Preeda put him in a very awkward and stressful situation with his ex's parents. Who also happened to confirm to her that he was indeed a good person.

In fact, the only time he bothered her was because he got carried

away by Lisa and Grandma, both extremely dangerous.

Preeda couldn't even blame him and was once again irritated that she wasn't right.

He had been almost rude in Seoul when he threatened to push Lisa away, but then Lisa traveled with them back home and even said it was Jungkook's idea, because he wanted her to spend time with her family and friends just as Preeda asked, after accusing him of being selfish and keeping her daughter away from them.

Apparently, that dog barked but didn't bite.

That dog looked bad but he was good.

What had Lisa called him once? Pitbull puppy?

Inevitably she laughed at that but refused to give that ruffian any further concessions. He was never going to earn her favor.

Soon mother and daughter decided to call it a night and walk up the stairs in peaceful silence, arms intertwined. Leo accompanied them faithfully, he was still very offended with Lisa since she adopted Luca and he pretended not to love her even though he went to sleep in her bed every night.

Obviously, Lisa wasn't expecting to find them in the hallway, her face showed it, surprised and with wide eyes, caught.

She was heading towards the west wing of the house, right where the guest rooms were and her guilty smile, very similar to the ones she made as a child after breaking things, was there.

"Oops, haha, I think my bathroom is clogged so I was going to-"

Of course, Lalisa Manoban would never give up so easily and would accept rules so passively.

This wasn't a surprise at all.

Preeda sighed and knew that she was going to regret it after saying this but what difference did it make to fight the wind. *"Just do whatever you want"*

Grandma and daughter looked at her like she was crazy and just said that cats could fly. Even the cat that Lisa had just picked up looked at her with his round green eyes, craning his neck in that funny way of his.

"Wait, for real?" Lisa insisted in surprise.

Preeda nodded passively. *"Yes"*

Lisa cocked her head, frowning in concern. *"Have you been drinking, mother? Whiskey? I told you to not try dad's, that always hits you hard"*

She was too good at playing with her nerves. Apparently for Lisa they were like the strings of a violin to abuse in the most out of tune way.

Preeda took a deep breath. *"I will change my mind if you keep going, Pranpriya"*

Lisa jumped up. She was not going to miss this opportunity. *"Right! Sorry! Thank you!"* She exclaimed very happily, shaking her fists a little.

Her daughter was a pain in the foot, clearly, but boy, wasn't she the loveliest thing when she was happy.

It filled her chest to be the cause of that happiness for once in her life.

"But I want you both up at 9 for breakfast," she demanded, however, it was appropriate and the plan was in place.

"Sure!" Lisa said very nonchalantly for a person who never wakes up early and even less after an intense night.

"Tell him to wrap the soldier, honey!" The grandmother playfully recommended, accepting Leo in her arms from Lisa.

Preeda glared at her. Yes, she knew they were going to have sex but her mother didn't have to open more doors to Lisa and make it more obvious they knew and were approving this.

Lisa just showed her thumbs up, shamelessly of course.

"I really hope he does," Preeda sighed.

"Doesn't she have that weird new birth control? The one you make her put before she left to Korea"

"Yes, but that doesn't help diseases and the least I want is gonorrhea walking around this house"

Lisa turned back her steps and shook her hand downplaying the matter: *"Ah, don't worry, we left that one in Korea, mom"*

WHAT THE HELL DID THAT MEAN?

"Pran-!"

"It's time to sleep, ladies!" the grandmother cut her daughter off with a cheery smile and walked into her room with the cat. "Goodnight!"

"Goodnight!" Lisa said cheerfully, running down the hall.

Preeda should be used to those two leaving her with the word in her mouth and full of frustration, but nope, she was never going to get used to it apparently.

But, at least Lisa was happy and it was because of her.

"Mom?"

She turned around at the soft call and saw Lisa approaching again.

"Yes?"

"Stop doing things like the ones you did today," she asked seriously, gaze so deep and sincere it left Preeda speechless. "You have to stop trying to sabotage my relationship, because what makes Jungkook feel bad makes me feel bad too so..." her voice trailed off and she pressed her lips since the rest was pretty obvious.

So Preeda ended up nodding, swallowing her pride because Lisa's

request was actually really simple and, after the talk she just had with her mother, it might not be a third request, just a goodbye.

That night she failed like 3 times in a row anyways.

"Okay, I won't"

It wasn't the best concession she could make and it would probably have consequences, but she reminded herself that her daughter was smart and she forced herself to remember that... pitbull puppy, wasn't that bad and he wasn't going to stay for long.

Lisa showed her a smile so sweet and grateful it made her smile too. She rubbed her arm like saying thank and then walked away.

So that night Preeda went to sleep with a warm heart in her chest.

Her daughter was a handful, but she loved that messy, cheerful and lovely handful. Even when she was making jokes about Gonorrhea.

It was just a joke, right?

Tae's Dom

jungkook

hiii

are you awake?

helloo

yup

how is Thailand?

hot and humid

people are nice tho

and lisa is here

im glad kookie

so

my mother called me

ah

yeah

i saw her

tzuyu finally told her the truth uh?

hope she apologized

it takes a lot for her to say sorry

she and i are really similar so i get the struggle haha

she did say sorry

i was shocked

i never expected that the truth would come to light

ikr?

but im texting you because you must be wondering why

i never told you anything

not really

you don't???

i have a sister too

she might fuck up too sometimes

we're friends but sisters are sisters

it's not that jungkook

when tzuyu told my parents all those lies

i was low-key grateful

noona

are we really friends?

shut uuuppp

i didn't finish!

i thought that was her way of cutting ties with you

she stained your name so i thought: well she won't dare to

bring him back there again

she will leave him alone now because

otherwise she would look insane

but she did

yes

she did

i don't understand that idiot

she doesn't know what she wants so

less do i

i'm sorry i didn't tell you then

but you were so over her during the van gogh event

i saw you and lisa kissing

boy that was something

i know

i was there

don't be a smartass!

you're always so bossy :(

i have my own thai boss

shut up i don't wanna know

about your sexual life

you're like 15 in my mind

you're fucking my best friend!

on the sofa i sit!

and i didn't forget about you both

splish splashing my tablet

TAEHYUNG TOLD YOU THAT?

THAT ASSHOLE!!

hehe

kidding

don't kill hyung

he's the owner of my heart

and home
 he will hear of this
anyways
about my sister
i didn't tell you anything bc you seemed over her
so it was worthless
 noona
sorry
but now that you say it
i still was her friend and you didn't tell me
 i didn't know you both kept in contact!
untill taehyung called me one day and told me
that you were emo bc tzuyu kissed you!!
are you dumb? why would you befriend your damn ex???
THE ONE THAT CHEATED ON YOU?
 i was feeling guilty bc she was lonely
and i got mingyu and her together
lisa helped me to figure that out better tho
 you really need a fucking caretaker jungkook
lisa has the patience of a saint
i would kick your cherries if i was her
 she almost made my cherries explode
in another way
 NO SEXUAL LIFE DAMN
so that day tzuyu came to my parents home
i was there coincidentally
she was crying so much even i got scared
she told me everything that happened
and she said it was over
jungkook i felt like kissing your stupid face
 thank you?
 it was about time
so ofc, why would i tell you what she said
it was over
i didn't want to bring it back
but youre so into bringing it back fucking idiot
not you calling her again
good for the closure
her therapist also told her to do so
but damn jungkook
let it die in silence
 well
i won anyways
she told the truth

and my reputation is clean
yeah
that's the good part
i didn't know lisa's parents knew
if i knew i would have cleaned your name
to my parents
i didn't do it before bc i felt like if i did
i would open a door to tzuyu to
bring you back to her life
and fuck you up again
keeping myself quiet was like
keeping you and her separated
if my parents hated you then
they would keep you away
it sounds messed up as fuck
now that i say it
it's really bad
i didn't expect my mom
to be so nice though
she really accepted you
in the exhibition
define "nice"
lmfaoooo
okay yeah she's a bitch
my role model
so watch you mouth
anyways
i'm really sorry
i still don't know if i should
have told you
i think you should have
i dont really understand your point
but maybe i do at the same time
i dont really want to think about it
it's done
everything is okay noona
good kookie
im glad
you really deserve the best type of love
the world can offer
and lisa does too fucker
you better love her as much as she deserves
i will get cheesy
if you open that door

ew
okay so
now i can go to sleep
did you just say sorry
to sleep at night?
don't we all apologize for the same reason?
sure noona
i have a shower to take
send greets to hyung
okay babes
have a good time with lili
tell her i love her

(a/n: this one dedicated to the anon in my cc that asked for this. sorry if it's not enough but i hope it was enough closure i guess? i don't have more place to make this chapter longer 🐼)

Jungkook ruffled his wet hair a bit more with the towel and cocked his neck, stretching his muscles with sheer pleasure. The shower in that house, in addition to being powerful as a waterfall, was extremely hot and had worked wonders to relax the tense muscles of his body after five hours on an airplane.

He was hot and his short-sleeve shirt felt like a jail around his skin, still damp and smoking, as he walked back to his room, but in no way he was going to walk half-naked in a house that wasn't his.

He wasn't an animal!

"Are you done?" Jimin just walked out of his room, a towel hanging from his arm.

"Yup, all yours," he pointed at the open door behind him with his thumb.

"Thanks," his Hyung nodded and a mischievous smile grew on his thick lips. "Are you visiting Lisa tonight?"

"No, I like my penis in its place and her mother will cut it off if I visit Lisa tonight"

"The risk is worth it. You haven't had sex since she left, this is your longest drought since you met her"

"I could be like 7 months without sex for that woman, I can wait a few days more"

"Right, your virginity was growing again back then," Jimin nodded mockingly. "There's baby oil in the closet if you need it"

Jungkook rolled his eyes and threatened to whip him with the towel, Jimin chuckled and ran away from him.

He shook his head while laughing and finally returned to his room.

He was finally alone and sighed, taking his shirt off from his

back. His wet hair tickled his forehead so he ruffled it again with the towel, pushing it back with his fingers at the end.

He had to open a window or something, the night wasn't that hot but he was very hot.

He couldn't get Lisa out of his head and it felt like going back to the old days. When she was there but he couldn't touch her so he resorted to fantasizing.

Fantasizing about kissing her neck like a few hours before and hearing one of her muffled moans. Fantasizing about reaching inside her short dress and sliding his fingers through her hot slit. Fantasizing about kissing her and then leaning her against the railing, to kneel down and sink his face into that pussy he could still taste on his tongue after weeks without her.

Fuck, she looked so gorgeous that night in that blue dress. He couldn't stop thinking about it.

Huffing, he walked to the elegant clothesline next to the sofa to hang the damp towels he had used. He needed to calm down.

"Go down for once," he mentally complained, to his own cock.

"Make me!" the member seemed to challenge him back.

He glanced at his open suitcase on the floor and took a small bag with skincare products, maybe that would distract him a bit, or remind him more of Lisa because some creams smelled like her.

"Seven months without sex just for me?"

He jumped startled.

"Fuck!" he whispered scared.

Stretched out on his bed, on her side, propping her body on one elbow while the free arm hung from her very arched and thin waist, was Lisa.

Lisa in black lingerie.

"Hello, hottie"

△□△□△□

(a/n: the las tsmut of the fic oh my gooooood)

Jungkook squeezed his eyes shut and groaned in pain, running a hand over his face. "You're so unfair," he whimpered, causing a burst of laughter in her.

He wanted to be good, he wanted to keep the peace in this house...

How was he going to do it now?

Pressing the bridge of his nose, he watched his girlfriend and his cock grew in his sweatpants, interested.

Hunger hit him like a summer breeze, making him boil.

He wanted to eat her whole right now, he wanted to spread her legs and just slide that flowered thong to one side to sink into her. And suck her neck, bite her shoulder and lick her tits...

He could see her nipples so clearly, that bra barely covered her piercings.

His babies were there, like winking at him.

"Hi daddy!" the girls were saying.

That bra wasn't covering anything, it was transparent fabric with some embroidered flowers that only decorated the tits of his girlfriend.

Those boobs...

And those legs...

He could kneel down right now and pray to her, or just bring her ankles to the foot of the bed and make her see heaven with his tongue.

"Jungkook~" Lisa crooned and made him focus his gaze on her, breaking out of his dirty thoughts.

Shit, another mistake.

She had knelt on the bed, exposing her body a little more if possible.

Her long black hair fell around her as if outlining everything that needed to be highlighted... Like the arched lines of her waist, the sharpness of her beautiful collarbones decorated with one single and familiar gold necklace, the slight muscles of her tummy, her mouth painted red...

He wanted that red smeared in her mouth, he wanted marks of that red on his own skin ... especially on his cock.

She laughed charmingly at his pained face, as if they weren't together and he couldn't touch her. "You will start drooling soon, hottie"

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

Why did he have to date the sexiest woman in the world?

Jungkook raised a finger, forcing himself to think. "Di-didn't your mo-mother forbid us to be together tonight?" his voice sounded strangled, because he had a hard time saying it!

He didn't want to say that!

But shit, they could hang him if he gave that woman another reason to hate him... But they could hang him if he let Lisa go out of this room without her pussy full of-

SHIT!

He wanted to fuck her so bad it hurt and she wasn't making it easy in that black lingerie.

Lisa rolled her eyes and slid off the bed. Seeing her stood up was definitely fatal... She was like a precious demon that could suck his soul from his body and he was going to say yes, thank you.

Her hips were divine and the sheen of her oiled long, defined legs would be his fucking final sentence to go to hell one day.

Jungkook wasn't complaining anyway, if he died at the hands of this woman he would do it with honor.

He even kept the idea that his dick had to be preserved in a museum for having been inside the great Lalisa Manoban.

It was also pretty, he could brag about it.

"I can't believe I'm dating the most good boy in this world when he looks like such a bad boy," She said and moved closer to him, sliding her feet and making the sensual movement of her hips much more mesmerizing.

Jungkook gasped.

Lisa could make him feel like a virgin every single time.

Even when he was being more dominant, it was like having sex for the first time, terribly helpless and vulnerable to her.

She lifted a hand to him and her fingers spread all over his hard abdomen. Heat crept into his pants and he gritted his teeth.

He smiled. "I find quite surprising you're the bad one between us"

Lisa giggled and her other hand got on him too, she moved forward and her sweet perfume intoxicated him as her fingers climbed up to his chest and brushed his nipples. "I'm just a brat," She shrugged. Yes, she was one, she was a bad brat. "And you should really fuck this brat"

He should ...

He should fuck this brat stupid ...

"You really have no idea how much I want to"

She lowered her gaze and arched an eyebrow. "I think I do"

Clearly, his cock was breaking records growing so fast.

But his dick was a big Lisa stan.

But someone wasn't a big Jungkook stan and that someone could cut his cock.

No cock, no Lisa stan, therefore, no happy Lisa because Lisa was a Jungkook's cock stan.

Crazy cycle.

Jungkook, in pain, took her wrists and stopped her, because her caresses were blanking his mind. "We can't do it though, your mother-"

"-said that I can do whatever I want in your room," she finished for him.

...

"She said that?" Jungkook asked incredulously.

"Uhum," Lisa nodded, and brushed her fingernails across his skin lightly.

He shuddered.

And what the hell was he waiting for then?

"You should have started with that," he warned her and picked her up like a bag of potatoes.

Lisa let out a startled yelp that turned into a high-pitched giggle and then found herself on the bed, Jungkook crawling on her. The smile on his lips was dangerous.

He was just so damn handsome.

"Fuck, you're so pretty," he growled and leaned down to kiss her with raw hunger.

FINALLY.

Lisa wrapped her arms around his neck and arched toward him to cling to his familiar warm body. She wanted to wrap herself in him and feel every damn hard muscle of his body against her silky skin and never let him go.

His large hands encircled her waist and squeezed her flesh, while he was devouring her mouth as if it were the last meal in his life. She moaned ecstatically, burning from his touches and his squeezes.

She pushed his short hair back, digging her fingers into it and clenching the strands into a fist as she lost her mind because of the touches of his wet tongue. Jungkook growled into her lips and dropped his body onto hers, between her legs, crushing her slightly with his weight.

Lisa gasped at the sudden pressure of his hard bulge on her core and he moved his wet mouth down her jaw and her neck, leaving overwhelming kisses.

His kisses were burning her.

"Jungkook..." she moaned.

His fingers climbed down her ass and he kneaded eagerly while he pushed his bulge against her and made her arch with pleasure, panting and moving her hips to reciprocate his thrusts. "Yes, love?"

"Fuck," she bit her lower lip and he smiled against her neck.

She missed this. Her dreams and memories didn't compare at all with the real feeling of having Jungkook touching her in this way, desperate to feel her and squeeze every corner of her body with his rough hands.

The real Jungkook who was here with her was incomparable, he was hot and eager, he was dying to fuck her and he let her know. And he wasn't rough, he had the ability to be delicate even when he was tough.

Jungkook lowered his mouth to her breasts and didn't bother to pull down the thin fabric that covered them, he moistened it with his tongue and captured her swollen nipple in his lips to suck. He fucking purred, pleased with having her in his mouth.

Lisa moaned. "Fuck, I missed that!"

"I love your tits so much," he whimpered in response and made her giggle but her brows quickly drew together in her forehead when he nibbled, tugging at her sensitive nipple.

"You're supposed to pull down the bra," she reminded him, not like it bothered her but she was dying to feel the direct sensation.

"Who's the one sucking the titties here?" He complained against her boobs and switched to the other nipple, Lisa arched from the sudden pleasure that ran through her body and curled her toes.

Just then she noticed her cunt throbbing, feeling empty.

However, Jungkook ended up taking her bra off and sucking her boobs directly, driving her crazy with the licking and pulling, clinging his teeth into her piercings and sucking until she almost came with pleasure. He was worshiping her tits with hunger and passion, desperate to take every last bite of her and turn her sensitive nipples into shiny, hard pink rocks.

She yelled a "Yes!" when he lowered his hand down her belly, causing chills as it passed, and he dipped his fingers into her panties, sliding them between her very wet folds.

"You're so fucking wet and ready for my cock," he moaned and climbed up to kiss her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and making her eyes roll back as she held his face in her hands and moved her hips to accompany his circle strokes on her clit.

Jungkook stuck two fingers into her hungry cunt and Lisa opened her mouth, letting out a silent moan.

"You're so wet and so so tight baby," he nuzzled his nose to her temple sweetly and slid his fingers out of her to circle her aroused bundle of nerves.

"You can stretch me out with your cock," she whispered, capturing his lower lip with her teeth.

Jungkook smiled and kissed her once more, giggling slightly when he felt Lisa tug at his baggy sweatpants. "I'm so impatient too," he murmured in amusement.

"Jungkook please just fuck me," She complained childishly.

He pulled away from her only to push the rest of his clothes away and then came back on her, stroking her smooth, shiny leg and wrapping it around his waist. His wet tip was millimeters from her entrance covered by her thin thong and he took his cock with his hand to rub it against her.

They moaned and kissed, erasing the smiles on their lips. Lisa could barely breathe when he began to press the tip of his cock against her clit and jerk it hard for her, revolutionizing every fiery hormone in her body. Her legs trembled around him and she grew so impatient.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she whimpered, not taking it

anymore.

Jungkook was flushed like her and was starting to sweat, panting against her neck in such a way that it drove her crazy. "Fuck I just needed to do that, need some friction memories for when you leave again"

Lisa snorted inevitably as he pulled the last piece of clothing off her body. Jungkook appreciated the view fondly and raised an eyebrow.

Lisa arched up, showing more, ready to be taken and was rewarded with a desire that almost made her moan and he was just looking at her.

"I will never leave again," she gasped almost painfully.

Jungkook slid over hers, resting his hands next to her shoulders and stared at her. "Promise?"

Why so suddenly cute? Why always so romantic?

She nodded, nipping at her lip, loving every inch of his face, and was rewarded with an extremely talented and accurate thrust. His cock filled her so much that she couldn't breathe for two seconds and she squeezed Jungkook's waist, digging in her nails.

Jungkook reached down and brushed her nose with his, whispering: "Everything okay?"

Everything was better than okay!

"Yes!" She moaned and he smirked a bit arrogantly, sinking once more.

Lisa slid her hands down his hot and sweaty body and reached up to his neck to hold him down and keep him extremely close to her. She wanted to feel all of him, his body on top of her, the weight and muscles of him clinging to her.

It started out slow and familiar, sweet as a caress as they smiled and gazed at each other with eyes full of longing and love. Jungkook kissed her cheek and her temple, then her neck and then kissed her lips sweetly while his hips moved delicately. He was enjoying the moment and Lisa was delighted, caressing his shoulders and his back.

"Definitely never leaving that dick alone again," she decided against his lips.

Jungkook chuckled. "Never letting that pussy go again"

For some reason that aroused a loud laugh in Lisa and he, who could not look at her with more love, lifted her by the waist and sat with her on his lap.

Lisa gasped in surprise, if she could feel fuller now it was happening.

It was perfect.

Jungkook then massaged her boobs and played with her nipples,

taking them in his mouth, stealing her air as he looked up with bright, wicked eyes. He was sinful with his sweaty face and thick neck, strands of short black hair messily sticking up because of her tugs.

So hot, so damn hot.

Naturally, Lisa began to move her hips, burning and aroused. The situation escalated along with the strong sway of her hips and his thrusts up into her and suddenly they were both gasping and moaning into each other's mouths with despair, practically bouncing on the mattress.

He held her hips tightly and helped her ride him faster and harder. She dug her nails into his shoulders and slid them down many times, fucking herself on him over and over again, rubbing her clit against his abdomen and pushing herself into abyss.

"So good, so fucking good," she whimpered, arching up and exposing the fine muscles of her neck.

Jungkook toyed with her bouncing tits and licked and kissed her skin, adding more and more sensations to what was already perfect. "Fuck, I'm getting so close, doll"

"Yes, yes, me too"

"You're so beautiful baby, bouncing on my cock, love it, love it," he growled, sliding his tongue up her arched neck to end up nibbling her jaw.

Lisa purred, arching more and her long hair brushed his thighs.

Jungkook couldn't resist it any longer and dropped back, cupping her perfectly arched hips with his hands, and planted his feet on the bed to ram into her hard. The sound of her skin mixed with her moans and Lisa saw fucking stars, getting lost in her clit being slammed against Jungkook's pelvis and his hard cock brushing all the right spots.

"Yes, yes, yes, please!!"

"Fuck, so gorgeous," he bit his lower lip.

Her hands, firmly resting on his chest as she arched, gripped his skin for support but her arms were shaking.

She moaned and begged his name multiple times while he fucked her stupid. Her own hips moved with his in search of the maximum possible pleasure. She curled her legs with his and moved harder and harder, making him whimper and arch under her, flushed with the veins in his neck popping up.

"Ah, please, please, please," she mumbled lost and dizzy, so damn close. "Jungkook-"

Her voice hitched.

She finally exploded in waves of pleasure when she looked down and found him sweaty and blushed with a tremendous expression of

pleasure, from his furrowed defined brows, pierced eyes on her body, to his parted lips. He threw his head back and thrust into her harder, making a smacking noise that echoed across the room just as her moans when she was orgasming did.

Jungkook made her shiver and scream more then because he didn't stop and pushed her against her mattress, taking her hips to have her lifted to the height of his hard and wet cock going in and out of her, rubbing her clit with his thumb in powerful circles.

He was thrusting hard inside her, so hard and brushing the right spot to make her legs twitch that she was getting out of breath and dizzy. A new climax was growing in her burning pussy. He was breathing fast and moaning at her, encouraging her to come one more time until she did. Lisa threw her head back and twisted with pleasure, her pussy squeezed tightly around Jungkook's cock and her voice was cut in a sharp hitch.

He dropped onto her body and kissed her, growling into her mouth as he came.

Lisa felt every twitch his cock made inside her, pouring every jet of cum till she was dripping, full to the brim.

Jungkook pushed a few more times and buried his face in her neck, gasping and groaning because he had just experienced so much pleasure that it was robbing his sanity.

They both ended up panting and hugging, seeking to calm down even though it took them long minutes.

The silence grew between them comfortably and after a while, Lisa finally realized that her head was at the foot of the bed, so close to the edge that much of her hair was hanging down.

For some reason, she just laughed. He really fucked her stupid.

"What's so funny?" Jungkook raised his head, showing her a lazy smile.

She stroked his smooth skin with her fingers, brushing the mole under his lips, and shook her head. "Nothing. I'm just happy I guess"

"Hmm," he muttered and pecked her lips. "I'm happy too"

"Well, we're pretty good at sex, right?" she teased but he frowned a little, shaking his head.

"No"

"We're not?" Lisa was surprised, propping herself on her elbows and thus pushing him back.

Jungkook snorted and cradled her cheek. "No, I mean, sex is good but it's not the reason why I am happy," he explained softly.

"You're not making this better, Jungkook. You didn't like this?" she questioned, already honestly confused and a little defensive.

He didn't look like he didn't like it a few seconds ago when he was practically whining for her.

Jungkook shook his head more saying no. "No! Of course, I liked sex, there's no way I didn't like it," he said as if she were crazy for thinking that way.

"Then don't say no when you have to say yes," she whined annoyed.

Maybe she was right, although she couldn't blame him. His thoughts were a little blurry right now.

That made him laugh and he finally said the right thing: "What I meant was that I'm happy because it's you"

"Uh?" She cocked her head in surprise.

"I'm happy because it's you the one here with me and it's you my girlfriend and it's ... just you," he confessed with the simplicity it would come to him after her having him coming so hard that even his insecurities left him.

But he was usually pretty sappy during the afterglows with Lisa.

"Jungkook," she cooed softening for him and held his cheeks tightly, squishing his face. "Why are you always making me want to cry in moments like this?" she complained cutely and pecked his stretched lips, releasing it just so they could kiss well and hug on the bed, staying very very close to him.

They nuzzled and cuddled so fondly and sweetly, the heat between them was as warm as a blanket that was well received even in the middle of the summer.

"I'll go find something to clean you up, okay?" he asked her after a few minutes, because he could feel the stickiness of their juices on his own thighs and more since he softened inside Lisa.

Lisa wrinkled her nose, feeling it too. "Yes, please," she asked in a soft little voice.

Jungkook kissed her nose and got up slowly, asking her to stay still so she didn't get the sheets dirty ... Somehow there was no suspicious substance on the sheets.

"What am I supposed to do? Clench and keep your Jungmilk inside?"

Jungkook raised his head, as he lifted his shirt off the ground. "You can do that on purpose?"

Lisa, on her back and holding her raised knees, tilted her head almost abnormally to see him. "Yeah?"

Jungkook straightened up. "And you do it on purpose?"

"Duh?"

Wait, was she serious?

All this time he just thought it was some kind of natural and unconscious reaction.

She was in control of that?

And for what?

"To make me come?" he inquired some more.

"I actually like feeling your dick more too," she shrugged simply.

How the hell was she always finding new ways to leave him speechless?

Her pussy could feel his dick better somehow?!

He insisted that wasn't at all a regular pussy.

Tampax was wrong.

"Jungkook, please, this is not comfy when I am the one holding my legs," she reminded him.

He reacted quickly and ran his shirt carelessly over his body, cleaning it, to sit back on the bed and clean Lisa.

Lisa thought then that it was very adorable the way in which he carefully rubbed her parts with great attention, his doe eyes were cute and round, and he had his mouth a little bit open, like when he was tattooing or drawing.

His touches were soft and he could take advantage of the situation and slide one or another finger inside her, Lisa wasn't going to complain, but it filled her with love that the idea didn't seem to even cross his mind.

"You will be the death of me someday sir," she whispered.

Jungkook smiled, without losing concentration, and also spoke in a low voice: "Why?"

"Because you're too sweet ..."

He giggled quietly and just when he finished, he leaned over her and kissed her lips, like saying "done".

"You are the sweet one, I've tasted you"

"And you tasted yourself?" she teased him, lowering her legs that were already a little bit cramped.

Jungkook rubbed his nose awkwardly. "There are things in our relationship we shouldn't talk Lisa"

"No way! You did!" she propped herself on her elbows, eyes widening.

"Don't you have to go pee?"

Her giggles were loud and sweet, he could not help but laugh too, looking away shyly.

He just couldn't confess that, okay?

And in his defense, he was curious and young.

"Kkkkkk," Lisa giggled, putting a hand over his mouth and poking his nose with the other. "Cute Koo"

"I think I have a t-shirt for you," he excused himself standing up, his ears burning. He then realized something and turned around. "Did you come here in underwear?" he asked, shocked.

It was sexy, yes. He was grateful to heaven and to God for letting him have that body under his, and on top, but his mother-in-law

hadn't seen her, had she?

Jungkook didn't want to be thrown off the balcony by his father-in-law, they were like twenty feet off the ground.

"I'm a whore but not that whorish," she said, lifting a finger and leaned over to the side of the bed to pick up the clothes she had abandoned after getting ready for Jungkook.

"Oh thank God," he sighed, putting a hand on his chest.

Lisa slipped into her clothes and ignored the underwear Jungkook held up for her. "Nah, keep it in your pocket"

"Why would I do that?!"

"I don't know," she shrugged, walking to the door. "Why would you taste your own cum?"

I-

And she left him there, with his mouth wide open.

Was he just ... cum shamed?

Was that even a thing?

Jungkook took his phone to Google it.

(a/n: apparently it is but i didn't open the porn videos lmfao)

△□△□△□

The room was dark, only the bright light of the huge full moon illuminated them and the cool breeze carried a slight but relaxing smell of the sea through the huge open windows.

"I love Killa's new hair," she murmured in the silence of the night, because Jungkook had lifted a lock of her hair and was watching it between his fingers, rubbing his thumb against it.

The milky moonlight gave Lisa's silky waves a somewhat bluish color that he was surprised to draw well by memory.

"I like it too," he said absently and tilted his head to look at her, lying face down next to him, her arms crossed under her head. Relaxed in one of his shirts, without any makeup, she looked domestic but beautiful, always beautiful. He would never get tired of looking at her. "I like you"

Lisa chuckled, shrugging out of the strong feelings he caused in her body. "Do you think we will keep being like this for years or in like, I don't know, five years, we won't stand each other and we will fight for everything?"

Jungkook arched an eyebrow in amusement. "Why would we fight?"

Lisa stretched her lips thoughtfully and they stole his attention, they were still swollen from their kisses. "I don't know... I'm really messy and you're very neat. I leave my dishes marinating for days because I'm too lazy to wash them but you wash them as you're cooking. Oh!" She widened her beautiful eyes and raised her index

finger. "I'm a total bitch when in a bad mood"

Oh man, he knew that.

And he smiled because he liked that total bitch, not when it was against him but it was actually so hot when she was against other people. At least she was not a total bitch just because, she had her moments and he was not expecting an angel.

He loved this not angel.

"I have a messed up sleeping schedule and you sleep every night like a baby, but I can toss around in bed all night and then take spontaneous naps during the day," he added to the matter, recalling that time Lisa was grumpy all morning when he unintentionally woke her up very early.

"I like napping with you"

"You won't like being awakened in the middle of the night by me"

"... Right," she murmured after thinking about it for a few seconds. "Maybe I will if you find interesting ways," she purred, rising on her elbows and leaning toward him.

Jungkook made a clueless expression on purpose. "You mean cooking you some ramen?"

Lisa laughed. "Of course! Spicy ramen!"

"Something else?"

"Your dick"

"Wanna eat it now? Sounds bloody "

Lisa laughed more, slapping his chest softly. "Not! You know what I mean"

"In a hot dog?"

"Jungkook!" she scolded him but she couldn't stop laughing and he chuckled quietly, enjoying her. "Honestly, I'd slap you if you wake me up in the middle of the night to eat ramen"

"Eating ramen literally, but you're okay with awakening with sex?"

Lisa pretended to think about it as if she hadn't just introduced the idea herself. "Probably...", she found it almost impossible to hide that mischievous smile that he adored so much.

"Noted," he moved his finger like checking in a list and she smiled fondly, leaning on his chest with her hands together and resting her chin on them.

"What else do you have that you think might annoy me?"

Jungkook had to think about it and found it ironic that for someone who found it very easy to find his own flaws, it wasn't easy to think what habit of his could be annoying.

"I make a lot of pranks," he finally said, delicately moving his fingers through her hair. "Once I put chairs all over Jimin sleeping on the sofa because he drank all my beer"

Lisa's eyes sparkled with amusement. "No, really?"

He nodded. "Yeah, and other time I threw chocochips on his ramen"

She laughed, entertained like he was pulling out a whole stand-up show. "And why was that?"

"I don't know, I was bored," he shrugged.

Lisa was somehow delighted. "Once I threw salt to my dad's coffee because he said no when I asked him to take me with him to Paris"

He chuckled softly. "What did he do when he found out?"

"Spit it all over important papers," she was so proud of that, it was all over her face. He laughed at that. "What did Jimin Oppa do for the chairs?"

"Yell my name and chase me around the apartment"

She giggled.

"What else?"

"Pranks?"

"Habits" she insisted.

Jungkook bit his lower lip, thinking.

"I take two showers a day sometimes, but sometimes I don't shower in a week," and he might regret it after saying that because it wasn't the kind of thing you would share with your girlfriend.

"That's ... Okay," Lisa agreed and surprised him, but then she narrowed her eyes. "But it's not showering during winter or summer?"

Was that a tricky question? Why the face? Was she ready to judge him?

But he remembered then that she suspected him tasting his own cum, this couldn't be worse and at least his shower habits could change, not his past.

"Winter, it's too cold, especially when it's snowing"

"Okay, I can't judge because same, I don't shower either," she ended up shrugging and he smiled happily.

"It's okay, bad smell cancels bad smell"

Lisa giggled at that. "You never smell bad," she commented and frowned. "Do I ever smell bad?"

"No," Lisa arched a brow, not believing him for some reason. "I'm serious! You know I have a sensitive nose so I wouldn't stand it if there was some bad smell. That's also another annoying thing about me, I like sweet scents but not strong scents and I might get grumpy if someone smells too strong in my room"

Lisa just smiled tenderly, resting her face in her hand and tilting like an attentive child. Her long hair tickled his waist and he appreciated how damn comfortable he was in this bed with her, just

like that. "That's such a stupid habit, sorry," she laughed at him and he couldn't deny it honestly, he didn't stand himself either when he was mad about smells. "What else?"

"There are times ..." his voice trailed off as he realized what he was going to say so lightly, without even thinking about it and very comfortable with the situation to think.

It was something deep in him and depressing, but what made him shut up wasn't that, but the fact that he was going to say it as simply as if he were going to say that the probability of rain today is 70% so you better stay at home.

"There are times ..." Lisa encouraged him to speak, curious.

He looked at her, her gaze was so warm and open, as ready to hear him as ever.

He was completely enveloped by this warm and comfortable feeling that she gave him every time.

"There are times I'm so sad and blue I prefer to stay locked in my room and not talk with anyone," he confessed softly.

Lisa's face fell as she muttered a little "Oh". Her gaze turned serious and brooding, causing him to frown. He didn't want her to get like this.

It wasn't really that bad. They were just silly emotions that could overwhelm him but they didn't last long, he was used to overcoming them (or suppressing them) and moving on with his life.

(a/n: don't suppress your sadness, accept it and feel it so in that way, you will be able to move on faster... said my therapist, i don't see the results yet bc im still sad as fuck)

Jungkook regretted speaking. It was a mistake to mention it because he didn't want to worry her.

"I feel like that too sometimes," she confessed as well, detaching him from his internal struggle. She then opened up to him: "But instead of locking myself up, I prefer to go out and spend time with people, work or walk among crowds ... Because while I'm feeling bad at least I'm not alone"

"That's smart," he whispered.

It actually was so adorable that he wanted to hold her and protect her from anything that might make her feel bad, even though it was physically impossible. And honestly, he didn't like her going out by herself, he still remembered the worry that consumed him that time after she found out the truth of Chaeyoung.

Lisa smiled a little. "Your method is smart too, we just heal differently. But I promise to let you alone when you need it," she said determinedly, fully willing to respect his space.

Jungkook snorted at her sweetness. "Thank you," he told her

honestly, actually also grateful that she trusted him. "Doctor Jung says that's normal for me, because I'm an introvert"

"Doctor Jung?" she asked, confused.

Oh wait!

"Ah fuck!" he rubbed his face, pressing his nose bridge. "I didn't tell you"

"How the hell you don't tell me things when we were talking every day since I left?" she complained, rolling to her side. "Sir, you're picking up a fight with me when we're already okay," she played, poking her chest and pretending she was angry. "When you said there are things we shouldn't talk about in our relationship it was supposed to be a joke"

Jungkook laughed and rolled on the bed to hug her back with one arm and fold the other under his head, to be super close to her. Lisa smiled at him and moved to her side so soon enough she was curled in his embrace.

"I started to see a therapist"

Lisa processed the information somewhat slowly and then frowned. "Fuck!" she got terribly worried and looked at him with big sad eyes. "Is this because I called your feelings stupid? I'm so sorry Jungkook, it was never my intention to push you to feel you need help, you don't, you're perfect," She insisted almost desperately, pouting deeply.

Jungkook kissed her lips to shut her up, laughing a little bit. "You're so cute"

"Don't laugh, I feel like shit, I'm so sorry," she repeated.

"Doll, love, I need help," he tried to explain.

"No, you don't!" she pulled away from him to sit on the bed. "I-"

"Listen to me," he asked, sitting down as well and taking her hands in his big ones. His thumb stroked the back of her hand soothingly. "I decided to get help not because you pushed me or something, the fight we had was a reason, yes, but it was because I realized that the main reason why we fought was that my brain is mean and fucked up and that's not okay. I do need help to fix it and be better, I can't keep fucking up with you because I can't deal with my shit."

"Oh... What do you mean with your brain being mean?"

Jungkook took a deep breath and looked away, embarrassed. He didn't want to tell Lisa this because it would sound like shit but... it was the truth and he didn't want to lie to her, it wasn't the right thing to do if he wanted this to work.

"My brain refuses to accept you love me and you will do it for a long time," he admitted slowly and forced himself to add more because he didn't want Lisa thinking she wasn't doing enough, she

was doing so much more. "My brain is mean because it tells me I'm not enough, I'm not that interesting or worthy of love, and you will soon realize it someday and leave me"

"Oh Jungkook ...," she mumbled sadly and reached up to caress his cheek, her thumb rubbing his cheekbone so lovingly and gently. Of course, she didn't react as his stupid brain would have hoped, taking offense that he doubted her love. Lisa on the other hand was being understanding and she looked at him in such a way that she warmed his heart to solar temperature. "Baby, I love you so much and you're so good, sometimes even too good for me"

"And even when you say it all the time, someday I'll still think you're lying to me," he confessed sadly but refused to let go of that stupid resignation. "But I'm working on it and it's been easier since then, we just had 4 sessions but he says I'm doing well and I feel better," he was quick to say with encouragement, seeking to make her smile because he didn't want to ruin tonight for both of them.

And he did it, Lisa didn't smile completely but the corners of her mouth lifted a little. "I'm happy to hear that. I want you to feel good and if Doctor Jung helps you, keep going. I promised to be there for you and I will," she offered her pinky.

Jungkook interlaced it with his and it felt like that night all over again. Lisa was going to keep her promises forever, right?

"He actually loves you"

"Uh?" she blinked in disbelief and pointed at herself. "He knows me? From where?"

"I talk a lot about you," he said with a bit of embarrassment. "He says you're good for me"

Lisa smiled widely this time and she quickly teased, poking his chest: "Well, of course, I'm amazing"

Jungkook giggled quietly. "You are, baby"

"Even when I fuck up I-" She cut herself off and panic widened her eyes. "Fuck! I forgot! Jungkook, I'm so sorry"

"Uh?"

What did she do? Why was she so altered?

"I ... I mean Bambam ... Bambam and I ... Ugh! I'm stuttering!" She scolded herself and it was a weird thing to see actually, Lisa was hardly ever nervous. "Bambam almost got you exposed on Twitter and I was quick to put my account private but I think some of your fans connected the dots, I think they're already talking about it, and I'm so sorry, we fucked up this time ... I mean, Bambam did, he's a dumbass. But he's my friend and he knows because I know and did I tell you I told Bambam? I shouldn't have done it, right? But I was so happy about it that I told him by mistake and he promised to never say it to anyone but the fucker is

an idiot! Of course! His mouth is too big and-Jungkook why are you smiling like I'm cute? Hottie I know my visuals are a thing but this is serious"

"Lisa, I don't give a fuck"

"What?!"

He shrugged. "I saw all that"

"And you never mentioned it? Jungkook, I swear to God, start saying important things on the phone!" she slapped his pec strongly this time.

He grunted playfully. "Yah, that was hard!"

Lisa rubbed the spot with a regretful look. "I'm sorry, I forget I'm strong sometimes and you look so big, I'm sorry," she was pouting and concerned, about this and about everything.

Jungkook held her wrist to stop her. "It wasn't important ... I mean, it was in the moment, but it was out of habit," he dismissed it and pulled her closer. "Sit on my lap," he asked and she naturally did, straddling his thighs as he got comfortable against the pillows of the bed. "It happened before that my identity was almost revealed, Kai told me there are some pictures of me going around on social media and at that time I felt panic and fear but when this happened, I didn't feel scared "

Lisa looked at him confused, tilting her head. "Why? You don't want people to know"

"You once told me it would be cool to be recognized as the author of one of the most famous webtoons of the country and I didn't notice but that thought sank in," he explained with his gaze on his fingers interlaced with Lisa's, rings brushing, one of them was his in her hand. "I guess it's okay to be recognized for my talent, the love of my life thinks I'm the best and she has great taste, she's dating me," he looked at her with a crooked grin on his lips.

"Are you for real?" she literally couldn't believe him. "Aren't you saying this to make me feel less guilty? Because I know I fucked up and you can tell me to fuck off, Jungkook"

"No, no, I'm serious. I talked about it with Doctor Jung and he thinks that's actually because of you"

"Me?"

"You helped me a lot to accept myself, Lisa. It's just the way you act like it's nothing but something big at the same time, you were never weirded out by me being an actual weirdo like other people, instead, you were proud of me and pushed me to be more like that... more like myself. And that helps"

"I didn't know it worked like that ..." She said thoughtfully. "But I never thought you were a weirdo, I can't even point out a moment since I know that made me think ah this guy is a weirdo"

He made a resigned expression, did they really have to discuss this again?

"I made you a character of my webtoon when I didn't even know you"

"I have a pretty face"

"I put you in my mural, same situation"

"Same thing, I'm pretty"

"What about all the times I was cringy? *"Your problem"?* *"Welcome too"?*"

"That was cute"

"I almost knocked you out once with my head"

"It was an accident!"

"I said your pussy was better than hentai"

"I googled that and I confirm, it's true"

"What about smoking?"

"You don't do it in my face, it's enough for me... for now," she added at last.

"See? You're making even me like myself when I'm embarrassing"

"Don't put the blame on me because you're super cute Jungkook!"

"And when I start to think my awkward antics are good to get girls then what?"

Lisa opened her mouth, deeply offended, and looked him up and down with an arched, serious brow. "I dare you to suggest you will show your awkward antics to someone else," she said, feisty and jealous. "Those are mine sir "

He licked his lips. "I am all yours, Lisa"

She loved to hear that, fire lit up in her eyes just with that. "Yes you are," she hugged his neck lovingly and kissed him gently but also possessively, her teeth nibbled on his lower lip a little and Jungkook groaned softly.

"I want to kill myself every single time I remember when I said the *"your problem"*," he confessed what was on his mind, besides eating her with kisses once more.

"I love you and every single awkward part of you, stop wanting to kill yourself"

Oh ...

Oh fuck ...

Could you hear that?

That was his damn heart.

Jungkook stared at her deeply, so damn in love. "I love every single perfect part of you"

The tender, loving kisses continued for minutes, even as they began to undress once more, hot even though they had just shared an intimacy much deeper than sex. But the sex was still great.

Jungkook's head fell back as she wrapped the tip of his swollen cock with her lips and his eyes rolled back as she sucked and licked until he was almost mad. But he was dying to be inside her so he drew her closer, laid her back on the bed and sank into her wet cunt slowly and sweetly.

They both laughed, who knows why, and he rocked slowly, getting their hands together, entwining them on the mattress. He brought them to his lips and kissed them.

Lisa murmured that it was like the first time they were together and he couldn't stop looking at her boobs, he asked her how it was the same if now he was looking into her eyes and she replied *"Yeah, exactly, same level of love and adoration. I'm glad my face got the right attention this time and not my pierced nipples"*. Jungkook burst out laughing against her lips. *"And when I get mine pierced then what?"*

Lisa gasped and that was a catalyst. Things got a lot hotter after that but despite everything it was special and very romantic, it was perfect. They made love this time with nothing more than that and in the end, when both came with much more force and power than normal times, they stayed embraced and together. Even after, when they showered together and played around with shampoo and conditioner, giggling like idiots but always in the arms of each other.

It was five in the morning by the time they were back in bed, about to sleep, cuddling and together despite the heat.

"Jungkook, I want a tattoo"

Okay, fuck it, what?

Who was about to sleep?

Not him.

Jungkook raised his head. "Uh?"

Was he hearing things?

He was very bad asleep, he was definitely hearing things.

"Yes, I want a tattoo," Lisa confirmed.

HOLY FUCK! He wasn't hearing things!

He was terrified, not at all happy with the news that he wasn't actually schizophrenic.

"Why?" he asked, gently pushing her onto her back so he could see her. "You hate needles."

Lisa rolled her eyes. "You will never let me forget it, right?"

"It's one of the first things you told me and you almost cried when I was tattooing Chaeyoung"

She frowned. "I didn't cry, she did!"

"Fine, but you couldn't even see it"

"I don't have to see it to get a tattoo, I'm not the one tattooing," she reasoned logically. "And I don't care about my phobias,

Jungkook, I just want it"

Jungkook, although he loved the idea, and it was definitely not the first time they had this talk, it was the first time that Lisa looked so determined since she appeared in his study the day she confessed and did whatever it takes to make him listen. Flashing her tits, for example.

He just couldn't forget that, sorry.

"I can deal with it because I want something pretty, something made by you," she whispered, looking up slowly to his eyes.

She was serious. 100% serious.

She trusted him.

She wanted this.

She was putting herself in his hands because she wanted his mark, his ink.

Something very primitive attacked his chest.

"Really?" his voice came out strangled, full of feeling.

"Yes, Kook. Would you give me a tattoo?"

"I -..."

Damn.

One, two, three, all the tattoos she wanted.

Did she want the moon too?

All the stars?

What about the sun? That was impossible, though, she was the fucking sun.

So bright, so pretty, so... his...

Jungkook, you have to reply.

Right!

"Of course, whatever you want," he nodded effusively.

"No, whatever YOU want," she clarified and God, he was starting to blush.

Jungkook could no longer contain his joy, he wanted to jump, he wanted to scream, he wanted to love her forever...

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, stop asking, I'm serious"

"...Thank you"

For this...

For everything...

Lisa smiled lazily and poked his nose. "Your problem"

...

And there she was...

The love of his life making fun of him, ladies and gentlemen. And he couldn't want more, she was perfect.

She was Lisa. *His* Lisa.

They hadn't slept at all but Jungkook and Lisa were shining that sunny morning in Phuket.

Breakfast was being served at the shiny, polished walnut table in the spacious and open part in the back of that enormous yacht, first floor, with a beautiful view of the sea blue on that sunny morning in Phuket.

White flowers decorated the center of the table and embellished a little more that vision of multiple dishes to prepare copious meals. The *Jok* could be mixed with cooked pork or chicken, it was your choice, and everything was already deliciously spiced, approved by the descendant of the best Chefs in the country, Lisa's father. Who didn't stop staring at his daughter and her boyfriend.

Only Palisa and Bambam accompanied the older adults at the table, the other girls had an excuse to stay in the cabins since they were guests as Jimin himself, who was struggling with motion sickness like a bitch. Both kids mentioned looked barely awake, droopy eyes and tired bodies, but Ananda Manoban's daughter and that ruffian were hihi and hoho here and there.

Lisa couldn't stop laughing trying to help Jungkook eat his breakfast with a fork and spoon, as is typically done in Thailand, and he couldn't stop failing, having fun with her and forcing her to practically feed him.

(a/n: i read that online but i was never in thailand so i don't have any idea if it works like that)

Ananda's left eye was twitching and his fork had been stabbing his piece of chicken for 5 minutes.

Couldn't that idiot use his hands? What kind of tattoo artist was he then?

Preeda was totally outraged by what an article had commented about her party and how overly ostentatious she was to worry about Lisa, with the iPad in her hand she was talking very angrily to her mother and her sister-in-law, Palisa's mother.

So he was the only one watching this seedy love show but when he looked to his side he realized that he actually wasn't the only one. Bambam also looked at them as if wondering where they got the energy to be so happy at 9 in the morning and actually how the hell did they dare to do all that in front of his salad.

They both slept only 3 and a half hours, I wonder the same too.

"Are they always like this in Korea?" the older man asked Bambam.

"Worse, Uncle," he muttered in distaste and focused on eating.

Of course, they were and he didn't even want to imagine.

Since when did his daughter shine so bright in the morning? Lisa hated to be up in the mornings and all this time she was in

Thailand, she never showed up before midday and less looking so awake and happy. What kind of power did this-?

Hold a damn minute.

Oh, Lord...

These two...

These two had sex! They had fucking sex under his damn roof without being married!!!

Ananda gritted his teeth furiously. He could accept his daughter dating whatever it was that guy at this point, he showed good behavior in the part last night and he was well-mannered most of the time, but this?

They crossed the line so bad the line was already a spot in the distance.

He was confident that Lisa was going to end this at some point but she couldn't end anything if that hippie Korean with tattoos up to his anus put a baby in her.

How dare the bastard have sex with his daughter? How dare Lisa allow this?!

UNDER HIS ROOF! HIS!!

Ananda took absolutely no time to follow his daughter into the kitchen when she got up in search of water, not bothering to ask the servants because Lisa had never been one of those spoiled brats, of which he was actually proud. She was a brat but her manners were impeccable and he admired her pride, her boldness and her bravery.

He didn't admire it so much when she had so much boldness to sleep with her stray dog under HIS roof.

"What? What are you looking for? " Lisa asked, confused when her father took her left hand and raised it to his eye level.

"A ring"

"I have like 4," she pointed out but it sounded like an even more confused question.

Her father glared at her and specified: "An engagement ring"

"Uh?"

"I don't see an engagement ring," he said, releasing her hand. "And I didn't get that... whatever he is, asking me for your hand. So why are you both having sex under my roof? "

The man didn't beat around the bush at all.

Lisa cocked her head back. That took her out of guard and she didn't know how to react.

How did he know?

No! Wait! Lisa, don't be obvious.

"Who says I had sex?" her voice sounded calm, irritatingly innocent.

"I didn't make you out of the air, Pranpriya"

She made a disgusted face. "Don't talk about your sex life with me! I have a very imaginative mind and I don't want those images in my head "

"Then don't have sex under my roof," he said simply.

"Mom told me it was okay," she complained defensively and he glared at her. She saw the muscle in his jaw twitch so she quickly recovered, lifting a finger. "But that doesn't mean I was having sex and why are we even having this conversation?" she went to the side, escaping, confused and disturbed.

"Because you had sex under my roof," he insisted, not being fooled at all by her and Lisa wasn't surprised, this man might not be very present but he read her like a book and knew all her games.

Fuck.

"Mom!" she whined.

"What?" her mother looked up from the iPad quickly, alerted.

"Talk with your husband! He is accusing me of having sex with Jungkook! " Lisa accused him and slipped away with her jug of water over to the table.

"*It's nine in the morning,*" Grandma sighed tiredly, it was too early for her too.

"Shhh grandma, go on please, he's getting redder and redder," Palisa whispered, pointing to Jungkook, who had frozen with his fork in hand and his eyes were wide open, he was caught and got so embarrassed.

And he heard her so he whined: "Yah, weren't we in the same team?"

Bambam snorted like he was stupid. "Dumb of you to think she will ever sacrifice her fun for someone"

Jungkook dared to turn around and if Lisa's father had a machine gun, he would have spent every bullet on him, without thinking twice.

"Don't look guilty," Lisa squeezed his hand, tense as well. "I told him we didn't do anything"

"You both reek of sex," Bambam was blunt.

"Why are you here you're not even part of the family," Lisa asked, annoyed, starting their usual bickering because Bambam told her: "Jungkook won't be part of the family when your dad gets his hands on him".

Jungkook was afraid that it might become true.

Lisa's father was rich enough to make that happen.

Meanwhile, Ananda stared in disbelief at his wife approaching with her eyes fixed on Lisa and a hand on her chest.

"*Did she just call me mom?*"

"Surprise, darling! You are her mom!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "I can't believe you-"

"Sssshhh," she put her finger to his lips, her face brimming with excitement. *"It's the first time she calls me mom like that,"* she whispered to him.

Was she serious?

"Because you let her have se-"

"Can I just enjoy this?" she interrupted him again, shooting him a stern look that made him close his mouth. There was something in the blood of these women that made it so easy to shut their men with one look. *"It's a victory. I'm not happy about this but it's something,"* she explained hopefully and the older man's heart fluttered as he saw his wife's eyes sparkle. *"Also, let me remind you that we had sex in your parents' room multiple times when dating"*

She-

She left him gasping in disbelief and went to sit in front of Lisa and Jungkook. Ananda couldn't believe the way in which she formed a totally natural smile and started a conversation with both of them, and he knew that he was very whipped by this woman when she with a single look made him approach and also sit in front of his daughter and her whatever.

The boy swallowed uncomfortably in front of him and Ananda somehow appreciated that although her daughter was totally shameless, Jungkook seemed to respect him. Then, observing more of these mother-daughter interactions, he also noticed that Jungkook was doing his best to keep them both without arguing and diverting the subject to something simpler when either of them said something poisonous.

Mother and daughter were appreciating it too but they just didn't know. Ananda remembered when he used to do that until he found out it was worthless.

Preeda squeezed his hand on the table and after years, he easily got the signal. "Yes, I think it's amazing you came here, Jungkook," he agreed with what Lisa had just said.

So he got the same as his wife... Lisa smiled at him with a huge smile that lit up his world.

A real warm shot to the heart was that.

It was like seeing the smiling little girl running around the kitchens of the Manoban hotel in Bangkok, with the fallen pigtailed and some pieces of food tangled in the black locks. It was like re-experiencing the smile of that same girl at age 13 that she came back from her school trip with millions of photos that she was proud of and she said: *"Look, dad! I think I'm a natural talent"*

And she was right, she was so damn right.

Ananda then understood what Preeda had felt.

Lisa could make your heart explode and they only had to give her one thing.

Then she focused on him with those big beautiful brown eyes and her chubby cheeks rounded even more when she widened her smile. "I didn't tell you last night, but thank you for telling your friends I'm studying photography"

She was happy because of that? Oh, she was actually so happy.

He didn't know what to say, he actually felt like the biggest bastard in the world because his daughter shouldn't feel so happy about something so simple, because of something that he actually always told everyone even when he didn't like it.

He didn't know Lisa thought he was lying but well she had reasons to believe so.

God, he was a jerk.

"I actually got my first serious job for this winter, the one I talked about two weeks ago," Lisa announced with that pure and sincere emotion that it had nothing to do with the self-conscious way in which she announced earlier the possibility of getting the job. With simple words of approval towards Jungkook, they earned her trust... It was that easy.

The change in her attitude, comparing it to the slight cold and sarcastic demeanor she was showing since she arrived in Thailand two weeks ago to this new bright happiness just because Jungkook was here and they were letting him be, was amazing.

In Jungkook's eyes, Ananda saw his gaze change to a dangerous one that earned his respect. This guy might be embarrassed to talk about sex in front of her girlfriend's parents, but he wasn't going to accept anyone hurting her or her feelings in any way.

He had that same stare when Lisa and Preeda were arguing after she got hit by that waiter, who was already fired.

Lisa introduced a shy quiet man to them, but that man got fed up with the situation in Lisa's name and had the audacity enough to stand up for her, no matter her parents or the situation. It was admirable from someone like him.

Ananda laughed wryly but showed his daughter a sincere smile. "You will do amazing, Pranjyoti. You're a natural talent"

And there was that smile again.

Maybe this was the start they all needed.

But he was still hopeful Lisa dropped this man, he couldn't deal with the idea of his grandchildren being raised by two artist parents, low salary and thinking tattoos were okay. And when he glanced at his wife, he knew she was thinking the same.

Lisa was happy though, and for now Ananda and Preeda decided

to stay quiet, for peace.

His phone buzzed in his pocket then.

Cai Huang

Congrats for the grandchild, Ananda!

A new addition to the family is always welcomed

Send our cheers to your Pranpriya.

His eye twitched again and Lisa noticed quickly the glare. "Grandchild?!"

Her laughter came out awkward and high-pitched. "It was a joke! I swear! Look!" and she took the glass of grapefruit vodka from her grandmother and drank it all. "See?"

It was so damn hard to make peace with this child, but was he really surprised? It was Lisa after all and later at night he for sure was going to laugh.

The water was beautiful and the afternoon was wonderful, Lisa was ecstatic.

She, Jungkook, and their friends had played for hours, swimming around the yacht, pushing themselves into the water, and teasing each other. Only then she found out that her boyfriend was a damn traitor when they played to sink in the water and see how long they could last without breathing, and he made her do it by herself, laughing at her face when she noticed super late!

After that, Lisa climbed him like a koala, pushed his head down and tried to drown him.

A healthy relationship, you see.

The fun went to the top when they separated into groups and competed with the only two jet skis on the yacht. The boy group threw Jungkook into the water for letting Lisa win but she celebrated her victory with pride, saying that it was not Jungkook's fault that she was so irresistible.

It was beginning to dusk when, tired, they all lay down on the deck to take the last rays of the sun and shared beers and champagne.

The sunset was beautiful, the orange lighting on their skin made them look like hot Cheetos but it was beautiful to see the sky turning into pink, violet and blue. The chat was light and funny but not loud, everyone was too tired to talk much.

Lisa leaned against Jungkook's bare chest comfortably, his legs around her like a cage, and she felt him sigh happily when she turned a little bit to the side and rested her face on one of his pecs, squishing her cheek against his skin. His hand caressed her bare back softly and the cold of his rings caused her some chills. The cords of her bikini tickled her skin too when he toyed them

distractedly.

They were in one of the lounge beach chairs together and in silence. Relaxed, calm, warm and smelling like sunscreen. They were sharing a bottle, each focused on their phones.

Scrolling through Twitter, she found the news and let out a burst of big incredulous laughter.

Jungkook was startled and looked down, surprised when he saw what Lisa was showing him.

"Congrats on your debut in Thai media, hottie," she told him with a teasing smile.

Jungkook laughed in disbelief, what the hell was going on? How much important the Manobans were actually for Lisa to be in literal Thai media?

"We are so damn hot," Lisa whispered but it was evil and he smiled fondly, he knew what she was thinking and it didn't surprise him what she tweeted.

"We really are," Jungkook agreed, taking Lisa's phone from her hand to open the picture.

Lisa moved upwards on his chest to look better. "Save it, I want it as my new lock screen"

He scrunched his nose and looked at her before suddenly pecking her lips. "You're so cute, Ppeuppeu"

Now was her turn to scrunch her nose while smiling widely. "It sounds so cute when you say it!"

"Ppeuppeu! Ppeuppeu!" he teased her, pecking her round cheeks.

Lisa giggled and got her phone back, Jungkook wrapped her waist and rested his head on her shoulder, seeing the way she actually made the picture her lock screen.

"Should I send it to my mom? Like, hey mom! I'm famous!"

Lisa burst out laughing, nodding excitedly. "Yeah, you should, she will go crazy"

"She will definitely say I look so handsome"

"Because you are," Lisa crooned, turning her head to kiss the corner of his lips. He smiled and cupped her chin to kiss her deeper. Their lips met then in short pecks that made them both chuckle softly.

A loud sigh caught their attention then and they glanced up, noticing Minnie and Bambam looking at them disgusted.

"This is painful," Minnie repeated.

"Yeah," Bambam agreed, regretting his life choices once again.

last part coming tomorrow fam!

hope you liked this super long one! and i put my soul and filthy

hands and everything on the last smut so i hope you all liked it my favorite hoes.

LISA'S TATTOOS IS COMING!

can you guess what jungkook's gonna design for her? 🤔

if you like it, comment and vote💞

FINALE • Part 4

HELLO HELLO HELLOO

MAMA PASSED TUKKIS AND IM FREE AND I HAVE WINTER BREAK AND ILL SCREAM ALL THE HECK I WANT

hehe sorry im late i was supposed to come back like three or four days ago but i was WITHOUT INTERNET THE WHOLE MO👉 THER👉 FUC👉 KING👉 DAYS👉

it was traumatic lemme tell

apparently someone was fixing something i dont know the heck where but it left me with my internet at the edge of death and it was sad. i was left alone with my thoughts, what was i supposed to do? go out and sunbathe? spend time with my family? save the world? plssssss

BUT I HAD TIME TO WRITE and hehe maybe MAYBE NOT someone wrote some smut for dirty mind, the forgotten child of mine

SOOOOOOOO, i'd be all sentimental and boo boo and tears here and tears there but **this is not like the last post. we still have the epilogue to come** so it's not the last time you hear of me, in general too bitches stop saying goodbye like im your dad going to buy cigarettes i'll be back with new projects

okay so now i'll shut up and i hope you all enjoy this last part. love yaaaa

ill reply to your comments later bc im genuinely afraid of my internet running off again so i better update rn 🐼

"This is a really bad idea"

The door in front of her eyes with that familiar killer rabbit painted in white was the same one she saw many times when she came to make out with the hottest tattoo artist in Seoul.

Ah, also the same door that received her that spring afternoon, months ago, when she came with that girl, the one we don't name, saying this was a bad idea.

"Bitch, she thought," Lisa snorted.

It was actually the best idea in the world.

Lisa entered and the bells on the door warned her arrival. Immediately, the girl behind the counter looked up from her white laptop and smiled at her.

She was the prettiest girl Lisa had ever seen in her life. She was

pale with bright little eyes and pink painted cupid bow lips, and her long black hair was shining magically thanks to the LED lights behind her. She was glowing.

"Annyeong! Yeongan!"

"I came here for a tattoo miss," Lisa told her, approaching her with slow steps and a playful smile on her lips.

The girl stretched her lips out thoughtfully and her gaze slid over her body slowly, like analyzing her. Then her expression changed to an amused one. "The 4 PM girl is you?"

Lisa couldn't help but laugh, breaking character. "Yes! This time is me," she leaned an elbow on the counter and flipped her black hair back. "Prettier than the last one, right?" she flirted, wiggling her eyebrows.

"You're probably the one he's been waiting for since forever, he's trembling like a kid before Christmas," Jisoo pointed out.

"Yaaaah," Lisa complained, cupping her own cheeks. "Don't make me giddy, Unnie! I'm trying to roleplay with you"

Jisoo laughed, wrinkling her face in disbelief. "Just go get your tattoo, weirdo"

Lisa nodded determinedly and raised her fist, Jisoo muttered a little "*fighting!*" knowing how nervous she was, imitating her expression.

God, Lisa couldn't believe what she was about to do.

She was nervous and excited, and as she took the doorknob of Jungkook's studio she noticed that her hands were shaking, her fingers frozen.

She glared at her hands. They had to stop trembling! Jungkook wouldn't make her a tattoo if he saw her trembling like this!

First, it was dangerous and she was already scared and second, Jungkook was too soft to handle her nervous self. He was going to say no to her, TO HER, with a lot of audacity and no matter how many pouts she showed he was going to keep saying no (with a lot of audacity).

She took a deep breath, clenching her fists. "You are already here bitch, go get that tattoo"

There was no room for doubts and more insecure ideas, she didn't allow those nasty bitches to take place in her mind because she impulsively entered the studio and exposed herself to the situation, being invaded by a soft smell of lavender, from an aromatic candle.

Her nervousness was replaced by that bubbling joy that caused her to be in the same place as Jungkook and she suddenly found herself being very, very excited.

Her smile widened when she saw Jungkook's back and her eyes shone when he turned in the chair, facing her.

He had one elbow resting on the arm of the chair and his face lay in his hand, sitting with his legs spread wide and the fabric of his black cargo pants tight in his thighs. Black goth boots were on his feet. That day he had on a yellow sweater, which didn't match at all with the multiple tattoos that were seen on his forearms since he had the sleeves rolled up, neither with the multiple piercings in his ears, the black latex tattoo gloves nor with his jet black hair swept back. But do you know what he and his yellow sweater matched with?

Yeah, exactly, with her, his girlfriend.

He was so hot in colors!

"Hi, mister JK," Lisa murmured shyly, bringing the tips of her forefingers together. "Would you give me a tattoo, please?"

Jungkook chuckled and stood up, taking a box of tissues, which he dramatically offered her. "I'm ready for you"

"Just for the crybabies like me!" she squealed excitedly and took the box from his hands but then she sent him a suspicious look. "This time is for me, right? I gotta be sure. You were in Thailand last week, maybe you fell for Minnie"

He didn't find that one funny... I mean, he did, but he couldn't laugh because this was embarrassing.

"This is painful," he whimpered, stifling a laugh with a forced smile.

Lisa rolled her eyes, laughing, and she got more aware of his height and his size, he filled the place with his presence and it wasn't intimidating, it was intoxicating and calming.

Because this was her Jungkook and Jungkook was so special.

He didn't even have to touch her to make her feel peaceful, safe, and warm. Because he was going to protect her and look at her in that way that told her that nothing was more important than her happiness.

She gritted her teeth in excitement and her gaze flashed, meeting his.

God, it was real... the situation.

She was going to get a tattoo. When she left here she would be marked for life... by this man!

What a man...

Her man...

Suddenly, she wanted to laugh.

She was no longer afraid, not even nervous.

She trusted Jungkook.

AND SHE WAS GETTING A TATTOO!

YAY!!!!

"You're trembling," he mentioned, taking her hands and

intertwining their fingers.

Was she?

Wow. Damn. Surprising.

She was just too happy to not vibrate like a bee in spring.

"It's cold outside"

"It's just September"

"I know, right? Climate change is crazy nowadays," she huffed dramatically.

Jungkook looked at her tenderly and leaned towards her, placing a small kiss on her forehead that almost made her faint out of sweetness. "We don't have to do this if you don't want it "

"Pffft," she huffed like a horse and shook her head. "I went all the way here and I paid for this, I'm not leaving without my tattoo sir"

He cocked his head, confused. "When did you pay?"

"Months ago, when I came here to confess my feelings"

Jungkook was shocked. "Did you really pay for that?"

"Yes, I wasn't thinking," she admitted, like that day wasn't proof enough that she wasn't indeed thinking. "But you got the girl, the titties, the pierced nipples, and I didn't get my tattoo, Jungkook. I will put you just 3 stars on Google "

"You're way too happy for someone about to face her biggest fear," he commented, narrowing his eyes at her while fixing her bangs with his fingers.

Lisa narrowed her eyes too. "Lemme lower that to 2 stars, sir, I'm just trusting you here and you remind me of my phobias. That's really bad "

Jungkook laughed and leaned in to kiss her. Lisa closed her eyes and released his hands just to cradle his neck, allowing him to push away the sudden chill she felt as she remembered that even though she trusted Jungkook, he would still have to stick a needle through her skin... multiple times.

Like... tic tic tic tic tic... making her bleed maybe...

Holy fuck

Blood...

Blood from her skin...

And a needle...

A dangerous needle... pinching her multiple times...

Her mind was going crazy and she didn't know how to handle it, she wasn't used to being scared.

He seemed to feel her starting to disconnect from their kiss, because his tongue licked her lower lip gently and then he nibbled on it, causing goosebumps all over her skin for much more different reasons. Jungkook wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her closer, interlacing his tongue with hers breathtakingly.

Jungkook's warm mouth caressed her slowly for eternal seconds and with his hand, he tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, stroking her cheek with his thumb when he was done. His gaze was intense and warm when they pulled apart. And it helped a lot, Lisa really needed to remember that.

BUT THE DAMN NEEDLES.

She put her hands on his chest and pushed him back. "Okay, whatever, let's get this tattoo. If we keep kissing I will do things and none of them will be getting a tattoo"

Jungkook ran a tongue down his cheek, letting out a light laugh, and raised his hands. "Yes, ma'am"

As if she knew what she was doing, she directly sat on the leather chair, putting her backpack on the floor, and clasped her hands on her lap like a good girl. "Let's get it!"

This time he couldn't control his giggle and cradled her cheeks to tilt her face up and steal another loving kiss. "You're being so damn cute, doll"

Her usually nervous and shy boyfriend left her waiting and surprised her a bit with his calm as he moved around the studio. Lisa thought she was going to meet a very excited Jungkook but this was different.

Why was he so calm?

Where was the anxious chihuahua (with all respect) she knew and loved so much?

"What are you doing?" She asked, noticing that with his black lighter he was starting to light candles that she hadn't noticed before that were scattered around the study, on different shelves and even on that pile of folders, in that cubed-shaped cube, that she remembered to drop the first time she was there.

"Setting the atmosphere," he replied casually.

"Setting the atmosphere?"

Were they about to have sex???

"Hmmm," he continued, not saying much as you can see, until all the candles were lit and the delicious smell of lavender amplified in the room. "Do you like it?"

Still confused, she shrugged. "Yeah? It's good"

Jungkook smiled briefly at her and then turned off the lights, letting the dim candlelight surround them almost romantically.

Okaaaay.

Were they about to have sex instead of making a tattoo here?? This time it was a serious question.

"Jungkook?"

"Here," he offered his AirPods to answer the obvious question in her eyes, but he wasn't answering ANYTHING.

Lisa frowned, looking at the little gadgets and then at him. "Explain?"

He shrugged and scratched his ear. "I'm trying to make this the easiest possible for you," he explained, slowly sitting next to her, on his tattooing stool. "I read online that lavender is soothing, the dim lights are calming too and many people said that it helps to listen to music to pass time and be distracted from the process so if you listen to music, you might go through it better..."

Lisa blinked.

She couldn't believe this.

Honestly, she couldn't.

Could he be more charming? More fucking lovely and amazing?

"You better not do this for other girls"

He pressed his lips together in a smile and shook his head, extremely amused. "What girls, doll? You're the only one"

Lisa sighed dreamily. "Gosh, I want to make love with you so bad right now... Do you think you can tattoo me while making love?"

And no, she wasn't joking this time.

"I can leave a few hickies instead, less painful, less risky," he offered, leaning closer and caressing her lips with his hot breath.

Lisa smiled and kissed him, thinking that Jungkook would probably find a way to make her fall more and more in love and it didn't sound bad at all.

"Let's get this tattoo," he whispered with a smile and she nodded.

His research was accurate, or maybe it was just his effect on her, because Lisa felt quite calm and relaxed as he prepared a little more. He prepared the skin on her shoulder with gentle massages and cream, as if he were stroking a flower, and helped her find the most comfortable position possible in the chair. She ended up straddling the chair, facing the back of it, and with her head resting comfortably on the edge, where Jungkook placed a soft comfortable neck pillow.

Lisa watched him preparing his things, noticing tiny color pots that he placed on the metallic table, as he talked to her about one of his classes and how obnoxious one of his new professors was.

The semester after summer had just started for both and they were already stressed about it, trying to accommodate to the schedule and new classes.

Coming back to college by the hand of Jungkook was such an experience for her. Everyone was watching them and she always felt like showing off that she was lucky, and she loved to see Jungkook do the same. She loved the attention they get when people saw them pass, and when they were eating together or hugging or playing around on the campus because Jungkook was

refusing to give her back her backpack so she wouldn't leave to class. He was such a tease, he was keeping it tall and having Lisa jumping around like a puppy.

He was all pouty in her hands when she whispered nasty things on his ear though.

Jungkook should know that his voice had a special power. It was soft, it was calming, it was terribly silky and kind. And she couldn't take her eyes off him.

But she snapped out of her dreamy sight when he put on one of those flashlight headbands out of nowhere.

What...?

She bit back a laugh and raised her head. "The heck is that?"

Jungkook turned it on and she squinted, her eyes being attacked suddenly. What was he doing? "Doll, I can't see shit with these dim lights"

She giggled, covering her mouth. He just looked too ridiculous right now, what was he going to do? Explore a mine or tattoo her? "Then turn on the lights idiot!"

"Of course not! It will ruin the mood!" he replied deeply offended. "I'm trying to do something here Lisa!" he said dramatically, slapping his thighs to complete the whole acting.

She chuckled. "Making me laugh till I forget you're pinching me?"

He ran his tongue around his lower lip, arching a brow and looking really sexy. "Does it work?"

She couldn't hold it this time, she let out a burst of loud laughter. "Of course it does! You look dumb!"

"Ah," he sighed and his shoulders fell, he pouted too. "There it goes my hopes to use it in bed when I go down... You know, to see things clearly, living the Cristopher Columpusy fantasy"

Lisa sounded like an ugly pork then, hiding her face in her hands because he couldn't be real right now.

What a damn crackhead.

Jungkook chuckled softly, clearly adoring her with his eyes, and waited for her to calm down but it was taking her time because every time she looked at him she was laughing again, and he of course had to make silly expressions to cause her to even choke on her own laughter.

"Are you ready?" he asked her when Lisa sighed, finishing laughing.

She took a deep breath and nodded, determined and actually less scared than she expected, she was actually excited once again. The laughter helped too.

At this point, she couldn't wait.

"Okay," Jungkook went into business mode and guided her head

to rest on the back of the chair. "I need you to relax, okay?"

Lisa already was anyway.

"Are you really going to use that thing?" She couldn't help asking.

"Yes. I really want you relaxed," he insisted again. "Play the music now"

She turned her head and looked at him. "I actually want to feel the first touch"

"What?"

"I'm scared of it, you know that," she began. "But I've had all this time to think about it and maybe the pain is not that bad, maybe everything ain't that bad, you know? So I'd like to feel the first pinch clearly, without all the distractions. If it hurts too much, I'll play the music and... just deal with it in your way, okay?"

Jungkook blinked, taken aback and not getting anything from this logic. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah," she assured and made a dismissing expression. "I dealt with really bad period cramps before, it can't hurt that bad"

"Uh... Well, I never got those but you might be right, girls take pain better maybe because of that. Dudes are more likely to pass out because they're not used to pain"

"Really?"

"Yeah, and I'm using this needle that will hurt way less, by the way," he added, showing her a small needle with a black cover that wasn't even connected to the machine. Lisa leaned closer to see curiously. "This method is called handpoke, I will literally just poke your skin slowly and it will take more but it will hurt less and heal faster"

All her excitement deflated like a balloon.

Lisa scrunched her nose and she brought her closed fist to her chest with fear. It was still a needle and it actually looked so much like the ones used in shots. Those hurt so much the last time she got vaccinated and she was pouting hard now.

(a/n: go get vaccinated hoes, don't let covid fuck you)

"Don't make that face, I promise it will hurt less," he rubbed his gloved finger along her nose to erase her expression.

Lisa ended up scrunching her whole face but after that, she nodded, taking a deep breath. Because Jungkook said it was going to hurt less and she could take it, like all the other women the tattooed. She wasn't a weak man! "Well, we are strong and I am a strong woman, I'll do it. I'll do this. Yup, yup"

Why the fuck she said she was going to face this without music?

Damn, no!

She was a strong woman! A big girl!

She got her vaccines, she could get a tattoo.

It was special!

She was getting this and going through this like the big girl she was!

"Do it, Jungkook"

He accepted it after checking her face in look for any kind of doubt and finding nothing, giving her another reassuring kiss on the forehead.

"Tell me to stop and I'll do it"

Lisa nodded and squeezed her eyes shut, stiffening in anticipation when the silence prolonged in the room and she heard Jungkook finishing to put on his black gloves.

Other gloves?

Did he change them?

"Relax your body," he repeated, practically commanding.

"Oh, right, sorry!" She nodded effusively, causing her messy bun hair to sway dangerously.

"Yah, quiet," he scolded her, his Busan accent slipping from his tongue.

"Fuck, sorry," she realized and took a deep breath again, taking care to loosen her body up against her leather seat but then she noticed how hard her heart began to beat.

God

OK!

She could with this

She had to calm her heart

Cmon, Lisa, take as many deep breaths as you need.

She focused her eyes on one of the corners of the room, where folders of different colors were stacked. She decided to count how many red, blue and black folders were to distract herself.

Two blue...

Three red...

Five black...

She then felt it and her eyes closed quickly, she stiffened and pressed her lips close to hold back a painful moan that never came out from her throat.

Wait...

...

...

It was just that?

That's it???!!

"Is it already in?"

"That's not something you should ask a man, like, ever, Lisa"

"Don't make me laugh!"

"Sorry," he cleared his throat. "That was just my finger, Lisa"

"Uh?"

She swore she felt a pinch!

It wasn't just a finger!

Or did he have really sharp nails?

But in no way it could be his nails! He had gloves on, she felt the latex against her skin and it was rather soft!

What did she feel then? Because for sure it felt like a real pinch!

Because she felt it. Jungkook actually pinched her behind her back, testing her.

He just knew she was just too nervous and wasn't going to loosen up, he needed her listening to music.

"You're too oversensitive, love, I do really think you should listen to music"

"No! It's okay! Promise!"

He loved this woman to death but the stubbornness wasn't his cup of tea, you know?

Jungkook sighed heavily but by now he knew there was no point in fighting with her, she was stubborn and if she had this idea in her head, he couldn't make her change her mind.

So finally, Lisa felt the painful pinches and a small moan escaped her lips.

"Jungkook?"

As if he had a spring activated by just her words, he got his hands away from her and leaned down to look at her worriedly.

Lisa's teeth were clenched. "Did I tell you I don't feel period cramps since I'm like 19? Birth control made those disappear," she confessed in a strangled voice. "This feels as painful as that shit, thank you for bringing me back to high school"

Should he laugh or scold her?

He knew she couldn't take it! Even though this method wasn't really painful, he knew it was going to be for her. The phobia was bigger than her strength.

"Lemme put play to that damn music, you were right," she grumbled not at all happy for being wrong and this time he chuckled very mockingly and enjoyed her glare.

He kissed her nose before she turned her head to the other side.

As she should have done since the beginning, Lisa did everything he told her to do.

She played music on her ears, it was a playlist made of soft sweet songs, and she let herself get lost in the sweet soothing atmosphere to avoid the constant pinches, which weren't that bad once she relaxed.

But after a while, the area got numb and she didn't feel much, it was bearable and she was getting sleepy for some reason. Maybe it

was the music.

The songs were beautiful, actually, every lyric made her think he chose each song keeping her and their relationship in mind and the thought made a smile grow on her lips.

One song was Honey, the same she recommended to him when teaching him English. She couldn't believe he remember it. Usually people don't listen much to the songs you recommend to them.

Another song said *"I get to thinking about your sunkissed face and a quiet place where I could give you all my time. You know I wanna be your rock, my love. You know I wanna be your light. In darkness, how you find me just in time..."*

And another song said *"I saw your light from a distance, I was in the darkest place. I saw my hardest days before you came my way. That's how I knew from those instances you had to stay"*

"She put my name in yellow hearts, her favorite color like the stars" almost made her giggle, because it was such a friend zone song and did she really made him feel like that? And how the heck he knew she saved him with a yellow heart? Always.

"I was so happy after meeting you. I was able to love you so much because you embraced and understood my young and immature mind warmly" almost made her tear up because the voice of Paul Kim was just so beautiful and the dramatic melody was specially heartwarming. When he sang *"Are you happy after meeting me too?"* almost destroyed her, because yes, she was, and she hoped Jungkook knew.

"Look at the stars, look how they shine for you and everything you do. Yeah, they were all yellow" sounded like something Jungkook would tell her.

Actually, it was like he was talking to her through all these songs. Even when Fools by Troye Sivan was part of the playlist and she understood it, and she smiled for it.

When the sweet words sung by Zion.T reached her ears saying *"Why do I smile like a fool when I'm by your side? I can't be just like usual, naturally... Annyeong, Annyeong... Annyeong, Annyeong..."*, Lisa had memories of every little moment with Jungkook, from the first time she saw him in the library drawing.

Had he paid Zion.T to write him a song? Because this song was totally her love story.

Wow... They had a song that told exactly the story of their relationship. Wasn't that great?

(a/n: oh my goooooOOOOoooOOOOd what a cOOliinnnnNciDeEnCee)

(a/n: btw ht playlist is in the link of my profile if you wanna follow it and listen to it)

She turned her head back to look at Jungkook and she smiled, seeing his concentrated yet cute face. The flashlight headband was still ridiculously hilarious, but it was making his eyes shine more than usual. The shadow on his face somehow highlighted the smooth sides of his face and at the same time defined the sharp line of his jaw, and her eyes then traveled to his parted lips...

Maybe this would end one day, maybe the feelings would die and maybe this would just be some bittersweet memories. But Lisa knew at that moment that her story with Jungkook was always going to be the most beautiful moment in her entire life, whether he was still in her life or not at the end of it.

But she hoped he would always stay, like that tattoo she was getting on her shoulder.

The tattoo took hours even though it was small, but Jungkook didn't lie and was really very delicate and careful.

After the first two hours, they took a break to go to the bathroom and eat something. Lisa was feeling pretty good actually and although her skin burned a little, she was fine. She could bear the pain. But the way he was on top of her asking every second how she was and checking her skin was so adorable.

Until he tired her with the questions and she kissed him to shut up.

After the break, Jungkook got back to work and Lisa listened to that beautiful playlist again.

Time passed much faster this time and Lisa was genuinely surprised when Jungkook told her that he was done. She couldn't believe he was already ready.

It felt like hours flew in front of her eyes but when she opened Jungkook's phone it was already 8PM.

"Are you ready to see?" he asked her, wanting to sound calm but you could tell on his whole face that he was nervous, he was even nibbling his thumbnail anxiously and his legs was practically bouncing.

Lisa didn't know if it was him being insecure or if he had done something horrendous. But she doubted Jungkook would have made a bad tattoo, he was very good.

"Are you kidding me?" She asked incredulously and smiled excitedly. "Show me!"

Jungkook nodded and helped her gallantly to get on her feet. He guided her to her mirror in his studio and turned her onto her back so that she could see her reflection as she turned her head.

"Oh my God..." Lisa whispered.

Oh

my

God

OHMYGOD

Lisa squealed loud and sharp and her mouth fell open again, until she violently covered it and looked at Jungkook in disbelief.

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL

IT WAS SO FUCKING BEAUTIFUL

Jungkook had designed a butterfly which had one half made of beautiful sunflowers. The right-wing of it was literally made of sunflowers and the vivid warm yellow color was gorgeous.

It was so beautiful that she teared up and hugged him tightly, burying her face in his chest.

"Why are you crying? Doll?" he asked, concerned, taking her face in his hands. "You don't like it?"

Lisa shook her head, looking up at him through her wet long lashes. "It's so pretty it's making me cry," she pouted.

He sighed in relief and smiling, kissed her forehead from her and then her lips.

"I'm so happy that you like it"

"You're so good," she mumbled and looked over her shoulder again.

It looked even real, like a real butterfly with sunflowers was sitting on her shoulder.

She couldn't stop seeing and admiring, her heart was about to explode in her body.

"There's something else," he murmured and she back at him. Jungkook's smile grew so much he looked beautiful and cute showing all his teeth, and then he raised his hand, without the glove, showing her the back of it, wrapped in plastic.

His butterfly...

The right-wing was covered by sunflowers too in yellow vivid sunflowers and now... that was his first-ever colored tattoo.

Lisa covered her mouth. "You didn't!!!" she squealed and took his hand, eyes widening as she inspected the beautiful design carefully. The idea of him marking himself with her settling up slowly in her mind. They had matching tattoos now. "When did you do this? I saw you yesterday!"

He shrugged. "Jimin Hyung and I had a really wild night"

She chuckled. "Hope it was just his needle pinching you and not something else, sir"

Jungkook snorted but then opened his mouth, comically offended. "So I am the bottom?!"

Lisa showed a gritted awkward smile. "I saw Jimin Oppa and you, and I saw you and me... You're definitely the bottom, hottie"

He bit his lower lip accepting the defeat, or maybe not, because he pulled her closer by the waist, making her stumble into his chest, and he looked down from his height, brushing her lips. "I'll show you who's the bottom here," and he kissed her deeply, leaning her back romantically as she cradled his cheeks.

They chuckled against each other's lips and she kissed his hand when he reached up to cup her cheek. "I love you so much"

"I love you too, doll," he nuzzled her nose lovingly.

"But why a butterfly and sunflowers?" she tilted her head.

"Because you're like a sunflower, you give me strength and positivity, you're loyal and you mean lasting happiness to me," he confessed, shooting her heart multiple times with the warmest words she'd ever heard in her life. He was sincere and he was devoted. She didn't have to marry him to get that but in moments like this she felt that maybe she would do it soon, maybe she wasn't too young to marry this man. "And when you walk under the sun, you always tilt up your face and let it illuminate you, warm you, just like a sunflower"

She pouted, brows dropping and accentuating her big puppy eyes with long eyelashes. Was he paying that much attention to her? Noticing things like that? "Really?"

He kissed her cheek and nodded proudly.

"And the butterfly?"

This time he chuckled. "Because you flutter around me like one, and you quite loved mine when we met"

Ah, yes she loved his butterfly JiEun. Since the first moment she saw him in the library drawing, it was attractive and realis-

HOW DID HE KNOW?

She never told him anything! Actually the first time they talked about his butterfly was in their first date!

Did she ever tell him she loved it and that it was her favorite tattoo of his?

How the hell did she know?

WHEN did they really meet?

Lisa's eyes widened as she leaned her head back. "I- You- I mean-... Jungkook?"

Jungkook just stared at her calmly, but his smile was like mocking, kinda secretive, like he knew something she didn't know and...

"Jungkook, you said you know me since like January or around," she said slowly, inquiring. "When? And why I don't remember"

She let it pass before, she wasn't so curious, but now she had a tattoo on her shoulder that symbolized a moment she couldn't remember and she had to know! She couldn't just not know!

He shrugged. "Maybe it wasn't that important"

But the annoying teasing smile was still there.

It was important! Hello? He tattooed his own hand because of that!

"Yah! Tell me!"

He released her and walked to his metallic table to start closing his tints like she didn't say anything.

"Jungkook!"

He ignored her.

"Jungkook!!!"

He looked up, raising his brows. "What?"

"Yaaah!!!" She stomped on her place and crossed her arms, pouting. "Tell me!"

He pretended to think, stretching out his lips, but he clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Nah..."

"But that's not fair! Was I drunk?" she suddenly got it, following him around. "I was drunk, right?! I was!! I was! That's why I don't remember! When! When it happened?! Tell me! Tell meeeeeee!" at this point she hung from his shoulders, hugging his neck strongly and pouting from his shoulder.

"Nope"

"I will break with you if you don't tell me!" she threatened, getting on her feet and trying to look menacing.

Jungkook smirked, marking the dimple on his cheek. "I just got us tattooed you for life, doll, you can't break with me now"

I-

The fucking psychopath!

She laughed.

The boldness.

The nerve...

Still amused, he walked to her and cupped her cheeks to peck her lips. "I'll tell you next Christmas," he promised, looking at her like she was the cutest thing in the world.

She frowned. "Why next Christmas?"

And he thought better about it. "Hmm, should I tell you next next Christmas then? Maybe the Christmas after that Christmas..."

Lisa slapped his chest softly, rolling her eyes. "Are you really going to tell me or you will postpone it every Christmas so I stay another year more?"

"That sounds like an excellent idea"

"I'm such a bad influence for you, hottie," she murmured amusedly. Old Jungkook wouldn't put these stunts, this was work of his sneaky girlfriend, Lisa, in his life.

"You are, doll," he agreed. "Get dressed, love," he signaled with

his gaze at her body just dressed with a black strapless bra. "We have to go home"

She liked how that sounded, she always did. And he was saying it every single night...

"Why do I always end up shirtless in your studio?"

He shrugged. "I'm just that hot"

Lisa clicked her tongue, still feeling that tingling proud feeling on her chest because that was the same guy that used to not feel enough for her, the same guy that was nervous around her and couldn't keep a normal conversation, the same guy that went through hell and back fighting his insecurities to be with her. This guy was hot and it was all hers. The love of her life.

"Shut up before I fuck you, loser"

"Don't call me loser, that turns me on," he said and made her laugh, she knew that was true.

Lisa then glanced one last time at her tattoo, after Jungkook wrapped it softly in plastic wrap so she could put on her shirt and she smiled at her reflection, noticing Jungkook moving around behind her naturally, like the already natural and normal part he was of her life.

They were good for each other. Really good.

Ah, yes, they were going to last. Now she was sure of it.

Because a love like theirs last. People like them last and the most beautiful moment in their lives just gets eternal.

Especially now when he didn't need a hello tutorial to talk to her.

[EXTRA]

it's been sooooo long since I wrote something I genuinely like and I'm glad it was the last chapter of this story.

i have a lot of things to say but I'll save that for the final post and the epilogue. I hope you all liked it as much as I did bc damn I spent a lot of months thinking how to end it, going through a lot of options and then it came out naturally so I'm like really happy and satisfied.

btw this is basically the tattoo jk made to lisa (and to himself) but a little bit smaller.

if you like it, comment and vote👍 and don't say bye to me yet I'll post the epilogue soon👀

as many of you voted on ig:

you'll get what you want, a peek of HT liskook's future.

but also☐ **a boy**

or a girl

DON'T SAY BOTH. NO ONE IS HAVING TWINS 🐼🐼

lisa's kitty must be protected

Epilogue

WE'RE FINALLY HERE WHAT THE FFFFFUUUCK

hehe

hi my tukkiloves 

for real my ass is so nervous and excited i don't even know what to say so let's go with it and i hope you like it and melt like i did writing it

BY THE WAY

I CANT BELIEVE BOY WON

YOU ALL

BETRAYERS

THIS IS BC OF ALL THE KOREAN MOMS WITH SONS LOOKING LIKE JK RIGHT?? RIGHT??!!!!

(a/n: not me really using the pic of one of those korean moms)

(a/n: this baby is so so so cute btw, he literally has jungkook's eyes but they're as big as lisa's)

"You're coming, right?"

Jungkook inevitably smiled at Lisa's almost desperate tone and pulled his phone away from his ear only to type a short reply: *"I'm already waiting."*

His fingers burned for the short minutes he kept them out of the pocket of his puffer jacket due to the hellish cold. It had just finished snowing and the breeze was practically burning his skin, causing a slight chatter in Jungkook's teeth and a strong red tone on his nose.

He squirmed, breathing hard, and trotted in place, seeking to warm up but it was damn impossible. And yet he loved winter and nights like this, when the breeze blew a few snowflakes and one of the busiest streets in central Seoul was practically desolate.

At that same bus stop that he knew by heart from his college days, he felt especially giggly.

It's been years...

"Laaaassss Chismaas, I giivvv uuu ma haaaad..."

Oh...

He knew that song.

Jungkook smiled and looked to the right.

"Daddy!!!!"

Listen, in any other situation, the chant of a kid plus a squeak

from the same kid would sound creepy as fuck. Directly from a terror movie. But how could the cutest boy be creepy? No, no, no, the cutest boy in South Korea was exactly that: the cutest boy in South Korea, his mama was saying it all the time.

"Jungsan! Don't run on the snow!!!" and his mama was saying that all the time too.

The little boy with huge round eyes gave a mischievous giggle and reached into the arms of his father, who lifted him with an exaggerated gasp, as if he were heavy.

"Ssssssss," he inhaled. "My jungsannie is getting big big," Jungkook made him laugh, sliding his small body onto his shoulder. The boy ended up on his head, silky black locks hanging down and clearing his forehead as he was shaking his little legs over Jungkook's chest, squealing loudly with joy. The volume of his voice was almost as loud as his mother's.

"Daddy! Pu me down!! 'M stong! I'll figw u!" Jungsan screeched, punching his father's broad back with his fists, but obviously, he was getting nothing but a lot of fun.

"Fighting me you say?" quite lightly, Jungkook dragged him back into his arms and frowned, looking into those big dark eyes that were identical to his own.

"Uhum!" Jungsan nodded determinedly, showing him his fists and his bad-boy face, frowning.

Choking a laugh so as not to hurt his feelings, Jungkook made a surprised face and looked at his wife: "Lalisa, look at your son, he's turning into a ruffian!"

"Ruffian!" Jungsan repeated proudly.

"Ah, yes?" Lisa crossed her arms and took long steps up to them, looking at him thoughtfully. "A ruffian you say?"

"Yes! 'Mma ruffian!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! Look!" he showed his little fists in the position his daddy did when boxing.

"Mmmmm," she narrowed her eyes and hesitated. "Fine..." she conceded. "But then you will be able to resist..." she made a dramatic pause, leaning back. "Tickles!" she jumped and started to tickle the child who burst into laughter in his father's arms, that was strong enough to not let him fall.

The boy's screams echoed once more in the empty streets but his giggles were so adorable that it mattered little, anyway his mother would fight anyone who dared to say something to the cutest boy of South Korea.

"Daddy! Daddy! Hep!" Jungsan said with difficulty, almost out of breath from the laughter, hugging his father's arms tightly and just

like that, Jungkook knew that the boy had been eating ice cream and didn't let his mother wash his hands.

Sticky traces of chocolate stained his neck and he wrinkled his nose, but continued with the game, turning around so Lisa wouldn't get to Jungsan.

It worked, just because this little savage's mother was already too tired to deal with him and Jungkook felt a little guilty.

"Let's go home, Jungsannie"

The boy pouted and sighed, tilting his head in the way he had inherited from his mother, where his beautiful bright little eyes stood out like a sad puppy's thanks to his lowering eyebrows and long eyelashes circling those huge dark orbs. "Why? It snowy"

Jungsan loved snow.

"It's cold," Lisa muttered under her breath and as if her body weighed a ton, she walked over to Jungkook and hugged him from behind, resting her head on his shoulder.

Lisa hated snow, winter, and cold. Jungkook learned it the winter of their first year together, Lisa hibernated every free hour she had and was always hugging him, looking for warmth.

It didn't change in all those years.

"It's not cowl," Jungsan fought. "Daddy it's not cowl! Junsannie is not cowl "

"I am cold, little ruffian!" Lisa complained playfully, sticking out her tongue at him.

"Daddy give ur jacket to mommy," he practically ordered Jungkook, slightly shaking his jacket in his little fists. And there came more smelly chocolate stains.

"I already did," Jungkook pointed out, as Lisa was wearing that same long jacket he gave her many years ago, even though she didn't know it yet. "We have to go home, it's late and cold. Do you want mommy to get sick?"

That got to the heart of his son because he widened his eyes with drama, gasping, and shook his head. "No no no! Mommy, you be oki oki," he demanded, cupping his mother's cheeks. "Be oki, mommy?"

"Give me a kiss for good luck, baby," she asked and wrinkled her nose when he kissed exactly the tip of it, as she kissed him all the time. "Oh! I'm oki oki now! "

Jungsan giggled. "See? She oki"

"Let's go home and watch Paw Patrol, okay baby?" she offered him, knowing the weaknesses of her son.

The already big eyes widened and his lips opened cutely, showing his front tiny teeth.

"Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Daddy, let me go! Let's go to the car!" he

squirmed, pushing Jungkook's arms to get free.

"He's running for Paw Patrol as if the dogs were the ones wiping his butt," Jungkook snorted, setting him down before he fell.

Lisa laughed and opened the car door for Jungsan, who eagerly climbed and sat in his red child seat properly like the good boy that he was.

"I'm ready daddy! Let's go home!!! Hully Hully! It's late!"

"Put on his seatbelt, please?" she pouted cutely at Jungkook, as if he didn't always do it but maybe he just that night didn't want to and Lisa couldn't let that happen, she was so tired that it was obvious in her face.

Rarely did her doll have such heavy eyes. Even during the first months of Jungsan, she maintained her energy and good spirit every day. But she must have had a very long and bad day.

"Sure, doll," he gently stroked her cheek and she smiled in relief, before getting into the passenger seat.

Jungkook adjusted his son's seatbelt and closed the door softly, making sure no little fingers were in the way. Lisa was going to kill him if something like that happened, of course, if he didn't kill himself first.

He took one last look at that familiar bus stop, because just that night he remembered he was once that sad boy, smoking and crying, who met the most beautiful girl in the world, dressed in a short Santa dress, screaming Christmas songs. *And look at him now...*

With a very satisfied smile, he got into the car and felt warmth pooling in his chest when he saw who was now his wife, that same girl in the red dress, shouting a Christmas song that was playing on the radio, along with their son. Specifically, ten years after.

Lisa hated winter but she loved Christmas songs and she had passed that on to Jungsan.

As he drove and sang with his family, Jungkook considered the last decade of his life so crazy that it was bizarre. His young self would never have imagined this was possible.

After finishing her first major gig at Vogue, having a hard time because that June whatever was a big asshole, Lisa landed other small jobs that by the time she graduated were huge. Her lovable and hard-working personality won the favor of models and editors who gave her access to important positions and made her an important name in the fashion industry, which made her insanely happy.

Especially because of the clothes.

Jungkook still remembered the day she got her first Vogue cover published with her name on it at the corner, Lisa screamed so loud she almost blew out one of his ears and she refused to take the

magazine off the coffee table for almost two years.

For the next two years that Jungkook did military service, Lisa worked in the United States, China, and in her long-awaited Paris.

His girlfriend was a renewed woman when he finally finished his duties to the country. She had acquired a certain air of sophistication and maturity that made her so irresistible that Jungkook didn't let her get out of bed for two long days. Or maybe he was the one who had been away too long and he couldn't believe she had expected him.

A part of him, even though he had finished his therapy years ago, had been truly afraid of losing her in those years that he was in the service. Relationships naturally cool down when you go from always being with that person to not being around for long months. But a more confident part of him scoffed at those stupid ideas, it was ridiculous to believe that Lisa would leave him one day when she seemed to kiss his feet almost as much as he kissed hers.

No, they didn't have that kink... I think.

A year after, she was his biggest pillar when he decided to start a new story and publish it, this time giving fans the opportunity to meet him at fansigns and special events. It was the best decision of his life, his fans were actually a lot of fun and there was not a single moment when he felt as uncomfortable as he thought it was going to happen, his social anxiety was terrified of every meeting just to be calmed down after him saying hi and getting a lot of *"hi, nochu"*s back.

It was much easier to draw for these people and his love for his work was reflected in his art, his new story broke records in the country. But many people still held Killa in their hearts, filling Lisa's comments on her Instagram photos with requests for Jungkook to make her part of his new story.

Lisa just walked in front of Jungkook arrogantly: *"Your fans love me, hottie"*

Of course they did. Nochu's fans were so into Lisa's crazy funny tweets and the number of details about their sexual life they got from her just to use them and tease Jungkook.

I have to add, many didn't understand the 3 inches joke...

He received much more recognition as a tattoo artist thanks to his manhwa, so much so that he even managed to buy his parlor and redecorate it, keeping that mural that his girlfriend loved so much.

Customers came in such big amounts that Jungkook was booked for at least 3 years in a row.

And then, just a couple of months after, he and Lisa finally moved in together into the apartment they managed to buy thanks to their surprisingly high new salaries.

Cohabitation was lovely... and hard. They went through a rough patch for the first months together, they argued about everything and anything, even about things he never imagined were a reason to argue about but for his stupid self they were when he was tired enough.

They really fought for 2 hours over damn curtains. And they didn't talk for 3 days because he was too neat and she was too messy and one day they snapped to the other.

They got over it, gladly.

He feared losing her again but it didn't happen. It wasn't going to happen, not when both were so ready to apologize when the waters were calmer.

Maybe it was the comfort that came months after, or the warm feeling of finally having a home together and settling down, but somehow Jungkook managed to plant a jungswimmer on that pretty belly of Lisa, fighting all birth controls.

He could really be proud of himself. He never expected to be that strong... gardener.

When he came back after work one morning, *"hi daddy!"* balloons were all over the living room and well, since she wasn't calling him daddy in bed since that time they tried it and Jungkook snorted so hard he spat out a bugger, the dots were easy to connect.

Lisa was pregnant.

Jungkook almost fainted.

Literally, his tension literally dropped this time and he was dizzy for a few minutes.

"What are we going to do?" he asked, alarmed.

How were they going to tell their parents? How were they going to keep that baby? What were they going to do??!!

Lisa snorted, putting a hand on his shoulder while handing a Coca-Cola can to his overdramatic ass. "Jungkook, we're 28"

Right!

Damn.

She was right. They were 28.

Damn, they were getting older...

Not like he felt older, he looked more mature for sure, his muscles agreed, but he still was fighting Lisa for the last cup of ramen when both were pulling all-nighters to finish pending work.

They already had a home, it was a big apartment in a good zone of Seoul, they had 2 rooms as studios that could be used for a child and they both had jobs. Real, serious, big jobs. Fuck! They were adults!

Right!

Once it hit, Jungkook was so happy... and terrified.

He didn't know much about babies, he made a few cry before. Not like it was his fault, though. Babies cry just because they can!

Kids were kinda easy, or maybe it was just Soomin who grew up in front of his eyes so fast, but he didn't interact with babies before.

Lisa was in cloud nine, when she wasn't crying or creating the most stupid arguments just to fight him because of the hormones, and it was driving him crazy, because he was so scared.

What do babies eat? What do babies wear? What do babies need?

Was he going to be a good father?

And he couldn't rely on Lisa this time as always to get reassurance, she was as nervous as him sometimes.

He wasn't even a good husband yet. Or a husband at all.

Ah, his in-laws were really going to cut his dick off if he didn't become a husband.

But that changed pretty fast.

Jungkook was already thinking about proposing before Lisa told him the big news, but his big well thought and very complicated plan crumbled when the baby got in the middle and he spent long weeks insecure about making the big step because he didn't want Lisa to think he was proposing just because of the baby.

Jimin and Taehyung almost kicked his ass from him for being so annoying. It wasn't even that difficult! Not like Lisa was going to say no.

But Jungkook was still nervous.

But the thing that made him move was a night that they went to Dragon's and they met Jaewon, if it were possible the older he got, the hotter he was. And he had the audacity to call his doll "barBiE" and tell her *"I see no ring there, Barbie, I guess you're still available"*.

He should have known it was all Lisa's plan to make him just propose for once, she knew he was about to do it but he was never doing it!

A pregnant girl just wants her fucking diamond!

It was so easy to know Jungkook's intentions. She found the ring between his things once and he was way too obvious sometimes, she had to say anything related to a wedding and he was already sweating.

Jaewon did it amazingly at the end of the day, because that exact night Jungkook proposed in the middle of his annoyed rant about how disrespectful the older guy was.

Lisa said: "Wait what?"

Jungkook noticed what he said and widened his eyes: "What?"

"Repeat that"

"Repeat what?"

"Just repeat it! The 'You will marry me, right?', you know"

"I didn't say that"

"Jungkook!"

"I won't propose at a bus stop, Lisa!"

But his very sappy self had to give up the romantic plan and actually did propose at a bus stop. And Lisa acted surprised. Our girl was ready for the show.

This time they were really getting married so people were right this time when they assumed the crazy girl screaming and jumping was just being proposed.

The couple agreed to have a really simple wedding, nothing too big but really romantic with the prettiest night lights and under the stars, and of course with their friends and a fun party to dance in. So that's what they got.

One night in spring, Jungkook and Lisa got married.

It was probably the happiest day of their life. The food was delicious, the music was amazing, they had fun and overall, it was them. Just them.

Jungkook would never forget the way Lisa looked up at him when they were dancing together. Her brown shiny eyes made him feel over the moon.

That same night, Lisa announced her pregnancy and everyone cheered, Jungkook's mom cried... and Palisa, Jimin, Jisoo and the Lord and Savior soon-to-be uncle Bambam did too. But he swore it was that he got something in his eye, and in the other eye too. What a coincidence.

Preeda didn't believe it.

No, she wasn't in denial. She really didn't believe it.

For years Lisa made the same joke a lot of times, the first time was that summer in Phuket, the second time was that same Christmas and she almost killed her mother using her stomach full of food as a pregnant womb. Then, she did it a third time and a fourth, and every single time Preeda bothered her. So this time, Preeda refused to believe it.

Until the seventh month, when Jisoo, Seungyeon and Palisa, who moved to South Korea after a hot summer with Jimin even though she swore it was to make the business bigger and not to jump on his bed every night, organized the baby shower. Preeda came to visit, saw the obvious large womb of her daughter and screamed.

"Oh my God! You're pregnant!"

"Ah! So that's why I got so fat! I thought it was just a bad diet!"

"You never told me, Pranpriya!"

"I literally did!"

"You were joking!"

"I wasn't at that time!"

So Preeda had to sit and accept it, and Jungkook offered her tea. Both sat silently while Lisa was screaming excitedly about everything and both were happy, but so terrified.

Jungkook surprised her then, asking her what Lisa was like as a baby. He asked his mom what he was like as a baby and took some notes, but in case the baby was like Lisa, he wanted to be prepared. Preeda teared up and Jungkook had to hide her because Lisa was in that phase in which she cried just because anyone else was doing it.

They spent the rest of the afternoon talking and that was another really bizarre beginning. They really, literally and actually became besties once Jungsan was born. And Lisa was horrified.

It was quite amusing to Jungkook, Lisa was looking at them like they were aliens. His younger self would do it too, though. Who would imagine that the same woman that couldn't accept him, was making cookies with him every Jungsan's birthday.

Jungsan was a big factor for Lisa's parents to accept Jungkook. They loved the cutest boy in South Korea and they loved the way Jungkook was so dedicated to his baby and his doll.

They doubted him but he proved them wrong and they couldn't feel angry about it, less when their grandson looked like him and he was just so cute.

At least Jungkook got his in-laws out of his business. They respected him as a father and husband.

Damn, crazy, he was a father and a husband.

He was a known artist too, on media and on skin.

He owned a car, Lisa did too. Both lived comfortably in a spacious department and they could afford all what Jungsan wanted. Literally, a dream come true.

32 years old Jungkook became the man 22 years old Jungkook would never have expected. Especially because this older Jungkook loved himself and loved his family and loved his life... It was crazy.

With a head full of good thoughts and many thanks to the universe for giving him what was so great and special, he arrived home with his son in his arms, playing with his toy Iron Man, while the now 5 cats crowded into the entrance meowing with their tails raised. But Jungkook looked at Lisa with loving eyes.

His Lisa.

This was all thanks to her actually.

She did this.

She was tired, her slim shoulders dropped with the weight of the world (or maybe the simple normal weight of being a mother) as she was walking into the apartment.

She put her large black leather bag, filled with things for Jungsan and hers of her own work tools, on the gray marble kitchen counter

by the entrance. Then, she walked to the refrigerator to grab a bottle of water. Meanwhile, she tied her hair up into a half messy bun, barely held in place with a hair tie.

Her hair was hard to keep up since she had it short and messy silky strands were always falling on her face. And she always looked so domestic and gorgeous that way.

"What?" she asked, noticing that he hadn't taken his eyes off her, not even when he put Jungsan on the ground and he ran off to sit on the carpet in front of the television, being followed by Leo, Luca, Lily, Louis and Lego who loved him and protected him like a pack of wolves.

Jungkook shook his head and approached her, taking her hips and leaning down to leave an affectionate kiss on her forehead. "Nothing," he mumbled and cupped her cheek, leaning her face up. "You look tired"

Lisa sighed and buried her face in his chest, breathing in his scent. Habit she copied from him after the years.

"I am. I love Jennie Unnie but she's a pain in the ass when she gets in my photoshoots," she murmured with her voice muffled against the strong muscles and Jungkook had a hard time listening because Jungsan had just turned on the television.

"Son! Lower volume!"

"Sowry!" the kid replied and obeyed.

Lisa continued then, sounding as outraged as she was feeling: "She was throwing orders here and there and it was so frustrating because she is so perfectionist but I am too and she was not trusting my criteria. And then the model got into a fight with the MUA because she retouched her eye makeup, she threatened to just leave since her work wasn't being appreciated and the model couldn't apologize, making it longer and longer and I'm just... so tired," she sighed, closing her heavy eyes for a few seconds.

Jungkook watched her silently, stroking her back over her wool sweater and a smile grew on his lips when she just snuggled closer, hugging him tightly.

He just loved to be someone to lean on for her.

"Why don't you go take a really warm bath and I take care of Jungsan"

Lisa nodded lazily. "Yes, please," it really sounded like a satisfied moan and she leaned her head back to look at him and smile with mischief no tiredness could erase. "You're such a sexy dad"

He chuckled and pecked her lips softly, they always tasted like strawberries. "You're the hottest mom too"

"I look like crap, Jungkook," she replied with weary resignation, hugging him back and hiding her face again.

He leaned his head down and sought shelter in the crook of her neck. She smelled like chocolate so he kissed her neck and smiled when he realized he was right, Jungsan sticky hands were there too.

"You're always sexy, momma," he whispered, squeezing her ass and pulling her closer.

Lisa had gained some weight during her pregnancy and although she had worked hard to regain her figure, using Jungkook as her own free personal trainer, she still had those luscious curves that would never go away after carrying a baby on her body. She hated them, especially when her old jeans didn't fit, but Jungkook delighted in squeezing and massaging them. Seeing that ass bounce much more than before when he fucked her from behind was mesmerizing and following with his tongue the paths of the small stretch marks on her stomach and butt was his favorite activity on those quiet nights when Jungsan was asleep, and they both took their time in having calm and very hot sex, playing and betting to see which of the two moaned loudly first.

It wasn't a surprise, Jungkook always lost.

He hated to lose but not so much when Lisa was sucking his dick so good it was making him go blind.

"Go take your bath, doll," he pulled away from her, patting her ass gently, before he kissed her desperately in a very inappropriate way with their son meters away.

Lisa hummed a yes, she left a kiss on his chest and left.

"Go take a shower, nasty elf," she ordered her son playfully, pointing to her eyes and then to him with warning. "You know what happens to dirty kids"

"They're handsome like me!" there it was a dignified Lisa's son.

Lisa moved her finger across her throat. "Don't test me"

Jungsan gasped, not at all scared. "Immot dirty!"

"Yes, you are," Jungkook took his ankles and lifted him upside down from the floor.

Yeah, he did that.

The same man that panicked for the first 3 weeks of life of Jungsan because he was really scared of dropping him and hurting him, was now practically bungee jumping him.

Jungsan loved it, his silly giggles were loud. "Daddy! Again! Again!"

"Jungkook he will puke," Lisa warned him, walking back on her tracks. "Soosoo gave him ice cream"

They already went through a vomiting situation before, Jungkook's nose didn't want to repeat that and Jungkook himself didn't want to get scolded for a whole hour and then the cold shoulder for 2 days because Lisa told him and warned him and he

didn't listen till Jungsan was spitting vomit like the Exorcist girl, so he lifted his son and carried him properly on his arms.

"Let's go bath"

"Mm clean!! Why don't we keep playing daddy? Mom don't have to know!" he smiled mischievously.

Jungkook snorted. "Why do you love to get me in trouble?"

"I just wanna play!"

"But you're dirty sir, bath first"

"No, 'Mmm clean, you are dirty," the boy protested, pushing his chest away. He was not that amused anymore because he noticed his father was being serious.

"Tell that to your smell," Jungkook replied, holding his wrists to stop him.

"I smell like flowes," Jungsan insisted, frowning again and getting a little bit bratty.

"Rotten ones, mister," Jungkook said more to himself than to Jungsan.

It was true. He was never, literally n e v e r, still so he sweated a lot and that mixed with the baby perfume and his messy way of eating so yeah, he didn't particularly smell like flowers... or anything good.

"Yah! No! I don't want to!" Jungsan squirmed, pushing Jungkook's chest and starting to scrunch his face in disgust.

"I didn't ask if you want to"

"Nooooo!" his eyes watered. "Paw Patrol! Paw Patrol!" he grew cranky and impatient, trying to free himself from Jungkook's grip on him.

"We can watch it after"

"I want to see it now!" his little and breathy voice cracked, getting red because of the anger and frustration.

Ah, yes, this kid was tired. He was a sweetheart, but not at night when he was up since 9 AM.

(a/n: remember to snort your birth control tonight or never have sex. your cake here always to remind you good things you're welcome 😊)

Jungkook took a deep breath and prepared himself for the next 10 minutes of Jungsan crying angrily, being kinda rude and looking at him like was the biggest villain on TV while he was undressing him, to just then be happy in the bath with dad and rant about his day, playing with Taehyung and Jennie's children and then having ice cream with auntie Soosoo, like nothing happened.

It was routine. Jungsan loved to be in the bath but he hated the process of getting in the bath and that was why Lisa and Jungkook used to play rock, paper, scissors to decide who was going to deal with the little tired demon at bath time.

After an hour and a half of playing and giving Jungsan another master class of dressing himself up in his pajamas, father and son, fresh and just washed, came back to the open kitchen. Lisa, with her short hair wet and curling, wearing an old raggy oversized shirt and very short shorts, was serving dinner.

"God damn," it'd been so long since he saw his wife wearing such short pants. The edge of her ass was visible and his hands tickled to give a smack.

The only sad part of winter was Lisa covering those hot legs for months.

He could drool right now honestly.

"Goddamm!" Jungsan even imitated his tone, the own son of his father he had to be.

Jungkook glanced at him with wide eyes. "Yah, don't say that"

"Why not?"

"Just don't"

"Goddamm mama!" ah he was being funny now.

Jungkook glared at him. "Jungsan ..."

"Dad..."

Lisa's chuckle ended their stare fight and she smooched Jungsan's chubby cheek. "Hi baby bun!" she crooned, much more relaxed than before.

"Hi mommy!"

"Are you hungry, baby?" she talked to him sweetly.

"Yes! I'm so hungry, mommy," The little boy clapped happily, being seated in the chair by Jungkook, who also fastened the small seat belt. A yellow plastic plate of rice with carrot cubes and a small piece of chicken was in front of him. "Yay!! My favorite! Thank you Mommy!"

"You smell so nice, baby," Lisa exaggerated sniffing his little head with a delicious apple scent and made him laugh. "Have a nice meal, okay? Slowly"

With the small fork already in his mouth and puffy cheeks, he nodded.

"He can curse now?" Jungkook whispered in her ear, gripping her hips from behind as she was pouring water in Jungsan's green plastic cup.

"It's not really a curse, right?" she wondered, unsure and turning a little bit to see his eyes.

Jungkook shrugged, stretching out his lips a little bit. "I don't have idea"

"Well, it's better than the s word"

"Right," he agreed, remembering that time Jungsan imitated his very polite uncle Bambam, when he was just learning to talk at 11

months, and Lisa's mother almost slaughtered Lisa and Jungkook. "But we shouldn't let him use it"

"He will forget about it"

"Or he will say goddamn mama to every pretty person he sees"

Lisa smirked, nuzzling his nose. "Just like his parents"

Jungkook giggled quietly and separated from her to sit next to Jungsan and cut his chicken, the kid was already trying to tear it apart into pieces with his small teeth as if he were a dog... growling and everything.

They didn't even have a dog so he must have learned that from Jennie and Taehyung's 4 dogs. From the counter, Luca judged him.

"Thank you, Daddy," Jungsan smiled at him, his eyes turning into small happy lines. He was just so cute Jungkook could bite his cheeks.

Lisa sat in front of him, leaning her head on her hand. "You had a good bath time with daddy?"

Jungkook snorted ironically. Lisa glanced at him amused but paid attention to her baby bunny.

"Yes!" Jungsan nodded enthusiastically, using his duckling spoon to scoop some carrot and rice into his mouth.

Lisa looked at him proudly and heard him talk about every bath step he did with Jungkook, although it was difficult to understand him when he spoke with his mouth full and breathed heavily with emotion when he finished swallowing.

She loved to hear him talk, he never shut up anyways. But, honestly, she loved overall the way he made the same expressions as Jungkook and stumbled into words like Jungkook. Her baby bunny was such her pitbul puppy's son.

He was also such a smart kid, he could speak so much for his age.

Jungkook took care of helping him eat so Lisa could enjoy her own dinner, although she, used to pampering him, couldn't help but feed him a little and share her food. Which made Jungsan complain that the attention was not on him for a few seconds and that was unacceptable. They both just laughed at him disrespectfully and filled his face with big annoying kisses until they made him squeal.

Jungkook loved his kid from earth to the infinite and back but damn if he didn't love when he was fast asleep and the house was silent for at least 8 hours. It was even funny when he just passed out on his high chair, with a little bit of rice on his lips and his head carelessly on his arm.

"He didn't take a nap today," Lisa commented, feeding Jungkook another spoonful of rice into his mouth. "Soomin tired him out so good today and thank God"

Jungkook chuckled at the pleasure Lisa felt at breaking free from

the little bunny at the end of the day. She was the best mom and she was that type of mom, in love with her child, but she was still young, a gen Z mother, with limITS, and neither she or Jungkook were ready for the amount of energy Jungsan had.

It was like the kid had blended all the hyperactivity both his parents have.

"Sorry I was busy today"

Usually, Jungkook took care of Jungsan in the evenings, Soomin babysat him during the afternoons and Lisa took care of him in the mornings, maneuvering their work schedules that were quite flexible, thank goodness, but Jungkook had had a major change of plans in the parlor that required him to stay five more hours and Lisa had to rush from work to pick up her baby bunny from Soomin's care since she had tutoring hours and take him to her office at Vogue with her.

"It's okay, you know it's not him, it's work," she sighed, resting his cheek on her fist and simply watching him finish her meal with pleasure.

She had learned to cook quite a bit in recent years, he was there presencing the disaster and during one Halloween he even dressed up as a firefighter to tease her when she was making cookies. She did set something on fire that night but it was the firefighter.

Now, although she didn't make elaborate dishes, her food was always delicious.

"I'll take him to bed"

Lisa nodded, caressing Jungan's hair softly. "Don't forget to-"

"Turn on the chick night light and put BunBun at his reach," he finished for her with a cocky smile, picking up Jungsan who snuggled on his shoulder, sighing.

Lisa rolled her eyes. "You better not be a hot dad like that in front of other mommies at the daycare," she warned him and spanked his ass slowly, leaning over him to press a kiss on her son's forehead. "Sleep well baby bun," she muttered softly.

Her duality just grew bigger over the years.

She went back to the kitchen with the dishes then. Five cats followed her, of course.

After checking out those thighs one more time, Jungkook took his son to his room, not surprised when Leo decided to detour from his way to the source of food and be the guardian of the cutest boy of South Korea.

Leo and Luca were Lisa's only cats for just a year. One day, she arrived at his parlor with a small kitten named Lily, saying Luca had bred one of the cats at the cats daycare where she and Jungkook left him and Leo when they went to meet Jungkook's

family in Busan. So Lisa adopted this new cute baby. And Jungkook didn't say much, it was her place, her decisions.

And it was just like that, until they moved together to a bigger apartment and she decided her THREE cats weren't enough.

She said Luca had Lily so Leo was lonely. It was bullshit. Leo was fine by himself. But she was always talking about it and Jungkook wasn't having any of it, he grew fond of the cats but MORE CAT HAIR ON HIS CLOTHES? No.

No.

No.

Were they a cat farm or what?

He was like *"ah you want a new cat? Uhm. Oh! Look over there! It's about to rain!"* and *"a new cat-Oh! Doll look, we have some ice cream here, let's eat!"* for a while, ignoring Lisa's pouts. She was very offended but eating anything Jungkook handed her... with a lot of offense.

It didn't work with him but she tired Bambam and he gave her Louis for her birthday.

Jungkook slid his finger over his own throat as a warning, behind Lisa's back when she was still squealing over the new kitten. Bambam gulped and promised to never do that again.

Louis seemed to be the last.

Well, it seemed wrong.

When Lisa was pregnant, one of her cravings was a new cat, and at 7 AM and after a massive stupid argument over Jungkook *"looking tired of her"*, in her opinion, he went to a cat shelter and brought Lego with him.

Thankfully, for real, THANKFULLY, Lego was the last.

Lisa didn't seem in the mood of raising another kitten when she had her own son pulling her hair, crying every 3 hours for food and destroying her nipples. And that was before he started crawling and escaping from them every single time they looked away.

Jungkook was suffering with her. For 5 months they didn't sleep more than 4 hours per day, but at least there weren't any more cats.

Leo was also grateful. And Leo loved Jungsan. After noticing Jungkook was as done as himself with the new cats, Leo even loved Jungkook.

The now 11 years old cat couldn't recuperate from the arrival of Lego honestly, the ginger looked weird and he was hyperactive, so he wasn't loving Lisa that much. Or he just didn't want her to know, he was protecting her child after all and being passive-aggressive till she came back to her senses and kicked all the other cats out of the house.

It didn't happen yet, but he was still hopeful.

Jungkook tucked Jungsan in his small bed next to the window, his favorite spot in his room to sit and stargaze when he was about to sleep and his mom or dad was telling him a story. He loved the stars and the sky in general, that's how he was learning specific colors like violet, lilac and light blue.

He looked so cute when he was sleeping.

Literally the cutest boy in South Korea. And in the world.

And so damn quiet, thank God.

Jungkook hit his head with the planets and stars mobile hanging from the ceiling and he shushed at the small bells because damn! Respect! The kid's sleeping! Jungkook didn't want to have him awoken with renewed energy till 3 AM!

Jungsan just sighed, spread out on the bed just as his mother used to sleep, and Jungkook rolled his eyes when noticing he managed to slide a foot out of the covers. He was wearing fluffy green socks so his father wasn't worried about his toes getting cold.

Leo's purr was incredibly loud as he sat at the feet of the bed and examined the child's well-being.

"Protect his dreams," Jungkook murmured playfully, ruffling his head. Leo pulled his head apart but obeyed and just lowered his body in that bread position all cats do.

After one last night kiss and putting Mr. BunBun next to his head, he turned on the chick night light next to the bed and turned around to leave, just to trip over a squeaky toy.

Fffffffuck!

He glanced back at his son really hoping he didn't wake up and he sighed in relief when Jungsan barely moved.

He cursed again and took the stupid toy to throw it on the toys box, just noticing the mess this room was. Jungsan might look like him, but he was really Lisa's child.

Sighing, he walked out of the room and left the door half-closed.

Lisa was on the couch when he came back, all the lights of the house were off except that warm floor lamp with crystals that made it look like it was made of rain that was next to the black sectional leather couch in the living room.

She had a cup of spicy ramen on one hand and her phone on the other. Her long legs were crossed on the chaise lounge, shining smoothly because she for sure just spread oil on them. He confirmed it when, after pushing Luca and Lego out of the way, he slid over the leather, opening her legs, and rested his head on her thigh. She smelled so good, so delicious, ready to taste, lick and bite...

But she was eating spicy ramen late at night so she wasn't feeling that good.

"Jungkook's here, I'll ask h-" she interrupted herself at Preeda's question and rolled her eyes. "Yes, mom, we're still married and counting. No, he didn't cheat. No, he didn't go bankrupt yet and no, I wouldn't leave him even if he did. He's too hot"

Jungkook chuckled against her skin. Preeda was adoring him silently when they were all gathered but on the phone she started all conversations with *"are you and your husband still married?"*.

Lisa lied back on the couch, silently guided him to cuddle with her so he slid upper between her legs and hugged her waist, to rest his head on her now bigger breasts.

So comfy...

He could die right here, he was already in heaven anyways.

"Preeda is asking if she and dad can have Jungsan next weekend, they want to take him to Lotte"

Weren't they too old for that? And since when did his in-laws like parks, to begin with?

Lisa noticed his disturbed face and nodded. *"I know right? Weird,"* she mimicked.

Even Jungkook heard Preeda insisting: "What did he say?"

He shrugged. "Sure. But just after his birthday party"

"We've been preparing that party for a month, I'll kill someone if he doesn't attend it," Lisa huffed.

None of them expected that a birthday party for a kid would be so hard to plan, but Jungsan was just so difficult sometimes. He was intense over something one week and then he forgot about it and was into other things. But it was sometimes funny to see Lisa deal with a 3 years old version of herself.

Gladly, his obsession with Paw Patrol was lasting enough to make him have a good birthday party about it and both expected he liked it, it was hard to find the right impersonators. Jungkook and Lisa spent too many days watching the show with their son, they were big judges and both wanted the best. Lisa was ready to throw a fit once and said *"you know what? I'll do Rubble and all the characters myself!"* and the poor boy almost peed himself.

They also used some of those times, since Jungsan was being babysat by Soomin, Jungkook's mom or Jimin, to have some rushed sex in the car.

"Yes, mom, it's a yes. Jungkook's mom will have Sunday with him so no worries... No, the hell? She's not having more privileges than you, not because she lives here she's all the time with him... Stop starting drama, mother. It's for real so late and I had the worst day ever so if you don't hang up right now I'll start having sex with my husband regardless you can hear or not"

Jungkook chuckled, dipping his nose into her soft chest. God,

how could she smell so delicious? She had just taken a bath, it was the right answer, but she always managed to smell sweet, a mixture between vanilla and coconut that had blown his mind from the first time he was able to be close to this body.

Lisa argued with her mother some more before cutting off and let out a big sigh when she was finally released from that chore. Jungkook felt her body relaxing under him and rested his chin on her chest, watching her eat almost desperately and not even reacting to the spicy taste she was putting into her mouth.

"You really had the shittiest day, right?"

"I'll feel better after this," Lisa assured, running her tongue over her lips but not reaching a small spot at the corner that Jungkook wiped with his thumb and brought to his mouth. "Thank you," she pecked his lips softly, smiling against them. "By the way, tell Jimin to hurry up and come back from Paris, Jungsan and my cousin will cry if he doesn't attend the party," she changed the topic.

He raised a brow. "Who am I? His boss?"

"No, you're his favorite bottom," she teased.

He chuckled, poking his cheek with his tongue. "Then also tell Minnie and Sorn to bring their usual expensive gifts, Jungsan won't expect less"

She rolled her eyes. "You just want new toys to play with when he's napping"

"Don't act like we didn't have fun building that Lego castle"

Lisa couldn't deny it, it was the best 4 hours she had in years.

"By the way, we have to go shopping. I have zero winter clothes," she changed the topic again, just because she remembered that.

"You ordered 5 sweaters just yesterday"

"Yeah and they haven't arrived yet, so still zero winter clothes," she shrugged off her obvious shopping addiction but she was so happy when receiving clothes and throwing a fashion show for him that he couldn't care less honestly. "But I still need a new puffy jacket"

Jungkook's ear perked up with interest. "What happened to yours? You were wearing it"

"Besides the fact I've been wearing it every winter since 2019, today, when I was playing with Jungsan, we fell and I dragged the lower part against the sidewalk and the fabric like... tore apart," she explained, talking in pout because she loved that jacket so much, even without knowing where it came from.

Lisa loved being warm in winter since her hands and feet were always cold, and that jacket was magical. Also, she looked so cute in it, practically eaten up by it because it was 2 sizes bigger than her.

Jungkook rose to his elbows and smirked, controlling the small explosion of emotions that was beginning to bubble in his stomach. Lisa's obsession over that jacket was always too much for his heart to handle.

So he decided to make it more special.

Lisa had a bad day and he realized he dragged this too much but he could share it now when she needed something to be cheered up.

"Lisa, do you remember where you got your jacket from?"

She dragged the chopsticks across her thick lips as she looked away, thinking. Jungkook focused on the sauce making that fluffy skin glow deliciously, tempting him to savor it.

Lisa could feel however she wanted, but she was still so damn hot.

"Don't look at me like that when I'm thinking, it distracts me," she poked his forehead, still pleased by his eyes on her mouth and loving the slow way he raised his gaze to her eyes with that glint of hunger and lust. Feeling like a tease she cleaned her lips herself slowly, dragging her finger across slowly and pressing, humming when she dipped it into her mouth. "It just showed up in my closet"

"What?"

"The jacket," she said innocently. "It showed up in my closet"

He frowned. "It didn't just show up in your closet"

Did she really think that all this time? One magic *poof!* And *ta-da!*
A new jacket?

"I mean, no, obviously. But I don't remember how I got it, I remember finding it, like, in the 2018 slash 2019 winter? Like, I was cold and wondering how it ended up there. I thought it was Bambam's but he never asked for it when he saw me wearing it so, like, I didn't think much more about it. I didn't want to find the owner either. I loved the jacket and uh! You won't believe this but it smelled so good all that first winter! I feel like an idiot for just saving it carelessly and I had to wash it next winter," she pouted sadly.

So unnecessarily cute, but yet so precious. He was melting, feeling giddy too.

"I don't know if you heard me earlier, but I gave you that jacket," he finally admitted with a voice strangled with emotion.

Lisa leaned her head back, brows furrowing on her forehead under the wispy bangs. "Uh? No? We didn't know each other when-" her voice trailed off as she connected the dots and her eyes focused on him slowly.

Jungkook shot her a knowing look and nodded. Yes, it was what she was thinking.

Lisa smashed the cup on the coffee table, kneeling up. "No way!

The fffffuu-ravioli??!! Jungkook!!"

He rolled on the sofa, laughing devilishly at her with those high-pitched giggles, and she smacked his tattooed chest, just on the hangul of Jungsan's name on his heart. He added that tattoo a few months after his son was born, when he had free time out of his daddy duties. Lisa loved it and also got it, but smaller and under her collarbone.

That time and after going through childbirth, getting the tattoo was a cup of tea on a Sunday afternoon in a park.

"Explain!" she demanded. "I'm tired of you teasing me with it but not saying anything," she complained dramatically, straddling him. "It's always the same crap! Every Christmas you act up! But I swear, if you don't tell me now I'll edge the answer out of you"

"With our son sleeping 5 feet away?" he opened his mouth with scandalized drama.

She leaned over him, pressing her open hands on his warm bare chest. "Easy, you make a noise, you don't come," she whispered close to his mouth.

His breath got caught in his throat and his eyes glanced down at her lips, very close to his. Her body was so hot over him and he could feel the sweet warm shape of her cunt against his crotch, her small shorts were thin and doing nothing to cover the heat coming from her.

It wouldn't be that hard to have sex there, he'd just have to slide her shorts to the side and dip himself inside her, kissing her to swallow her moans...

"You're so hot," he sighed out, like an excited virgin... as usual.

Lisa chuckled and raised herself, looking even more gorgeous on him with her messy short hair and rosy cheeks. She outlined her name, tattooed on his right hip, exactly across his V-line, and smiled when seeing him shudder. "I know. But tell me everything, hottie. I promise to reward you well"

Ah, she wasn't tired now.

Jungkook used his core strength to lift his torso and get comfortable with her on his lap, hugging her waist and pressing her flush against him. Lisa relaxed and wrapped his neck with her arms, ready for the storytime.

"A few days before Christmas in 2018, I was waiting for the bus," he started, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear and discovering the small golden earrings she had in the shape of flowers, the ones he gave her on their last anniversary. "I was so sad and depressed that night, I was crying and a mess at the bus stop so I was happy that I was by myself. You know, no one in my pity party"

"Why were you sad, hottie?" she asked concerned, passing her

finger on his nose as a stroke that made him actually scrunch it in a smile.

"Because my heart was totally broken by Tzu-

Lisa rolled her eyes, pressing her finger against his lips. "No curse words in this house, Hottie. We have a child"

He took her finger and kissed it. "Okay so, I was sad"

"Yes, as usual"

"Is that a drag?" he tilted his head to the side, narrowing his eyes.

"No, next question"

He chuckled. "So, as usual in winter and late at night, I was really lonely. Till a girl showed up in a Christmas dress," and he smiled to himself at the memories, feeling a thrill of excitement making his heart race. He glanced up at her face, the same that light up his night many years ago, and his voice came out as a whisper: "It was you"

Her eyes shone warmly and she smiled softly, till she realized.

Lisa pressed her lips closed. "Drunk?"

"As hell"

She chuckled, showing a finger like saying: *"ah, right, of course"*. But she lowered it and looked shocked, glancing up at him then, vulnerable and a little bit scared of asking. "It was me, the girl that you said that *"saved"* you?"

Jungkook nodded.

Lisa gasped in a daze, dropping her arms and shocking her head, causing a few strands to fall on her face. "No way..."

Jungkook nodded again. "You were singing Last Christmas... so bad," he added, scrunching his nose. Lisa's head snapped up and her hair flipped back. She opened her mouth in a small offended o. "Yes, doll, I was terrified first"

"Yah," she whined, pushing his chest but he took her wrist and interlocked their fingers.

"You told me I shouldn't cry because my little nose would turn red. Now that I think about it, were you being sarcastic?"

Lisa snorted. "No comments"

He laughed, not really caring, she loved his nose and she expressed it several times.

"Keep going, please," she requested like a little child.

"I had to take you home because you couldn't even catch the correct bus and all you were talking about was my butterfly JiEun," he showed her the back of his hand as if she didn't have it memorized and she held it, bringing it to her heart. He smiled at the sweet gesture. "It was a fun night. You turned the worst night of my life into one of the best. After that nothing was the same and when I told you I believe fate put us together, I'm serious, doll."

Because after that we could never have met again, but we did... again and again and again, it never stopped until we were stuck together in this life"

Lisa's eyes reddened and filled with heavy tears, when he ran his thumb over her cheek a small drop fell but she sniffled and hugged him, hiding her face in his neck. He hugged her waist tightly in response.

He'd live that night all over again a thousand times.

He wouldn't mind the dark, sad situation or the cold weather, he just wanted to live the first Lisa experience again.

And, as if she just read his mind, she patted his shoulder, sniffing again, and stood up. "Okay, get up"

"Uh?"

"It's not fair I forgot about it and you never told me before, sir," she obviously pointed out her resentment, with her hands on her hips. "What do you think I'm gonna do? Say okay and go on with my life? No, sir. Let's get dressed, we have to reenact that night. It's cold, it's not snowing anymore and I think I have that Christmas dress deep deep in some box"

"You aren't being serious"

Lisa raised her brows and smirked. "I am, hottie"

"It's like -3° outside!"

"Better!" she hummed, walking fast to their room like the woman on a mission she was.

Lisa was oh so serious, and extra happy because the dress still fit her. Her breasts were trying to escape a little bit but those were just details.

He wasn't complaining, not at all.

Jungkook couldn't believe he was up in the middle of the night, in the middle of winter, freezing out of his home, in the nearest bus station, doing this for his wife.

Why couldn't the biggest simp in Wattpad believe this? It was just so Jungkook.

"What were you doing in a Christmas dress like this that night, by the way?" he asked, holding back his laughter because Lisa was freezing in just that dress and a leather jacket, but he knew this stubborn Thai woman was unstoppable.

"A party in a bar, people who went dressed up had free drinks," she replied distractedly, putting the baby monitor on the bench because they still had a child and were ready to run back home at the first weird noise in Jungsan's room.

"Is it clear?" he wondered, leaning his head over her shoulder to see.

"Yup. Okay, how drunk was I? Could I walk?" she asked dead seriously.

"You were stumbling and holding on the wall, like this," he showed her, putting his hand on the wall and his weight on it but he exaggerated and fell on the bench and faked a few hiccups. "Just like this, doll"

Lisa giggled. "Okay, and what did I say when I saw you?"

"You pressed yourself on me, took my arm and then climbed my lap"

"Damn, Drunk Lisa will always be a whore, uh?"

"I like Drunk Lisa, don't come for her. She got you the love of your life"

A big smile grew on Lisa's mouth unintentionally and her eyes shone with appreciation, looking up at him. Jungkook's cheeks heated up a little bit, feeling some cringe for it, but he didn't say anything and pressed his lips close, holding back a snort.

"Okay, I'll go there and start. Don't forget your lines," she pointed at him seriously and walked away.

Jungkook nodded amused and sat down on the bench. His ass froze at the first touch and he regretted not keeping his warm pajamas underneath.

A cold breeze literally burned the tip of his nose and he sniffled, then rubbing it as it felt suddenly itchy.

Again, he couldn't believe he was doing this.

And he heard it again.

"LaaaAAaAaSt ChrliliISSTMAAAS..."

He looked at his side, having sudden flashbacks because yeah that sounded way over the top, but it was the exact same voice he heard a decade before.

When he saw his wife walk towards him, pretending she was drunk with great acting skills but looking so silly and not even caring that she did it because she wanted to experience this special moment even if it was too late, Jungkook felt like he was falling in love again. One more time.

It happened all the time, every day, every night.

Even after fights and arguments, after her being stubborn or irrational to the point he wanted to pull his hair off, after her small silly giggles, after her mischivous stunts... Even after any situation he couldn't stop falling for her again and again.

He couldn't stay on scene and pretend the sobs and tears he was supposed to. It was impossible when he was so happy.

He looked with pure adoration at the woman who stumbled stupidly on her feet and pretended to be dizzy. He melted with love when she murmured things that he couldn't understand and he

thought: *"Damn, this is the woman of my life".*

And then she sat next to him and pressed herself flush at his side, hugging his arm.

"Heeeey, hottie... I hope you don't mind me leaning on your shoulder, I'm cold"

She could lean on him until the edge of death if she wanted to. Even if he wasn't here anymore.

He looked deeply at the prettiest eyes he'd ever seen in his life and to the most radiant smile anyone could find in the world...

"You don't have any idea how much I love you, Lisa," he blurted out, eyes tearing up, overwhelmed by his feelings... for her, only for her and always for her.

Shocked, she blinked a few times, opening her mouth a little bit.

Jungkook chuckled softly, showing his bunny teeth a little bit. And Lisa just smiled, too softened by his words to care that he ruined her big actress moment. "I do, trust me. I love you as much," she murmured and nuzzled his nose, brushing his lips.

Wasn't amazing to love and be loved so much after so many years?

He was sure this was going to be like this for many years more, until they were old and saggy, coughing after laughing. They were perfect for each other, destined as he loved to believe.

Was it a good moment to tell her he wanted another child?

"Mom?" Jungsan's sleepy voice came through the monitor and they both snapped their heads to look at it.

"Fffuck," they mumbled together and got up quickly, holding hands naturally and running to the building's entrance.

"Does this make us bad parents?" she asked, agitated.

"No, we brought the monitor," he assured her, making her snort.

They ran up the stairs because the elevator was going to take too much and it was an awful decision. They lived on the 12th floor. But they arrived in less than two minutes and picked up their sleepy child, who was walking to the living room, too drowsy to even notice they weren't there.

"Wanna sleep with you and momma," Jungsan mumbled, snuggling on his dad's neck, falling asleep again.

Jungkook raised a brow and Lisa just shrugged, leading the way to the room where they put the kid in the middle of the king-size bed. He helped her to lower the zipper of the dress in the walk-in closet they had and couldn't help but kiss her shoulder, back hugging her in front of the mirror.

"Thank you," he murmured, nuzzling her neck.

"For wearing this hot Santa girl dress?" she wondered.

He chuckled. "Yeah, that too"

Delighted, she turned around and wrapped his neck to kiss him. Finally kiss him as he deserved.

He pulled her closer by the waist and lost himself in her mouth and tongue, feeling a little bit dizzy and stupidly in love. He got drunk in her. As usual.

They went to bed not much later, after their night routines, and cuddled with their kid.

When Jungkook closed his phone and left it on the night table, to finally sleep, he smiled at seeing mother and son sleeping exactly the same, occupying a lot of space and with their arms up.

He was a happy man.

A happy man with a happy wife and a happy son... and f i v e happy cats.

This was the life they deserved, wasn't it?

goodbyes in next part



thank you

the way my birth control alarm just went off lmfao
so, okay, this is crazy. but **DID I JUST FINISH A FANFIC FOR THE FIRST TIME? BITCH YES! I JUST DID!!!!**

okay I dont know where to begin
like

I can't still wrap up my mind around this BUT ILL TRY
SO

I've said this a million times but I'll repeat it: **thank you so fucking much for reading and commenting and being with me through all this journey.** i know it was hard, I know it was so **PAINFUL** you all were pulling your hair and writing death threats to me, so **THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR STAYING.**

thank you too to all the people that helped me to write and dealt with my annoying ass being insecure or throwing random ideas that she didn't do till months after. thank you for the reassurance, the patience and the love bestianas♥

when I started this story I never imagined it was going to turn out being so damn complicated and stupid, because yes, I consider it really stupid at some point. i had a whole different plan. but I loved the way it could be so stupidly funny sometimes, I discovered a really new side of myself like damn apparently im better at something else than smut. and you all helped a lot by laughing lol, what would be of a comedian without the public kskjaska

gosh this is being to hard, i don't really know what to say.
this awkward ma'am

can't believe my lack of social skills is hitting just now

i take so much to update i don't know how to behave anymore. i really should stick with one shots but not like you all with let me. yes, im talking to killer queen stans. **Y'ALL REALLY CAMPING OUTSIDE MY HOUSE** for a story I'm afraid you'll end up hating

but im still happy for having you all. killer queen stans included. **i know i wouldn't be finishing this if it wasn't for the support and love.** i truly believe i don't deserve this sometimes bc let's be honest, I've written pure trash in some chapters, but i feel privileged for having such amazing people being still there like "yeah mom hoe! you can! keep going!"

thank you for loving the jokes, the sex, and stupid lisa and

shy jk. thank you for loving my dumbfucks, thank you for loving our lord and saviour bambam and thank you for loving my hard work.

im feeling emotional now...

like

really emotional

wtf 🤔

so ill leave bc bad bitches don't cry, so they have emotional issues lol

this is not the last of me tho, don't feel like you're free for me. im literally covid, i just get bigger and more dangerous. and I've been writing some smutty shit here and there

i hope we all meet really really soon.

i love you a lot and no matter what happens, I'll always be grateful and remember you all for making this so special.

see you soon, my tukkihoes ❤️

GO ENGAGE WITH ALL LISA'S SOLO POSTS BY THE WAY

DO IT FOR OUR JESUSLISA

DO IT FOR JUNGKOOK, HE GETS A SUCK BY HER FOR EVERY LIKE AND COMMENT YOU LEAVE ON HER POSTS

!!!!LISA IS COMING FOR US ALL EVERYONE!!!!